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An Illustrated Record of Religious Life and Work

No. 25. Vol. III. DECEMBER, 1902 ONE SHILLING NET

NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, 27, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

The Editor will be glad to receive interesting photographs, with short accompanying paragraphs, from the readers of the magazine. Every effort will be made to return unused contributions when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed; but the Editor cannot be responsible for the return of manuscripts or photographs which are sent to him. Contributions for the next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, *to be published on* DECEMBER 20, *should reach the Editor by* DECEMBER 2 *at latest.*

Illustrated Notes

The next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be published on* DECEMBER 20, *and should be on sale at all Newsagents' and Booksellers' on that date. The Publishers will be greatly obliged if readers who have any difficulty in securing copies of* THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be good enough to communicate with them.*

IN wishing every reader of THE BRITISH MONTHLY a Happy Christmas, we desire to thank our large and growing constituency for the cordial and kindly support which they have given us during the past year. They will be glad to know that, month by month, the circulation steadily increases.

THE January number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY will contain a number of features of exceptional interest, including a plate of Gipsy Smith, the famous evangelist, and fully illustrated sketches (containing much fresh matter) of Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., and Dr. John Brown, of Bedford, who is about to resign his memorable pastorate. There will, of course, be a further instalment of Mr. Silas K. Hocking's entrancing story "The Blindness of Madge Tyndall," together with the usual features now so well known to our readers.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons
THE NEW DEAN OF WESTMINSTER (DR. J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON)

APROPOS of Mr. Chamberlain's visit to South Africa, it may be worth while to recall the fact that the most adventurous journey he has hitherto undertaken was his visit to Lapland and Northern Sweden. At the close of his first Session in Parliament in 1876 he set out, with Mr. Jesse Collings, on this tour. He cannot have been, in those days at least, a good sailor, for he describes the Skager Rack and Cattegat as the most dreadful cross-seas on the face of the globe. The captain of the little steamer from Gothenburg to Frederikshavn told Mr. Chamberlain that he never dared to go below when the sea was rough, and had to come on deck in order to avoid sea-sickness. Mr. Chamberlain spent some weeks at Stockholm and Gothenburg, and then proceeded up the Gulf of Bothnia to Lulea, travelling on to Quickjock, in Lapland. In this remote district the tourists were able to live on two or three shillings a day. Mr. Chamberlain thoroughly enjoyed this visit, and felt rewarded for his long, rough journeys by the magnificent scenery and the brilliant northern skies. "The sunsets," he writes, "were most gorgeous, dark masses of purple clouds being lit up with the intensest hues of gold and crimson, and the sun went down behind them a glowing ball of fire. On one occasion the effect was heightened by the appearance of the eastern sky, which shaded off from deepest rose at the zenith, through delicate gradations of pink and purple, into a lovely pale, pure blue, in the midst of which the full autumn moon shone gloriously." Mr. Chamberlain conversed with many of the men and women who inhabited the lonely northern villages in the Arctic Circle. He found them contented with their strange, solitary, and joyless life, and could never get any of them to admit that they would care to change it. Their cheerfulness and quiet resignation to the monotony of their existence and the hardships of the long, dark winter, helped Mr. Chamberlain to realise the life of

British settlers and emigrants who have made their homes on the farthest outposts of civilisation, and there have given proof of Anglo-Saxon courage, endurance, and tenacity. Mr. Chamberlain described this eventful tour in an article in the *Fortnightly Review* entitled, "A Visit to Lapland, with Notes on Swedish Licensing." Except for occasional visits to America and the Continent of Europe, Mr. Chamberlain has not been a great traveller. He has never visited Australia or India.

Photo by Russell & Sons
THE LATE MR. JOHN KENSIT

ONE of the most interesting events of November in Brighton was the opening by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, M.P., of the grand bazaar held at the Dome and Corn Exchange in aid of the fund for the extension of Mr. Campbell's Church. Sir Henry travelled to Brighton on purpose to perform the ceremony, and was accompanied to the platform by a representative gathering of members of the Sussex Free Church Council and local Liberals. In welcoming Sir Henry, the Mayor, Alderman Stafford, J.P., said that the work of the Rev. R. J. Campbell had been honoured and recognised by thousands since it was first begun in Brighton eight or nine years ago. They wanted that work to go on, and they wanted Mr. Campbell to continue his ministrations in Brighton. Sir Henry, who was received with the utmost enthusiasm, made a delightfully humorous speech in opening the bazaar. Alluding to the fact that it was called "Old Normandy," he said it had been a relief to him to find that the Mayor had spoken in English. The buildings around him and the costumes of the stall-holders were so thoroughly associated with another nation that he had been trying to coax up a few words in the French language in which he expected to be asked to address them. He had come, he said, at the call of a clansman. Mr. Campbell and himself had a common name, but he was afraid they were not of the same variety. Mr. Campbell belonged to the Hibernians; he himself to the Old Caledonians. Volumes might be filled by the question whether the Irish Campbells were really Scottish or whether the Scottish Campbells in their origin were really Irish. They exhibited all the qualities and none of the failings of both countries.

Sir Henry paid a warm tribute to the influence of Mr. Campbell in Brighton. "I am proud," he said, "of my namesake, and anxious to help him in any way I can in the great work he is conducting." On the following day Ian Maclaren opened "Old Normandy," which was a brilliant success from a financial point of view.

MISS FLORENCE WILLIAMS, 17, Westfield Park, Redland, Bristol, Honorary Secretary of the Missionaries' Literature Association of the London Missionary Society, writes: "Would you have any objection to inserting a notice in your Magazine asking if any readers would be willing to send their copies abroad to Missionaries when they have done with them, with my address? I get a good many requests for THE BRITISH MONTHLY."

MR. GEORGE BRADBEER, whose election to the Horfield Division of Bristol during the recent municipal fight attracted so keen an interest in the city, is a well-known Nonconformist and member of Broadmead Chapel, of which the Rev. D. J. Hiley is minister. His opponent, Mr. C. J. Lowe, is a much respected Wesleyan Methodist. He, however, supported the Education Bill, while Mr.

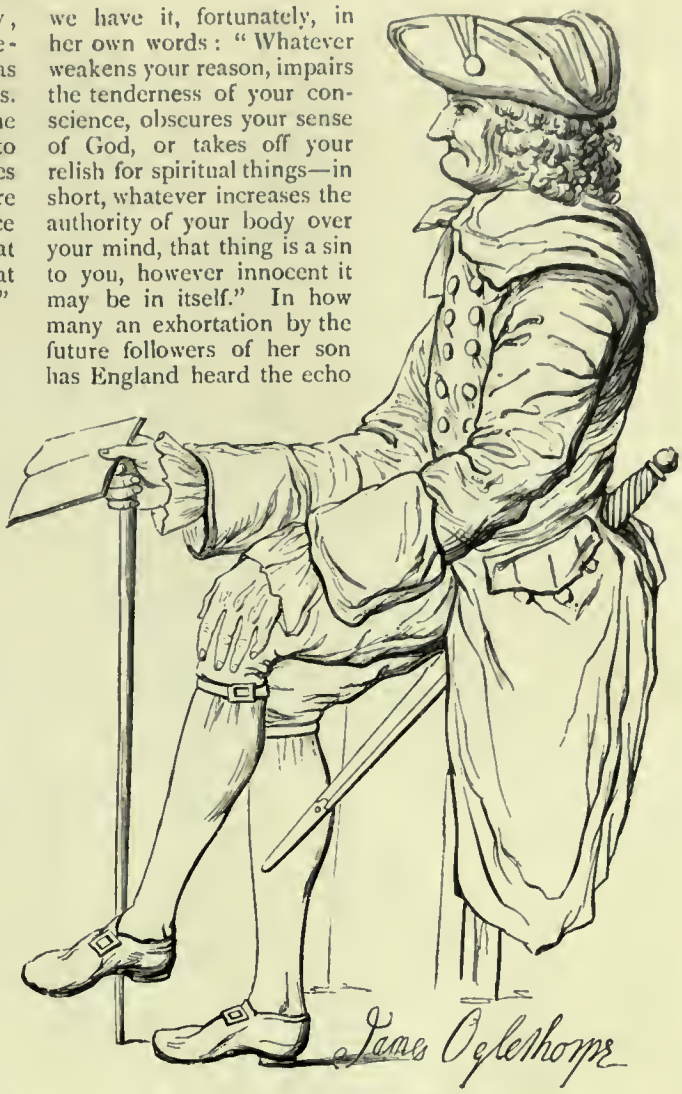
WESLEYAN BOYS' BIBLE CLASS ON BOARD H.M.S. *ST. VINCENT*
(THE OLD TRAFALGAR SHIP LYING IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR)
The Chaplain, the Rev. W. Langdon Brimmell, is in the centre

MRS. SARAH WESLEY
(WIFE OF REV. CHARLES WESLEY)

brave boy, learning Hebrew as fast as he can." Mrs. Wesley, in one of her letters to Samuel, urges him—such were the temperance principles of that day—to "stop at the third glass."

Her Stern Domestic Methods

The world has certainly not heard too little of Susannah Wesley's methods of home education. With its "charming austerity" and "mild rigours"—whatever they may be—that famous Epworth *régime* places its indomitable founder in any honest series of "Great Educators." Here is the golden, or rather iron, rule at its basis: "If you wish to train children aright, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will." Under no pretext was a child permitted to learn to read before its fifth year. But on that memorable birthday the little Wesley spent six hours in the maternal schoolroom, at the close of which it was expected to have mastered the alphabet. At the second lesson the first chapter of Genesis was attacked. At dinner the nineteen were "permitted to satisfy their appetite," but at supper and breakfast they were not supposed to eat "of more than one thing, and of that sparingly." Running out into the street was a great offence; so was the using of a nickname, or a neglect to preface the smallest request to the domestic with a polite "Pray" or "If you please." But the system surely reached its apex when, after the first anniversary, each child was compelled to *cry softly*. Did Mrs. Wesley take the secret of this last triumph with her when she died? For amusements, "dolls" and "card-playing" were permitted, though the combination strikes one as distinctly odd. But balls, plays, operas, and "all such light and vain diversions," Mrs. Wesley absolutely discountenanced. Her broad rule was of the soundest, and we have it, fortunately, in her own words: "Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off your relish for spiritual things—in short, whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind, that thing is a sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself." In how many an exhortation by the future followers of her son has England heard the echo of Susannah Wesley's infallible principle! But perhaps no thing—not even the permission to play cards—brings home so sharply a sense of the changed times we live in to-day as to read that the maid-of-all-work in the parsonage rose at three in the morning and received as salary two pounds sterling a year.



GENERAL OGLETHORPE

JOHN WESLEY AND BEAU NASH

Preaching at Bath in 1739, Wesley had Beau Nash and other fashionable people among his audience. Nash accused Wesley of frightening the people out of their wits by his preaching. "I desire to know what this people comes here for," asked the dandy. "Leave him to me," cried an old woman. "You, Mr. Nash, take care of your body; we take care of our souls; and for the food of our souls we come here." He walked away without saying a word.

But any reference to the early home of the Wesleys would be unpardonably incomplete without mention being made of "Old Jeffery." It was the name given by Emily Wesley to the famous "ghost," after a man who had committed suicide in the parish. In a letter to her son Samuel, Mrs. Wesley thus refers to it:

"DEAR SAM,—

"We are agreeably surprised by your pacquet, saying that you were alive, for we thought you must be dead. The reason of our fears is as follows: On the first of December, our maid heard at the door of the dining-room several dismal groans like a person in extremis, at the point of death. Some nights after several of the family heard a strange knocking in diverse places, usually three or four knocks at a time. This continued every night for a fortnight, sometimes in the garret, but most commonly in the nursery or green chamber."

The Buffetings of Satan

The letter goes on to give still more hair-lifting details, culminating in the story of the knocks being heard "nine times" close to Mr. Samuel Wesley's bedside. In later weeks still further phenomena were noticed—such as the sound of running feet up and down stairs when family prayers were in progress. It became at length a customary saying among John and his brothers and sisters, if they heard any peculiar noise, "Never mind; it's only Old Jeffery." The story is perhaps the

best authenticated of all those which have puzzled the scientific world, and it is a thousand pities that the Cambridge Psychical Society was not formed till a hundred and fifty years later. It continued to interest investigators till the close of the century, and the learned Dr. Priestley, who carefully examined the evidence, was "much struck with the absence of fear and credulity in the parties concerned." That it left its mark upon John Wesley is undoubted, and largely predisposed him to a belief in supernatural appearances and witchcraft. When at Oxford ten years later he got his mother to write him a circumstantial account of the disturbances. He has also told us that his own theory was that it was a messenger of Satan sent to punish his father for leaving his mother for twelve months when she refused to say "Amen."

Efforts have often been made to show that Goldsmith's classic story "The Vicar of Wakefield" was largely modelled upon the life at the Epworth Parsonage. It would be easier to point out dissimilarities than agreements in the two stories, though parallels there are, and one, at least, of a very striking character. The eldest son of Dr. Primrose was at Oxford University, it will be remembered; so was Samuel, the eldest son of the Wesleys. There were two younger brothers, corresponding to John and Charles, we are told. The Vicar was imprisoned in the county gaol for debt; so was the Rev. Samuel Wesley. But the striking coincidence is that both parsonages were burnt down and the children rescued with difficulty.

Susannah Wesley outlived her husband many years, and lived not only to witness the national triumphs of her sons,

PETER BÖHLER

John Wesley regarded Böhler as the instrument of his conversion. Under date Sunday, February 19, 1738, he writes in his Journal: "All this time I conversed much with Peter Böhler, but I understood him not; and least of all when he said, 'My brother, my brother, that philosophy of yours must be purged away.'" Under date March 4, he writes: "I found my brother at Oxford, and with him Peter Böhler, by whom (in the hand of the great God) I was on Sunday, the 5th, clearly convinced on unbelief, of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved." And on the Monday following Wesley offered salvation by faith alone to a prisoner under sentence of death.

THE FOUNDERY

but to aid them by her advice. She frequently stood beside them — proud, no doubt, of the fruits of her training — while they preached to the vast crowds in the open air and in Epworth Churchyard. To her unfading honour, it should never be forgotten that she was the mother of lay preaching. She was living near the Foundery when John hurried indignantly to London to suppress Thomas Maxfield, one of his helpers, who had dared, though unordained, to preach. "Thomas Maxfield has turned preacher, I find," said he, as he met his mother. "John," said Mrs. Wesley, in words that have become historic, "take care what you do with respect to that young man, for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are." So were laid the foundation-stones of that most marvellous and characteristic engine of village evangelisation which has been so largely responsible for the world-wide influence of Methodism. So passes from sight one of the noblest of English women, one of the great mothers of all time—the mother of John and Charles Wesley.

Turning now to "Saint John," the Apostle of England, two men will be encountered—the essential and the unessential Wesley. No doubt, were we masters of the secret cords which interrelate so subtly every thought and feeling,

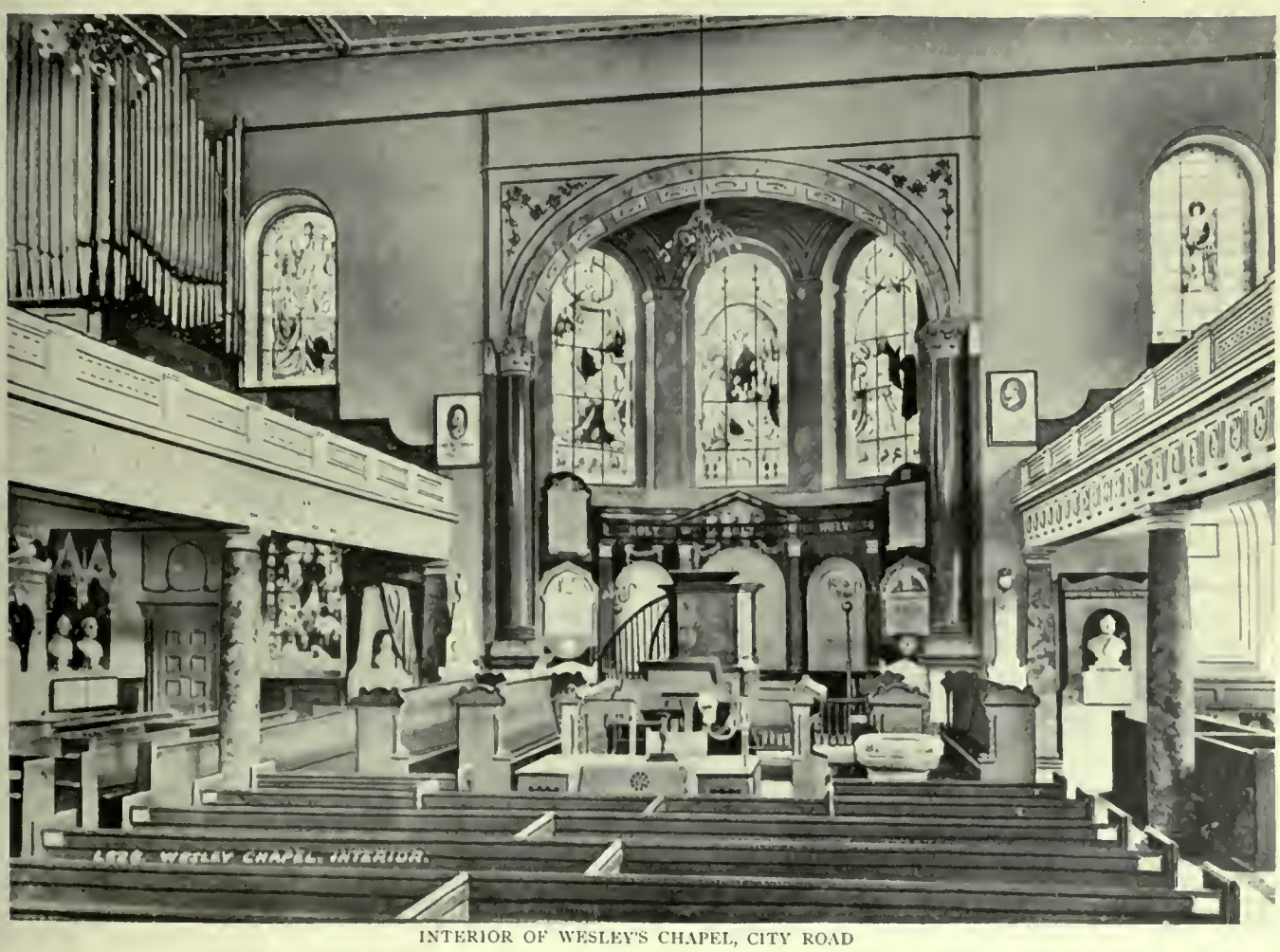
WESLEY'S CHAPEL, CITY ROAD

emotion and act of a man's life, the apparently unessential in Wesley, as in every other man, would be seen to merge itself in the essential. Nevertheless, the distinction is a convenient one. There is the John Wesley who started life as an ascetic recluse and ritualistic High Churchman; who ruled the Holy Club at Oxford, and went to Georgia at the persuasion of William Law to convert the Indians, but really, as he tells us, "to save my own soul"; who came back a mystic Moravian, then joined George Whitefield in the vast national campaign of popular evangelism; who was slowly driven out of his Moravianism as well as out of the Established Church; who became the most notorious public character in England through his preaching-tours, and who steadily built up the most surprising and far-reaching ecclesiastical organisation of modern times; who founded the largest Protestant Church in the world, resuscitated the dry bones of Anglicanism, respiritualised dead Nonconformity, led the movement which years after called forth the counterblast of Puseyism, arrested the national decay, and, as we are told on unimpeachable authority, saved England from a fate like to that of France at the hands of the Revolutionists.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF CITY ROAD CHAPEL

"Monday, 21 [April, 1777], was the day appointed for laying the foundation of the new chapel. The rain befriended us much, by keeping away thousands who purposed to be there. But there were still such multitudes, that it was with great difficulty I got through them to lay the first stone. Upon this was a plate of brass, (covered with another stone), on which was engraved. 'This was laid by Mr. John Wesley, on April 21, 1777.' Probably this will be seen no more by any human eye; but will remain there till the earth and the works thereof are burned up."—*Wesley's Journal.*

But there is an unessential Wesley, less interesting to the historian and the Christian, no doubt, but vastly fascinating and even mirth-provoking to the student of human nature and the mere observer of life. Let us glance at this unessential Wesley for a moment, and criticise if we like and laugh if we must—and we must. As a



INTERIOR OF WESLEY'S CHAPEL, CITY ROAD

JOHN WESLEY IN AN IRISH CABIN

little boy, he pitifully tells us, he had never quite enough to eat, and that for years he lived on potatoes, "and never sufficient of those." At fourteen he went to Charterhouse School, where he was terribly bullied by older boys, but where also, in unconscious training for his after-life, he obeyed his mother's command, and walked round the big playground three times a day—irony of ironies!—to get an appetite. Poor little John! it was not appetite he required, but means to satisfy it.

John Wesley as an Agricultural Labourer

While at Oxford, still a believer in salvation by starvation, he was one of a circle of Platonic friendship, the members of which, after the dilettante fashion of the times, assumed fantastic pseudonyms. Wesley himself was "Cyrus"; a Miss Betty Kirkham was "Varanese," whom, by the way, Wesley was at that time in love with, as is shown by a letter to him from his sister Martha: "When I knew that you were just returned from Worcestershire, where I suppose you saw your 'Varanese,' I ceased to wonder at your silence, for the sight of such a woman, so known, so loved, might well make you forget me. I really have myself a vast respect for her, as I must necessarily have for one that is so dear to you." Charles Wesley was "Araspes," and Mary Granville, then Mrs. Pendarves and later Mrs. Delany, was "Aspasia." Thackeray says that "Aspasia" was one of the most brilliant women of her time, and we know that

RIOT IN WEDNESBURY

FIRST METHODIST "CLASS-MEETING" CALLED BY THAT NAME

Wesley *almost* married her. Many are the letters which passed between them, and what a happy man he might have been had she been his wife instead of that jealous "Xantippe," Mrs. Vazeille! At any rate, Mary Granville would not have opened his letters and provoked good John Hampson almost to murder by dragging his beloved chief round the kitchen by his hair. While in Herrnhut that "eighteenth-century Tolstoi," Count Zinzendorf, put Wesley to dig in his shirt-sleeves in order to rebuke his fastidiousness. And no sooner was the future apostle bathed in perspiration than he was ordered to enter the Count's carriage and drive to visit a certain nobleman. John asked for time to wash his hands, but "Tolstoi" replied, "You must learn to be simple, brother."

A thousand quaint stories

Bradbeer strongly opposed it. Soon after the result of the poll was made known, Mr. Lowe resigned his presidency of the Free Church Council.

THE great event in the British Christian Endeavour world is the Annual Convention. "Newcastle, 1903," is being eagerly looked for. It will be the largest religious gathering ever held in the northern capital. We give a group of photos of officers and conveners of committees. The central portrait is that of the Rev. D. L. Ritchie, the President of the Executive, the successor of the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M.A., at St. James's. To the left of Mr. Ritchie in the group is the Rev. W. Bainbridge (Sunderland), Vice-President, ex-Chairman of the National Council, Chairman of the Press Committee. To the right of Mr. Ritchie is Mr. H. G. Fletcher, General Secretary, a worker at St. James's. The familiar profile of Dr. Hodgkin, Hon. Treasurer, is seen at the extreme right of the group; and Mr. W. M. Hudson (South Shields), Hon. Finance Treasurer, at the extreme left. The only lady in the group is Mrs. Snowball (Sunderland), Convener of the Junior Rally Committee, an active worker in Junior Societies, and a niece of the late Rev. A. W. Potts, of Crewe, who was President of No. 1 Society in England. To the right of Mrs. Snowball in the group is Mr. Thomas Bowran, Editor of the *Convention Herald*, a smart monthly magazine issued by the Press Committee. Above Mr. Ritchie is the Rev. Joseph Rorke (Presbyterian), Convener of the Pulpit Supply and Evangelistic Committee.

Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh

THE REV. J. LORIMER MUNRO, M.A.
LAWSON MEMORIAL CHURCH, SELKIRK
Who has accepted a call to St. Columba's United Free Church, Helensburgh

A CORRESPONDENT who has lately been visiting the grave of John Stuart Mill at Avignon writes: "I almost feared to see the grave, expecting to find the marks of thirty years' neglect upon it. In no respect, however, had it anything to be ashamed of. It is a large railed inclosure, and was all ablaze with golden chrysanthemums, while two tall rose-trees still bore delicate blooms. The stone is white marble and table shaped. The inscription, being on the high, flat top, could not be read.

OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR CONVENTION

THE REV. J. LORIMER MUNRO, M.A., of Lawson Memorial Church, Selkirk, has accepted a most cordial and unanimous invitation to the pastorate of St. Columba United Free Church, Helensburgh, in succession to the Rev. Adam C. Welch, B.D., who now fills the charge vacated by Professor M'Ewen, of New College. Mr. Munro is one of the rising ministers of the United Free Church. Though he has been in the ministry barely six years, his abilities as a preacher and pastor have become widely known, and on more than one occasion a pressing invitation to a larger and more important sphere of service has reached him. But until now Mr. Munro has not seen his way to relinquish his labours in the quiet Border town. His departure from Selkirk is deeply regretted not only by his own congregation, among whom he did splendid work, but by the community generally. The Church at Helensburgh, whose minister Mr. Munro has now become, is one of the most wealthy, influential, and, let it be added, one of the most liberal on the West Coast. There are over seven hundred members, a number of whom are Glasgow merchants. The income of St. Columba's last year amounted to the handsome sum of £2,548. Simultaneously with the call to St. Columba's, Mr. Munro, it is interesting to note, received another to North Morningside Church, Edinburgh, to be colleague and successor to Dr. Mair, the last Moderator of the United Presbyterian Synod.

WYCLIFFE'S OAK, Addlestone, possesses a very interesting history. Under its spreading branches Wycliffe preached. After Wycliffe and his preachers had long gone to rest, and the seed they had sown was bearing fruit, Queen Elizabeth, with her courtiers, once dined beneath the branches of the oak. Two

Photo by L. Urquhart, 22, Edgbaston Road, Smethwick
WYCLIFFE'S OAK, ADDLESTONE

centuries later George Whitefield preached in this green temple. C. H. Spurgeon, later still, stood beneath its branches and preached. The announcement that Spurgeon would preach at Addlestone drew so large a congregation that no building in the neighbourhood would hold the people, and the service was held under Wycliffes' Oak.

MR. MEYER'S many friends will follow with interest the progress of the important mission which he has undertaken in Jamaica, and from which he is not expected to return till the new year. Mr. Meyer's visit to the northern capitals of Europe was an interesting, though arduous experience. We give a photograph showing him in one of his rare hours of leisure, accompanied by a group of Christiania friends. Mr. Meyer was enchanted with the autumn scenery of Norway and Sweden, where the colouring of the forests was magnificent beyond description. He met with much kindness in Scandinavia, and found that his books were well known to all ranks of the people. The large audiences, numbering three and four thousand, whom he addressed in the capitals received him as an old friend, and listened attentively to his addresses, though these were delivered through the medium of an interpreter. After crossing the Baltic to Helsingfors, Mr. Meyer found himself in a winter land. The genial influences of the Gulf Stream do not extend to Russia, and Mr. Meyer felt in need of warm furs as he was driven in his drosky through the snowy streets. He found some depression prevailing in Finland, as the

THE REV. F. B. MEYER AND PARTY AT CHRISTIANIA

Photo by F. T. Cole, 135, Lisson Grove, N.W.
CONFERENCE OF VILLAGE PASTORS AND THEIR LADY FRIENDS AT ABBEY ROAD BAPTIST CHURCH, ST. JOHN'S WOOD, LONDON

tyranny of the Orthodox Church prevents any free development of religious activity. After returning home, Mr. Meyer visited Glasgow and Sheffield, leaving for Jamaica early in November. He was accompanied by Mrs. Meyer.

EVERY year a Conference of Village Pastors is held at Abbey Road Baptist Church, St. John's Wood, N.W., of which the Rev. H. E. Stone is pastor. The pastors and their friends are hospitably entertained by the deacons of the Church. The following are some of the villages represented in the Conference: Brentwood, Burnham, Thaxted, Braintree, Chesterton, Caxton, Milton, Ridgmount, Haslington, Farringdon, King's Langley, Chipperfield, Drayton, Stantonbury, St. Neots, etc. The yearly Conference is anticipated by the Church at Abbey Road quite as much as by the village pastors. The Conference has been a very real means of help to the lonely brethren and their women-folk in the villages.

Photo by A. Lewis & Son, Clifton

THE LATE REV. URIJAH REES THOMAS

(Whose Life, by his brother, Mr. David Morgan Thomas, of the Inner Temple, has lately been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton)

OUR group of Free Church ministers who golf was taken during the after-lunch smoke in front of the Tooting Beck Golf House, S.W. The Rev. A. B. Middleditch (Finchley, N.) who sends us the photograph, writes: "We played a match, North v. South; the South won. There is some talk of requesting the vacant Churches in the North of London to take into consideration the golfing abilities of probable candidates for the pulpit, in order that we may win the return. There are some forty members of the Fraternal, which commenced its career at Chingford in June last by competing for a cup, which was won by the Rev. W. M. Macphail, M.A., who is the holder for the year. The Secretary is the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A., who would be glad to hear from any Free Church ministers who golf. He would also welcome invitations from any Golf Club near town for our meetings. The names of the ministers in the photograph from left to right are: Revs. S. S. Starritt, B.A. (Presbyterian), J. H. Just (Congregational), Percy Alden, M.A. (Congregational), A. N. Rowland, M.A. (Congregational), F. G. French (Baptist), R. Baldwin Brindley (Congregational), W. M. Macphail, M.A. (Presbyterian), C. Silvester Horne, M.A. (Congregational), and W. Pedr Williams."

SOME FREE CHURCH MINISTERS WHO GOLF

Prize Award to Amateur Photographers

The **First Prize of One Guinea** is this month awarded to—THE REV. A. B. MIDDLEDITCH, 4, Dunedin Place, Finchley, N., for a photograph of "Some Free Church Ministers who Golf."

The **Second Prize of Half a Guinea** is awarded to—REV. W. BAINBRIDGE, 13, Azalea Terrace, S., Sunderland, for "Officers of the British Christian Endeavour Convention."

We hope to receive many photographs for our January Competition. The latest date for sending in is December 1. Prizes of **One Guinea** and **Half a Guinea** will be awarded as before; and **Five Shillings** will be paid for each of the other photographs by our readers which appear in the January Number.

"Let Nothing You Dismay"

THIS—the lesson of the first Christmas—is the lesson of the last. When Jesus Christ our Saviour was born, childhood took possession of the earth in a burst of simple joy, and the world and its gladness still belong to the little children who keep themselves from idols.

Who can forget—never to be forgot—
The time that all the world in slumber lies,
When, like the stars, the singing angels shot
To earth, and heaven awaked all his eyes
To see another sun at midnight rise
On earth? Was ever sight of pareil fame?
For God before man like Himself did frame,
But God Himself now like a mortal man became.

A child He was, and had not learned to speak
That with His words the world before did make;
His mother's arms Him bore, He was so weak,
That with one hand the vaults of heaven could shake:
See how small room thy infant Lord doth take,
Whom all the world is not enough to hold!
Who of His years or of His age has told?
Never such age so young, never a child so old.

The angels carolled loud their songs of peace,
The cursed oracles were stricken dumb;
To see their Shepherd the poor shepherds press;
To see their King the kingly sophies come:
And then to guide unto his Master's home
A star comes dancing up the Orient,
That springs for joy over the strawy tent,
Where gold to make their prince a crown they all present.

The exuberant gladness when the Divine Blossom opened passed away. For Him it was replaced by the peace of ineffable trust. Did that disappear in its turn and give place to fretfulness and fear? Never. Jesus went on to meet contradiction, affront, rejection, and death. But we never hear from Him any complaint of the hollowness of things, the disappointment of desire whether baulked or fulfilled, the fragility of love, the sternness of fate. He moved on from point to point of His destiny serene, self-possessed, victorious, the rust that corrodes the armour of the bravest earthly warriors never dimmed His clear spirit, for He had within His heart the last law of revelation, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." No *simulacrum*, however imposing, stood a moment between Him and the unbroken vision of God. Therefore, no faintest echo of the cry, *Vanitas vanitatum*, ever vexed His soul or passed His lips.

This fearlessness, this undismayed outlooking and onlooking, is the main note of the Apostolic spirit. When Tennyson died, his biographers recalled how he was in early days at Cambridge one of a society called "The Apostles." Their numbers were very small, and the utmost care was taken in filling vacancies. Sometimes months were given to the consideration of a candidate's claim. When a man was voted for, the one question was, "Has he an Apostolic spirit?" What was meant by that is shown by the words of a member who came to great things in the world. He said once, "In the course of one's chequered life one meets with many disgraces and contumelies, and also with several honours; but no honour ever affected me so much as being elected as a youth into that select body. And, to speak very frankly, I think they were right in choosing me, for, with many demerits of the gravest kind, I do think I am a real human being, and I say what I think, and I try to think for myself, and *the world's gauds and vanities do not, I conceive, excessively impose upon me.*" In other words, he claimed in a measure to have kept himself from idols, and, so far as he did so, worshipping the true God in their room, he had the Apostolic spirit.

The longer we read the words and history of the Apostles, the more we see how completely they were delivered from the outwardness of things around them. They refused to be intimidated or browbeaten by any greatness of the world. Did intellect despise them? The wisdom of this world had judged itself in its judgment and crucifixion of Jesus. Nay, intellect in itself could measure revelation as little as it could bestow it. "Whatever the age or the intellect of the passing age may be, even if ever arise again, such a galaxy of great minds as dawned upon this country three hundred years ago, though all these great minds start upon their glorious career, comprising and intensifying all the light engendered long before and since the time of Shakespeare, Bacon, Newton: these, though they enhance that light tenfold by their own bright genius till a thousand waking nations gleam, like hill-tops touched with sunrise—to guide men on the human road, to lead them heavenward, all shall be no more than a benighted river wandering away from the stars of God." They would not abase themselves before riches: Christianity is the standing protest against riches and the belief in riches. They saw the fashion of this world vanish at the summit of its most egregious claim. The Incarnation was to them the victorious witness against a slavish subjection to the world, or intellect, or force, or fashion. Constantly aware of the hindrances in the way of Christ, they never murmured; they never doubted His ultimate triumph; they kept before them steadfastly the Divine end which the world pursues through countless failings, and must attain at last.

And we? Have we wings to rise above the heaviness of our days and rejoice with them? Or has the joy of the Incarnation passed from us, and left only the attenuated fragrance of a lovely dream? Are faith and denial still to alternate in long-drawn systole and long-drawn diastole? If the deeper spirit of this generation and the last has yielded us anything, if for bitter vapour we have now clear flame, it is the hatred of idols and the worship of the True, and in Jesus Christ Incarnate we have the true God and eternal life. And, if we are not utterly mistaken, there is dawning among all earnest students of Christianity a sense of its newness, its wonder, its power, its infinite elevation above our controversies and our thoughts, that promises a fresh spring for the world. Let us quote two testimonies. Says R. D. Blackmore: "Do what we will, and think as we may, enlarging the mind in each generation, growing contemptuous of contempt, casting caste to the winds of heaven, and antiquating prejudice, nevertheless we shall never outrun, or even overtake, Christianity. Science, learning, philosophy may regard it through a telescope; they touch it no more than astronomy sets foot upon a star. . . . True Christianity, like hope, cheers us to continual effort, exalts us to unbounded prospect, flies in front of our best success. Let us call it a worn-out garb when we have begun to wear it; as yet the mantle is in the skies,

and we have only the skirt with the name on it." And Sir Arthur Helps: "I may be an enthusiast, but I think the triumphs of Christianity are but commencing. I look forward to a time when war will be an obsolete thing; when the pity we have at present for the woes and miseries of other men will seem, comparatively speaking, like hardness of heart; when the grief of any one will be largely partaken of by all those who know it, and when our souls will not be isolated; when the weak will not traffic upon their weakness, nor the strong abuse their strength; when wealth will not be ardently sought for, except by those who feel that they can undertake the heavy burden of dispensing wealth for the good of their brothers; when, in short, instead of a tumult of discord ascending to heaven from this bewildered world, there shall go forth one harmonious melody, breathing peace and faith and love and contentment."

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

Blue Cornflowers

BY EGLANTON THORNE

WALKING-tours have gone out ot fashion; but I still enjoy nothing more than a good tramp through the country in the lovely autumn days. My friend Adrian Hope and I have generally taken our holidays together, for we are bachelors both, and I, his senior by ten years, am approaching the time of life when the minds of men are apt to be shadowed by a suspicion that the younger generation regards them as "old fogies," and is very ready to discount their wisdom.

It was somewhat of a puzzle to me that Hope should have lived for more than forty years and be still unwed. With me the case was different; but I am not telling my own story, but that of my friend, and I was surprised that one so admirably suited for home life should not have found a mate. It was not poverty that kept him single, for he was doing well in business, nor was it lack of opportunity, since he was popular in society and had a large circle of acquaintance. Women liked him—some would have made his wooing easy; but though he was charming in his courtesy to the sex, he had never, so far as I knew when we started for our holiday tramp last autumn, cared for one woman beyond all others.

There were, however, three years of his life of which I knew little, though we had been friends for nearly twenty years. This period Hope had passed in New York, where his firm had a branch business. Sometimes I wondered if these years had yielded any romantic episode, which he had never thought well to reveal to me.

We were on our way through one of the home counties, when, on a perfect September day, we halted for luncheon at a certain picturesque country inn which calls itself the "Staff of Life." I remember the name because, as we sat at a table under the wide porch, enjoying our bread and cheese, we squabbled in friendly fashion over its appropriateness. I, as a staunch teetotaller, pronounced it a misnomer; while he, a man of most temperate habits, but who liked an occasional glass of beer, maintained that the term "Staff of Life" denoted not so much the strong liquor as the solid home comfort for which the good old inn was celebrated. Our argument swere waxing extravagant, when suddenly Adrian broke off in the middle of a remark, his attention arrested by something he saw in the road. Turning to follow the direction of his glance, I saw nothing but the flutter of a blue skirt disappearing round the bend of the lane, while a sound of children's voices came from the distance.

"What is it, Adrian?" I asked. "A lady! Any one you know?"

"I—I think not," he replied with some hesitation. "Indeed, I hardly saw her. It was the colour of the dress made me look. I—I am fond of that shade of blue."

"Really!" I responded with a laugh. "I never knew before that you noticed the colour of women's gowns. This is a new development."

"Nothing of the sort," he said hastily. "You have often heard me say how I hate a scarlet woman. If a woman must wear colour, let it be blue."

"What about a blue stocking?" I asked.

He treated the query with the contempt it deserved, and merely suggested that we should pay our score and be off. I saw no necessity for haste, and should have preferred a longer rest, as we had already walked a fair number of miles that day; but I made no demur, and we started down the lane at a brisk pace. Adrian's keen glance turned from side to side. Not a gate, not a turning, escaped it. Was he looking for the wearer of the blue gown? I wondered. If so, he failed to see her.

We followed a lonely road, overhung with trees, which were beginning to put on the first bright hues of autumn. A cornfield, promising a short cut to the village, the church tower of which rose square and grey amid the trees, tempted us. We climbed the stile and stood amid the tall and ruddy corn. In the next field the reapers were at work. The charming rural scene fascinated me. I saw a cool, green nook, overhung by elm boughs, and resolved to go no farther for the present.

"I say, old fellow, why shouldn't we stay here for a bit?" I suggested. "We need not hurry, since we are going to put up at the village. We shall have plenty of time to see the church and anything else there is to see. I mean to sit in this hedge and smoke."

"By all means, if you are tired," Adrian replied.

"I don't suppose I am more tired than you are; only I've taken a fancy to this spot," I responded with some irritation, for Hope occasionally gave himself airs on the strength of the ten years in which he had the advantage of me.

Adrian made no reply. Apparently he had not heard my words. His eyes were on a blue cornflower which he had gathered from amidst the corn.

"What is there remarkable about that flower?" I asked. "Oh! I see—it's the favourite colour. Were her eyes that colour, Adrian?"

"Yes," he answered gravely; "they were. Just that colour, Roger."

I looked my astonishment: he burst into a laugh, which struck me as rather forced, then swung himself up into the hedge beside me, and prepared to enjoy a pipe.

For some time we smoked in silence, the sight of the reapers, toiling in the sun, enhancing our sense of respose. Adrian's face was strangely grave. His eyes were on the reapers; but I do not think he really saw them. He looked as if his mind were otherwhere, and I secretly wondered as to the nature of his reflections. Our friendship was too perfect for me to attempt to force his confidence.

At last he spoke. "I have never told you, Roger, the story of an adventure that befell me shortly before I sailed for New York."

"An adventure?" I said. "No, certainly not. Adventures don't seem exactly in your line, somehow. Do tell me about it."

"Perhaps adventure is hardly the word," he said—"it was an incident which concerned a woman. This cornflower made me think of her."

"Because her eyes were of its colour, and her dress as blue as they," I hazarded.

"Right you are," he returned. "Her eyes were precisely of the deep, soft blue of this flower. She wore a cluster of cornflowers in the front of her gown, and I remember thinking how exactly they matched her eyes. It will be twelve years at Michaelmas since I sailed for America. Well, I met her about a fortnight before, on just such a day as this, and, as it happened, not so very many miles from here."

"So long ago," I said, "and you have not forgotten her nor the colour of her eyes! Well?"

He was silent for some moments, and I began to fear that something in my response had checked the flow of his confidence. Then he said:—

"I had promised to stay over Sunday with Hacker at his cottage in Surrey. My train was late at Clapham Junction, and when I reached the station where I had to change for Holmleigh, the last train had gone. That did not trouble me greatly, for the daylight still lasted, and it was not more than four miles to Hacker's place across the common. My bag was not heavy, and I marched off at a good pace. I had a clear notion of the direction in which Holmleigh lay, and I took my way across the common with my face towards the western sky, glorified by a brilliant sunset. I seemed to have the broad Common to myself, when suddenly I was startled by a voice almost at my elbow, which said: 'Please can you show me the way to London?'

"I turned, my eyes dazzled by the sun's rays, and saw a girl beside me. She must have sprung from some thicket of the gorse and heather through which the track ran. She wore a blue cotton gown and a sailor hat and—don't laugh!—a knot of cornflowers on her breast. She had masses of fair hair which the sun was turning to gold; but what struck me most was her eyes. They were so blue, and they were wet with tears, and there was a look of pain in them that somehow went to my heart?

"'The way to London,' I stammered in my astonishment. 'What do you mean? Do you want to walk there?'

"'No! oh no! I want to get there as quickly as possible,' she said, with an air of keen distress. 'Can you tell me how?'

"'Hanley Junction is the nearest station,' I said, pointing in the direction from which I had come; 'but the London train has just gone, and there will not be another, I believe, till some time before midnight.'

"'Oh! that will not do at all,' she said, and her lips quivered. 'Oh! tell me some other way.'

"'What part of London do you want to reach?' I asked.

"'Oh! I do not know,' she said, with strange hesitation. 'Any station would do, I think. I—I came here to join a Sunday-school treat. I stayed too long in the cornfields, and they went without me.'

"'But how strange that no one missed you—no one waited for you!' I said involuntarily.

"She made no reply.

"'From what station did you come?' I asked.

"She looked at me with a puzzled air for a moment, then said: 'Oh! from Waterloo, I suppose. But that does not matter. There must be some other way of getting to London.'

"I had some time-tables in my bag. I consulted them, and found that there was a train due at Shelford in rather more than half an hour, which would take her to Victoria.

"The station was about two miles away and the road not easy to find, so I volunteered to go with her. She hesitated, fearing to put me to inconvenience; but finally accepted my escort with an air of relief. She tried to enter into conversation with me as we went along, but I could see that her mind was heavily burdened, and that she had some greater trouble than the mere inconvenience of being left behind.

"She had a sweet voice and her manner was full of charm. She was a great deal more grateful to me than the slight service I had rendered her demanded. When I saw her into the London train and wished her 'Good evening,' I fervently hoped I might see her again."

"Is that all?" I asked, when he had been silent for some minutes.

"No, it is not all," he returned; "but I've a good mind not to tell you the rest."

"Then I cannot see why you have told me anything," I said. "May I ask a question or two? What sort of a girl was she? Would you call her a lady?"

"Most certainly she had the manners and bearing of a lady," he replied.

"Did she—or you—pay her fare to town?" I enquired.

"That is a question I decline to answer," he said, with some irritation. "Look here, Roger, I'll make a clean breast of it to you. So highly did I think of her when we parted, that I said to myself, 'That is a girl I could love; that is the woman I should like to make my wife,' and it is more than I have said of any other woman."

I received this confession with the gravity it deserved, coming from such a man as Adrian Hope.

"And you have never heard anything more of her?" I said, after a pause.

"Yes, I have heard of her," he replied significantly; "and I have seen her once."

He was silent for a few moments, then went on hurriedly: "I reached Hacker's cottage rather late that evening. I told him I had wandered out of the way, but did not think it necessary to explain how it happened. The next day there was startling news. Hacker heard that a friend of his, the Vicar of a parish some ten miles away, was in trouble on account of the disappearance of his governess. It was supposed that the girl had gone to the common to join some friends who had brought down a party of school children from London; but when night fell, she did not return, nor could any trace of her be found."

"Extraordinary!" I ejaculated.

"Ah! but the most startling fact was that with her had disappeared the sum of about £20, the result of a Harvest Thanksgiving collection, which the Vicar had carelessly left within an open drawer in his writing-table."

"Phew!" I exclaimed, "and your blue-eyed girl was the culprit."

"I did not—I could not believe it," said Adrian—"not even when I recalled her agitated manner and the curious account she had given of herself. I wonder if you will blame me, Roger, if I tell you I never said a word about my meeting with the girl, even when they so described her dress that I knew it must have been this Gertrude Nettleton whom I encountered on the common asking the way to London."

"In your case I should certainly have told all I knew," was my reply.

"Not if you had looked into those blue eyes," he said. "I could have sworn to the truth and goodness they expressed."

"Then why did you shrink from saying you had met her?" I naturally asked. "Her discovery might have established her innocence."

"Oh! of course, I can see that now," he said. "Really, I can hardly tell what it was that withheld me from speaking."

"Well," I said, "what was the end of it all?"

"There was no end to it that I ever heard of," he said. "They traced her to London and then lost her, for her employer refused to put the matter in the hands of the police. She had not been at the Vicarage more than six weeks; but the Vicar and his wife had grown very fond of her. They had felt the utmost confidence in her, and, though they found it impossible to doubt her guilt, they were shocked and bewildered rather than angry with her."

"You said you had seen her again," I remarked. "When and where was that?"

"A year afterwards I saw her in New York," he said. "Ah! you will say appearances are against her when I say where I found her. I had occasion to visit a gambling-saloon. I was in search of a young fellow whom I had promised his mother I would look after, and who unhappily was taking the downward path. The saloon was kept by an Englishman, who had once been a gentleman, and who had worn the Queen's uniform, but who had developed into as thorough a scoundrel as one could find anywhere. As I entered the place I had to pass a little room on the right adjoining the ticket office. As I passed it, the door was opened, and suddenly there looked out a girl in a large black hat and a cloak with a high collar, half hiding her face. Yet I saw it—the same pure, sad face, the same deep blue eyes with their look of pain, which will never cease to haunt me. As she saw me she drew back; for a moment I imagined she had recognised me, and the door was closed."

"And that was all you saw of her?" I said, carefully refraining from comment.

"Yes," he said; "I never saw her again, but it was not for want of trying. I went more than once to the saloon, risking my reputation in doing so. I even questioned the old fellow; but he would tell me nothing. I made other enquiries, and learned that his real name was Nettleton, and that he had a

beautiful daughter, whom he carefully guarded. She did not live with him, and he would let none of the frequenters of the saloon know where she might be found. That is all I know about her, and I can see, Roger, that the facts have not impressed you favourably."

I smiled and shook my head.

"You think her beauty deceived my judgment," he said. "Well, it may have done so, yet even now I find it hard to believe that a girl with such looks could be anything but good and noble. But it is vain to discuss it. I shall never know. What do you say to our going on?"

So saying, he sprang down from the hedge and I followed him. As he moved, whistling, through the corn, he seemed to have thrown off the shadow of the past, yet I knew him well enough to discern that the episode he had confided to me had touched him more vitally than he would own. Yet I could not help feeling thankful that it had ended as it had. I thought it must be well for him that he had not seen more of Gertrude Nettleton.

The path through the corn brought us into the high-road, close to the churchyard, with its beautiful lichgate. There was a grand view from the churchyard, and we strolled about it for some time, observing the old tombstones and finding some quaint epitaphs. Then, seeing the door was open, we walked into the church. It was a typical country church, with high-backed seats and a lofty pulpit, but not so old as to be historically interesting.

Some one was playing the organ as we entered, and we stepped softly down the aisle as the music of one of Haydn's melodies floated through the church.

"She plays well, whoever she is," murmured Adrian.

"What makes you think it is a *she*?" I asked.

He jerked his head in the direction of the organ-loft, and I saw a woman's straw hat just visible above the faded red curtain.

The next moment the old verger came hurrying towards us, eager to point out what he considered the most remarkable objects in the church. His high, thin tones broke discordantly upon the music, and when Adrian alluded to it, hoping to check his garrulity, he made answer, with an air of easy contempt:

"The music! Oh! it's only Miss Nettleton, the Rector's governess, having a little practice. She's engaged to play the organ, you know, as well as to teach the children."

"Miss Nettleton!" It seemed a startling coincidence that that should be her name. I glanced at Adrian and saw that he had changed colour, while his eyes turned eagerly towards the gallery.

He grew impatient of the chatter of the old verger, who now proposed to show us in the churchyard the grave of a certain famous professor, which he thought we ought not to have overlooked. Adrian was making signs, which I interpreted to mean that I might go with the old man if I liked, but he preferred to stay and listen to the music, when the player struck a final chord and ceased. We heard the sound of the instrument being closed and then a light step upon the stair leading to the gallery. I started when a gleam of blue appeared below the arch at the foot of the tower. It was a lady wearing a blue skirt and a white bodice, adorned—oh, strange coincidence!—with a knot of cornflowers, who came towards us so quietly that the verger never heard her approach. I turned towards Adrian, and was amazed at the light which came into his eyes. Then I saw that the lady's blue eyes were fixed on him with a startled, awe-struck expression, while a tide of deep crimson rose in her face.

I took the old man by the arm and led him away ere he had time to note anything. "Come and show me the Professor's grave," I said; "my friend will follow. Tell me all you know about him. Did you say that strangers from America come here to see his grave?"

"Ay, that's true enough," he said, stepping readily from the church; "you wouldn't believe the folks that I have here. Sometimes they're foreigners that can't speak the English language properly, let alone Americans. Miss Nettleton there, by-the-bye"—he jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the church—"has been in America."

"Oh, really!" I said. "Has she been here long?"

"Two years last Midsummer," he said. "Her coming's been a blessing to the parish. I don't know what the Rector would do without her, for he's a widower man, and the sister who keeps his house is a poor hand with children. My wife says he'll marry her; but I don't know about that, though I can't deny that she's as good as the one he lost, if not better."

Hope did not appear, and I encouraged the old man to gossip as he would while we inspected the Professor's grave. I gave my friend his opportunity, though I was consumed with anxiety as to what the result would be. Quite half an hour elapsed ere he came out, looking radiant. He had no eyes for me as he walked with Miss Nettleton to the gate which admitted to the Rectory garden. There they parted, after a prolonged farewell. Adrian rejoined me, showed no interest in the Professor's grave, but dismissed the verger with a gratuity which made him open his eyes.

"It is the most extraordinary thing!" he exclaimed, as soon as we were alone. "To think I should meet her here, just after we had been talking about her! Of course you have guessed who she is?"

"Miss Gertrude Nettleton?" I said. "Yes, naturally I supposed so. Has she—has she explained things to your satisfaction?"

"Why, certainly. It was just as I imagined—her father took the money. Poor girl! he was the evil genius of her life, and also of her mother's, whose married life, happily for her, was short."

"How did he do it?" I asked.

"She had not seen him for years—she believed him to be in America—when that day he appeared at the Vicarage, having succeeded in tracing her there. She encountered him in the garden, as she was on her way to join the children on the common. He wanted money, and she promised him all that she had, if he would go away quietly. While she went to her room to fetch it, he entered the Vicar's study by the open window and rifled the drawer. She came back and caught him in the act; but he threw her off and escaped. For a while she pursued him along the road; but soon lost sight of him. She wandered on, feeling desperate, till she found herself near the common, and—you know the rest. She had not the courage to tell her story to the Vicar and his wife, although they had been very kind to her. She thought she would follow her father to London and seek him at an address he had mentioned there, hoping to induce him to return the money. Of course it was the worst thing possible for her to do."

"And did she succeed in finding him?" I asked.

"She actually did; but you may imagine he was not to be persuaded to return the money. Apparently it brought him luck at the gaming-table, for almost immediately he was able to start for America, taking her with him. She was glad to go, for she knew that her life in England was wrecked. She had a hard time of it in America; but she lived a good and honourable life. Her father is dead. She nursed him through his last illness, and doubtless, after the manner of women, it was with a devotion the old wretch little deserved. She remained in New York, earning money by teaching and denying herself every luxury till she had saved enough to return to England and restore the money her father had taken. She came back two years ago, and, presenting herself at the Vicarage and telling her story, was received by the Vicar and his wife with the greatest kindness and sympathy. They are such good Christians that, with the exception of telling Hacker, who, you know, has a lawyer's gift of reticence, they had kept secret the loss of the money and the dark suspicion which it cast on her. They found Miss Nettleton the situation which she now fills."

"They are good people indeed," I said. "Poor girl! How she suffered for the sins of her father! But that trial is over now."

"Yes, thank God! it is over," Adrian said with fervour. "Oh, I am glad we came here to-day! I would not have missed knowing the end of her story."

But I knew that that was not the end, and I foresaw that Adrian and I would not again spend our holidays together in careless freedom tramping through the country. It was not for one night only that we stayed at the village inn. We finished our holiday there, and now I am looking forward to acting as "best man" at a wedding early in the New Year. Adrian's gain involves my loss; but I can rejoice, for I verily believe that no shadows from the past will have power to cloud the happiness of my friend and his wife.

Helps for Sunday-School Teachers and Christian Endeavourers

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS

BY REV. G. H. MORRISON, M.A.

DEC. 7.—*Ruth and Naomi* (Ruth i. 14-22).

"Orpah kissed her mother-in-law." Are there any other memorable kisses in Scripture? When Samuel anointed Saul, he took a vial of oil and poured it upon his head and kissed him (1 Sam. x. 1). When Joseph made himself known to his brethren, he kissed them all, and wept upon them (Gen. xlv. 15). When Absalom was courting favour, he put forth his hand to every man who came to him, and took him and kissed him (2 Sam. xv. 5). When Joab murdered Amasa, he took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him (2 Sam. xx. 9). And when Judas went forth to betray his Master, he came to Jesus, and said, "Hail, Master," and kissed Him (Matt. xxvi. 49).

"The parting of the ways." What we call a "watershed" the Romans named *divortium*, and in the religious traditions of all countries, says Dean Stanley, there is often described such a separation, where those who have been companions up to a certain point are thenceforth severed asunder. In Greek teaching the choice is described, through the well-known fable of Hercules, between the rugged path of virtue and the easy descent of pleasure. In Mussulman legends Mahomet stands on the mountain above Damascus, and gazing on the glorious view, turns away from it with the words, "Man has but one paradise, and mine is fixed elsewhere."

"Ruth gave herself." There is a story that the pupils of Socrates used to bring him valuable gifts from time to time, as tokens of their esteem and love. On one occasion one of the pupils waited until all the others had given their gifts, and then he threw himself at Socrates' feet, saying, "O Master, I have nothing to give thee except myself! Take me, that thou mayst make a better man of me." There was no gift which Socrates received that day which he valued half so much. So Ruth acted towards Naomi. So are we called on to trust Jesus.

DEC. 14.—*The Boy Samuel* (1 Sam. iii. 1-14)

"Hannah and Samuel." When Robert Moffat was starting for a situation in England, his mother went with him so far on his way, and when they were about to part she told him that she wished him to promise something. At first he was not very willing (says Mr. Milligan), but at length he gave the desired promise. "I only ask you," said his mother, "whether you will read a chapter in the Bible every morning, and another every evening?" Robert was true to his promise. In his new surroundings he regularly read his Bible, and the fruit was seen in after-years when he himself went as a missionary to the poor savages of Africa.

"Even a child is known by his doings." How true this is of Samuel! Illustrate from Joseph, Abijah, Timothy, and, above all, Jesus, in the Bible. Outside the Bible we have the life of Edward VI., who ascended the throne of England when he was nine years old and died in his sixteenth year. Young as he was, he reigned wisely and well, for he loved God, and the Bible was his rule of life.

DEC. 21.—*The Birth of Christ* (Luke ii. 8-20)

"Let us go *even now* unto Bethlehem." It is told in legend that, as the Wise Men from the East followed the star which led them to the new-born Christ, they came, towards evening, to the house of a woman, Baboushka. They told her whom they were seeking, and urged her to come with them. She begged them to wait a little until she was ready, but they would not delay. So they proceeded on their way; and Baboushaka, as soon as she had attended to some household labour, prepared to follow. But alas! when she went out into the night she saw no guiding star, and the Wise Men had disappeared in the distance. Yet she followed on, hoping in the end to overtake them, or to find the infant Saviour. And still, the legend runs, she vainly seeks, during long centuries of years, to find the star or the Babe, wandering nightly the hills and vales of Palestine, but finds them not, because she had neglected her opportunity.

"The Babe lying in a manger." An old story tells that when the villagers were in any trouble and distress, they used to say, "Come, let us look on Mary's Son." There is this deep truth in that, that a sight of Jesus, born and dying for us, is the true source of strength and peace.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR TOPICS

BY REV. H. ELVET LEWIS

DEC. 7.—*Helping or Hindering* (Num. xiii. 26-33)

In Dr. Dale's biography there is a painful instance of an opportunity for helping missed. When he returned home from Andover, full of youthful hopes in view of becoming a Christian minister, he approached his old pastor, Dr. Campbell, seeking advice and guidance. For some reason or other Dr. Campbell gave an unqualified rebuff, and by his disapproval nearly arrested a career of the most conspicuous service.

The late Dr. Herber Evans suggested the formation in our Churches of a "Society of Encouragers," with generous hearts and words, and quick eyes to see the chances of helping the disheartened. There were ten discouragers against two encouragers at Paran: had the numbers been reversed, how history might have been changed!

DEC. 14.—*Our Fellowship* (1 John i.)

The two conditions of Christian fellowship are—(1) walking in the light, (2) inward cleansing. Two pilgrims, on a dark night, may be on the same road, unknown to each other, and therefore unable to help each other at need; but the morning light serves to bring them together. Bunyan's Pilgrim was alone in the Dark Valley: it was after coming out into the light—"just now the sun was rising"—that he saw and overtook Faithful, and had "sweet discourse" and fellowship.

The uncleansed can have no real fellowship: corruption separates, holiness unites. When a tree decays it falls apart—branch, bark, stem, root; but while it is healthily growing, everything adds to its compactness. In hell Dante saw no fellowship; but in Paradise he beheld the souls of the redeemed as one White Rose. It is the cleansing blood of Christ that secures citizenship in heaven.

DEC. 21.—*Christmas: Its Message to Us* (Luke ii. 1-20)

The message of Christmas, which absorbs all other messages, is this—"A Saviour." What were all the good wishes, the friendly gifts, the home-comings, without that? He is a Saviour here and now—to you, to me—finding no heart too lowly for His abode; and if a Saviour for one, then for every one. "If the message of the Incarnation," wrote Bishop Westcott, "necessarily transcends our thoughts in its fulness, none the less it comes within the range of our experience as far as our thoughts can reach. It touches life at every point."

The joy of Christmas, to be true, must not be the joy we bring, but the joy which God brings us. Christmas, said Eugénie de Guérin, "brings me as much joy as to the shepherds of Bethlehem. Truly the whole soul sings aloud at this glad advent of God."

DEC. 28.—*The Way Home* (John xiv. 1-6; Rev. xxi. 1-4)

When Christ declares Himself to be the way home, it means that the way starts here—here where each one stands.

> Thou art the Way.
> Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal,
> I cannot say
> If Thou hadst ever met my soul.

To be on the way home is to be in the home-spirit. Had any one been fifty years from England in some remote island, were he to return, his thoughts during the voyage would dwell, not on the dress, the language, the scenes of the island he leaves, but on those of the island-home he hopes to reach. And so God's voyagers. At the same time, "whoever," says Miss Rossetti, "seeks citizenship at last in that all-holy City must now day by day watch, pray, labour, agonise, it may be, to sanctify his allotted dwelling in his present mean city."

Some Fathers and Sons in the Ministry

IT is believed that there are about twenty thousand ministers of religion in the British Isles, and it is perhaps worth remarking that in that large company there are comparatively few fathers and sons. In this and a subsequent article we shall make a few brief notes concerning the more remarkable of such cases as exist. The reader will understand that we are dealing only with instances in which both generations are living. The many cases of ministers who are sons of ministers that have gone to their rest and reward do not come within the scope of these notes.

Photo by Elliott & Fry
DEAN FARRAR

Perhaps the most interesting instance of father and son in the ministry is afforded by Dr. Marshall Lang, the Principal of Aberdeen University, and the Bishop of Stepney (the Right Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang). Father and son have both attained to the highest eminence in their different communions. Principal Lang belongs to the Presbyterian Established Church of Scotland, and for years exercised a diligent and fruitful ministry in Glasgow. Dr. Lang has always been deeply interested in what is known as "the condition of the people question," and, in recognition of his worth as a pastor, preacher, and administrator, was some years ago elected to the highest official position in his Church—that of Moderator of the General Assembly. Dr. Lang made himself very acceptable to his brethren during his year of office. A few years ago Lord Balfour of Burleigh chose him to succeed Sir William Geddes at Aberdeen University.

Photo by Elliott & Fry
RIGHT REV. COSMO GORDON LANG (BISHOP OF STEPNEY)

REV. ERIC FARRAR
Photo by Maule & Co., Coventry

Photo by Russell & Sons
REV. IVOR FARRAR

It is surely a remarkable thing that the son of a Scotch Presbyterian minister should become a Bishop of the Anglican Church during the lifetime of his father. Mr. Lang was a favourite of Queen Victoria, and his rise in the Church—he is not yet forty—has been very rapid. His wonderful work among the poor at Portsea made him an ideal successor of Dr. Winnington-Ingram as the Bishop of the East End of London. Dr. Ingram's place was hard to fill, but Bishop Lang is doing marvellously well. It is stated that he recently declined the Bishopric of Melbourne. Doubtless he is destined for the highest positions in the Church. The Bishop is a bachelor. Queen Victoria once advised him to get a wife, because, said Her Majesty, a wife would help him far more than any curate. "Ah! but, your Majesty," said Mr. Lang, "I can get rid of an unsuitable curate, but I cannot get rid of a wife."

Photo by Elliott & Fry
VERY REV. PRINCIPAL MARSHALL LANG, D.D.

Dr. Farrar, the Dean of Canterbury, has two sons in the ministry—the Rev. Eric Farrar, M.A., Vicar of St. John's, Hoxton, and the Rev. Ivor Farrar, M.A., Curate of St. Michael's, Chester Square. When Dr. Farrar was at Westminster his son Eric acted as his curate. Dr. Farrar's

REV. STANLEY ROGERS

Photo by G. Latimer, Liverpool

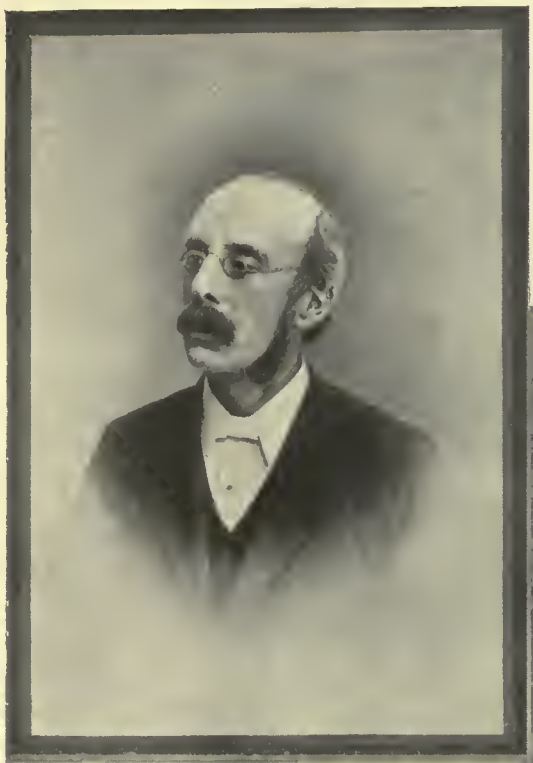


Photo by O'Arom, Scarborough

REV. ARTHUR G. ROGERS

successor as Chaplain of the House of Commons (Archdeacon Wilberforce) finds a *locum tenens* in the Rev. Eric Farrar when he is indisposed. Since his withdrawal from London to Canterbury Dr. Farrar has not been as prominently before the public as formerly. His health has been unsatisfactory for a long time, and his ministrations are confined mainly to Canterbury Cathedral. Dr. Farrar is very copious both as an orator and author. The most popular of his long list of books is "The Life of Christ," which has passed through twenty-four editions, and which is the most widely circulated of any of the biographies of our Lord—with the exception, of course, of the authentic Gospels.

Two of Dr. Guinness Rogers's sons have followed their father into the Congregational ministry. The Rev. Stanley Rogers has just celebrated the semi-jubilee of his pastorate in Liverpool, amid many manifestations of the esteem in which he is held by his people, his brethren, and the citizens of Liverpool. Mr. Rogers has been a very industrious pastor, and a faithful, edifying preacher. His venerable father, as is well known, was the moving spirit of the Congregational Twentieth Century Fund, and the Rev. Stanley Rogers rendered yeoman service in connection with the efforts of the young people of the Church for the fund. Dr. Rogers's other son, the Rev. Arthur Guinness Rogers, D.D., spent many years in the United States, and was recently elected pastor of the South Cliff Congregational Church, Scarborough.

Photo by O'Arom, Scarborough

REV. DR. GUINNESS ROGERS

Dr. Guinness Rogers is indeed "like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Though he has retired from the active pastorate, he is still as active as ever. His services to the Twentieth Century Fund of his denomination will always be held in grateful remembrance. He travelled constantly over the whole of England and Wales in the interests of the Fund, preaching and speaking at least every alternate day. His energy and devotion must have put many a younger man to shame. There is no doubt that Dr. Rogers would be prepared to declare—as Dr. Parker has done—that if he had to live his life over again he would be a Congregational minister, and he is very proud and thankful that two of his sons are devoting their lives to the service of the Gospel.

Another ex-Chairman of the Congregational Union who has the happiness and pride of possessing a son in the ministry is the Rev. Alfred Rowland, LL.B., B.A. Among the earliest and best fruit of Mansfield College is the Rev. A. N. Rowland, M.A., of Putney. Mr. A. Norman Rowland is a cultured and effective preacher, possessing a distinct literary gift. Principal Fairbairn's young men are almost invariably distinguished for their devotion to what may be called the social and humanistic side of Christianity, and Mr. Norman Rowland is no exception.

He is particularly interested in the Free Church Boys' Camp Movement, and has done not a little by pen and voice to promote and extend it. He has in his own father as near an approach to the ideal pastor as there is among us. The Rev. Alfred Rowland ministers to one of the largest, most compact, and best organised Churches in North London. Mr. Rowland's gifts as a preacher and lecturer are of no mean order. As a pastor he is unexcelled. It might almost be said, without serious challenge, that he is the greatest Congregational *pastor* in England. His Church is a family, and he is the father of his people. Mr. Rowland has the profoundest belief in pastoral visitation, and firmly believes that it is absolutely necessary if a preacher, with practically the same congregation every Sunday, is to speak to the needs of his people. Mr. Rowland's sermons are not arrows sent into the air; they are aimed at definite marks, and only by moving constantly in and out among his people can a pastor learn what should be the targets of his discourses. It is not denied for a moment that a great preacher, who may do little or no pastoral visitation, may exercise a very influential ministry; but he will not be a great parish minister. A great parish minister is an accurate description of Mr. Alfred Rowland. Mr. Rowland has but recently returned from a very successful visit to America as a representative of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and has brought with him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, a distinction which few men could wear more fitly and worthily.

REV. ALFRED ROWLAND, B.A., LL.B.

Photo by Russell & Sons

REV. ALFRED NORMAN ROWLAND, M.A.

Prebendary Webb-Peploe, M.A., the well-known Evangelical clergyman, and one of the Keswick leaders, has three sons following in his honoured footsteps—the Rev. R. Murray Webb-Peploe, M.A., who, before his health gave way, was his father's curate, the Rev. F. H. Webb-Peploe, M.A., Vicar of Leck, Kirkby Lonsdale, and the Rev. H. M. Webb-Peploe, M.A., Assistant Chaplain to the Forces at Plymouth. There must indeed be few clergymen who can claim to have given more sons to the ministry of the Gospel. We believe, however, that the record of the Rev. W. D. Walters, the well-known Secretary of the London Wesleyan Mission (whose recent sore bereavement in the heroic death of his noble wife has won him the heartfelt sympathy of thousands all over the country), is even more striking than that of Prebendary Webb-Peploe, for he has five ministerial sons. But of this in the next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY.

REV. FRANK H. WEBB-PEPLOE, M.A.,
VICAR OF LECK, KIRKBY LONSDALE, WESTMORLAND
Mr. Webb-Peploe was Chaplain of the Mission to Seamen on the Tyne for about seven years.

Photo by W. Parry, South Shields

Photo by Vernon Kaye, South Kensington, S.W.

REV. R. MURRAY WEBB-PEPLOE,
Who before his health gave way was his father's curate

Photo by Russell & Sons

REV. PREBENDARY WEBB-PEPLOE

Photo by Lombardi

REV. H. M. WEBB-PEPLOE,
Assistant Chaplain to the Forces at Portsmouth

His Neighbour's Dwelling

BY DAVID LYALL

THE tall, gaunt figure of a man came swinging up a country lane in the pleasant dusk of an autumn evening, walking with the steady, purposeful tread of one who has his days full and knows few idle hours.

The lane was a mere wide track through fields, pleasant enough footing in dry weather, but woeful in bad, for the soil had a peculiar, clinging quality, and in that particular lane dried slowly after rain, probably because the hedges were high on either side and a great wood at the bottom of the field to the right broke the sweep of the wind. It was a beautiful and quiet spot, and though not remote from the habitations of men, seemed so; only the cows grazing peacefully on the sweet autumn herbage gave a touch of life to the scene. The leaves were hanging yellow on the trees and the bramble black on the hedgerows side by side with the flame of the rowan and the haw. Towards its outlet upon a wide sweep of gorse-covered common the lane widened, and to the right the gleam of a white fence indicated the proximity of some dwelling-house. As he came within sight of it, the expression on the man's face suddenly changed from one of placid contemplation to an alert, suspicious look as of one who scents evil, and is ready to resent it.

The cause was a little group of men standing in the middle of the lane, one with a note-book in his hand talking earnestly to the others, and indicating the adjoining field with various gestures explanatory and suggestive. They saw the man coming, and there was just a momentary hesitation; then an expression of slow, quiet enjoyment, or rather appreciation, of a peculiar situation might have been seen on their faces.

As Gavin Learmonth drew nearer, his sharp eye saw that the fence had been removed for about thirty yards facing the lane, and that the ground had evidently been measured off. When he reached the group, he stopped short, and his expression was not good to see. "What's going to happen here?" he asked abruptly and peremptorily.

One of the listeners, an old man with a somewhat meek look, distinctly winced. For a moment no one spoke.

"What is it?" repeated Learmonth still more aggressively.

This time the meek man answered.

"Ye can see for yoursel'. We're gaun to build."

Learmonth's brow grew black, and his eyes positively glared. "Build here, Grierson? Do it at your peril."

At these blatant words two of them laughed, and even the meek man smiled.

"Where's the peril to come from? The land's mine, Maister Learmonth, and it's a hoose for Maister Clyde the lawyer we're to put up. The foundations will be dug the morn's mornin'."

"They may be dug, but nothing will ever be allowed to stand on them. Do you hear? I give you fair warning," he said in a threatening voice, and, clenching his fist, he strode on and left them. A curious chill seemed to descend upon the little group.

"He's a thrawn deil, an' aye was," observed James Ogilvie the architect, with a shrug of his shoulders. "He'll give you trouble, Davie," he added to the meek man, who was the owner of the land and responsible for any building which might be erected thereon. He turned round at these words and contemplated the white gate through which Learmonth had disappeared into his own trim garden, at the far side of which his comfortable two-storey house stood among its sheltering trees.

"Ye've said it, Maister Ogilvie. It's a hale world he needs for himsel', but it's a hale world he'll no get. Did ye ever hear sic nonsense? What herm can a hoose here do to him? Frae the high windows they micht see into his stable yaird, and that's a'. I wish I had never set een on him. He's been naething but an ill wind to Blackstone since ever he set his sour face upon it."

Then they changed the subject and sought to concentrate their attention on the plan of the contemplated house, but somehow it had suddenly been arrested, or rather turned into another and less pleasant channel. The hint of trouble was in the air; it was as if some cold, dark cloud had fallen across the pleasant clearness of the October night. So presently they dispersed, agreeing to meet at an early hour next morning for further discussion and agreement.

Meanwhile, Gavin Learmonth had carried his black, forbidding face within the precincts of his own home. He hung up his hat, pushed open the door of the little morning-room, where his wife often sat, and not finding her there, called her by name.

"I'm coming, dear. I've been to Caldwell to see mother. I've only just got home." She appeared on the stairs as she spoke, fastening a brooch in the lace at her throat. She was a slender, pale woman with a sweet but not a happy face. And her expression that day was one of distinct apprehension.

"To Caldwell? You didn't say anything about it this morning."

"No; I didn't think of it until you had gone away. I came out by the five-eighteen. That's why I wasn't down the lane to meet you. Have you had a busy day?"

"Nothing to brag about. Come in and sit down. Tell me, did you know anything about this ghastly cheek of Grierson's wanting to build a house for Clyde alongside of ours?"

"I heard about it a while ago from Mrs. Clyde's mother," she admitted, and slightly winced. She did not think of adding that she had gone out to Caldwell to see her mother for no other reason than to escape the walk in the lane when the fence was down.

"Why didn't you tell me? You ought to have told me. I could have prevented it. Now it's too late, and in a month or two we'll have the felicity of beholding one of Grierson's best jerry-builts from every window, and Clyde's numerous offspring spying on us at every turn. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing. It is no business of mine or yours," she said quietly, but showing that she resented the tone and words. "The land is Grierson's, I suppose; he can do what he likes with it, and anything might have been built on it, even a factory, so I think we ought to be thankful."

"Well, in spite of your view, I'll see whether I can't nip him in the bud. I'll go out to Caldwell to-morrow and see the lawyers about it. When I bought my land from Grierson, he distinctly promised that nothing should be built on this side of the lane. I'll hold him to it."

"But it's a long way from the house, Gavin. We shan't be overlooked. I think you should leave it. What's the use of quarrelling with people about so little?"

"Little, do you call it? Grierson's played me false, and he had me, too, over the titles of the land. He's an old sharper. But I'll be even with him, and I won't have Clyde as a neighbour, if I can prevent it."

Mary Learmonth said no more; indeed, she saw that in her husband's present mood it would be worse than useless. But the shadow deepened a little in her quiet eyes, and when she turned her head away her lip trembled. She was a peaceable, kindly soul, full of lovingkindness towards the whole world; but since her marriage her generous impulses had been sadly curbed, and Learmonth had done his best to convert her to his sordid views of life. From his youth up he had been an Ishmaelite—his hand against every man. Naturally suspicious of human motive, he had allowed it to become a passion with him, and was always at loggerheads with some one. He looked at his wife suspiciously as she turned to leave the room. "I believe you're in league with them. You've a sneaking liking for Clyde, yet. You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he said sourly.

"So ought you," she answered, with a sudden spirit. "I won't stay and talk to you any more."

And she left him, a prey to his own dark thoughts. All his life he had been inordinately jealous of Clyde. They had both been suitors for the hand of Mary Farquhar, and though he had been successful, he sometimes thought she preferred Clyde. It was pure imaginationon his part, for man had never a more loyal wife, while Clyde himself had married, and was apparently happy. It was a terrible disappointment to Learmonth that they were childless. If he had a soft spot in his nature, it was for children, and Mary had accidentally discovered one day that he gave away large sums in aid of children's charities, though no one in the neighbourhood dared ask him for a subscription for anything. And again she had prayed that God would remove her reproach from her, and give her a child, so that it

might work a miracle of grace in her husband's heart. But so far that prayer had been denied.

Next morning, instead of going to his own office, Learmonth journeyed to the county town of Caldwell to consult with his solicitors regarding the proposed building in the lane at the end of his garden. When he came home that night his face was gloomier than ever, and Mary, watching from an upper window, saw him come straight across the common, which meant that he had taken the longer way to avoid the lane.

Digging for the foundations had begun in earnest. Mary asked no questions; it was quite easy for her to guess what had been the outcome of his visit to the lawyers. The subject was never again mentioned between them, and very soon the walls of the new house began to appear above ground. Before Christmas they were about half-way up; then there came a sudden check in the shape of a very long spell of frost and snow, which brought all building operations to a standstill. It was not until March that the work went on again; then there came a strike among masons and bricklayers, which hindered the work for another month. Mary felt the satisfaction all these drawbacks and delays were to her husband, and in their few walks abroad they continued to avoid the lane. After Easter, however, all obstacles seemed to be removed, and building went on merrily. There was nothing either beautiful or unsightly about the house, a plain two-storey dwelling for the accommodation of the lawyer's family. A high hedge of fast-growing poplar trees at the foot of Learmonth's garden acted as a very effective screen against the lower windows of the new house, and there was absolutely nothing of which any reasonable person could complain.

One Sunday evening in June, when the house was near completion, Mary induced her husband to walk down the lane with her. She hoped, from his long silence regarding the matter, that he had at least become resigned to it.

"Look, Gavin, it is not so very bad, after all," she said cheerfully. "See, they are going to make quite a pretty little garden. I think it will be very nice to have neighbours. I shall quite enjoy seeing the children playing in the lane."

"I daresay. It is to be expected. You always do like what everybody else would object to—it's a little way you have," he answered, and the tone of his voice, even more than his words, convinced Mary that he felt the matter even more keenly than before. There was a lump in her throat as she turned her head quickly away and looked across the summer fields through a mist of tears. She had a lonely life, and perhaps she had dreamed her dreams of real neighbourly intercourse with the Clydes, and especially of having the children about her. This she believed now would be impossible: her husband would certainly never permit one of them to come within the gate.

In the first week of July the Clydes removed into their new house. A jolly crowd they were, too, and sometimes through the open windows of her lonely, empty house Mary Learmonth would hear the music of the young voices on the summer air. How her heart yearned over them none knew but God. But she had been so peremptorily and expressly forbidden to call upon them that she had not dared, though her husband could not prevent her smiling on the children when she met them in the lane, or bestowing surreptitious sweets upon them as opportunity offered.

From the day when the Clydes had entered their new home Learmonth had never set foot in the lane, but had invariably taken the longer way from his office, keeping to the far side of the common, so that the object of his scorn and hatred, his neighbour's dwelling, should not come within range of his vision.

One day his wife met him at the gate with a puzzled look on her face. "They've begun to build very close to us, Gavin. It looks like a wall just outside the poplars. I'm not even sure whether it is not actually on our ground."

"It is on our ground, my dear; I'm building this time," he answered, with such grimness that she looked at him with sudden apprehension.

"What is it, Gavin? A wall, I suppose."

"Well, yes, it's a kind of a wall. Wait, and you'll see," he answered easily.

"It's very close to their house. You won't make it very high, surely; it would be unkind, and shut out the light as well as the view. They don't worry us much, dear—you'll admit that yourself."

"They had the better of me, and gloried in it; it's my turn," was all he would say, and from that day Mary Learmonth watched the growth of the wall with a sickening heart.

There was no sort of delay or set-back to that building; each day it rose several feet, a fearsome-looking thing, with little shape or form, nothing but a blank, dead mass, high enough and dismal enough on the Clydes' side to make one think of a gaol.

On the side nearest Learmonth's house some attempt at picturesqueness had been attempted, and against the background of the trees the effect was not so bad. But on the neighbour's side nothing could redeem it, and it struck dismay to all their hearts. The children cried because the big wall, painted black, stood right against their nursery windows, from which they used to see the pleasant common, with the donkeys and the ponies quietly feeding among the whin and bracken. The Clydes were peaceable folks, but they were only human, and the thing was sore upon them—all the sorer because they were quite powerless to help it or improve matters in the least. Learmonth was quite within his rights; he could build what he liked on his own land.

But the person who felt it most, nay, almost sank under it, was Learmonth's wife. One day she took a walk right down the lane, and, after contemplating the erection from the inner side, opened the little garden gate and knocked at the door. It was opened by Mrs. Clyde, with a baby in her arms.

"I've just come, Mrs. Clyde, to tell you I have nothing to do with this," she said, pointing to the great black wall which cast its chill shadow across the sunny path, "and to say that I'll never rest until I get it removed. Tell your husband that, will you, when he comes home?"

"Won't you come in and talk about it?" asked Mrs. Clyde. "I feel pretty bad, and it's getting on the children's nerves. Dick doesn't speak about it. If we hadn't sunk our bit of money in the place we'd leave it, but we can't."

"No, thank you; I won't come in. I've no right to cross your threshold so long as this horrible thing is between us; but I hope it won't always be there."

Mary Learmonth's head was very high in the air as she walked into her own house and shut the door. And that evening she did not walk across the common as usual to meet her husband, much to his surprise. When he came into the house he found her very composedly sitting by the open window. Now, Learmonth happened to be in, what was for him, a happy mood, having heard that day of a particularly lucrative investment. "What's up? Not feeling well, eh?" he asked, with a touch of anxiety.

"No, I don't feel well. I shall never be well so long as we live here. I want to go away, Gavin."

"Away where? Why? What is the matter?" he asked, and consternation sat on his face.

"I can't live beside that horrible thing you have built. I cannot get away from it night nor day. How can you bear it? Are you not afraid of the judgment of God for your wicked spite?"

Now, this manner of speech, quiet, straight, unvarnished, was so new an experience for Gavin Learmonth that he could only stare. Mostly people left him alone; the world tires of the disagreeable person sooner or later, and gives him what he deserves. "What in the creation do you mean, Mary?" he asked blankly.

"Just what I say. I am too much ashamed to go out. To-day I did walk up the lane, and after I had had a good look at it, I went in and told Mrs. Clyde that I had nothing to do with it, and desired nothing more than to see it down. If it were not for fear of blowing up their house, I would put a bomb or something to it myself. Somebody will do it, Gavin, if the Lord doesn't send a bolt from Heaven. I wonder He hasn't before this."

"You must be going out of your mind, Mary. You had better send for the doctor at once," he said, with darkening brow.

"You can send for ten doctors, if you like; none of them will do me any good. Won't you give orders to have that hideous thing knocked down, Gavin? If it had any purpose, it is surely served by now. It is a monument you ought to be ashamed of. Take it away, before something dreadful happens."

"I won't do that, you may be sure. I won't make such a fool of myself. Besides, don't forget that it cost nearly two hundred pounds."

"Then I can't live here beside it any longer. It is killing

me. I have spoken to mother about it, and I am going there for a while. When it gets very cold after Christmas, I'll go to Jessie at Forres."

"You are mad, Mary, and I forbid you to speak another word about going away."

"It doesn't make any difference whether you forbid it or not. I'm going. I can't have the finger of scorn pointing at me all day long through you. I have never deserved it. I have been a good wife to you, only I have always been too much afraid to tell you the truth," she made answer, and her clear eyes gazed upon him undaunted.

"If you leave me like that, understand you can't come back any moment the whim takes you," he said warningly.

"I shall not want to come back, and I won't ask you for any money, Gavin. I have enough," she said.

Then Gavin Learmonth turned upon his heel and walked out of the house. His sour temper was getting the better of him, and some secret shame kept him from breaking out before her. For the first time in his life he felt a secret awe of his wife. He did not, however, believe that she was in earnest, but next morning he saw that she had already begun preparations.

"Then you are really going," he said, with a strange look on his face. "Do you realise what people will say, what it all means?"

"I don't care anything what people will say, and I realise it quite well. But I've been thinking it over all night—I sleep very little now—and I think I will go right up to Jessie's at once; it will be better to be quite away. And you can write when the the thing is knocked down, and I'll come back."

"If you wait till Doomsday you'll never hear that," he said, and went out without a word.

His wife did not seem to feel it. She was wrought up to such a pitch that she scarcely realised what was actually happening; she only realised it when it was all over, and she had turned her back, perhaps for ever, on her pretty home.

Now, this action of his wife raised all the fight in Learmonth, and he prepared to show that he could exist very well without her. He dismissed one of the servants, and prepared to spend the winter in bachelor quarters. Of course, all the neighbourhood knew that Mrs. Learmonth had gone away, and guessed why. And while many were amused, and even pleased, at what had happened, there were some who sincerely pitied the man; among those were his neighbours whom he had treated so scurvily.

The dreary days of the late autumn dragged themselves slowly away, and Learmonth went in and out his empty home very sick at heart. He had not written to his wife nor heard from her; but some one who had been up north mentioned casually having seen her the life and centre of the happy household there, taking a hearty interest in everything. And that made him feel very strange and desolate, he having confidently believed she was eating her heart out because she was parted from him. Then a fierce jealousy took possession of him, as it will take possession of a man when he sees what he has prized too little, richly appreciated elsewhere.

He was always brooding over various schemes of punishment for his truant wife, when something happened—a very little thing, but sufficient to change the current of his being, even of his life. One Sunday afternoon he went out for his solitary walk, which led him through the wood below the lane. It was a beautiful winter afternoon, but three days from Christmas, and the whole earth had donned its best Christmas garb. The skies were blue and cloudless, the hoarfrost glittered on the delicate tracery of the trees, the crisp air was a joy to breathe. The woods were very still and quiet; sometimes a rabbit would scutter across his path, or a stray pheasant rise wild on the the wing, but that was all. He walked with his head down and his eyes on the ground, and had the look of a man who has only dark thoughts. Suddenly the sound of voices disturbed him—shrill young voices talking in earnest tones. He could see nothing, but, passing a ravine at the moment, caught the gleam of a white pinafore among the bushes. The underbrush was very thick about him just there, and the path so soft with pine-needles that his foot gave forth no sound; he would have passed on unnoticed and unnoticing had the sound of his own name not arrested him. Then involuntarily he stood still.

"What mummy would like best for Christmas would be to have the Ogre's wall all blowed down," said a boy's voice cheerfully. "Me and Chris have two-and-six. Do you know how much gunpowder that would buy, Nancy?"

"Not enough to blow down the wall, Bobby," answered Nancy's sweet voice soberly. "And you mustn't call him 'the Ogre.' Mummy says Mr. Learmonth is a very miserable man, far miserabler than we are, though we have a black wall to look at all day. God is angry with him, and his wife has gone away, and he has nobody in the world."

"I don't care! I hope he'll die soon, then the wall would be knocked down."

"He isn't ready to die, Bobby. He has to grow a better man first."

Learmonth drew himself together, and passed on. The words had smitten him like a two-edged sword, and a cold sweat stood on his brow. It was not so much the children's blame, it was their parents' pity that stung him. Like all proud natures, he resented pity, and would rather have had the blame. The spectacle of these two innocent children discussing how they could give to the mother they loved the Christmas gift she most desired rose up before him accusingly, pursuing him in the silent night watches, until he felt himself a soul tormented.

He rose in the grey dawn unrefreshed, and, dressing hurriedly, went out into the lane. Daylight was beginning to disperse the night shadows, but there was no one abroad, nor any sign of life about his neighbour's dwelling. He opened the garden gate and walked deliberately round and round, viewing his handiwork from every possible standpoint.

"It's an infernal thing," he muttered to himself—"worse than I thought. If it had been done to me, I'd have had it down at any cost."

He went back to his own house, ate a scanty breakfast, and then, walking to the station, took an early train to the town. Arrived there, he went straight to the builder who had done the work for him at Blackstone. It ought to have been mentioned that no man in the neighbourhood would undertake the job. The orders there were brief and peremptory. Before noon the workmen were on the ground, and the work of demolition had commenced. But Learmonth did not come back; he took the noon train for the north, and arrived at his brother-in-law's house late in the evening.

They had gone out to dinner, and Mary was sitting alone in the drawing-room, and her face wore the look of the homesick woman, when the door opened, and she saw her husband. A wavering, started look crossed her face, and she sprang up. "Oh! Gavin, why are you here? I was going to write to you to-night.'

Learmonth had the curious, strained expression of the unemotional man who finds himself at an emotional crisis in his life. "I thought it about time I came to see how you were," he said, trying to speak indifferently, "and from all appearances, you don't look very well." He put his hands on her shoulders and turned her face to the light. She was very dear to him far dearer than she knew, for there were depths in that strange nature no man had proved. "I've come to fetch you home," he said, "in time for Christmas Day."

Her eyes devoured his face. There was something there a new tenderness, unaccustomed as it was sweet to her heart.

"It's all right, Mary. The thing is down, or will be when we get back. The bairns among them will make short work of it, When will you come there, little woman? Cheer up, you were right and I was wrong—I see it now."

Mary Learmonth gave a great sob of thankfulness, and hid her face on his breast. She did not want to ask a single question—the fact was enough. At the moment she felt that God had granted to her more than her heart's desire. She put her hand about his neck and drew his face down, while she whispered something in his ear. He started and held her closer. But never a word was spoken.

The Learmonths got back to their own house on Christmas Eve, and before he sat down Learmonth knocked at the door of his neighbour's dwelling. He was a long time there, and Mary prayed at the window, from which she could just catch sight of the heap of stones, all that was left of the unneighbourly wall.

Learmonth's atonement was very thorough—it was characteristic of the man to do nothing by halves. And Clyde being a generous soul, the reconciliation was complete. The neighbourly intercourse thus happily begun was strengthened as the years rolled on by the children of both houses, and now no gates or bars would be strong enough to keep them apart.

The Rev. G. Campbell Morgan

I. As America Knows Him

"NO half sort of a man," was the verdict of the *St. Paul Dispatch* on Mr. Moody's successor. I have before me a curious collection of articles which appeared during the past year in the daily press of towns which Mr. Morgan visited. Frankly critical, yet genuinely appreciative, they half reveal and half conceal the secret of his marvellous success in America. A Cincinnati journalist observes that his poses at the reading-desk bring Abraham Lincoln to the mind of hearers who listened to the "log splitter President" in his great speeches. "When Morgan begins to speak, his gaunt, ungainly figure, slim and over six feet in height, moves awkwardly back of the reading-desk. Without the loud talking which so many speakers affect to catch their hearers, Morgan will lean clear over his desk, and pointing a long index finger directly at the floor, will give a peculiar smile, and after that his audience is with him. As he becomes enthused with his subject, his gestures are very graceful."

A St. Louis man contrasts his personal appearance with Mr. Moody's. "Mr. Moody was tall and broad-chested, and Mr. Morgan is very thin. His clothes hang loosely on his body. His features are sharp, and his eyes burn like coals of fire under over-hanging eyebrows. He

Special portrait by Dana Hull, 540, Fine Arts Buildings, Chicago

MR. AND MRS. CAMPBELL MORGAN

is not handsome, but he is a man who would impress one at a first glance. He gesticulates a great deal, and moves across the stage while talking, but not so as to distract the attention of his audience. A large part of the time he is leaning on the pulpit, with one hand pointing towards the people."

"Not handsome, but very impressive," is the general verdict on Mr. Morgan's appearance. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* thought his first text in that city appropriately chosen. "'A voice crying in the wilderness'—he was almost that, as he stood in the pulpit, clothed with so little corporeal substance, all sinew and bone, with never an ounce of flesh and never a curve of beauty to soften the tenseness of his face."

Two characteristics of the man especially endear him to Americans—one is his courage, the other his tireless diligence. Bold sayings of his have already passed into the floating literature of the towns he has visited. "I would much rather have a man out and out for the devil than a man living a half-and-half Christian life, hoping that he will get into heaven some way at last." He startled a St. Paul meeting by comparing the sinner and the saint to the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York, and the White House, Washington. "The hotel can be hired. All the wealth of millionaires cannot buy the White House. Thank God, there is something they cannot do." The remark produced a titter from an audience which included several millionaires. Speaking of our Lord being invited to dine with a Pharisee, Mr. Morgan said, "It is a dangerous thing to be invited out to dinner. Many ministers are spoiled by this. I never go out to dinner if I can get my meal some other way."

Of the men who are so rushed for business that they cannot wait to have morning prayers, he remarked, "I do not hear of their being so rushed that they cannot take time for breakfast. If necessary, they had better miss a breakfast than family prayer, for missing breakfast is not likely to grow into a habit, but omitting to pray soon becomes the rule." By his energy as a traveller and preacher Mr. Morgan has amazed his American brethren. It is not preaching that tires him, but committees and financial worries. In one town, where he was preaching three times a day, a minister asked if he was not feeling worn out. "No," he replied; "I feel wonderfully fresh." "And yet," says the questioner, "ministers not a few, who preach only two sermons a week, are breaking down. And other ministers who stand up to one little, lone, lorn sermon a week find the arrangement about right."

ON BOARD THE *TUNISIAN*

THE CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. CAMPBELL MORGAN

Mr. Morgan holds his own with Church officials. In one American town the deacons asked him to wear the gown in the pulpit. "I have never preached in a gown, gentlemen." "But surely you will not mind conforming to our regular custom." Mr. Morgan considered a few moments, and then quietly answered, "You must choose between the gown and the preacher." The deacons gave way.

The exhilarating air of America has suited Mr. Morgan's health, and his complexion has lost its old sickliness, and is deeply embrowned with sun and wind. He lived for a few months at Baltimore, but has now removed with his family to beautiful Northfield, overlooking the Connecticut Valley, which reminds him of the much-loved Wye Valley, where his boyhood's happiest hours were spent. At Northfield he has not as yet found an opportunity for those long mornings at golf which he used to enjoy with brother-ministers on the breezy course at Muswell Hill; he seeks recreation in driving through a country which to him can never lose its novelty and its charm—a land of dark forests and blue mountain summits melting softly into the farthest horizon. He already loves Northfield as Mr. Moody used to love it, and no spot

Photo by R. T. Watson, Hull
MR. CAMPBELL MORGAN'S FATHER

is more sacred to him than the grave on Round Top. We must think of Mr. Morgan, however, as enjoying very rarely the pastoral life of his home. On these black winter nights, when his London friends are sitting by their firesides or asleep in comfortable beds, he may be speeding over wide tracts of country, perhaps through a blizzard, as on his first journey to Denver, perhaps over silent snowfields, with the thermometer at zero, and the stars shining frostily through the crisp, clear air.

Most men would emerge from a railway journey over half a continent with their nerves jarred and fretted, but Mr. Morgan, slim and fragile as he looks, can endure train-fatigue without ill-effects, and goes straight to his meetings from the station. His most perfect repose, however, is taken on the deck of Atlantic steamers. There he gives himself up to a delicious idleness which his life on land can never know. Passengers whose curiosity follows the young minister in the yachting cap and blue pilot coat, and who imagine, from his grave, cultured face, that he must be filling some position like that of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks, are surprised to find him reading quite simple stories—Sunday-school library tales, such as "Monk and Knight," the Reformation romance by his friend Dr. Gunsaulus. Mr. Morgan wisely takes complete brain rest on board ship, and no incident of the little community's life is too trivial to attract his interest.

Is he becoming an American? Those who have talked much with him this summer say certainly not and some of the papers quoted above make it the one complaint against him that he refers too frequently to his English citizenship. "If he has come to America to stay," wrote one paper last April, "it would be well if he could see his way to identify himself with the country, and not to speak of the United States as 'your country' and of England as 'my country,' which he does at almost every meeting." Truth to tell, there were certain ill-defined hopes this summer that Mr. Morgan might be growing a little weary of America, and his friends quoted his own words at the farewell meeting at the City Temple: "The cloud moves westwards for the present; when it turns again, I shall be ready for home." Judging from his private talk this autumn in London, that change is still far distant.

II. How he Became a Preacher

Mr. Morgan's descent has been traced, on his mother's side, from the heroic Anne Askew, one of our earliest Protestant martyrs. His ancestors in modern times were the supporters of country chapels —some in Norfolk, others in the West of England. His maternal grandfather was a deacon of the Baptist Church of Upwell, near Downham, in Norfolk. Tetbury, in Gloucestershire, amongst the Cotswold Hills, was his birthplace; but he has no recollection of this little town, for when he was six months old his parents removed to Cardiff. His father was a Baptist minister, who gave up his Church and salary at Tetbury in order to join the Plymouth Brethren, having been drawn to them by the influence of those great saints of western England—Robert Chapman and George Müller. The doctrine of the pre-millennial coming of Christ and the secret rapture of believers laid hold of the Baptist minister's imagination, and

Photo by Welford, Woodbine Studio, Birmingham
MR. CAMPBELL MORGAN'S MOTHER

he surrendered comfort and worldly prospects in order to follow the dictates of his conscience. In a hired hall at Tetbury he broke bread on Sunday mornings with a little company of disciples, who met "on the ground of the one Body." Perhaps the most beautiful trait in Mr. Campbell Morgan's character is the filial affection and loyal reverence with which he has behaved to his father. Both parents have for many years had their home in his house. Far from thinking bitterly of the men who drew his father towards Brethrenism, he confesses to a certain personal sympathy for the Brethren, especially because of their earnestness as Bible students. One of the most cherished recollections of his boyhood is his meeting with John Nelson Darby, who came once to visit the school at Cheltenham where George Campbell Morgan was a pupil. Possibly the great man knew the boy's family history; perhaps he already saw in the young face some of that eagerness and spiritual intensity which are so characteristic of Mr. Morgan in later life. His awe-inspiring countenance softened, and, coming to the boy's desk, he addressed him kindly and enquired about his studies. Mr. Morgan has never forgotten that remarkable glance of the eye, which seemed to proclaim the Plymouth leader a king among men.

MR. CAMPBELL MORGAN GOLFING

ANXIOUS FOR THE NEXT HOLE

THE MINWORTH MISSION, MARCH 1886

The family home at Cardiff was in Wordsworth Street, in the suburb of Roath, and here the first great sorrow came to the boy in the loss of his only sister. She was a rarely gifted child, and although only twelve at the time of her death, could repeat many of Wordsworth's poems. The children were all in all to each other, for in their parents' unsettled life there was no opportunity of making outside friends. It was to his sister's dolls that George preached his first sermons. From babyhood he was the orator of the nursery and the little sister was its poet. They attended on Sundays the Wesleyan Church and Sunday schools.

The circumstances of his life have brought Mr. Morgan into contact with all the Evangelical Churches; his relations and earliest associates made a little Free Church Federation by themselves.

A great event of the Cardiff life was the opening of the new Wesleyan Church. With their usual wise policy, the Methodists had planted schools first of all in the growing suburb of Roath, and as a congregation gathered, they proceeded to erect a church. The preachers at the opening were the Rev. G. T. Perks, father of Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P., the Rev. Gervase Smith, and the Rev. Richard Roberts, all of whom Mr. Morgan remembers as venerable and eloquent men. Mr. Perks was to his youthful fancy an almost patriarchal figure — tall, spare, and dignified, wearing a long swallow-tailed coat and a high white cravat wound many times round his throat. He was one of the last of the grand old school of Methodist preachers. George was so much occupied in watching him that he completely forgot the text, though he remembers to this day that Mr. Smith spoke from the words, "For the preaching of the Cross." Richard

MR. CAMPBELL MORGAN GOLFING

ARRIVAL OF THE UMPIRE—IN TIME FOR LUNCH

NEW PORTRAIT OF REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

Photo by Russell & Sons, Baker Street

Photo by Ernest H. Mills
MRS. CAMPBELL MORGAN

Roberts, under whom Mr. Morgan's father was converted fifty years ago, still survives in honoured old age.

The other event which stands out most clearly from the Cardiff years was the Franco-German War, of which the seven-year-old boy heard his father constantly talking. A half-penny paper with the latest news from the front was bought up eagerly in the town, and a stirring day in the household was that which brought the news of Sedan.

The next family change was to Chepstow, in the valley of the Wye, where George attended a private school. He was a solitary child, and would often spend hours wandering by himself in the lovely woods which skirt the river. Delight in natural scenery has been one of the greatest joys of his life, and the day has not yet dawned when he could echo Wordsworth's mournful lines:—

> The rainbow comes and goes,
> And lovely is the rose;
> The moon doth with delight
> Look round her when the heavens are bare;
> Waters on a starry night
> Are beautiful and fair;
> The sunshine is a glorious birth:
> But yet I know, where'er I go,
> That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Mr. Morgan was little more than a child when he entered on Christian work. At the age of thirteen he gave his first address in a Wesleyan schoolroom in Monmouth, choosing as his subject, "The Common Salvation." The most important part of his education was gained at Cheltenham, in the school of Mr. T. L. Butler, which is still flourishing. His hopes were early set on the ministry, but the way at this time seemed to lie through the profession of teaching, and while still in his teens he accepted an appointmet at a Wesleyan day school at Islington, a suburb of Birmingham. Later on he was transferred to the Jewish Collegiate School.

In 1886 the young master, who had already, in company with his friend Albert Swift, undertaken evangelistic services in the villages round Birmingham, relinquished teaching with the intention of devoting himself entirely to mission work. He soon, as might have been expected, grew weary of an unattached position, and decided to offer himself for the Wesleyan ministry.

III. Rejected by the Wesleyans

The story of this unsuccessful attempt has so often been incorrectly narrated, that I shall venture to give the true version on Mr. Morgan's authority.

The Rev. William Middleton, Superintendent of the Bristol Road Circuit, first advised the young preacher to offer himself; but Mr. Morgan was deterred by the necessity, if accepted, of taking the theological course at college. It was not that he objected to a college training—far from it; but his domestic responsibilities made it impossible for him to spare the time. In this year, 1888, out of one hundred and fifty candidates who offered for the Wesleyan ministry, only forty-five were accepted. An idea was abroad that there was likely to be some overcrowding in the profession, a state of matters which is especially dreaded in the highly organised Wesleyan Church, which assumes full responsibility for the maintenance of its pastors. Under these circumstances he was one of the number then refused.

One of the preliminaries of acceptance was a trial sermon, and this Mr. Morgan was invited to deliver in Lichfield Road Wesleyan Chapel, Birmingham. The building holds a thousand people, but only seventy were present, and the young preacher's heart sank as he gazed at the empty pews. His courage had been somewhat daunted in the vestry by the sight of the Rev. Gregory Mantle, one of the three ministers whose duty it was to report on the sermon, sharpening a long pencil with what seemed a ferocious glee. "Now I'm ready for you!" said Mr. Mantle, as they proceeded to the ordeal. Mr. Morgan to quote a Methodist saying, "had a bad time," and as he thinks of that sparse congregation and those alarming critics, he doubts whether, under the same circumstances,

Photo by Welford, Woodbine Studio, Birmingham
MR. CAMPBELL MORGAN AS A BOY

he would do any better in Lichfield Road to-day. He and his censor afterwards became warm friends, and it was Mr. Mantle who gave his name to the congregation at Westminster Road, Birmingham.

Mr. Morgan had not long to wait for a Church. In 1889 he accepted a call from the Congregationalists of Stone. In this pleasant country town he settled as a married man, the young wife being his cousin, Miss Annie Morgan. The first four years of his ministry were divided between Stone and Rugeley, and he made good use of his leisure by reading theology and general literature, for he knew and deeply deplored the fact that he stood at a disadvantage,

REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN, REV. ALBERT SWIFT, AND REV. W. ROSS IN A TENT PITCHED ON MR. MORGAN'S LAWN AT NORTHFIELD

owing to his want of training. In 1893 he received a very hearty invitation to the pastorate of Westminster Road, Birmingham.

IV. Mr. Morgan and Dr. Dale

The most valuable friend he made in Birmingham was Dr. Dale. Soon after his arrival Dr. Dale wrote that he had been ill, and so was prevented from calling, and would be glad if Mr. Morgan could come to see him. They spent a long morning together, and the talk entirely dispelled the nervous dread which Mr. Morgan had felt of the world-famed preacher, who had been represented to him as stern and hard with his younger brethren. With the tenderness of a father Dr. Dale questioned him about his previous life, his call to the ministry, and his training. He asked if Mr. Morgan had read any systematic theology. "Yes," was the reply, "I have read Wardlaw's book, but it does not seem to grip me." Dr. Dale smiled, and asked if he had studied any Methodist theologians. He said he had "ground up" Pope's Compendium in three volumes. Dr. Dale spoke emphatically of the value of Pope's theology, and observed that the teaching on the doctrine of sanctification had made no advance since the days of John Wesley.

EARLY PHOTOGRAPH OF REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

Mr. Morgan's own teaching on sanctification is very much the same as Wesley's. He does not believe that Wesley can be fairly described as a Perfectionist. In his Journals he never claims to have received the blessing which he desires so much. The true Christian, according to the Wesleyan view, is in a condition of growth, but he has not yet reached the perfection of growth.

Dr. Dale remarked to Mr. Morgan that he felt the greatest sympathy with the Keswick Convention, though he could not agree with all the doctrinal points of its teaching.

No incident of the conversation impressed the visitor more than Dr. Dale's statement that before preaching his centenary sermon at City Road Chapel he had read the complete works of John Wesley, which had been presented

Photo by Ernest H. Mills

REV G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

to him by the Bookroom. "Every page?" Mr. Morgan asked, looking with amazement at the row of volumes on the shelves. "Yes, every page!" Such laborious industry was eminently characteristic of Dr. Dale.

Most encouraging was the elder minister's tone when Mr. Morgan began to speak of himself regretfully as "an untrained man." "You must never say you are untrained," Dr. Dale replied. "God has many ways of training men." These words were all the sweeter because Mr. Morgan knew what strong views Dr. Dale held on the subject of ministerial education.

The conversation swung round to politics. Dr. Dale informed himself about the services which Mr. Morgan had rendered to the Liberal party in the Midlands, and strongly approved of his decision to keep clear of the secular platform in Birmingham. The Home Rule question had caused such bitter divisions in Churches and families that no wise pastor could entangle himself in the controversy. Although Dr. Dale's health was fast failing during Mr. Morgan's earlier years at Birmingham, he never lost an opportunity of showing personal kindness to his younger friend, and would often write and enquire after his health and general welfare.

The change to New Court Chapel, Tollington Park, came in February, 1897, when Mr. Morgan was thirty-three. He had already visited America once, and had won the admiration of Mr. Moody. The Rev. Albert Swift—now of East Dulwich, but then of New York—arranged the introduction, and Mr. Moody at once invited Mr. Morgan to give a series of Bible readings to his students at Chicago. At Methodist camp meetings and at the Northfield summer school the English visitor became known to large audiences. On the last occasion of his meeting with Mr. Moody, the evangelist remarked to him, "I can't think what made me take your name for those Chicago lectures." Usually Mr. Moody was very cautious about introducing preachers to his Institute. He was so delighted with Mr. Morgan that he invited him to Northfield again in 1897, when his companion was the Rev. George Macgregor. For six years his reputation has been steadily growing both in America and in England. It would be difficult to say in which country he has the larger circle of friends. America has fully endorsed the verdict of Mr. Moody: "Campbell Morgan is the most remarkable man I have ever had at Northfield." When he accepted Mr. W. R. Moody's invitation, the secular papers called him "Moody's Successor," a title which the religious press was rather inclined to deprecate. All would now agree that the title is well deserved and has been nobly won.

The huge crowds at the City Temple in September were the best proof of Mr. Morgan's enormous popularity in London.

The Trivial Incidents of Life

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF RIPON

EVERY duty, every opportunity, of kindness, every incident of our life, if we are alive to see it in its brighter light, in its true significance, would never be deemed to be trivial and insignificant at all. It is because we are dull that we say, "This is of no matter; this is of no moment." We elbow our way through the crowd of life, roughly heedless of our brothermen, scarcely stopping to think whether we have put our brother to inconvenience; we thrust ourselves between him and the sight which his eyes are longing to see; we may have been obscuring Heaven's light from him. We do not see that these things, these dull incidents, these trivial commonplace events, may be, in the light of some larger future, charged with a deep meaning; and our sense of responsibility will leap up when we realise that what we refused, what we turned away from and rejected, was not a commonplace incident, but a Divine call, the presence of a noble and Heaven-given opportunity. Only a duty which you should have done yesterday, only the effort to deal liberally by the appeal which is made to you to-day, only the determination to master the meaning of some social question in order that you may clearly understand your duty, only that you should try to grasp the situation of life, and understand where your responsibilities lie! "Commonplace things these! Give us noble duties," you say, "that are charged with the presence of God. If God came and told us to do this thing, if the light of Heaven fell upon it, and we saw it radiant with the smile of God, how eagerly we would do it!" But this is commonplace—the duty in the home; setting a higher example in the moral tone and conversation in the midst of society which may be losing its claim and grasp upon moral ideas; these commonplace duties springing up in home life—we do not see their significance. When we begin to see light, when the light shall flash upon it, when the grave is opening upon us, this very flash of the circumstance which we may call death may shine so back upon the trivial incidents of our life that we shall realise for the first time that those commonplace things, those duties which I shirked, those things from which I turned away, thinking them of no moment at all—those also were the word of the Lord.

Every duty costs something: it costs some trouble, some pains, some thought, some money. Duty, whatever is your life, is not always an easy thing, unless your nature has been celestialised, and duty has become a delight. But that, after all, belongs rather to the higher levels of life than that commonly apportioned to humankind. Would duty be less noble if duty were easy? Is it not precisely because the steep up which you climb is rocky: because you must sometimes fall, and climb on hands and knees ere you can get to the height where the light of God is shining; because it means the expenditure of fame, money—whatever it is; because the duty is shirked,—that therefore the duty is noble?

It does cost something; and the man who talks glibly about duty, but is never ready to pay the price of his duty, to purchase his duty by the laying down of some present price, either of money or of time—that man, whatever else he may say, does not believe in the splendid imperative of duty; he does not believe in the voice of God behind it. Oh yes! if thoughts have crossed your mind (dimly perhaps, and then in some moments of generous dreaming) when you have imagined what your life might be, and you have seen yourself mounting higher and yet higher on the path of duty, and with bleeding hands clinging on to the duty which you know is yours—some great call in the people's welfare, where you must meet with some unpopularity; some duty in the home, which means the sacrifice of yourself, perhaps the humiliation of your pride, because you are obliged to make little changes in the home, and you fear the half-suppressed smiles of the children or the servants: whatever be the aspect of it, remember this—when the opportunity comes, when it stands and confronts you, not in the glamoured light of your own dreams, but in the daylight of duty to be done, then, are you ready to pay the price? If not, you are the dreamer of duty and not the doer of it; and the hour may come when you will say, "That was my opportunity, but now it stands and looks upon me with that great reproach as a duty which once confronted me, but which I turned my back upon."

Every duty done is like the thread which leads through the labyrinth of life, and explains for you at last the secret meaning of it within. Each day's duty, the suggestive, the commonplace thing which you thought hardly worth the doing, is like the silken thread which is linked to yet a coarser one, which links itself again to the stronger rope, and at last draws the great force of your life after it. So is every suggestion, and afterwards you perceive that that passing suggestion was indeed the word of the Lord.

The Wesleys

Susannah, John, and Charles

NOTHING is held to confer so delightfully that exquisite sense of a real Christmas like the arrival of unexpected guests. It is here desired to bespeak a warm welcome for three such, surely unexpected, visitors—visitors not from another world, but from another age, though an age so remote in its dress and speech, its manners and morals, its intellectual interests and spiritual requirements, as quite to warrant its being called another world. Their first reception will possibly be a tittering one, for fashion in dress has greatly changed since the days when the Wesleyan Conference solemnly resolved that women who wore "ruffles" or "curls" should be "dealt with," and the stipend of Methodist ministers, who preached on the pit-banks and the village green in full clerical regimentals of gown and bands, was "raised" to £12 per annum. Here they are! The mother's bonnet is of the obsolete variety known as the "coal-scuttle," and her dress sleeves rival her severe black silk gown in ampleness of folds. She is not beautiful now, for the rearing of nineteen children has worn lines in even her placid face, and no wonder. But once she was—so beautiful, in fact, that the author of "Robinson Crusoe" greatly admired her, and a Mr. John Dunton, who married her eldest sister, tells us that, seeing her once in church, she "almost charmed me mad." Her two sons, one five years older than the other, are both of small stature—"three-cubit men," as Chrysostom declared Elijah and St. Paul to have been. So the mightiest prophet, the chiefest apostle, the greatest evangelist, and the most famous hymn-writer were all little men.

The Founder of our Popular Literature

The elder is spare of figure—in fact, a somewhat dapper little gentleman, with a serenely cheerful countenance, as befits a man who confessed he had never lost a night's rest or known what it was to "fret" for eighty years, but hardly one who travelled two hundred and fifty thousand miles on horseback and preached five times a day for half a century. His brother is slightly more corpulent, and wears a heavy wig suggesting Dr. Johnson. His eyes are large and full of of dreamy, not to say melancholy, inspiration. Both wear trim swallow-tail coats, tight-fitting knee-breeches, and shoes with large silver buckles, while their black cocked hats remind one of pictures of the Guards who fought at the Crimea. Such—at least, in outward aspect—are John, Charles, and Susannah Wesley, the makers of Methodism, the lights in that blackest of moral nights, the eighteenth century. And I ask for places to be found for them at your Christmas hearths for half an hour. Do you ask why? What can this antiquated trio, these visionary anacronisms in attire and opinion have to say to us? What help can John Wesley render us in our educational entanglement that we should put aside our popular magazines to attend to him? Will you tell me that the Spartan home-discipline of Susannah Wesley has been discredited and superseded, and that Dean Stanley and Whittier, Adelaide Procter and Dr. Punshon have rendered us independent of Charles Wesley's introspective effusions? Wait a moment. In little beside dress—and opinions upon witchcraft and hysteria—are the Wesleys obsolete. John did more for the educational uplifting of the working classes of England than all the literary

Painted in 1789 by William Hamilton, R.A. *From the Augustin Rischgitz Collection, London, W.*

REV. JOHN WESLEY, A.M.

The original is now in the National Portrait Gallery

MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY

men of his day put together, and the two hundred volumes of his Family Library laid the foundations of our popular literature. And what would our Christmas morning service be without Charles Wesley's "Hark! the herald-angels sing"? And possibly had Mrs. Wesley's "uncanny" methods of domestic training not been allowed to fall from favour, fewer children would run the risk of over-eating themselves this festal time.

But happily there are many who will demand no apology from these three quaint figures for their intrusion. They have too great a reverence for the great traditions of English literature to shut the doors against the contemporaries of Swift, the school-mate of Defoe, the friend of Dr. Johnson, the admired of

From the Augustin Rischgitz Collection, London, W.
S. WESLEY, MOTHER OF REV. JOHN WESLEY

EPWORTH CHURCH

Southey, of Buckle, and of Scherer—the man whom Bishop Butler, of "Analogy" fame, told that he "had no business here," whom Horace Walpole alternately twitted and likened to David Garrick, whom Hogarth caricatured with his deadly realistic brush—the men who wrote and translated two hundred books and over five thousand hymns. They have too sincere a love of poetry to order out the composer of "Jesu, Lover of my soul," the twin brothers who created the new social and revitalised humanitarian atmosphere which brought forth and nourished in due time the fairy loveliness of Coleridge, and made "Tintern Abbey" possible. Leaving out all question of the inestimable contribution made by the Wesleys to spiritual religion and practical godliness, they possess far too true an appreciation of the difference between the eighteenth and the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—between the cold Deism, the social degradation, and the rural barbarism of the one, and the living evangelicalism, the purified morals, and the village regeneration of the other—not to give a welcome to the man and his brother who, under God, were responsible for this difference. For, as De Witt has said, "If the England of to-day no longer resembles the England of the eighteenth century, it is mainly due to the Wesleys." But there is still another and in its way quite as effective a claim to be put in on behalf of Susannah Wesley and her sons. As a mere human and historical document, their life-story is a bewildering and enthralling romance. Outside the world of fiction there is nothing equal to it, and inside there is nothing like it. For adventures, hair-breadth escapes, encounters with angry mobs, runaway horses, shipwrecks, drunken

KEY TO "JOHN WESLEY'S ESCAPE FROM THE FIRE AT EPWORTH"

1. The staircase on fire
2. John Wesley
3. John Brown
4. Robert Brown and Mastiff Dog
5. Tree planted by Rev. S. Wesley
6. Tomb beside which S. Wesley was buried
7. Rev. S. Wesley
8. Anne Wesley
9. Mary Wesley
10. Mrs. Wesley
11. Goody Stephenson
12. John Maw
13. Parish Clerk
14. Martha Wesley
15. Emilia Wesley
16. Susannah Wesley
17. Hetty Wesley
18. Charles Wesley and Nurse

clergy, insolent fops, and fanatics of every variety, it is an inexhaustible mine, on its heroic side recalling the experiences of St. Paul, and on its comic and fantastic side those of Don Quixote. Take Wesley's Journal, just now in an admirably abridged form, competing with popular novels for the suffrages of English readers. Take this Journal, and it will be found to respond to almost every demand made upon it—for spiritual guidance, graphic social and national sketches, amusing incident, and unrivalled soul-revealings. To Methodists it is the story of their birth—their book of Genesis.

SUSANNAH WESLEY

The England of the Wesleys' Day

The figures of the Wesleys gain very much both in historic value and personal attractiveness if permitted to stand as the foreground of a picture which has the appalling moral conditions and dazzling literary output of the eighteenth century as its background. The background of that resplendent and brutal national canvas should be partly papered with pages from Fielding's "Tom Jones," Smollett's "Humphrey Clinker," and Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," and hung with Hogarth's "Gin Lane" and "Rake's Progress," not to say with others whose very titles reek of putrefaction. Space should also be found for cuttings from Walpole's and Lord Chesterfield's letters, and maxims of cynical worldliness culled from Shaftesbury's philosophy and Bolingbroke's essays. It is an orgie of drunkenness; indecency, levity, and scepticism, a carnival of lasciviousness, profanity, and godlessness, when religion was reduced to jest and the art of nick-naming—Whitefield was known on the stage as "Mr. Squintum"—and patriotism consisted in cursing the Pretender and idolising the victor of Blenheim and Oudenarde, whether he received money to betray William of Orange to George III. or George III. to William of Orange. Hooliganism reigned in the streets after dark, and the few who cared to run the risk of being called fools by attending the half-empty churches either snored under Tindal's or Toland's douche of frigid Deism, or woke to applaud Rowland Hill's "Strictures on the false and libellous harangue lately delivered by Mr. John Wesley upon his laying the foundation-stone of a new Dissenting meeting-house near the City Road," or to admire the vague, insipid, and platitudinary rhetoric of Dr. Hugh Blair. Montesquieu,

JOHN WESLEY'S ESCAPE FROM THE FIRE AT EPWORTH
From the original Painting by Henry Perlee Parker

HERVEY
One of the original seven of "The Holy Club," and author of "Meditations among the Tombs"

the French philosopher, who divided his time between his own country and ours, said, "If one speaks of religion in England, everybody laughs." Puritanism was dead, Evangelicalism was as yet unborn.

But the other half of that background is as sparkling as its counterpart is putrid. To gain some notion of the additions made to English literature during the lives of the Wesleys—for there is no better thread upon which to hang the brilliant beads of the mental and intellectual achievements of the age than the life of John Wesley—you have but to draw up a list of parallel dates. John Wesley was one year old when Swift published his "Tale of a Tub." He was six and Charles one when Steele issued his first number of the *Tatler*.

The year of George I.'s accession saw Wesley a boy at Charterhouse School, and the literary world all agape at Pope's "Rape of the Lock." When he and his brother were studying Law's "Serious Call" at the weekly meetings of the Holy Club at Oxford, "Gulliver's Travels" appeared, and a few years earlier Watts's "Divine and Moral Songs," and "Robinson Crusoe." While the brothers were away on their abortive mission in Georgia, Bishop Butler wrote his epoch-making "Analogy." Curiously enough, the year 1739 witnessed the publication of Hume's celebrated Essays and the taking of the open-air field at Kingswood by John Wesley and in London by Charles, which inaugurated the Evangelical Revival. Fanny Burney's "Evelina," the precursor of Jane Austen's novels, coincided in date with the building of City Road Chapel, and, such are the ironies of chronological parallels, Wesley's sermon on Free Grace—the most logically convincing and eloquent he ever preached—was delivered the same year as David Garrick appeared in his first play. The "Wealth of Nations," which revolutionised our ideas of political economy, and "Thoughts on Present Discontents," which introduced the stately eloquence of Burke to England, appeared when the Methodist movement was running at full tide throughout the length and breadth of the land. Wesley preached to twenty thousand Cornishmen in the natural amphitheatre of Gwennap Pit in the same year that Gibbon completed his history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and Charles Wesley died, and but a few months after Burns had published his first book of poems. In 1785 Wesley's *Arminian Magazine* contained Robert Raikes's thrilling appeal on behalf of Sunday schools, and in the same year appeared Cowper's "Task." John Fletcher of Madeley, "Wesley's designated successor," also died that year. Finally, Boswell's immortal "Johnson" and Paine's "Rights of Man" entered the world the year that John Wesley left it—1791. Amid such mighty compeers and in

MARY GRANVILLE
("ASPASIA")

Photo by J. Bottomley, Epworth
PRESENT MEMORIAL WESLEYAN CHAPEL, EPWORTH

REV. SAMUEL WESLEY
(FATHER OF JOHN WESLEY)

REV. JOHN WESLEY
(GRANDFATHER OF JOHN WESLEY)

Photo by Taunt, Oxford
WESLEY'S PULPIT, LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD

an atmosphere of such incredible ignorance and debauchery did it please God to raise up John and Charles Wesley to be the spiritual makers of modern England and America.

And now to pay a visit to the nursery of these apostles, where that marvellous mother exercised her salutary domestic despotism — Epworth Rectory.

The Rev. Samuel Wesley brought his bride, nineteen years of age, to the historic parsonage when his income was but £40 a year. He was of Nonconformist birth, and gained his living by writing a versified Life of Christ, which greatly pleased Queen Mary. The father of the Wesleys was an odd mixture — poet, wit, historian, pamphleteer, and orator; and though he contrived to get to prison four times for debt, from which he was redeemed by his faithful Susannah selling her jewels, he remained an industrious example of parish fidelity and a truly godly man.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY

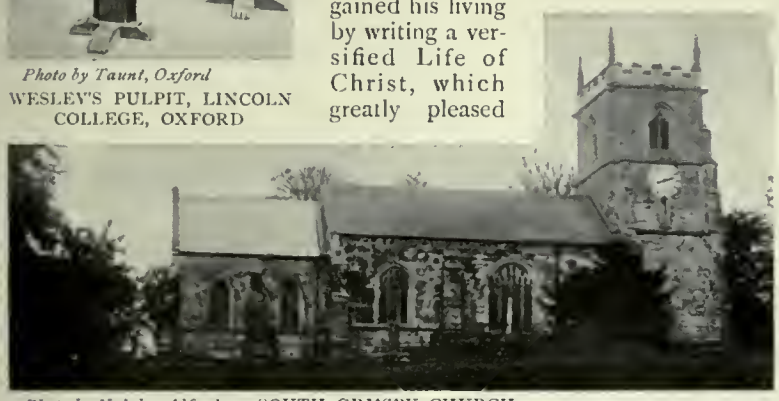


Photo by Nainby, Alford SOUTH ORMSBY CHURCH
Where Samuel Wesley (father of John and Charles Wesley) was Rector

Susannah Wesley's "Irregular Conventicles"

The story goes that he had two serious tiffs with his wonderful wife. The first, which led to his sulking away from her for twelve months,

Painted by Marshall Claxton REV. JOHN WESLEY AND HIS FRIENDS AT OXFORD *Engraved by Samuel Bellen*

After an Engraving by George Vertue
JOHN WESLEY

was occasioned by Susannah's refusal to say "Amen" when her husband prayed for the reigning house at family prayers. The other was when, during his absence upon an oratorical visit to Convocation, she conducted in the parsonage an informal meeting on Sunday afternoons. News of this reaching her husband through the curate, he wrote and complained of these "irregular conventicles," to which Susannah spiritedly replied that there was no man in the place who could read a sermon without spelling his way through it, and that she was merely using the talents God had entrusted to her.

She was the daughter—one of the "two dozen or a quarter of a hundred" children, as he was wont to say—of that uncompromising old Puritan divine Dr. Annesley, who had been driven from his living by the Act of Uniformity.

Susannah was one of the most cultured women of her day. An antique model of classical and ecclesiastical lore set in the heart of the elegant and loose-minded eighteenth century, she was said to have done before she was thirteen what many a distracted student has failed to do at fifty—viz. master the hopeless ramifications of that unending controversy between the Church and Dissent. It must have been a serious ordeal to have gone plucking buttercups and daisies in the spring meadows with little Susannah. But, as is the loyal—one had almost said she-tiger—way of the Susannahs of the world, though she managed her husband herself, woe betide any one else who aspired to do the same. What a happy man Samuel Wesley must have been, in spite of having to go to Lincoln Castle Gaol for debt, in possessing a wife who could write this of her husband: "Did I not know that Almighty Wisdom hath views and ends in fixing the bounds of our habitation, which are out of our ken, I should think it a thousand pities that a man of his brightness and rare endowments of useful knowledge should be confined to an obscure part of the country where his talents are buried, and be

LADY HUNTINGDON

determined to a way of life [and here, no doubt, Susannah gently referred to her husband's deficiencies as a practical cultivator of the glebe lands] for which he is not so well qualified as I could wish."

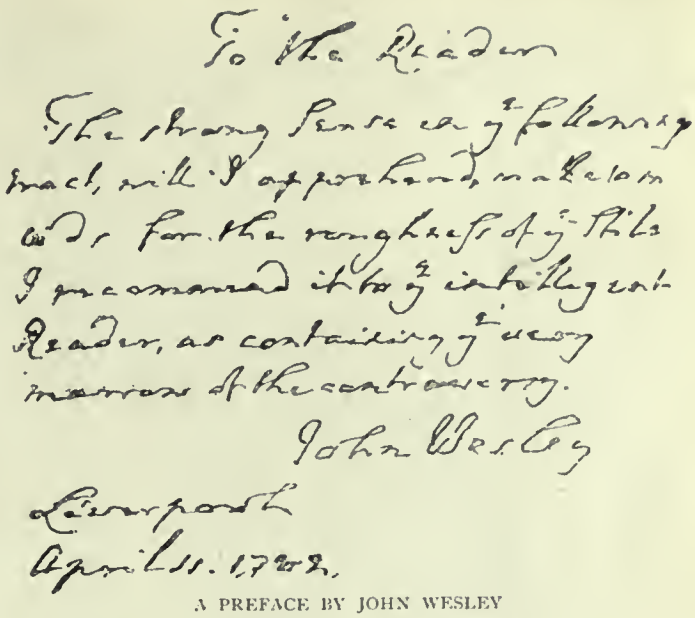
The olive tree was phenomenally fruitful at Epworth Parsonage, and bore no less than nineteen branches. Of the brothers, and particularly of the sisters of John and Charles Wesley—Emily, Sukey, Mary, Hetty, Nancy, Patty, and Kezzy—the world has heard very little. Samuel junior was dumb until he was five years old, and only found his voice when his mother one day sharply called him, when, to his own and everybody else's astonishment, he answered, "Yes, mother." He became a master of Westminster School, where he probably met Pope, Swift, Prior, Addison, and others; and later at Blundell's School in Tiverton, where Mr. Blackmore says John Ridd fought his famous battle. John was under his care in London for a time, and of him he wrote to their mother, saying, "Jack is with me; and a

EPWORTH RECTORY

are on record—but perhaps the line between the unessential and essential is here liable to become obliterated—of his almost unnatural self-respect and collectedness. When about to be "ducked" in a river by a mob, his only anxiety, he informs us, was that the manuscript in his pocket might get wet. At Bath he was interrupted while preaching by that glass of fashion and mould of form the celebrated Beau Nash. The dandy said that Wesley's meeting was "illegal," from what he had heard, to which the equally scrupulously attired little preacher replied that it was unsafe to judge by hearsay. "I should not like to judge you, Mr. Nash, from what I have been told of you." A most curious document, too, would that be which should collect Wesley's quaint and often sagacious judgments on the men of his times, the books he read—while galloping from Land's End to John o' Groat's—and the current controversies of his day. "If Methodist parents wish to send their children to hell," he wrote in his Journal, "let them send them to fashionable boarding-schools." Of his brother he said, "Charles suspects everybody, I nobody; and he gets more often taken in than I." To which Charles replied, "My brother was born for the benefit of knaves." He was once shown over the House of Lords, and remarked "After all, what is a lord but a sinner born to die?" What indeed! After reading "The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," he wrote, "He is doubtless one of the 'many' who will come from the East and the West to Abraham's bosom." "On riding to Newcastle," he says, "I finished the tenth book of Homer. What a vein of piety runs through the whole; and yet the 'father of gods and men,' while shaking heaven with his nod, soon after uses his sister and wife with such language as a carman might be ashamed of."

DR. HAMILTON, JOHN WESLEY, AND JOSEPH COLE
walking in Edinburgh, as they were seen in the year 1790

Of the French language he had a very poor opinion, possibly because his great contemporary Voltaire wrote in French. "French is the poorest and meanest language in Europe. It is as impossible to write a fine poem in French as to get fine music out of a Jew's harp." He speaks of Hume's "insolent book on Miracles," and as to Rousseau, "Such a consummate coxcomb never saw the sun." Rousseau, it seems, had said that children do not love the aged. "What!" exclaims Wesley, "do they never love their grandfathers?" He severely criticises Sterne's use of the word "sentimental" in his title "A Sentimental Journey." "Sentimental! It is not English. He might as well say Continental!" The excise officer on one occasion wrote for an inventory of his plate, to which he laconically replied: "Two silver spoons in London and two in Bristol." For money he cared nothing. Though he made over £20,000 by his publications, he died practically penniless through his vast charities. An artist asked leave to make a bust of him, and offered him £10 for a sitting. "Keep your money, man, and don't bother me," replied John. "I'll do it in three minutes," urged the artist. Wesley sat, and took the money, and five minutes later gave



To the Reader

The strong sense in ye following tract, will I apprehend, make some words for the roughness of ye stile I recommend it to ye intelligent Reader, as containing ye very marrow of the controversy.

John Wesley

Liverpool
April 11. 1782.

A PREFACE BY JOHN WESLEY

it to a man who was being sold up for debt. His power of quiet wit was considerable. When publishing his Journal, a certain Fenwick was annoyed that his name was left out. In his next issue Wesley rectified his error, and wrote: "I preached at Clayworth. I think none was unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hayrick."

He believed in separating the sexes in public worship, condemned the taking of various parts in the singing of hymns, occasionally visited waxwork shows, and said Handel's *Messiah* was better than most sermons. He likened Lord Chesterfield to a "Jew" and a "Turk," confessed he could "only" write from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m., as it

JOHN WESLEY, AGED SIXTY-THREE
From a scarce print by Bland, published in the year 1765, and approved by Mr. Wesley

WESLEY PREACHING ON HIS FATHER'S TOMB

"makes my eyes ache to work longer." He reproved the Irish for untidily letting their garters hang down; preached three times one day, though his sodden clothing had been frozen into a coat of mail; wrote his own epitaph nearly fifty years before he died, saying, "Here lieth the body of John Wesley, not leaving, after his debts are paid, ten pounds behind him"; translated a novel, Brooke's "Fool of Quality"; wrote a book on medicine, advocating a terrible remedy for abdominal disorders; was threatened with a lawsuit by Mrs. Williamson, an old "flame"; was jilted by Grace Murray, whom every one agrees he ought to have married; drank tea with Dr. Johnson and discussed the Newcastle—not programme, but cases of dæmonic possession; and brought down upon his own and his people's head the following remarkable genealogy from the *Gospel Magazine*: "Armianism begat Popery, Popery begat Methodism, which begat Moderate Calvinism, which begat Baxterianism, which begat Unitarianism, which begat

From the Augustin Rischgitz Collection, London, W.

JOHN WESLEY, 1703—1791

Painted at the age of 63 by NATHANIEL HONE, R.A.

National Portrait Gallery

Arianism, which begat Universalism, which begat Deism, which begat Atheism." Such was the unessential Wesley—Wesley the child of his meritriciously brilliant but scientifically backward age, the victim of his temperament, the man as he accidentally and superficially was.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE AND JOHN WESLEY

"Mr. Wilberforce called upon me, and we had an agreeable and useful conversation. What a blessing is it to Mr. Pitt to have such a friend as this!"—*Wesley's Journal*, Feb. 24, 1789

The Real Wesley

But what sort of a man was the essential Wesley? He was a study in startling contrasts. He was equally a man of action as of thought, and thought as of action. On the one hand, he elaborated, as providential circumstances allowed—and all circumstances, even a shower of rain or a bark of a dog, were providential to him—an intricate and lasting Church organisation—conferences, stewardships, leaderships, and the rest, and by his "Notes on the New Testament" and published sermons was the architect of a well-reared and boundlessly effective system of theological thought. By lineage, training, instinct, and taste he was an aristocrat to his finger-tips, and yet he swayed the populace of England as no

demagogue before or since; and, king though he was, laid the planks of a spiritual democracy. By his great insistence on inward assurance of salvation and his proclamation of "spiritual holiness throughout the land," he showed that at heart he was a Mystic. And yet Methodism wrought more ethical changes in England than can be counted. He was at once a Ritualist and a Ranter, a stickler for law and order, for taking the Sacrament—where and when possible—in the Established Church, and he shrank till the last from ordaining his preachers. And at the same time for popular preaching and broad, and at times lurid appeal to the conscience, he was ten thousand times more notorious and successful than our Salvation Army. In his early years a man more deferential to the views of others could not be found. He listened humbly to Zinzendorf, to Whitefield, to Law, Potter, and Peter Böhler. Afterwards, it is hardly too much to say, he was of inflexible opinionativeness, and took counsel of no one but John Wesley. As a scholar he was widely and deeply read, and yet his practical industry was phenomenal. Never was vow in the world more religiously kept than his, "I propose to be busy as long as I live." His humility before God was unfeigned and childlike; his self-respect before men invulnerable. Of the apostolic sayings that became him, none is more applicable than "None of these things move me." He was called a Bible-moth, a Jacobite, a Papist, a Spanish spy, a revolutionary, a wizard, and what not. His class-meetings were caricatured as confessionals, and his lay preachers pilloried in lines such as these:—

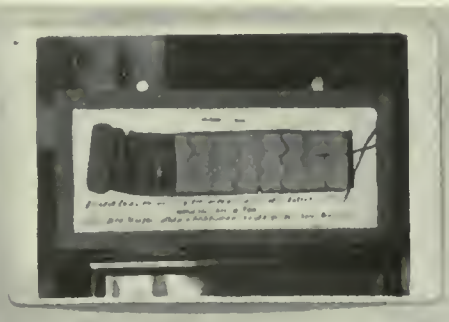
WESLEY'S INTERVIEW WITH WHITEFIELD

It is well known, of course, that while Wesley was a strong Arminian, Whitefield was an equally strong Calvinist

The bricklayer lays his trowel by,
And now builds mansions in the sky;
The cobbler, touched with holy pride,
Flings his old shoes and lasts aside,
And now devoutly sets about
Cobbling of souls that ne'er wear out;
Weavers inspired, their shuttles leave,
Sermons and flimsy hymns to weave;
Barbers unreaped will leave the chin,
To trim and shave the man within;
The gardener, weary of his trade,
Tired of mattock and the spade,
Changed to Apollo in a trice,
Waters the plants of Paradise;

Wesley's Study. Some of Wesley's Letters and Letters to him are in Frames on the Table

Needle-Case worked by Mrs. Susannah Wesley



Corner of the Museum

Teapot
Over £1,000 has been offered for it.
Lid stolen by a visitor to the Museum

Wesley's Bureau

Bust of John Wesley

Wesley's Conference Chair

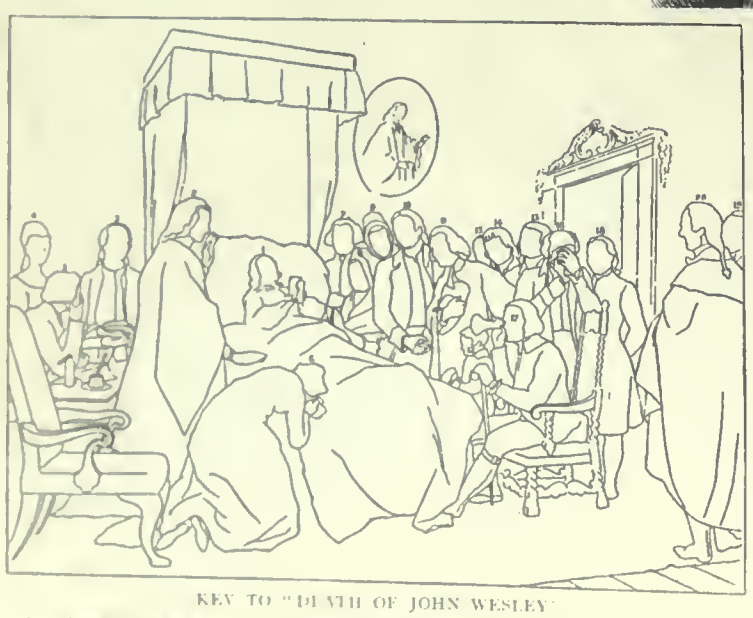
JOHN WESLEY VISITS LORD GEORGE GORDON IN THE TOWER

"Our conversation turned upon Popery and religion. He seemed to be well acquainted with the Bible; and had abundance of other books, enough to furnish a study. I was agreeably surprised to find he did not complain of any person or thing; and cannot but hope his confinement will take a right turn and prove a lasting blessing to him."—*Wesley's Journal*, December 16, 1780.

The fishermen no longer set
For fish the meshes of their net,
But catch, like Peter, men of sin,
For catching is to take them in.

Various controversies have raged, and in a measure still do, round the great name of Wesley. (1) Was he not exceedingly credulous, seeing that he said with the decaying of belief in witchcraft the Bible would die? (2) Did he not fall in love with every attractive woman he met? (3) Was he, or did he deceive himself, converted before he went on his mission to Georgia?

As to Wesley's alleged superstition, I fear there is no defence. His eerie little book "News from the Invisible World" proves the accusation up to the hilt, though superstition is hardly the best word to use. And, after all, which is the truly enlightened man, he who believed that the thunderstorm was sent to drive him into a wayside cottage, there to write a tract against Antinomianism or to read Xenophon, or the man who sees in the rain and the flash nothing but the irresponsible activity of "crass causality"?



KEY TO "DEATH OF JOHN WESLEY"

1. Rev. John Wesley, A.M.
2. Rev. Peard Dickinson, A.M.
3. Rev. Joseph Bradford
4. Miss Sarah Wesley
5. Mr. [illegible] Assistant to Dr. White-[illegible]
6. Mrs. Charles Wesley
7. Rev. Thomas Rankin
8. Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers
9. Miss Ritchie (Mrs. Mortimer)
10. Rev. James Rogers
11. Rev. James Creighton, A.M.
12. Master Rogers
13. Robert Carr Brackenbury, [illegible]
14. Rev. Thomas Broadbent
15. Rev. John Broadbent
16. John Horton, Esq.
17. Rev. Alexander Mather
18. Rev. George Whitefield
19. Rev. Jonathan Edmondson
20. Dr. Whitehead

Wesley's Love Affairs

The second controversy, relating to Wesley's affairs of the heart, is a prickly one. Of his opinions upon all things in heaven and earth he has left a pretty free record, but his "story of my heart" is an incomplete, or rather an unwritten book. Of women, in spite of unrivalled experiences, he remained laughably and tragically ignorant. Many theories have been launched. He was too susceptible of feminine charm. He was too cold and unemotional, and in an *affaire d'amour* behaved with far too much committee-like prudence. Two things, however, may be said with tolerable confidence. To his misfortune, he excited in others an emotion he did not feel himself; and was too much addicted to consulting Moravian officials, ministerial colleagues, and most of all that brotherly schemer Charles, when contemplating marriage. He married the widow, Mrs. Vazeille, after but sixteen days' courtship. No doubt it was very trying to be married to so peripatetic a husband; but fancy a man urging his wife by letter to "be content to be an insignificant person"! Is it any wonder that one of Wesley's biographers remarked, "Marriage is a great mystery; to Wesley it must have appeared the mystery of iniquity."

On the matter of his conversion before he went to Georgia, Wesley's own reiterated statement ought surely to lay the dust for ever. He distinctly declares

JOHN WESLEY AND DR. JOHNSON

"I spent two hours with that great man Dr. Johnson, who is sinking into the grave by a gentle decay."—*Wesley's Journal* December 18, 1783.

he was not. "I went to America to convert the Indians; but oh! who shall convert me?" He was, he tells us, a moralist, a legalist, a formalist, but he knew nothing of the joyous assurance of the forgiveness. That he received on May 24, 1738, while reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans, when "I felt my heart strangely warmed."

Stepping back to look at this phenomenal personality, one is struck with some outstanding features. He, the leader of a great revolution, had not a trace of the stormful indignation, the outraged sense of protest, almost invariably associated with such a character. Though a great emancipator, his cry was not for severance, but for revival and resuscitation. He has been likened to St. Paul, to Luther, to St. Francis, and to Cromwell; and he partook of the characteristic excellencies of each. But when all has been said, it is still true—though doubtless of little importance—that he lacked charm. Personally, he does not quicken the heart's pace, or thrill the imagination, as do thousands of lesser men. Why, it is difficult to say. Perhaps it is due to the fact that

genius in John Wesley took the austere and less frequent form of devotion to duty. The "stern daughter of the voice of God" was his mistress, as political freedom, social amelioration, music, literature, and art are for others.

JOHN WESLEY'S STUDY

His Closing Days

As the century draws to its close, and with it half the great reign of George III., the national stage clears, leaving the "old man eloquent" alone yet undismayed. Swift and Addison, Pope and Fielding, Fletcher, Whitefield, and Charles are all gone. Goethe is sounding on the Continent the notes of the Romantic Revival; and Scott, Byron, Coleridge, and Shelley are on the threshold, impatient to bring in the new day. But to John Wesley the eventide brought not only light, but cessation from hostility and almost universal recognition. His last journeys through Cornwall and from Newcastle to London were [illegible] The people [illegible] the streets to make way for the coming of the [illegible] "through rock [illegible]," as the Journal says. But [illegible] all, God was with him.

There is little or no space left to speak of the third visitor to our Christmas friends—Charles Wesley. As much, though of a different kind, could be said of him as of his greater brother. He has been called "the first Methodist," for he was the original founder of the Holy Club at Oxford, and took the initiative in the adoption of outdoor preaching. As a boy we read of him at Westminster School wearing his hair long to save the barber's heavy fees.

When convulsive effects attended his brother's preaching, he wrote to John urging him to discourage such "dangerous exhibitions." At Newcastle he announced that any one so offending in his services should be "carried to the farthest corner of the room"; and he adds, "My porters had no

"DEATH OF JOHN WESLEY"

(London: Published February [illegible], by L. Brall & Sons, 6, Great Prescot Street, [illegible])

JOHN WESLEY'S TOMB

employment the whole night." He greatly feared that the new movement was heading—as it certainly was—for ultimate separation from the Church of England. On reaching middle life he resided with his wife, "my faithful Sally," in London, and gave up most of his itinerating. Music became more and more his engrossing passion, and hymn-writing his employment. By nature he was fitful and emotional, and far more conservative than his brother. His theology is hardly to be distinguished from a moderate Calvinism. He wrote:—

> He wills that I should holy be:
> Who can resist His will?
> The purpose of His grace in me
> He surely shall fulfil.

He was subject in later life to great moods of depression, and shared with Cowper the belief that God often hides His face from His children for their good. But his service to the Evangelical Revival is beyond all computation. He gave to its theology a metrical form. That Methodism went singing on its way—and it was largely successful for that very reason—is due to the fine poetic genius of Charles Wesley. Inspiration and material for his songs he found everywhere. Now it was while reading in Matthew Henry's Commentary, "We have every one of us a charge to keep, an eternal God to glorify, an immortal soul to provide for, our generation to serve." Whereupon he wrote the well-known hymn, "A charge to keep I have." Again, it was while sitting in his study, when a small bird entered through the window pursued by a hawk, that he composed the immortal lyric "Jesu, Lover of my soul."

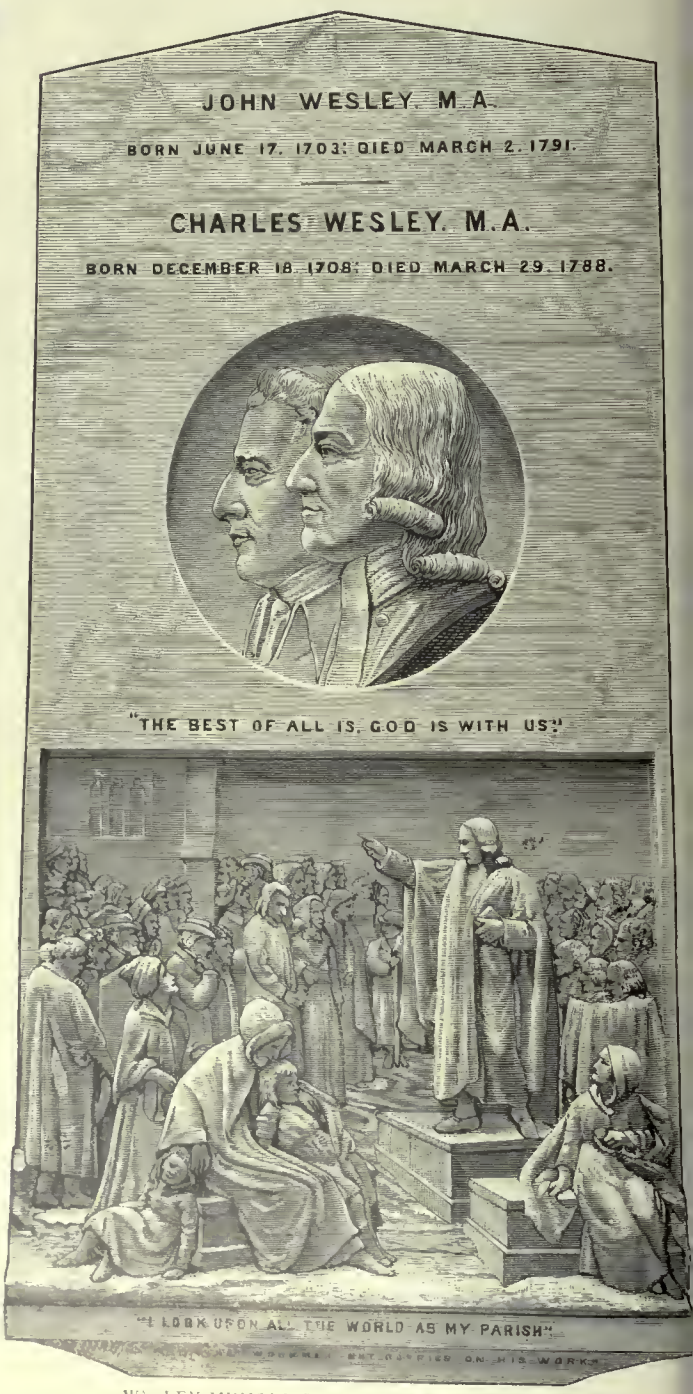
Charles Wesley provided and sent into circulation the figurative verbal moulds into which the new piety poured its hot, glad ecstacy. He minted the vocabulary of the inner life, which still survives, wherever Methodism and, indeed, spiritual religion is found. Again—and this time not merely in appearance—such were Susannah, Charles, and John Wesley, true and faithful servants of God and of the world. They accomplished, with others no less hard working and unworldly as themselves, a task of infinite moral and spiritual worth for the whole human race. And though they were not martyred at the stake, or called upon to suffer the privations that fell to the lot of hundreds of those simple, faithful ones to whom they had brought light and healing, by the exceeding grace of God, they lit such a candle in England and the lands beyond the sea as shall never be put out.

Give these heroic memories welcome to your fireside this happy Christmas-time. W. SCOTT KING.

We desire to offer our heartiest thanks to the Wesleyan Book Room, City Road, E.C., for the invaluable help it has given us in the illustrations for our Wesley Supplement. It is stating no more than the literal truth to say that without such help we should not have been able to produce a supplement of half as much interest and value as that which is laid before our readers in this Christmas Number. We are deeply indebted indeed to the ready and gracious courtesy of the Rev. Charles H. Kelly, the Book Steward. The Book Room's illustrated condensed edition of Wesley's Journal, issued under the title "Wesley His Own Biographer," is a skilful compilation which ought to be in the hands of every Methodist and every student of Methodist history and polity.

Our readers may be interested to know that an admirable popular edition of John Wesley's Journal has recently been published by Messrs. Isbister & Co., at 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

The portraits of Charles and Susannah Wesley, from copyright paintings of J. W. L. Forster, Toronto, are reproduced by special permission of the Methodist Social Union of Toronto.



WESLEY MEMORIAL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Some Favourite Christmas Hymns and their Authors

WHEN you come to think of it, there are not so many popular Christmas hymns after all. The best collections give a dozen or more hymns for the season, but when you have named three or four, you have exhausted the list of favourites. Indeed, if you were to take a plebiscite on the subject, I believe only two hymns would come out with a majority of the votes; and these two would be—"O come, all ye faithful," and "Hark! the herald-angels sing." But what a wealth of associations they call up! Many people will tell you that the scent of a flower is more powerful than anything to revive the past and bring the dead once more to the borders of the living land. I don't know about the flowers. I know that a tune can do it. I never hear "There is a happy land" without fancying myself in an old north-country garden, with my mother stroking my hair and telling me Bible stories; and a whole world of juvenile pleasures and pains is recalled to me by the air which we used to sing to "Childhood's years are passing o'er us."

So is it with the Christmas hymn. A certain book was in my hands for review the other day. The writer, a lady, was comparing the Christmas of the present with the Christmas of the past. "I have memories," she said, "of children coming home from wonderful Christmas parties, where a tree loaded with presents had given up its store, where a conjurer had performed marvellous tricks—'He took a likkle bird, auntie, a *truly* bird, and it wented away up his sleeve. An' he found a shilling in Flossie's curl. An' we sang 'Hark! the herald-angels,' and had such a fine time!'" I sometimes wonder whether the children of to-day ever have such foolish enthusiasms. Ask *them* if they enjoyed themselves, and ten to one you would only get the languid admission that it "wasn't half bad." Will the Christmas hymns come back to them as they come back to those of us who were children thirty years ago?

"Hark! the herald-angels sing"

Do you remember what poor Dolly said to Silas Marner?—"There's no other music equal to the Christmas music—Hark! the erol-angils sing'; and you may judge what it is at church, Master Marner, with the bassoon and the voices as you can't help thinking you've got to a better place already." Dolly was right. Such associations have endeared the Christmas hymns, and in particular this the most celebrated of them all. I take it for granted that everybody knows the author of "Hark! the herald-angels sing." Charles Wesley deserves a very high place in the list of writers who have consecrated their poetic gifts to the service of the Christian Church. It would be difficult to say how many hymns he wrote, though the number is generally put down at something like six thousand. One wonders how a man so overburdened with work and so continually on the move could possibly have found leisure for writing so much. And, in fact, he did not find leisure: he compelled his itineracy to minister to his muse. There is a pleasant picture of him when an old man jogging along with loose rein on his old grey pony, and ever and anon taking a card from his pocket and jotting down some catchwords of a hymn. "Not unfrequently," says Mr. Moore, "he has come to our house in the City Road, and having left the pony in the garden in front, he would enter, crying out, 'Pen and ink!—pen and ink!' These being supplied, he wrote the hymn he had been composing. When this was done, he would look round on those present, and salute them with much kindness."

For all we know to the contrary, "Hark! the herald-angels sing" may have been written under these or such like conditions. There is no story of its composition; we are only told that it dates from 1739. It is worth observing, however, that Wesley wrote a very different opening line from that which has practically given fame to the hymn. He wrote "Hark how all the welkin rings!" The old Saxon word for the vault of heaven is a very expressive word, but nobody uses it now. Even in Charles Wesley's time it was becoming archaic; and though I am opposed on principle to the tinkering of hymns, I cannot refuse to admit the improvement brought about by the change in Wesley's hymn. Some years ago the Free Church of Scotland went back to the original form, and "Hark! the herald-angels sing" became to many people little more than a hallowed memory.

It has been said that John Wesley made the change, but I cannot believe it. I know that both the Wesleys deliberately "edited" the hymns of Watts and others. But John Wesley, at any rate, wrote very sarcastically concerning some who had taken and altered his own and his brother's hymns. "I desire they would not attempt to mend them, for they really are not able," said he. "None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore I must beg of them one of two favours, either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better for worse; or to add the true meaning in the margin or at the bottom of the page, that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or the doggerel of other men." After this it would be rash to attribute the alteration in question to John Wesley, however much we may approve of it. Personally, I think there is good ground for believing that we owe the more familiar opening line to the Rev. Martin Madan, who was Chaplain to the Lock Hospital and a cousin of Cowper the poet. It was Madan who put together the magnificent Advent hymn "Lo! He comes, with clouds descending," from two hymns by Charles Wesley and one by John Cennick, a preacher who left Wesley and Whitefield to join the Moravians.

A word or two must be said about the tune of "Hark! the herald-angels sing," for I feel sure I am within the mark in contending that the tune has made at least half the popularity of the hymn. Strange to say, it is an adaptation, and from a secular work, too! In 1840 Mendelssohn, the great German composer, wrote a *Festgesang* for a festival held at Leipzig to celebrate the invention of printing. The tune is adapted from the second chorus of this work. We owe it to Dr. W. H. Cummings, the present director of the Guildhall School of Music, probably the largest musical institution in the world. When Dr. Cummings was organist at Waltham Abbey it struck him that the *Festgesang* chorus would be a suitable thing for Wesley's hymn. He copied out the parts, and had the tune sung by the choir at Waltham Abbey. Finding that it was received with favour, he published the adaptation in 1856, and it soon found its way into the hymn-books. Curiously enough, Mendelssohn, in writing some years before about an English translation of his *Festgesang*, declared that this particular chorus would never do to sacred words. "There must," said he, "be a national and merry subject found out, something to which the soldierlike and buxom motion of the piece has

some relation, and the words must express something gay and popular, as the music tries to do it." Was there ever a finer illustration of the difficulty of drawing a hard-and-fast line between sacred and secular music?

"Adeste Fideles"

After Wesley's hymn must come the widely known "Adeste Fideles," a hymn which, with its accompanying tune, has given as much trouble to the antiquaries as the origin of the "Old Hundredth" or "God Save the King." The original words, it need hardly be said, were Latin. Where they first appeared it would be impossible to say. Hitherto the learned in such matters have succeeded in tracing them only as far back as the year 1751, the date of a manuscript volume preserved at Stonyhurst College, Lancashire. This volume is the work of John Francis Wade, a priest who seems to have employed himself in writing out music for Roman Catholic families and institutions. The "Adeste Fideles," in four stanzas, with the music repeated to each stanza, is the second last piece in the book, and is headed "In Nativitate Domini Hymnus." Nine years after this the words—still the Latin words, of course—were published in "The Evening Office of the Church." There had already been editions of this work in 1710, 1725, and 1748, but in none of these is "Adeste Fideles" found. The conclusion would thus appear to be that hymn and tune came into use together in the services of the Roman Catholic Church during the first part of the eighteenth century, and that they were in circulation in manuscript some time before they appeared in print. The English translation beginning "O come, all ye faithful, joyfully triumphant," was made by Canon Oakeley when, as an Anglican clergyman, he was minister of Margaret Chapel, London, where now stands All Saints', Margaret Street.

I wish I could say something definite about the tune of "Adeste Fideles," which is certainly the most popular Christmas hymn-tune that we have. In old books it is attributed to John Reading, a well-known musician who was at one time organist of Dulwich College, and to whose father the famous "Dolce Domum" is traditionally ascribed. Vincent Novello is the authority for saying that the tune was Reading's, but he left no evidence to support the statement, and subsequent enquirers have been baffled in their attempts to secure such evidence. Novello was organist at the chapel of the Portuguese Embassy in London, and it was because the tune was much used there in his time that it came to be called the "Portuguese Hymn." I fancy he must have had an active hand in popularising it, and as he was a friend of Charles Lamb, and often had "Elia" at his house. I like to think of him playing it on his organ to the genial essayist who made so merry over his lack of a musical ear.

I have said that the tune appeared in Wade's manuscript volume of 1751. But there is no trace of it in print until 1782, when we find it in "Ane Essay on the Church Plain-Chant." It was in this work that Samuel Webbe's celebrated long-metre tune "Melcombe" first saw the light; and if Webbe, as is generally supposed, had something to do with it, the point is worth noting that Vincent Novello was a chorister under him at the King of Sardinia's Chapel, in Duke Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. Probably Webbe introduced the "Adeste Fideles" at the Sardinian Chapel, and then Novello took it with him and popularised it at the Portuguese Chapel. We certainly owe a great deal to Novello in the matter; and it is pleasant to think that the business of publishing sacred music which he established so long ago is still flourishing under the designation of Novello & Co., Ltd.

"As with gladness men of old"

There is another very fine hymn that is always sung at Christmas. Many years ago—in 1866, to be exact—Sir Roundell Palmer (Lord Selborne) was speaking on English Church hymnody at a Church Congress held at York. He said: "Of writers still living I do not feel called upon to make myself either the critic or the eulogist. But I may be permitted to say that the most favourable hopes may be entertained of the future prospects of British hymnody when among its recent fruits is a work so admirable in every respect as the hymn of Mr. Chatterton Dix, than which there can be no more appropriate conclusion to this lecture—'As with gladness men of old.'" There are several reasons, apart altogether from its merits, for our being interested in this hymn. It was written by the son of a rather notable man, a Bristol surgeon, who not only wrote the Life of Chatterton, the marvellous boy who "perished in his pride," but gave the poet's name to his offspring. Leigh Hunt characterised the Chatterton biography as "heart-touching"; but it gave rise to a long and bitter controversy, and Dix was treated very severely as a literary forger in the *Athenæum* and other journals. I must not, of course, enter into that question here; but it is interesting to note that the elder Dix showed considerable talent in both prose and verse, and left a long list of works to connect with his name. The hymn-writer was born at Bristol in 1837. He has contributed largely to our Church collections, and has written many Christmas carols. Everybody knows his "Come unto Me, ye weary," with its fine musical setting by Dr. Dykes, who did so much by his genius to popularise a large number of our hymns. Even Newman modestly declared that "Lead, kindly Light" would never have been known but for Dykes. "As with gladness" was written during an illness about 1860. It was first printed in a small collection of hymns for private circulation, but finding its way into "Hymns Ancient and Modern," it speedily became popular.

"While shepherds watched their flocks"

I am not particular about definitions, hence, although it is known as one of the "Scottish Paraphrases," I have no hesitation in including among my favourite Christmas "hymns" the well-known "While shepherds watched their flocks by night." I have handled the organ at a score of Christmas services, and I never once knew *that* to be missed. Whose is it? I am afraid we must admit that it is by Nahum Tate, the doggerel poet-laureate, who, with Nicholas Brady, gave his name to a metrical version of the Psalms, once described by a wit as a "drysalter." Tate was not a man for Church-people to "enthuse" about. It was a small matter that he wrote plays for the stage, though the Presbyterians who condemned John Home for his *Douglas* might have thought of it when they introduced this "Song of the Angels at the Nativity of our Blessed Saviour" into the 1781 Paraphrases. Tate had all the frailties of the meaner sort of poetaster. He fell into improvident and intemperate habits, and died within the precincts of the Mint, then a sanctuary for debtors, in 1715. Still, I do not see why we should not admire his very fine Christmas hymn—as we do, in fact, admire it. Some of the Tate and Brady psalms are very deservedly retained in modern collections, especially "Through all the changing scenes of life" (Psalm xxiv.), which was sung at the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's Cathedral in October last. And we could never do without "While shepherds watched their flocks," whoever wrote it.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

The Blindness of Madge Tyndall

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

CHAPTER I

THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE

Those flattering bells have all
The sound at wedding, and at funeral.

WEBSTER.

THE marriage was to take place at eleven o'clock, and it now wanted but ten minutes to that hour. The church was full of people, all on the tip-toe of expectation; for the bride was the belle of the little town, and the bridegroom attached to himself no ordinary share of interest. A subdued hum of voices filled the place, broken every now and then when a fresh footstep sounded in the aisle, or any fresh movement was observed. The best man had already arrived, and stood near the altar rails, trying his best to look comfortable and at ease, but failing most conspicuously in the endeavour. Every now and then—between his futile attempts to fasten the top button of his right-hand glove—he glanced uneasily at his watch, and then slowly returned it to his pocket. As the minutes travelled on, his uneasiness perceptibly increased, and his forehead began to shine in the slanting light.

In the body of the church the hum of voices became more and more audible. The expectancy had reached a higher point of tension. All eyes were turned in the same direction. It wanted now but three minutes to eleven, and the bridegroom had not yet arrived.

Where was he? What had kept him? Perhaps he had been called to see some patient at the last minute. Perhaps he had been taken ill himself. Fred Lorrimer gave over trying to fasten his glove, and commenced to wipe his hot forehead. The situation had become decidedly painful. When he promised Dr. Studley to act as his best man, he did not expect to be left standing the best part of ten minutes alone. Studley had promised him faithfully to be at the church not later than ten minutes to eleven, and now—good heavens! the clock was striking!

Up in the old tower there was a sudden whirr of wheels, and then clang went the first stroke of eleven. Every one ceased whispering, and in absolute silence the slow strokes of the hour were counted. As the last stroke died away, the look of curiosity on many faces gave place to one of concern, and the hum of voices became more audible than ever. What could have happened to Dr. Studley? As a medical man, he was noted for his punctuality. It was one of his mottoes always to be in time. Hence for him to be late on his own wedding-day was all the more unaccountable. Something out of the common had most certainly happened, or he would have put in an appearance ten minutes ago.

Fred Lorrimer was perspiring as though it had been Midsummer instead of late in October, while sundry gossips in various parts of the church began to recite illustrations of the old adage, that "there's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip." Indeed, most people could remember stories they had heard or read of wedding arrangements that had broken down at the last minute; of brides who had been taken ill on their way to church; and of bridegrooms who had mysteriously disappeared, never again to be heard of.

Such a case, it is true had never been known in the history of Bexmouth, but that was no guarantee that such a circumstance would never occur. Perhaps Madge Tyndall had been taken ill, and her doctor-lover had been summoned to her side; or perhaps her father, the Curate, had collapsed under the excitement; or perhaps the doctor had been taken ill himself; or——

But further speculation was instantly arrested by the arrival of the bride and her father, followed by the bridesmaids. Instantly every eye was turned upon Madge Tyndall. How sweetly pretty she looked! How well white became her! Her eyes were bent upon the ground, and she did not notice that her lover had not arrived.

The Rector, who had come forty miles to perform the ceremony as a mark of special favour, and who had been sitting impatiently in the vestry with the door slightly ajar, now came upon the scene and took up his position behind the altar rails. A moment later and confusion reigned. Hurried whispers ran from lip to lip. Madge grew pale to the lips and looked as if she would faint; her father, the Curate, held a hurried consultation with the Rector, and then with Fred Lorrimer; people in the back of the church stood upon tip-toe and craned their necks, and the invited guests, who occupied the front pews, looked visibly distressed.

Fred Lorrimer, as best man, was pelted with questions on every side; but he was able to throw no light on the subject.

"He had not seen the bridegroom since Monday afternoon; it was now Wednesday morning. He had not been to the doctor's house. He had agreed to meet him at the church at ten minutes to eleven. He could not understand what his absence meant. He was afraid something serious had happened, for Studley was such a punctual man. If they desired it, he would go to his house and make enquiries. He would have gone before, but he had expected every moment that the Doctor would appear upon the scene." With much more to the same effect.

Ultimately Fred was seen to seize his hat and rush hurriedly from the church, while the bride and her maids followed the Curate and Rector into the vestry. Several of the back pews instantly emptied. The occupants had become tired of sitting. Moreover, they felt that they would be able to breathe more freely out of doors, as well as discuss with less restraint the topic of the moment.

Scattered over the churchyard were little knots, mostly of fishermen, in blue jerseys and rough pilot coats. They had been out in their boats all night, and were now forgoing their morning's nap that they might pay their respects to Miss Madge Tyndall on her wedding-day. It was a glorious day for October, with a pale blue sky and a cool, steady breeze blowing in from the sea. Below them, slanting up from the near side of the river, the little town looked wonderfully bright and picturesque, but so foreshortened that it did not appear half its size. Beyond the town, and on the far side of the river, the hills rose again dotted with woods and farmsteads, and stretched seawards for two or three miles, terminating in what was known as Bespoint. Landwards the vale of Bex soon lost itself among the hills, which, looked at from this distance, seemed tumbled together in delightful confusion.

It was a familiar scene to the groups in the churchyard, but long familiarity had rendered them indifferent to its many beauties. Moreover, just at present they had something else to talk about. It was not every day that one so popular as Madge Tyndall got married, and still more rare that a stranger from some distant part of the country took one of the Bexmouth maidens to be his wife.

A stranger listening to the conversation of these honest fishermen would have come to the conclusion that the wedding was not in every respect a popular one. Like most of the people along that storm-swept coast, they were intensely clannish, with an unreasonable suspicion of all strangers, and a deeply rooted conviction that honesty was a rare virtue outside their own borders. A few of them had travelled beyond the bounds of their native county, but very few, and these at exceedingly rare intervals. The most travelled man in their little community was Jacob Wherry, an exporter of garden produce, who went to London every now and then, and to places even more distant still. Jacob was regarded, as a consequence, as something of an oracle, and his opinion of men and things treated with profound respect.

Jacob entered the churchyard just as the beadle and her father drove up to the gate; he did not, however, follow them into the church, but at once joined a group of fishermen who were chatting a dozen yards away.

"What, not goin' inside, Jacob?" Dan'l Ody questioned as he drew near.

"Well, no; I think I'd rather be excused," Jacob answered brightly. "It's very much pleasanter outside; don't you think so?"

"Ay, we think so," answered two or three voices at once.

"But you be such a ladies' man, Jacob, and in sich high favour wi' the Curate."

"Oh, yes, we're friendly enough," said Jacob, straightening his necktie; "but the performance inside—the kissin' and cryin' and all that kind of thing—is nothin' in my line. But I'm here to give 'em a cheer when they come out."

"We'll give *her* a cheer, any road," said Dan'l Udy.

"We'll give 'em both a cheer," said Jacob. "The Doctor's a very decent sort, no doubt, though he be a bit furren in his ways."

"But he ain't nawthin' to be compared to Squire Sleeman," interposed Caleb Blight.

"That may be," said Jacob reflectively. "The Squire's one in a thousan', no doubt."

"Ay, he's a grand 'un, is the Squire," continued Caleb. "Seemin' to me it's a great pity the maid couldn't be got to see it."

"Women be mighty stubborn," Dan'l Udy observed sagely. "The more you want 'em to do a thing, the more they won't do it. Ef her father hadn't shown sich a terrible liking for the Squire, it's likely enough the maid would have took him."

"Don't know 'bout that," said Jacob slowly. "The Doctor's terrible good-looking."

"But as poor as a rat," snorted Caleb.

"So they do say, Caleb—so they do say; but laws, maidens, when they be in love, don't care for money nor nawthin' else."

"It's a terrible disappointment to the passon, I reckon," Dan'l observed.

"They say he did use bad langwidge at fust, an' vowed he never would consent," observed Israel Beer, who had not before spoken.

"It's no use takin' notice of what 'they say,'" Jacob observed, with an air of superior wisdom. "But, hullo! what's the meanin' of this? Why, there goes Lawyer Lorrimer, the Doctor's best man. Wonder what's happened?"

The next moment the church door opened and twenty or thirty people came pushing out; and then the whisper ran from group to group that the bridegroom had failed to put in an appearance, and that Fred Lorrimer had gone in search of him.

The consternation was now as great outside the church as inside. The groups broke up and formed new combinations, and everybody was asking everybody else what it meant.

A few wise ones, of course, shook their heads knowingly, and pretended that they were not in the least bit surprised.

Others counselled patience. Because the Doctor was twenty minutes late, that was no reason for supposing he would not turn up at all.

Caleb Blight looked relieved, and hazarded the opinion that it would be a good thing if he were never heard of again—that then there might be a chance for the Squire.

Dan'l opined that foreigners never could be trusted, and if women were men they never would trust them.

Jacob said nothing, but he looked very startled and troubled. Indeed, he looked much more troubled than the occasion seemed to warrant.

In twenty minutes Fred Lorrimer was back again, panting and breathless. Directly he was seen a rush was made for him.

"What news?" asked fifty people simultaneously.

"Doctor's missing!" gasped Fred. "Hasn't been seen since Monday." And he rushed past them and disappeared through the vestry door.

Madge Tyndall gave a piercing shriek when Fred burst into the vestry with his message, and fell prostrate upon the floor, and for ten minutes she lay as one dead.

The Rector went out into the church and explained the situation, and asked the people to go quietly to their homes. Then he returned to the vestry, and assisted in restoring Madge. She came to after a while, and they lifted her into an easy-chair, where she sat for several minutes with a bewildered look in her eyes, as if unable to comprehend what had happened.

Her father and the Rector tried to get her to talk, but without avail. Once she put out her hand with a deprecating motion; but with that exception she never spoke or moved till the clock struck twelve. When the last note died slowly away, she rose to her feet.

"The marriage cannot take place now?" she said, turning to the Rector.

"No, my child—no; it is past the hour."

"Then let us go home." And she took her father's arm, and they walked away together.

There were no cheers as they passed down the churchyard, But tears fell fast instead. People uncovered their heads as though it had been a funeral procession, and waited in silence until the carriages drove away from the gates, then filed slowly and silently out of the sacred enclosure, and made their way down into the town.

CHAPTER II

FATHER AND DAUGHTER

> Mine after-life! what is mine after-life?
> My day is closed! The gloom of night is come!
> A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate.
>
> BAILLIE.

FOR several days the excitement in Bexmouth remained at an acute stage, and heated and angry discussions cropped up in various directions when people attempted to defend the character of the recreant bridegroom. Madge Tyndall was such a general favourite that sympathy for her found expression in angry denunciation of her lover. Caleb Blight declared, with many unnecessary adjectives, that "hanging was too good for him," and even the travelled Jacob Wherry, who was not supposed to take narrow and parochial views of things, observed that "such conduct was beneath contempt." A few people still contended that there might be some explanation of his conduct perfectly honourable to the missing Doctor, and that the day might come when his character would be cleared from every stain of reproach. But such people were in a hopeless minority from the very beginning. At first they suggested that he had fallen over the cliff, or into the Bex, and that the proper thing to do was to search along the coast for his body; but when a week had passed, and every search had proved futile, they wisely held their peace, and confessed to themselves that the case against the Doctor began to look exceedingly black. Indeed, by the end of a month they had nothing to say in his defence. It was clear enough, now, that he had not fallen over the cliffs or into the sea, while it was highly probable that he had gone away from Bexmouth of deliberate purpose, and for reasons dishonourable enough, no doubt, but known only to himself.

The grounds on which these conclusions were based appeared more and more conclusive as time went on. Little by little the truth leaked out that he had left quite a number of accounts unpaid, a number that steadily increased as the days passed on, while the amounts went up at a rate that astonished not a few at the gullibility of the Bexmouth tradesmen. Before a month was out, it was demonstrated to nearly everybody's satisfaction that he was hopelessly and irretrievably in debt, and that he could not have remained in Bexmouth much longer without a painful exposure.

It further transpired that the story he told Fred Lorrimer, as well as Madge Tyndall, that he was going to visit certain people in a distant town the day before his marriage, was pure fabrication. Enquiries instituted among the people, and in the town named, proved conclusively enough that he had not been near the place; while, if further proof of the man's perfidy were needed, it was discovered that only three days before his flight he had converted certain scrip into cash, and had taken all available money with him.

In face of evidence like this, his friends—supposing he had any—were compelled to hold their peace. Even Fred Lorrimer found it convenient to keep silence, but whether he remained perfectly unconvinced was not quite clear.

But upon poor Madge Tyndall the cruellest burden was laid. If he had died, if he had fallen into the river or over the cliffs, and so perished, her loss would have been comparatively easy to bear. Then she would have known the truth, and all doubt and speculation would have been set at rest for ever. For days and weeks she searched the cliffs, and wandered up and down the coast for miles and miles, and hoped and prayed that the "cruel, crawling waves" would bring in her dead lover and lay him at her feet. But her anguished prayer remained unanswered, and out of the great silence there came no voice of comfort.

In the evening, when the lamps were lighted, she would often steal down the garden path, and, leaning upon the garden gate, would live the past over again. It was there she had seen him last. They had stood together under the silent stars, and talked of that love-lit future that lay before them bright and beautiful.

"The day after to-morrow, Madge," he had said, "and you will be mine for ever and ever." And she had leaned her head against his shoulder with a sense of delicious peace. In her heart there was no shadow of misgiving. She had given him all her love and trusted him with perfect confidence.

"To-morrow I shall not see you, darling," he had said. "I am going to Kesbrook, and it will be late when I get back; but on Wednesday morning we shall meet in the dear old church, and then, oh! then——"

And his kiss was warm and pure upon her brow, and his eyes were full of the light of love.

She had thought herself then the happiest girl on earth. Her lover was so handsome, so strong, so good. A little reserved he might appear to others, with a manner that gave but scant encouragement to those who were fond of indulging in familiarities; yet with a countenance so frank and open, and a smile all the sweeter because of his general gravity, that to her he seemed the perfection of all manly grace and goodness.

It was a surprise and pain to her that people were so ready to condemn him, so eager to think the worst and say the worst. She could excuse them on one ground only—they did not know Frank Studley as she knew him. Surely if they knew him, if they had looked into his clear, fearless eyes as she had done, they would be more generous in their thoughts of him, more charitable in their speech.

So she cherished his image in her heart still, and prayed for strength to bear her burden. Leaning on the garden gate, with the friendly stars looking down upon her, and the wash and moan of the waves in her ears, she felt as though her lover was still near her, and heard again the deep, thrilling tones of his voice. But in all this she got no sympathy from others. In her home Dr. Studley's name was not mentioned now. Anything that would even suggest his name would make her father angry and irritable for a whole day. At first, of course, his name came up constantly, and night after night her father tried to reason her into a better frame of mind. Unmindful of her tears and expostulations, he would persist in presenting his view of the case, and when she protested he got angry and talked her down.

"Your Dr. Studley is a scoundrel," he said, with flaming eyes.

"No, father—no. Don't say that," she pleaded.

"But I do say it," he replied, "and I can prove it. I mistrusted the fellow from the first, and, as you know, reluctantly gave my consent to the engagement."

"But that was because you had other designs upon me, and Dr. Studley was poor."

"Other designs, indeed, but not selfish designs. Madge, you are my firstborn, and I have desired only your well-being. Your happiness is more to me than my own."

"Then, father, why do you hurt me so? Why do you say such cruel things——?"

"I say only what is truth," he interposed. "That man has insulted us all. In wronging you he has wronged me. In trifling with your affections and openly jilting you he has disgraced the whole family. The insult is too deep ever to be effaced."

"But, father, he may not have intended it. He may be the unwilling victim of some cruel fate, or, what is more likely, he is sleeping out there in the great sea, entangled among the seaweeds and——"

TALKED OF THAT LOVE-LIT FUTURE THAT LAY BEFORE THEM BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

"Oh! don't talk sentiment and nonsense to me," he snapped. "Sleeping among the seaweeds, indeed! More likely he is making love to some other girl in some other part of the country."

She put out her hands to him appealingly. "Please don't," she wailed. "If you love me, spare me such cruel words."

"I would not willingly pain you, Madge," he said, in milder tones. "And yet it is necessary to give pain sometimes. You *must* know the truth, however much it hurts you."

"I do know the truth," she said wearily, "please let me be in peace."

"I cannot. I will not," he said, his eyes flashing again. "There can be no peace for you or recovery while you hug such a delusion. The sooner you can be made to see that the man is a villain, the better for all concerned."

"But you cannot make me see it," she said, with energy. "Assertion is not proof."

"Proof?" he demanded fiercely; "what proof would you have?"

"As yet there has been no proof at all," she said firmly.

He turned from her with a gesture of impatience. His temper was gaining the mastery again, and he was anxious to appear cool and collected. He had a difficult task to perform, and getting angry would be fatal to its achievement. For several moments he did not speak. Then, turning round, he said quietly, "You ask for proof. Has he not gone away without paying his debts?"

"And what of that?" she demanded. "Suppose you were to fall into the sea and get drowned, would you leave no bills unpaid?"

"But he was hopelessly in debt—over head and ears, in fact."

"Who says so?"

"Everybody says so."

"That is mere gossip. What proof have you?"

"Madge, you are too provoking," he said, with suppressed anger. "Did he not tell you and Fred Lorrimer that he was going to see some people at Kesbrook, and he never went near the place?"

"And pray what has that to do with it?" she asked defiantly. "If you were intending to visit Kesbrook to-morrow, would you send word to-day that you were going? And if you got drowned to-day, could you go to-morrow?"

"Drowned be——" Then he checked himself and clenched his fists.

"Do you know," he said at length, "that he converted some scrip into money only a day or two previously, and that he walked off with all the ready cash he could lay hands on?"

"If you were going to be married and wanted ready money, would you not have done the same?" she asked. "In all this there is not one shred of proof that he was dishonourable."

"You think so?" he said, with bitter scorn.

"I do," she answered, with flashing eyes.

"Then I may as well be silent. It is evident you cannot reason. Arguments are thrown away on you. Some day, I hope, you will come to your senses." And he turned and left the room.

After that day the subject was allowed to drop, and Madge was permitted to pursue her sunless way unmolested. For several weeks she shunned the town. She could not bear to meet people. Their pitying eyes unnerved her. She knew she had their sympathy, and that was a comfort to her. But she wanted no expression of it. Besides, while they sympathised with her, most of them had only hard thoughts and cruel words for him who had passed out of sight, who was sleeping, perhaps, in some deep hollow not a hundred yards from the shore; and she resented every whisper that reflected on him. So she shunned all society, and took long walks alone on the cliffs and on the beach. November came with fogs and storms, but neither the one nor the other deterred her. She knew she ran considerable risks, for the cliffs were always dangerous in high winds, and more dangerous still when fogs lay thick on sea and land. But she had no fear. Life had become a joyless thing, and death had lost its terror.

Now and then the shadow of a doubt would flit swiftly across her mind, but it was only a shadow at most, and would quickly disappear. But a shadow implies substance, and when the shadow flitted past, the doubt could not be far away. If her lover were in reality drowned, it was strange almost beyond precedent that the sea should hide him so long. And if he were not drowned, then what had become of him?

What she longed to discover most was proof of his death. If he were alive, then all that her father had said was true. But no, he could not be alive. Bitter as the thought of his death was to her, it was infinitely better than the thought of his dishonour. And so she searched for his body as one searching for hidden treasure. Her only consolation was in the thought that her lover was no more.

(*To be continued.*)

A True Gentleman

BY REV. C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.A.

IF I were to ask you to tell me some of the qualities that must be in a true gentleman, nine out of every ten of you would begin by insisting on what we call the soul of honour. There must be absolute reliance on his word. He must be a man who will not and cannot lie. He will under all circumstances, you know and are sure, keep faith with you. It is one of the very precious ideals that we owe to what we call the days of chivalry that the true knight resented most of all any imputation against his honour and good faith. *That* it behoved him to keep unblemished. It was the mirror of chivalry, and not even the breath of scandal must dim it. And you cannot read such a chapter as this of Paul's (Romans xii.) and not realise that this quality of honour was the very keystone of the arch of Christian virtues. "Take thought for things honourable in the sight of *all* men"—with, I think, an emphasis on the word *all*. For the test of honour, of course, is in dealing with those who have no outward claim upon your honour. "Set not your mind on high things, but be carried away by the humble," says Paul.

"I would rather miscarry in justice," said Cromwell, "to the believer than to the unbeliever." That was the word of a man of honour. The tendency and temptation of his time was to regard very lightly the rights and liberties of the unorthodox and the unbelieving. Cromwell hated unbelief more than most, and therefore was specially and scrupulously anxious to be just to those whose profession he disliked. We want more disposition to do justice and something more than bare justice to those who are unattractive, unpromising, and sometimes even repellent to our minds and tastes. The perfect gentleman and the perfect lady have at least as great a dread of hurting the feelings and wounding the susceptibilities of the unfortunate and the poor, "and him that hath no helper," as of alienating the favour of the well-to-do. A business man who has the soul of honour will be at least as scrupulous in all his dealings with a poor customer as with some one whose dealings are on a more lordly scale. When the Apostle Paul planted and rooted in the heart of the Church the care of the weaker brethren, he did a grand thing for the Church, for he evoked its sense of honour, and gave it one of the noblest of safeguards against snobbishness.

You will notice in the next place that among the qualities which Paul expects the Christian gentleman to manifest is a certain habit of thoroughness. If he gives, he is to do the thing well; he is to give with liberality. If he undertakes to govern, he is to do the thing well; he is to rule with diligence. If he determines to deal mercifully with some one with whom he has a legal right to deal severely, he does not take away the grace of the deed by inflicting polemics on the recipient; but he shows mercy with cheerfulness.

To put it in a single word, this is magnanimity. There is nothing little, nothing vulgar, and nothing mean about the Christian lady and gentleman. A man is not compelled to give in directions that do not appeal to him; but if he does intend to give, it's really unnecessary to go through all the list of reasons why he should make his subscription a small one—the rates, the income-tax, the prospective price of sugar or of coal. Christian gentlemanliness which insists on humility forbids ostentation; and Christian gentlemanliness which insists on magnanimity forbids meanness and pettiness. It isn't the sign of a lady or a gentleman to flourish a gold coin on to an open plate; nor is it the sign of a lady or gentleman to give copper because the plate is not open, and so nobody will see! "God and the angels," said Lord Bacon, "are spectators," and that is audience enough, one would think. But where the spirit is the spirit of true gentlehood, meanness is as impossible as vulgar egoism; and he who giveth will give, under whatever circumstances, with such liberality as he can, and what he is in giving his money he is in giving his life, his services.

The Man with a Mission

BY REV. F. E. MARSH

TO understand Dr. Barnardo's purpose in his National Waifs' Association, and that of the "*brave army, full of purpose,*" associated with him, is to have our sympathies excited, and our prayers enthused with holy fervour. The purpose of Dr. Barnardo is sevenfold in its operation.

I. TO RESCUE.—A great mass of child life is in danger of being blasted by the blight of neglect, poisoned by the reek of malarious surroundings, and corrupted by the influence of awful impurity. Thousands of little children are born into the world without ever a chance of decency or goodness, and who seem doomed to misery and vice from the very first.

II. TO DELIVER.—There is, humanly speaking, no salvation or such poor Waifs unless they are lifted at once out of their evil surroundings and vile associations. A bright lassie, driven by the cruelty and outrage of her inhuman father, was about to drown herself; but was arrested only just in time. Hannah was taken into the Homes, sent to Canada, and has recently become a happy bride in a happy home of her own. This is a typical case of the *positiveness* of the work, not only to rescue *from* danger, but to deliver *to* the environment of safety, purity, happiness, peace, love, home, and heaven.

III. TO HOUSE.—Many of the children rescued have not even a homely home, and as for twining their arms round a parent's neck, they would be repulsed, cuffed, and kicked if they attempted it. The highest comfort of the outcast child is a bed in the common lodging-house; and the lowest, "a doss" in a sheltered corner, or an empty tub.

IV. TO EDUCATE.—Any one who has been at Dr. Barnardo's demonstrations in the Albert Hall, and has seen the object-lessons in the skill and tact evinced by the children, will have had practical proof that they have been under not only good, but scientific teaching. The orderliness of their manner, their promptness in obeying, the correctness of their enunciation as they sing, the alertness of their attention as they watch the leader, gives ocular evidence of the pains which have been taken in educating, to bring to such efficiency.

V. TO TRAIN.—It may be news to some of our readers when we tell them that there are no less than fifteen trades taught in the Homes. These range from bakers to shoemakers and from brushmakers to printers. In these workshops foremen of the highest class in their own craft have [illegible]. Likely boys are apprenticed to their respective callings, and, after serving two or (at most) three years with credit, are placed out as "turnover" apprentices to the same trades outside, earning a progressive wage while still under the Home supervision, and so gradually enabled to assume an independent footing as qualified mechanics. There are always about five hundred of these picked lads living away from the Home, and yet under its sway, who are being developed into young workmen. Through the kindness and munificent generosity of the late Mr. E. H. Watts and his son, a magnificent building has been given to the Association, and completely equipped and splendidly furnished for a naval training school, in which three hundred lads will be trained for the Royal Navy.

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF DR. BARNARDO

VI. TO CHRISTIANISE.—There is no mistaking *the aim of* Dr. Barnardo and his fellow-workers. It is implicitly stated in the last report, where we read: "The aim of the Association is that each child under its care shall be led in faith and hope to know and follow the Saviour Christ Himself." Therefore it is that we desire all to whom these pages come ever to bear in mind that on the forefront of this national and benevolent enterprise is indelibly written the prime object of the Incorporated Association, namely: TO ADVANCE BY EVERY AND ALL LAWFUL MEANS THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST AMONG THE CHILDREN OF THE SLUMS!"

VII. TO PLACE.—Space forbids enumeration of the many instances which might be given of those who, having passed through the Homes, are now moving in good and useful positions in Society. But this goes without the saying when we remember the training which is given within the Homes, for the purport of all this is to give a fitness which shall qualify the children to fill some useful place in life, to their own advantage.

Such a work commends itself to the most casual observer, and, therefore, needs no words of commendation, but it does appeal, in the fact of its multitudinous and constant need, for our generous help, our unceasing sympathy, our earnest prayers, and our thoughtful testimony as to its work and worth.

Christ's Teaching on Prayer*

BY REV. DR. HORTON

Lord, teach us to pray.—LUKE xi. 1.
The Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour what ye ought to say.—LUKE xii. 12.

CHRIST taught a good deal more about prayer than was summed up in the particular form of the Paternoster.

(1) It was Christ who taught the necessary inwardness and secrecy of prayer. He said you should not try to be seen; He said you should go into a room and shut the door, lest any one should see and know it. He taught that prayer is inward, and that the way to find our Father in heaven is to go within. He did not recommend a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, nor did He even recommend a service in the temple: but He recommended a pilgrimage which costs us far more than a long journey—a pilgrimage to the soul within; and He urged upon us the use of a temple that is more august than any that men have built—the temple of the Spirit.

(2) He taught the necessity of persistence in prayer—that prayers should not be hasty or hurried; they should not be mere repetitions of words. Yet there should be importunity in all prayer. The striking parable of the unjust judge leads us to the necessity of praying always, and not fainting; and the point of it seems to be that you should go on when there is no answer, that you should go on when there is no sense of prayer, that you should go on in order to manifest the fact that you believe in God. In that persistence the essential element of prayer, the spiritua daring, "Lord, I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me," is brought to prayer.

(3) He taught—and this was the most revolutionary and the most original part of His teaching—that prayer was to be in His name. He said, "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in My name: now ask and receive, and your joy shall be full"; that is to say, He took His place as the prevailing Intercessor. Here He was making a sure and open way for men to come to God in prayer. How all-important in the method and mode of prayer is the inwardness! And, necessary as the persistence of faith is, yet Christ's contribution to prayer was Himself. We might say, if you put it figuratively, that He took up for ever the attitude of prayer, and placed His hand upon the throne of Omnipotence; and then taught men that if they touched Him, if they were in Him, they would share with Him that approach to the throne.

(4) Partly involved in this view of Him as the Mediator in whose name we pray, there is something else which we cannot ignore. The question had been put, "Teach us to pray." The best answer to that was what is always the best answer for any teacher when a request of that kind is given. He taught men to pray by praying. How surprised they must have been at His praying! How impressive it must have seemed to them! As they became more familiar with His character and with His unique relation to God, they must have said to one another, "How strange it is that He seems to need prayer as much as we do!" How often they must have commented upon it! When He was about to choose His disciples, He found it necessary to spend the whole night in prayer. It was by prayer He received power to perform miracles, by prayer He acquired grace to die, and in prayer He died, praying on the Cross. That must have impressed them in a peculiar way. Surely there must have been something more impressive when on that occasion He permitted them to hear Him pray aloud for them! I can imagine partly what they felt when, in that upper room, with them all seated round Him, He suddenly began to pray for them, began to talk to God for them. It must have been one of the most impressive moments in the history of men; and as He prayed, they must have learned a lesson about prayer which no words could have given them. Beautiful as the Lord's Prayer is, it could not have been as wonderful as the Lord's prayer for those round Him was. Oh, what a strange sense of God must have been in that room as He began! What a thrilling sense of the meaning of prayer and of the power of God being revealed, as the great Intercessor and Saviour of men prayed aloud! The teacher should have practised what he recommends. No talks about prayer or its methods can ever greatly affect men; but when we pray inwardly, persistently, and in the name of Jesus, example tells,—and not only so, but in the house of prayer things are learned and experiences gained, and what was formula is filled with meaning. It is just as if we were looking upon a mere painted curtain, and suddenly the curtain rises and we find there is a bubbling fountain. You can only tell men what you know; you can only relate what you have experienced.

The three points, the inwardness, and the persistence, and the prayer in His name, I would gather together and present to you in as few words as I can.

I think that many of us have been impressed sometimes with the strange sense of worship in the universe. The beauty of the world and the wonder of things have produced in us a feeling of worship. We have read the sonnets of Wordsworth and that marvellous morning hymn of Coleridge's, and we have felt how true it is that "the strength of the hills is His also." I imagine that Christ was conscious of that from this fact, that He often, when He wished to pray, went up to a mountain; and one of His greatest prayers was prayed among the grey olives of Gethsemane. But He never suggests that through the beauty and harmony of the universe we shall get to the secret of prayer. I think it is one of our peculiar difficulties to-day that we mistake the joy of the universe for the knowledge of God. We substitute a kind of emotion which is mere sentimentality for the life of the Spirit, and therefore our Lord's personal teaching is peculiarly necessary to-day, and applies with peculiar force to the man who worships best out in the field. He does not worship according to Christ's command. If he wants to worship, he is to go into his closet and shut the door. Christ will not reveal Himself until the world is shut out and until he has directed his eyes inward. Not God in history, not God in the universe, but God in the soul is the secret of prayer; and unless we have found Him there we shall never pray in Christ's sense at all. Shut the door, shut your eyes, forget the world, let it all pass from you as a dream (as indeed it is), and let the closed eyes mean the concentration of your being inwardly there, abstracted from the world—and call upon your Father, who sees and hears in secret. Shut the door, and there in the quietness begin to breathe the name, and the Spirit that

* Notes of a sermon by Dr. Horton, preached at Lyndhurst Road Church, Hampstead, November 2, 1902.

comes will surely come. Then presently you will be able to say, "My God," and then, if "My God," then all men's God—*our* God; "Father, my Father—all men's Father," and so on to the first great offering of the Lord's prayer, "Our Father which art in Heaven."

I believe very much myself in the brief prayer of morning and the brief prayer of the evening. Most of us have great reason to believe in the ejaculatory prayer of midday. We are not to underrate beauty in prayer. It has its place; but there should be also a persistency in praying for the things we are bound to ask for. We should bear this in mind day by day and hour by hour, and urge those requests continuously, and not faint. I wonder sometimes whether we have discovered what prayer is at all. Remember that prayer is often answered after a year, and often answered after ten years, and often answered after twenty years, and often answered when the curtain has fallen and death has come. If I may speak for myself, I have gone on praying for things definitely ten or fifteen years, and have not been answered, and I have gone on.

I have prayed day and night for over twenty years that this Church might become a centre of saving power, and that at every service souls might be saved and wanderers called back. It is not answered. He has given me only little touches of the answer; but I go on praying. I shall go on; I shall await the day. It may not come while I live, but it may be on the morrow of my death that the prayer of a lifetime shall be answered. I wish that He would give it to me to-day; but I do not love the Lord less because it is denied, and I do not cease to pray. Once I grew discouraged, and thought He would not hear, because I had asked Him for years, and then I read again the parable of the unfortunate widow, and there got an answer "Shall not the Lord avenge His own elect, though He bear long with them?" So I began to pray again, and to expect until death comes. I shall die, if God will, with the prayer on my lips. Persistence tests the quality of prayer; that is hardly prayer which does not go on. Prayer goes on and on and on until it reaches infinity.

"Hitherto have ye asked nothing in My name," He said to them reproachfully. I think He could say the reproachful sentence to us still. I think He could come amongst us and say, "Why, you have never asked anything in My name!" And there is truth in what He says, because in the deep, broad sense of "In My name" we have not asked anything. I mean that we have not asked in the sense that we have come into contact with that Almighty Intercessor, that we are members of His redemption, that we are conscious of His eternal love and grace, that His Passion has become ours, that we are asking for the world. May we have prayer coming like a rushing mighty wind—the Spirit moving through us! Breathe in us the prayer which is the outcome of life in Christ, the prayer which comes out from that fountain of yearning for the salvation of men! "Hitherto ye have asked nothing." Oh, my God, come among us, touch us, and bring us in Thy name to Thyself. He will teach us to pray. Shall we learn? Shall we sit at His feet and be taught, till He shall say to us, "You have learned your lesson, My child" . . . "Ask, and ye shall receive, and your joy shall be full"?

"Lord, teach us to pray." . . . "The Holy Spirit shall teach you in that hour what ye ought to say."

Seed-time Troubles

BY HERMON GLYNNE

THE barn door, painted in ostentatious red, was in two halves: the lower half was shut, for the morning was cold; the upper half was open, for the light was needed, and the early sun was sweet. A mild frost, which had made the air crisp, was already yielding in sunny places.

Inside the barn a youth was passing to and fro, out of the sunshine into shadow, and back into the sunshine again. He was preparing the *shipris*—a mixture of barley and oats seed—for sowing that morning. He stood hale and tall in his rustic dress: ribbed trousers, grown white with much washing; a waistcoat of the same stuff, with varieties of horn and brass buttons; a grey homespun jacket, with black broadcloth patches at the elbow. They would not have been so incongruous but for the striking face, dust-stained as it was.

While he was busy sifting and mixing, the daughter of the house came, with all a child's morning freshness, tripping and singing, to the barn door. The lower half could be opened from the inside only: she was not tall enough to reach her arm over the top and lift the wooden latch.

"Breakfast is ready, Rhys," she said from outside.

"All right, Ruth; I will first finish this lot."

He opened the door for her, knowing her custom. She brightly entered. Through a lancet window—or cleft rather, for there was no glass or frame—a sheaf of sunbeams entered, making the dust in its pathway shine. She went up and bathed her hand in it, saying, "The dust does not spoil the sunbeams, does it?" She pulled her hand out, viewing it inquisitively.

"No," he replied slowly. "Put your hand in again."

As she did so, she again remarked, "What a pity the sunbeams don't cling to it, instead of the dust?"

He did not reply; his own hands were filled with the seed, which he seemed to be forgetfully filtering through his fingers, like the sand of an hour-glass. His face had become unusually wistful, and she was watching it without seeming to do so. "*Light is sown for the righteous*," he said half aloud, but more to himself than to her. But she heard, and said, "It must be a beautiful hand to sow such seed, mustn't it?"

"Yes," he replied—"a child's hand, perhaps."

They were on very good terms, these two. To her, the social difference did not exist; and that helped him not to feel it, as a rule. She was silent for a short while, playing with the sunshine; then she suddenly turned round, and looking up straight in his face, asked:

"Rhys, why don't you be a preacher?"

She had not put the question without thinking about it, half distinctly, for some little time. But she was taken aback by its effect upon Rhys. His face flushed, his hand spilt the seed he was sorting. He looked like a criminal suddenly found out.

She did not quite know how, but she felt she had done something mysteriously wrong, as if she had laughed at a funeral, or played "dandies" on a Sunday. She turned her face away, not knowing why she wanted to cry. She had never before understood how poor and ill-fitting his clothes were. She remembered too that his parents were dead, and that they had left him nothing—not even a good name.

No words passed between them after that, as they went to the house together. She felt a little afraid still; but she would have, as usual, seized two or three of his strong fingers on her hand, had they not been altogether out of her reach, gripping his coat-collar.

He went through the out-kitchen, straight into the meal room; she passed on farther, into the best kitchen. The

meal-room was narrow: a table, white with effective scouring, having a bench on each side of it, occupied nearly the whole length and most of the width of the room. Here the maids, with the workman and himself, breakfasted, and often, as this morning, the farmer joined them. The big cheese and pile of *shipris* were in the centre of the table; the whey, which they drank out of the wooden bowls, was fresh and sweet. The mistress of the house and the children had their breakfast usually in "the best kitchen"; tea and wheaten bread graced their table. Her husband came in to them for a supplementary cup when he felt inclined. He did so this morning.

"It is rather late," she said doubtfully; "are we to have reading?"

"Oh yes, yes!" he said.

She was a Church member; he was not. It was one of the sorrows of the faithful at Blaenderw Independent Chapel that he was not "with religion," as they put it, though he was "a good friend to the cause." It would have cost him more than it would his wife to have the morning prayer omitted; but for a subtle reason on her part. He, not being a Church member, never took the prayer. This was her grievance, that another than her husband should be priest of the household. The workman and Rhys took "the duty" alternately. This morning it was Rhys's turn.

All came together in the meal-room. Rhys took the large "Peter Williams Bible" from a small book-shelf by the window and read. He could not abandon the text of the barn; so he chose the ninety-seventh Psalm. Usually he prayed with much aptness and freshness; to-day he was halting and confused.

As soon as it was over, all left the 'meal-room for the day's tasks. But Henry Bowen felt unhappy; there was a note in the disturbed prayer which had disturbed him. He had, without confessing so much to himself, come to find shelter in Rhys's prayers during the year and a half he had been there as servant. He felt safer for them. His neighbours hinted that Rhys prayed his harvests in for him. Without accepting so embarrassing a doctrine, he did believe it was good to be friendly with God's friend.

He was about to start an experimental conversation with his wife about Rhys, but she cut him short with, "I don't see as much in your Rhys John as you do, Henry."

He had no sooner gone out than she felt penitent—penitent because her words were both unkind and untrue. The answer came from the sore disappointment of a mother's heart. The traditions of her family had, for generations, been embellished with the names of preachers—some of them of considerable fame. Her only son was to have been in the sacred succession, and had been dedicated to it from the cradle—in her mind. But as he grew, the boy showed less and less signs of being "called." He was a good, open-faced lad; at last he openly rebelled against her frequently expressed wish. "Let him be," said the husband, a little sadly; "he had better grow turnips honestly than preach the greatest sermon that ever was preached, dishonestly."

She had yielded, but her heart felt the unhealed wound. And to make her trial sharper, here had an inscrutable Providence passed by her well-kept garden, with all its mild, ancestral charm, and picked up a wayside flower of doubtful root to flaunt in the world's face and hers! She tried to prove to herself that she did well to be angry.

During the morning a letter arrived. It was a rare occurrence—too rare for unwise hurry. Some one would mostly receive it at the village post office, and would, when he remembered, pass it on to some one else. This particular letter had only taken four days to cover some four miles. If it had been for Mr. or Mrs. Bowen, especially the latter, it would have arrived more quickly; but as it was only for "the ploughman," Rhys John, there was no excuse for spoiling an honoured custom.

Mrs. Bowen felt curious; it had a distant postmark—a town in North Wales, known to her because a famous preacher lived there.

"Whoever could know Rhys in those far-off places of the earth?" she asked to herself and Ruth.

There was no school that day. The schoolmaster had become death's herald; he was going from house to house in the whole district "warning" a funeral. So Ruth was at home, and ready to take the letter to the field.

Rhys, his hand brown with the crumbled soil, was busy sowing. The sheet, tied over one shoulder and under the other arm, bore his seed-burden. In scattering the corn, he had to study how to outwit the uncertain wind that blew.

She was waiting for him when he reached the cross-ridge at the end of the furrows, her hands behind her.

"Guess which hand," she said.

"The left."

"Guess again."

"The right."

"'Three chances for a Welshman.' Try again."

"Oh! that isn't fair; you have shifted it. The right."

"Yes—this time. Guess what it is."

"An apple."

"An apple! This time of the year! Do I look like Eve?"

"You look as if you might be related to her. Bread and cheese?"

"No."

"Well, I can't think."

"I hope your sowing is better than your guessing. It is a letter."

"A letter! For me?"

"For 'Rhys John, Esquire, Tanyfedwen Farm.' That is you, isn't it?" she asked, with a slightly mischievous emphasis on "Esquire."

"Well, well! I suppose so."

He had not asked for the letter. His hand was deep in the seed.

"Wouldn't you like to read it? I can tell you the postmark—Portmadoc."

Once again the look of the morning returned; but whatever it was, it seemed now to hold a cup of happiness—trembling.

He held the letter in his strong, brown hand and stared at it. It bore the mark and stain of its leisurely pilgrimage. His hand trembled as he held it.

"Won't you open it?" she said.

"No; you open it."

"And read it too?"

"Yes, and read it too."

She stood by his side as she opened it, so that both could read together.

After a moment she said, "I can't make it out. It is very deep Welsh."

"Well, indeed!" was all he said. But his face, in spite of the fresh, brown earth that stained it, shone. "What *do* you think? It says that the prize of five pounds and the medal for a poem at the eisteddvod is to come to me!"

"Five pounds, Rhys?"

"Yes, five pounds."

She knew it meant something wonderful. The number of eisteddvodau was far less then than they have come to be since. They were also more literary—less popular, but more educational in many respects.

Her face reflected the glow of his countenance. Both of them stood on the borders of a "land fulfilled of faërie."

"Rhys," she said, with an earnestness that had a mother's accent in it—"Rhys, will five pounds be enough to take you to college?"

And in a glance that held the dew of tenderness she took in the wooden clogs on his feet, the ribbed trousers much worn at the knees, the patched coat—and the magic letter held in his hand, which he must read over once more, word for word. She could not think what it was that again made her wish to cry. It was a good thing he had no time to look at her. She felt calmer by the time he had finished.

"College?" he repeated, as if replying to a question heard years ago. "What makes you speak of college?"

"Rhys," she said, with her face turned away, "I think Jesus Christ sent you that prize—for you—to be—a preacher."

She wished her voice would not catch so; and with the last word she sped away across the field. But she turned her face half round before she had gone far, to show him that she was smiling for very happiness. And Rhys thought of a rainbow and gentle afternoon rain.

The moment and the scene were like the beginning of a new world for him: they remained with him while he lived. The sun kept struggling with passing March clouds; he was just coming out of one, flinging its fringes from him in shreds

of gold. Near by, in the hedge, there was a tall ash, black-budded, favourite haunt of a thrush in the day's outgoing; and beneath it were little clusters of primrose, now glistening in the momentary sun. No bird sang, except a lark that washed the windy spaces with silvery rills of spring-rapture. The clink of the harrow, after some sudden twist or turn, sounded sharp and pleasant; and he could see the field-fare, that busily followed it, catch the sudden light on its grey wings. In the joy of the moment he seemed to be one with all that he heard and saw. Earth and sky melted into a flowing sea of greenness and radiance, and he himself was as much of it as in it. Then once more a cloud caught the sun; he felt between his fingers the hard, tiny seeds, and he went on sowing.

But ever as he sowed the little maid's face came up between the showered seed, and her question was recalled by every gust of wind. The preacher's hope had been for years the inmost secret of his heart—no, not a hope, only a gnawing desire, to be as carefully hidden from ken as a guilty thought; for was it not impossible, unlawful even, remembering who he was? He kept repeating the child's question, but each repetition made it more hopeless. Who would dream of asking *him* to be a preacher? Would not the Church at Blaenderw, kind as many of the leaders had been to him, scorn the idea? And without being duly and properly asked, he would as soon think of flying as of becoming a preacher. No—it was hopeless; he had no one to "put him into the pool." He shrank as he thought how Mrs. Bowen would look were such a thing mentioned to her.

And so he dwindled again into an everyday sower of corn, servant of the furrowed earth, companion of small flowers cut by the unheeding plough.

Meanwhile, Ruth was telling her mother the news. When she heard it, she was not so much pleased or displeased, as dazed—almost terror-struck. "Five pounds!" she kept repeating—"five pounds! Nearly half his year's wages!" She had, she thought during the morning's reflections, made good her mother's case in her own favour: she would be firmer than ever in opposing her husband in any scheme of his for exploiting Rhys. It was no longer from any jealousy for her own family traditions, but jealousy for the honour of the pulpit. How could a worthy minister of the Gospel come of such a mean stock? Character, slowly maturing in the course of generations, was of much more importance than the uncanonical accident of talents.

And now this bolt from the blue! It touched a spring of superstition in her nature. Clearly it was a warning from above, like hearing the first cuckoo of the season on "red earth," or the tapping of the corpse-bird's wing at the window. All her piled-up self-defence collapsed; she went about the house half blindly—a subdued woman, but still rebellious.

When Mrs. Bowen paid a visit to Harry the shoemaker, next morning, it was more for the sake of asking a question than giving an order. "You are a reading man, Harry," she said, a little dubiously; "what do you think of the eisteddvod?"

Harry had to feel his way to an answer. What opinion he had of it was favourable; but then, what kind of answer did Mrs. Bowen look for? He shrewdly guessed that it was not a case for impersonal ethics. He himself was jealous of Talddyn, the literary blacksmith, and for that reason was prepared to condemn the eisteddvod; but still he must be careful.

"Well, Mrs. Bowen *fach*," he said, "you see now there's butter *and* butter made in this neighbourhood, isn't there? Some of it—well, it lasts a long time in a house; but there's butter made—and we poor people know where, Mrs. Bowen—you feel you are eating fresh clover when you taste it." And he distantly nodded towards a small basket which she held in her hand, its contents covered with a white cloth.

"I was not asking about butter, but about the eisteddvod. Is it not bad for young people to have much to do with it?"

Harry breathed more freely: he knew now what was wanted. And he told her tales, old and new, of bardic disputations and musical quarrels, of ordinary bread winning work neglected in the fever of competition—as in the case of Talddyn. "But, of course," he added, "there are *some* good men in it. There's that fine preacher from North Wales, who gave us a sermon at Blaenderw the other Monday evening——"

Mrs. Bowen suddenly rose and left. Harry had at first reassured her somewhat; but as he went on, her self-disgust became so aggressive that she could bear it no longer. "*Saul and the Witch of Endor!*" whispered her conscience severely, as she hurried home. Harry did not discover the contents of the basket.

* * * * *

Mrs. Bowen was out of sorts for some days. One morning she was too ill to leave her bed. After breakfast in the meal-room, Henry Bowen said they would have prayers in the best kitchen, so that his wife in the bedroom above it could hear. Rhys took the Bible; and he read, all unconscious of its meaning to the unseen listener, Job xix.:

> *Know now that God hath overthrown me,*
> *And hath compassed me with His net.*
> *Behold, I cry out of wrong, but I am not heard:*
> *I cry aloud, but there is no judgment.*
> *He hath fenced up my way that I cannot pass,*
> *And He hath set darkness in my paths.*
> *He hath stripped me of my glory,*
> *And taken the crown from my head. . .*

Probably in all this earth, for the weary heart and troubled mind, nothing is more restful, more healing, than the sound of family prayers, heard as from a distance, and yet distinctly. The invalid bathed her soul, shivering, in the salt waves of Job's anguish; but she was a healed woman before the last word of the prayer had been uttered.

Ruth was startled when she quietly came into the room. Her mother's face looked so strangely drawn. But before she had time to gather fright, her mother had called her to her, and had taken her head to her breast with such tenderness as the child had scarcely ever known.

"You are not *very* ill, mother?" she sobbed.

"Oh no, Ruth *fach*: I am better, much better—yes. Only tired—after Peniel."

"After Peniel, mother?"

"Yes, my little one. One is always tired after Peniel. You will understand better some day. I shall sleep now. . . . And Ruth, dear, we must help Rhys to be a preacher. You would like that, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, mother!"

* * * * *

Years had passed, when, one day, in view of a familiar field, Ruth made the remark:

"This is the field where you were sowing that morning when I brought you the letter. Do you remember?"

"Remember? yes. But the best sowing that day was not done by me—no, not by me!"

Union with God

BY HIS GRACE THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

THE root of all true spiritual life must be in God Himself. Isolated, independent life in each individual man is conceivable in thought, but revelation and experience concur in teaching us that it is never found, and in fact cannot exist. There is but one real source of good. And if there be any good in us, it must have come and must continue to come from that source. In being united to God through Christ consists, according to the revelation of the New Testament, the true life of man. If we leave out of our lives all that is wrong in them, and think only of what is unreproved by our conscience, we see that a large proportion of all that we do is in a sense mechanical, and has no conscious principle or purpose. If this part of a man's life is on the whole good, and such as becomes a true man and a servant of God, it would be absurd to say that this was not a great blessing to himself and to those with whom he lives. But, on the other hand, this taken by itself does not imply true spiritual life. It may probably be the result of careful discipline and of nothing more. If we rise a step higher, we find a good deal of what our consciences would not only not censure, but positively approve, due to good impulses and instincts. Though good gifts in themselves, these do not constitute the Christian character. This is proved by the fact that very often these gifts are found in men who are not living or trying to live good lives.

More Help for Crippled Children

NO class of afflicted child is more needy, and for none is help less readily available, than for crippled and permanently afflicted children. No child has any claim upon public charity simply as a cripple, but only as a pauper. Hospitals will, of course, deal with surgical cases; but after an operation has been performed and treatment given, the little patient must return to its own home. If the case is one of permanent disablement, the poor child too often drags out a dreary existence, untaught, neglected, and without proper medical treatment. Their ultimate fate is either to beg in the streets, or to drift into workhouse infirmaries, where they spend a dull and profitless existence. Yet a large number of crippled children are curable if their case is taken in time.

A number of children who are crippled or paralysed in the lower limbs are specially intelligent, and can use their fingers and brains better than the average child. If they are left to compete with ordinary labour, they are at a grievous disadvantage; but taught special trades, they can fill a useful place in life. They are thus cheered by the knowledge that they are not mere idlers, a burden upon others, and are saved from becoming a sort of waste product of humanity. There is, of course, a residuum of children so sorely afflicted that very little can be done for them beyond securing kindly Christian care. Even of these it is true that most can undertake some light employment which relieves the tedium of their lives; but they need to be cared for in special institutions.

The Children's Home and Orphanage, whose headquarters are at Bonner Road, has recently greatly developed its work amongst these children. A Cripples' Church and Mission has been opened in Bonner Street, N.E., which has a membership varying from seventy to one hundred. A Sunday service is held, and on weekdays amusement and instruction are provided. The Sisters who conduct this Mission take care to secure for the children summer holidays, surgical aid when necessary, and the most needy cases are taken permanently into the Home. The provision of suitable surgical appliances is, of course, one of the great difficulties of the poor. In connection with The Children's Home Mission it is the rule that wherever parents can afford it, they should contribute a portion —generally one-third—of the cost, and it is pleasant to record that in every case this amount has been paid in regular weekly instalments. Two years ago a charming house for crippled children was opened at Alverstoke, near Stokes Bay; but it was soon crowded, and three times the number of patients were needing admission. The Children's Home is now proposing to make an extensive development in this direction of providing a well-equipped Home, Hospital, and Training School for Crippled and Afflicted Children, where the sick may be nursed, and those who are able may be taught suitable employment, according to their individual capacity. It is proposed, in the first instances, to spend £5,000. Two gentlemen, Mr. Joshua Locke, of Southport, and Mr. John Cory, of Cardiff, have each promised £500, on condition that £5,000 is raised within the year. So far the response has not been very large, but the Committee is now making an urgent appeal, and it is to be hoped that the response will be prompt and liberal. The following instances show what can be done to enable children of this class to earn their own living:—

1. A girl of ten years of age, who entered The Children's Home many years ago, suffering from hip disease and defective sight of one eye. "Homeless and destitute." Application made from a children's hospital, where she could be no longer kept as a patient. The only other refuge for her was to return to the workhouse, where she had been before entering the hospital. She grew up in the Home under the best conditions, was taught a special department of millinery, and for twelve or fourteen years did excellent work, earning her own living, and leading a quiet, consistent Christian life. She suffered from hereditary consumption, and died in her thirtieth year.

2. A sadly deformed and very delicate boy, who after leaving school was placed in the office at Bonner Road. A member of a Colonial Legislature, who had paid for the boy's support, though he did not know him personally, kindly offered to find the lad a situation in the Colonies. He had been in The Children's Home office for several years, and was a thoroughly efficient clerk, with gentlemanly manners. He has done admirably, and earns as good a living as if he were in average health.

These are only illustrations, which might be considerably multiplied. Several crippled boys have been taught printing, tailoring, shoemaking, etc., and are doing well in situations.

For the hopelessly disabled it is proposed to provide hospital accommodation; whilst for those who are equal to it, elementary education and technical training will be provided.

Contributions should be forwarded to the Principal, the Rev. Arthur E. Gregory, D.D., The Children's Home, Bonner Road, N.E. Cheques and postal orders should be crossed "London, City, and Midland Bank."

The Home Department

Result of the Competition

A LARGE number entered for this last competition, and the papers sent in show a keener appreciation of what was required and greater skill in selection than has marked former attempts. Oddly enough, out of the four or five best, or I should say the most beautiful and descriptive lines sent in, two were from Eliza Cook's "An Autumn Sketch."

The first prize has therefore been awarded to—

MRS. KNIGHT,
Rushden, R.S.O.,
Northamptonshire,

for the following vivid description of autumn.

AN AUTUMN SKETCH

She is lifting her tawny finger up
Over linden leaf and acorn cup;
Over the fern and over the bine;
Over climbing jasmine and sprawling vine;
Over the crimson clover top,
The russet apple and saffron hop;
Over the heather's purple tinge;
Over the brooklet's mallowy fringe.
She touches the butterfly's downy wing,
And the wild thyme's bloom in the "fairy ring."
She walks like a white ghost over the hill,
Wrapt up in her fog robe dank and chill;
Dimming hedgerow green and river-wave light
With the frost at morn and the mist at night.

* * * * *

Here is autumn again! and the herdsman calls
For the lantern, before he can litter the stalls.
The glow-worm is showing her azure spark,
To challenge the first star that heralds the dark;
And the haze on the common spreads heavy and grey,
As the last "good-night" ends the ploughboy's play.

As far as the line ending "fairy ring," Mr. Yearlee sent in the same quotation as the first prize-winner, but from there his selection was not as good: the latter half of the lines quoted draw so vivid a picture of the damp mistiness, the whole atmosphere, and the light effects peculiar to an autumn evening; it would be difficult to beat it for truth to nature or beauty.

The second prize is awarded to—

MISS E. M. IRVINE,
Nessbank,
Aberfeldy,

for the following:

AUTUMN IN THE HIGHLANDS: OCTOBER

October misty bright, the touch is thine
That the full year to consummation brings—

* * * * *

Who hath not seen thee clambering up the crag
On sunny days, in many-hued attire,
Making wild-cherry leaves thy scarlet flag,
And kindling rowan boughs to crimson fire?
Sometimes on dizzy rock-ledge thou art seen,
Even as an angel from high heaven, new-lit
Quivering aloft in aspen's pallid gold;
On far-up mountains queen-like thou dost sit,
Cushioned on mosses, orange, purple, green.
Or down their bases homeward thou dost lean,
Loaded with withered ferns, a housewife old.

* * * * *

And old fail-dykes along the upland braes,
Fringed with blae-berry leaves in scarlet blaze,
Add to October sunsets richer glow.

* * * * *

And for thy songs, home-carting late won peats,
Crofters low-humming down hill tracks return,
While here and there some lone ewe-mother bleats
Fitfully, for last summer's lamb forlorn.

These beautiful lines are by the late Principal Shairp, and are taken from his volume of verse "Glen Desseray, and other Poems."

Next in order of merit come Mr. A. G. Yearlee, Mr. A. Jacka, who sent this lovely "Song" by Tennyson:

A spirit haunts the year's last hours
Dwelling amid these yellowing bowers;
To himself he talks;
For at eventide, listening earnestly,
At his work you may hear him sob and sigh
In the walks;
Earthward he boweth the heavy stalks
Of the mouldering flowers:
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.
The air is damp, and hush'd, and close,
As the sick man's room when he taketh repose
An hour before death;
My very heart faints and my whole soul grieves
At the moist rich smell of the rotting leaves,
And the breath
Of the fading edges of box beneath,
And the year's last rose.
Heavily hangs the broad sunflower
Over its grave i' the earth so chilly;
Heavily hangs the hollyhock,
Heavily hangs the tiger-lily.

And Miss M. Morrell for three verses by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, which missed the prize only from the fact that they did not describe autumn so much as the autumnal feeling in the human heart. I must quote them for the benefit of readers who do not already know them.

AUTUMN SONG

Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf
How the heart feels a languid grief
Laid on it for a covering,
And how sleep seems a goodly thing
In autumn at the fall of the leaf?

And how the swift beat of the brain
Falters because it is in vain,
In autumn at the fall of the leaf
Knowest thou not? and how the chief
Of joys seems—not to suffer pain?

Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf
How the soul feels like a dried sheaf
Bound up at length for harvesting,
And how death seems a comely thing
In autumn at the fall of the leaf?

New Competition

The new competition will, I hope, prove of great interest to my readers, and of great value. I want you one and all to use your best efforts in composing the words of a Christmas carol.

The carol must of course be original, and may not exceed a hundred and fifty words in length. Competitors may send in only one contribution each. Each contribution must be written on one side of the paper only, and must bear on it the author's name and address, and whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. If the name and address are only sent in the covering letter, they are very apt to be mislaid, and in any case cause much confusion and delay.

All contributions must reach the office on or before December 1, addressed to "Anstice," THE BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

The first prize will be a beautiful copy of the Newbery Bible, pocket edition, bound in Turkey morocco. The second prize will be a copy of Mrs. Tooley's very interesting book, "The Life of Queen Alexandra." This book contains no less than one hundred and ten beautiful illustrations. I hope I shall have a great number of papers sent in.

Notice

THE BRITISH MONTHLY is published on the 20th of the month preceding that which it is dated. The number for January will therefore be obtainable on December 20, and Competitors will have ample time to prepare their contributions.

Some Christmas Fare and Party Dishes

An Excellent Christmas Pudding

Three pounds of moist sugar, three pounds of sultanas, three pounds of raisins, three pounds of currants, three pounds of finely chopped suet, two finely grated nutmegs, one pound of mixed peel, one and a half pounds of flour, the same quantity of breadcrumbs, fourteen eggs well beaten, salt to taste; mix all well together. This will make seven or eight puddings. Boil for four hours when made, and again for two hours when wanted.

Orange Jelly

Place an ounce of gelatine in a pint and a half of water in a saucepan, and make it hot; add also half a threepenny packet of Nelson's Citric Acid, three-quarters of a pound of lump sugar, the juice of four good-sized oranges, with a little of the rind and about half the juice of a Seville orange, or a little of the syrup of marmalade will do if a Seville orange cannot be obtained. When this is all well blended together, pour into a wetted mould.

Preserved Oranges

Cut off a little piece of the rind here and there, either a diamond-shaped piece or a ring all round; then put the oranges in cold water for three days, changing the water twice. At the end of that time tie each orange in a piece of thin muslin, and boil till quite tender, having previously weighed them. To every pound of fruit take two pounds of loaf sugar and make a syrup, with as much water as will be found necessary to cover the fruit entirely. Boil until the scum rises, and then place the oranges, still in their muslin jackets, carefully into the syrup, and boil gently for an hour and a half. This will ensure their keeping well for quite a long time. Place them in jars and cover with the syrup.

Caramel Walnuts

Beat the white of an egg with an equal quantity of water and a teaspoonful of essence of lemon, or vanilla, till thoroughly mixed. Then add about a pound of icing sugar, and mix all together to a stiff paste. Crack carefully some walnuts, breaking them as little as possible, and divide the nuts in halves. Break off small pieces of the sugar mixture about the size of a filbert, roll them between the hands till smooth, and press the halves of the walnuts firmly on either side of the piece of sugar, allowing it to protrude a little; then round it smoothly off.

Orange Glacés

Divide eight oranges into quarters, and remove all the pith. Put a wine-glassful of water into a copper or brass preserving pan and add three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, until it is crisp when dropped into cold water. Then place the pieces of orange in it, and immediately turn the whole out on to an oiled slab, and separate the quarters. When cold, each piece should have on it a jacket of crisp sugar. This cannot be made the day before it is wanted, as the sugar soon becomes soft and sticky.

Snow Pudding

Mix a tablespoonful and a half of cornflour and a tablespoonful of sugar with a little milk, boil the rest of a pint and stir into the mixture. Put all on the stove again and boil, stirring all the time. Care must be taken to see that it actually boils, or there will be disagreeable roughness in the cornflour. Take off from the fire and add the whites of three eggs beaten to a great stiffness. Pour quickly into a high mould which has been previously wetted. Serve with any sauce preferred, or with jam or preserved fruits.

Answers to Correspondents

C. D. P.—I hope the address you required reached you in time.

CONSTANCE.—Three or four correspondents have kindly answered your query. The poem you are in search of is Robert Browning's "Apparent Failure." One correspondent tells me it is included in Smith, Elder & Co.'s first series of "Selections."

"Apparent Failure" is one of a set entitled "Dramatis Personæ." You have two slight mistakes in the lines you sent. Line two should be, "The thickest cloud earth ever stretched"; and the last line, "Nor what God blessed once prove accurst."

G. E. A., N. D., W. H. C. P., and others.—Thank you for your kind help.

REGINALD.—Your letter should have been answered some time since, but it got mislaid in some unaccountable manner. I hope this is not too late to be of use to you. I will answer your questions in the order in which you have written them.

1. No, it is not correct to call again on a lady because you have not found her at home the first time. Your call counts just as though you had seen her, and in due time she will return it.

2. Yes, in such an awkward situation it is almost the only thing one can say. You might add, "I have come to call on you."

3. No, it is not necessary to thank a person for calling—in fact, it is quite superfluous to do so; but you might say genially, as she is taking her leave, "I am so glad to have seen you," or, "It was very kind of you to come to see me," or, "I am very glad I was at home." Anything which lessens a little the conventional formality of a call is welcome, and though it may not be strictly necessary, people will like you better for it.

4 and 5. Yes, the address should be printed at the lower left-hand corner. It is correct to have the name and address printed. I am afraid I cannot answer your sixth question. I have not the space to spare, nor have I any knowledge of the musical instrument in question.

G. T. ALLPRESS.—The verses you sent in are beautiful, and if I had had six or eight prizes to give, would certainly have won one. I hope you will try again.

MR. J. P. W.—I wish I had space to quote your original lines, but my columns are already rather overcrowded. You did well, but not quite well enough to win the prize. In the future I will make clear the point you mention. It is very odd how, if one makes a hundred points clear, there is always the hundred and first which puzzles a contributor. The next competition is for original work only, so I shall be on the look-out for something from you.

A. T. GALLEY.—I am not quite sure if this is the right way to spell your name. The quotation you sent in was not eligible, as Longfellow was an American poet.

M. D.—Your contribution was very good, but, as you will see, a more vividly descriptive and beautiful one from the same writer was sent in. I shall look out for your handwriting next month. I am afraid there is no room for my photograph at the head of this column, nor do I think it would improve it.

A. F. G.—I think your friend would be wise to consult a specialist in nervous complaints, if she has not already done so. She has one great thing in her favour, and that is her anxiety to master her trouble. With nerve cases the remedy lies so much with the patient alone, and her determination to get the better of herself. A great point should be made of keeping up her bodily strength and keeping her in good spirits and health, feeding and soothing the nerves as much as possible. She should avoid crowded rooms and excitement, and when she speaks it should be very slowly and deliberately. An excellent plan is to accustom herself to reading aloud, either by herself or, better still, to friends she has no feeling of shyness with. The reading should be done very slowly and carefully. Beyond this, tonics and good feeding are all I can advise. She should not take much tea or coffee, or anything that acts on the nerves to excite them. Plenty of fresh air, gentle exercise, but never enough to tire her much; cheerful company and interests that will absorb her and take her out of herself are all necessary to her cure, which I hope may not be long deferred.

Thank you for your kind words about THE BRITISH MONTHLY. I am glad you think it improves with each number.

EVELINE.—Perhaps some of my readers will be kind enough to help Eveline as they have helped Constance. She wants to know where she can find the remainder of the poem of which these lines are a part:

> Thou think'st of Him as one that will not wait.
> A Father and not wait!—He waited long
> For us, and yet perchance He thinks not long
> And will not count the time. There are no dates
> In His fine leisure.

I must thank together all those who have written so kindly and encouragingly about THE BRITISH MONTHLY, and the Home Department in particular.

ANSTICE.

The Strangest Congregation in London

TO many a homeless wanderer in London, Medland Hall shines brightly with hopeful visions. It promises warmth and shelter, food and rest, and glows with that kindliness and helpfulness which season and sweeten all the more material comforts.

Long ere the usual places of worship are opening their doors for the Sunday evening service, the congregation of "Medland" begins to assemble. Early in the afternoon groups of poverty-stricken men may be seen gathering in its neighbourhood, under the railway-arches, or in the retired corners of the Ratcliff district of Stepney. Then as four o'clock strikes they gradually find their way to a side street near the Regent's Canal Dock leading down to the broad face of the Hall.

Its front is painted terra-cotta, and its name stands out boldly in large black letters. So well known is it, as the only Free Shelter open all the year round in London, that the police will direct men to it from long distances. They stand in the road, some of them waiting for two hours, in a long, sad, quiet line, which continually grows in extent. Suddenly a movement is seen among them. The hour of six booms from a neighbouring steeple, and the doors of the Hall are thrown back, and the procession begins slowly to enter. The weather is fine this evening, otherwise the building, which means so much to these poor men, would be open to them half an hour earlier.

At half-past six Mr. E. Wilson Gates, who has charge of the philanthropic work of the London Congregational Union, duly appears, accompanied by several of his helpers, among whom Mr. Harrison and Miss Le Pla are almost invariably found. Many helpers come from Churches in the suburbs; altogether about two hundred (some of them artistes of high standing) render gratuitous assistance in the course of a year. In addition to the Sunday services there are week-night concerts throughout the winter months. The Hall possesses an organ and a piano, while frequently violins and other instruments add to the harmony.

The Sunday services are unconventional in character. Great use is made of music—solos, duets, choruses, and congregational singing all find their place.

The difficulty of interesting six hundred homeless men weekly, year in, year out, on Sunday evenings, is no light one, but Mr. Gates faces the task brightly and firmly, and has been eminently successful in overcoming it. He possesses such an admirable mingling of shrewdness and kindness and sound common sense that one might say he was born for this special work, and he announces the different parts of the service with a happiness of expression and turn of phrase, and occasionally touches of feeling, which quite carry his strange and crowded congregation with him—probably the strangest congregation in London. To preach in the ordinary way to these wearied men, half-dazed, some of them, by fatigue and depression, would be well-nigh impossible. Mr. Gates makes great use of what he calls Song Sermons. He avoids anything in the nature of a long speech or long reading. He realises, though he does not admit it to his audience, that they are likely to be unusually depressed, and he desires to arouse and encourage. "Gentlemen," says he, "let me congratulate you on the brightness of your singing. It is true I have heard better [a light ripple of laughter passes over the audience], but still, considering you have not had the benefit of special training or united practice [slightly louder laughter], your singing is much more inspiring than a speech in the House of Lords." "We are all experienced travellers here"—this delicate allusion to their wandering provokes another smile, and having completely got the ear of his strange audience, he proceeds to say a few words of a more ostensibly religious character, of God as the Father and Christ as the Saviour of all. The service always includes the Medland Hall song, "The Friend of the Homeless," sung by the whole congregation standing, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

As the sweet music flows over the strange congregation, we mark the quiet, subdued faces, and wonder what memories are stirred in soothed and quieted hearts. It is this enforced aspect of the men that perhaps is most noticed by an observer, while outward reverence and attention are quite marked characteristics of the congregation.

Donations should be sent to Mr. E. Wilson Gates, at his office, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

F. M. Holmes

The Children's Corner

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

The maps you sent were beautiful, so neatly done, and packed so carefully. I have much pleasure in awarding the first prize to—

PHYLLIS SHAW (aged 15),
Western Elms Lodge,
Reading;

and the second to—

WILLIAM ROBERT MARIES (aged 12),
230, Hoe Street,
Walthamstow,
Essex.

An extra prize is awarded to—

D. NICHOLSON,
47, York Place,
Newport, Mon.

I wish you could see these maps, children. Phyllis's looks just like the printed and coloured one of Palestine which you will find at the back of your Bible. She has done her mountains and marked in her names just as well. And Robert's map is wonderfully good. He has not painted his, but marked everything very clearly. By this time you will want to know the Honours lists, so here they are:

SPECIAL MENTION

David M. Brown, Jack Dakers, Harold R. Howard, Dorothea Warren, Eugénie Engvall, Edith Engvall, L. Williams, P. Blackwell, L. Engleburtt.

HONOURABLE MENTION

Winifred Edwards, Bessie Maguire, Muriel Weatherhead, Dora Cheshire, Kathleen Warren, Ernest Dakers, William Cockersole, S. B. Hewson, Norman Cheshire, Alice Weatherhead, Helenora S. Campbell, B. Thornley, C. Douglas, W. D. Hunter.

Jack Daker's map was beautifully done for seven years old, and I liked his letter, and hope he and Ernest (whose map was very good, too) will write to me again.

Your maps were nice and clear, Helenora Campbell and Norman Cheshire.

Kathleen Warren must have taken a good long time to do hers. I hope you will try this month's competition, Kathleen. Are you an Irish girl?

Though it is against the rules, Harold Howard, I will send back your map. I quite understand your mother wishing to keep it, for it is very good.

I admired Bessie Maguire's work very much. I wish I had more prizes to give.

This month I am giving you an old competition, which I hope you will like and go in for.

Gladys Newbolt writes:

DEAR AUNT MATTY,—I was so awfully and dreadfully disappointed that I did not get a prize last month, or even mention, that I could not go in this month, but I am ashamed of myself, and promise to try the next competition.

I have begun making my Christmas presents. I am making a pincushion for mother, a shaving-case for papa, and dressing a doll for my baby sister Lulu.

With love,
Your affectionate
GLADYS NEWBOLT.

Here is a letter from a boy at school:

DEAR AUNT,—I'm afraid I have not much time here to write to you, but I shall get the MONTHLY and read your letters. The boys here are very nice, and we have very good times, especially on Saturday. I am going to be a mining engineer when I grow up. Are any of your nephews going to be that, I wonder? I must stop now.

Yours sincerely,
SAM WHISTLER.

Muriel and Mary Groome write a joint letter to say they have named a new doll Aunt Matty, after me. I thank them very much for the honour.

AUNT MATTY.

New Competition

Two handsome books will be given to the senders of the best letters on—

"AN ANIMAL I HAVE KNOWN."

Describe any animal or bird, either imaginary or real, and do not let your letters be longer than one hundred words. Write on one side of the paper only, and send in before December 1, to "Aunt Matty," BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London. State name, age, and address.

The Christmas-Tree

"ALMIRA, what is a Christmas-tree?"

"Well," said Almira, thinking very hard as she sat before the tiny fire in their little room, "I believe it's a beautiful tree with green branches, and on it grow toys."

"Toys!" said Maurice wistfully. "Do you mean real wooden horses, and tops, and engines?"

"Yes, and sparkling, glittering things, and bright, bright flags."

"Oh! Almira, couldn't we have one?"

"No, dear," said the little sister, "'cause papa's poor, and mummy's poor, and so we really and truly can't."

Maurice coughed. "If my silly cold would go, Almira, and me be quite well, and be going to a Christmas-tree to-morrow, how lovely!"

It was Christmas Eve, a wet stormy night. Mrs. Payne, the children's mother, came in to put them to bed. She looked tired: she had to work very hard.

"Mummy, if we asked God ever so much, would He in the morning have planted a Christmas-tree in the middle of the parlour? Would He have hanged presents on it, do you think?" asked Maurice, in great excitement.

His mother said gently, "No, dear; but when papa is rich, we will have one."

"Would a penny buy one?" asked Maurice sleepily, when the light was being turned down.

"No, dearie. But you may have a present to-morrow. We shall see."

To-morrow came, and it was raining ever so fast. Almira had a little work-basket for a present, Maurice had a box of soldiers. They played all the morning with them.

"Mummy," said Almira at dinner (they hadn't plum-pudding or turkey, only a very little hot meat), "the children over the way are going to have a Christmas-tree. I saw it just for a teeny minute before they moved back the curtain."

"Oh, if they would only ask us! I should scream with joy!" said Maurice, beating his fork on the table. "Almira, they may ask us."

"But we don't know them, and their house is so big," said Mrs. Payne quietly. And they said no more about it.

At three o'clock a beautiful thing happened. There was a knock at the door, and Mrs. Payne opened it.

"Please, ma'am, mother says will you allow your children to come to our Christmas-tree," said the little girl, who stood on the step in her blue dress and warm fur.

Mrs. Payne could not say no. She promised that Almira and Maurice should be over by four.

What excitement there was! "I asked God in my prayers," said Almira, almost crying with happiness, as her mother dressed her in her best little dress, which was not a very grand one, I'm afraid—"I asked God."

"So did I!—so did I!" shouted Maurice, who was galloping round the room. "Oh! will there be oranges, and toys, and crackers?—will there, Almira?"

I may tell you that there were. And Almira came home with a big doll, Maurice with a large engine, and they both had lots of other things, and each four crackers.

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For Country Walking and Winter Wear.

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62, King William Street; 8, Holborn Viaduct; 28 & 29, St. Swithin's Lane; 106, London Wall, E.C.

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Prepared by
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An Independent Thinker

BY MARY E. WILKINS

ESTHER GAY'S house was little and square, and mounted on posts like stilts. A stair led up to the door on the left side. Morning-glories climbed up the stair railing, the front of the house and the other side were covered with them, all the windows but one were curtained with the matted green vines. Esther sat at the uncurtained window, and knitted. She perked her thin, pale nose up in the air, her pointed chin tilted upward too; she held her knitting high, and the needles clicked loud, and shone in the sun. The bell was ringing for church, and a good many people were passing. They could look in on her, and see very plainly what she was doing. Every time a group went by she pursed her thin old lips tighter, and pointed up her nose higher, and knitted more fiercely. Her skinny shoulders jerked. She cast a sharp glance at every one who passed, but no one caught her looking. She knew them all. This was a little village. By-and-by the bell had stopped tolling, and even the late church-goers had creaked briskly out of sight. The street, which was narrow here, was still and vacant.

Presently a woman appeared in a little flower-garden in front of the opposite house. She was picking a nosegay. She was little and spare, and she bent over the flowers with a stiffness as of stiff wires. It seemed as if it would take mechanical force to spring her up again.

Esther watched her. "It's dretful hard work for her to git around," she muttered to herself.

Finally, she laid down her knitting and called across to her. "Laviny!" said she.

The woman came out to the gate with some marigolds and candytuft in her hand. Her dim blue eyes blinked in the light. She looked over and smiled with a sort of helpless enquiry.

"Come over here a minute."

"I—guess I—can't."

Esther was very deaf. She could not hear a word, but she saw the deprecating shake of the head, and she knew well enough.

"I'd like to know why you can't, a minute. You kin hear your mother the minute she speaks."

The woman glanced back at the house, then she looked over at Esther. Her streaked light hair hung in half curls over her wide, crocheted collar; she had a little, narrow, wrinkled face, but her cheeks were as red as roses.

"I guess I'd better not. It's Sunday, you know," said she. Her soft, timid voice could by no possibility reach those deaf ears across the way.

"What?"

"I—guess I'd better not—as long as it's *Sunday*."

Esther's strained attention caught the last word, and guessed at the rest from a knowledge of the speaker.

"Stuff!" said she, with a sniff through her delicate, uptilted nostrils. "I'd like to know how much worse 'tis for you to step over here a minute an' tell me how *she* is, when I can't hear across the road, than to stop an' talk comin' out o' meetin'; you'd do that quick enough. You're strainin', Laviny Dodge."

Lavinia, as if overwhelmed by the argument, cast one anxious glance back at the house, and came through the gate.

Just then a feeble, tremulous voice, with a wonderful quality of fine sharpness in it, broke forth behind her.

"Laviny, Laviny, where be you goin'? Come back here."

Lavinia, wheeling with such precipitate vigour that it suggested a creak, went up the path.

"I wa'n't goin' anywhere, mother," she called out. "What's the matter?"

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"You can't pull the wool over my eyes. I *seed* you a-goin' out the gate."

Lavinia's mother was over ninety and bedridden. That infinitesimal face, which had passed through the stages of beauty, commonplaceness, and hideousness, and now arrived at that of the fine grotesqueness which has, as well as beauty, a certain charm of its own, peered out from its great feather pillows. The skin on the pinched face was of a dark-yellow colour, the eyes were like black points, the tiny, sunken mouth had a sardonic pucker.

"Esther jest wanted me to come over there a minute. She wanted to ask after you," said Lavinia, standing beside the bed, holding her flowers.

"Hey?"

"She *jest* wanted me to come over an' tell her how you was."

"How I was?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell her I was miser'ble?"

"I didn't go, mother."

"I *seed* you a-goin' out the gate.'

"I came back. She couldn't hear 'thout I went way over.'

"Hey?"

"It's all right, mother," screamed Lavinia. Then she went about putting the flowers in water.

The old woman's little eyes followed her, with a sharp light like steel.

"I ain't goin' to hev you goin' over to Esther Gay's, Sabbath-day," she went on, her thin voice rasping out from her pillows like a file. "She ain't no kind of a girl. Wa'n't she knittin'?"

"Yes."

"Hey?"

"Yes, she was knittin', mother."

"Wa'n't knittin'?"

"Y-e-s, she was."

"I knowed it. Stayin' home from meetin' an' knittin'. I ain't goin' to hev you over thar, Laviny."

Esther Gay, over in her window, held her knitting up higher, and knitted with fury. "H'm! the old lady called her back," said she. "If they want to show out they kin; I'm goin' to do what I think's right."

The morning-glories on the house were beautiful this morning, the purple and white and rosy ones stood out with a soft crispness. Esther Gay's house was not so pretty in winter—there was no paint on it, and some crooked outlines showed. It was a poor little structure, but Esther owned it free of encumbrances. She had also a pension of ninety-six dollars, which served her for support. She considered herself well to do. There was not enough for anything besides necessaries, but Esther was one who had always looked upon necessaries as luxuries. Her sharp eyes saw the farthest worth of things. When she bought a half-cord of pine wood with an allotment of her pension money, she saw in a vision all the warmth and utility which could ever come from it. When it was heaped up in the space under the house which she used for a wood-shed, she used to go and look at it.

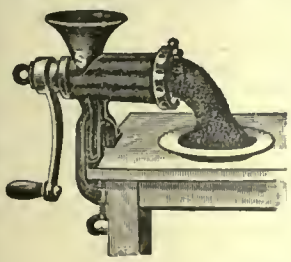
"Esther Gay does think so much of her own things," people said.

That little house, which, with its precipitous stair and festoons of morning-glories, had something of a foreign picturesqueness, looked to her like a real palace. She paid a higher tax upon it than she should have done. A lesser one had been levied, and regarded by her as an insult.

"My house is worth more'n that," she had told the assessor with an indignant bridle. She paid the increased tax with cheerful pride, and frequently spoke of it. To-day she often glanced from her knitting around the room. There was a certain beauty in it, although it was hardly the one which she recognised. It was full of a lovely, wavering gold-green light, and there was a fine order and cleanness which gave a sense of peace. But Esther saw mainly her striped rag-carpet, her formally set chairs, her lounge covered with Brussels, and her shining cooking-stove.

Still, she looked at nothing with the delight with which she

MOTHER'S PRESENT
XMAS



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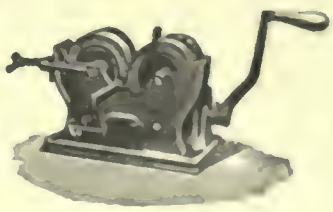

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surveyed her grand-daughter Hatty, when she returned from church.

"Well, you've got home, ain't you?" she said, when the young, slim girl, with her pale, sharp face, which was like her grandmother's, stood before her. Hatty, in her meeting-gown of light-brown delaine, and her white meeting-hat trimmed with light-brown ribbons and blue flowers, was not pretty, but the old woman admired her.

"Yes," said Hatty. Then she went into her little bedroom to take off her things. There was a slow shyness about her. She never talked much, even to her grandmother.

"You kin git you somethin' to eat, if you want it," said the old woman. "I don't want to stop myself till I git this heel done. Was Henry to meetin'?"

"Yes."

"His father an' mother?"

"Yes."

Henry was the young man who had been paying attention to Hatty. Her grandmother was proud and pleased; she liked him.

Hatty generally went to church Sunday evenings, and the young man escorted her home, and came in and made a call. To-night the girl did not go to church as usual. Esther was astonished.

"Why, ain't you goin' to meetin'?" said she.

"No; I guess not."

"Why?—why not?"

"I thought I wouldn't."

The old woman looked at her sharply. The tea-things were cleared away, and she was at her knitting again, a little lamp at her elbow.

Presently Hatty went out, and sat at the head of the stairs, in the twilight. She sat there by herself until meeting was over, and the people had been straggling by for some time. Then she went downstairs, and joined a young man who passed at the foot of them. She was gone half an hour.

"Where hev you been?" asked her grandmother, when she returned.

"I went out a little way."

"Who with?"

"Henry."

"Why didn't he come in?"

"He thought he wouldn't."

"I don't see why."

Hatty said nothing. She lit her candle to go to bed. Her little thin face was imperturbable.

She worked in a shop, and earned a little money. Her grandmother would not touch a dollar of it; what she did not need to spend for herself she made her save. Lately the old woman had been considering the advisability of her taking a sum from the savings bank to buy a silk dress. She thought she might need it soon. Monday, she opened upon the subject.

"Hatty," said she, "I've been thinkin'—don't you believe it would be a good plan for you to take a little of your money out of the bank an' buy you a nice dress?"

Hatty never answered quickly. She looked at her grandmother; then she kept on with her sewing. It was after supper, her shop-work was done, and she was sitting at the table with her needle. She seemed to be considering her grandmother's remark.

The old woman waited a moment; then she proceeded: "I've been thinkin'—you ain't never had any real nice dress, you know—that it would be a real good plan for you to take some money, now you've got it, an' buy you a silk one. You ain't never had one, an' you're old enough to."

Still Hatty sewed, and said nothing.

"You might want to go somewhar," continued Esther, "an' well, of course, if anythin' should happen, if Henry—— It's jest as well not to hev to do everythin' all to once, an' it's consider'ble work to make a silk dress. Why don't you say somethin'?"

"I don't want any silk dress."

"I'd like to know why not?"

Hatty made no reply.

"Look here, Hatty, you an' Henry Little ain't had no trouble, hev you?"

"I don't know as we have."

"What?"

"I don't know as we have."

"Hatty Gay, I know there's somethin' the matter. Now, you jest tell me what 'tis. Ain't he comin' here no more?"

Suddenly the girl curved her arm around on the table, and laid her face down on it. She would not speak another word. She did not seem to be crying, but she sat there, hiding her little plain, uncommunicative face.

"Hatty Gay, ain't he comin'? *Why* ain't he comin'?"

Hatty would give the old woman no information. All she got was that obtained from ensuing events. Henry Little did not come; she ascertained that. The weeks went on, and he had never once climbed those vine-wreathed stairs to see Hatty.

Esther fretted and questioned. One day, in the midst of her nervous conjectures, she struck the chord in Hatty which vibrated with information.

"I hope you wa'n't too forrard with Henry, Hatty," said the old woman. "You didn't act too anxious arter him, did you? That's apt to turn fellows."

Then Hatty spoke. Some pink spots flared out on her quiet, pale cheeks.

"Grandma," said she, "I'll tell you, if you want to know, what the trouble is. I wasn't goin' to, because I didn't want to make you feel bad; but if you're goin' to throw out such things as that to me, I don't care. Henry's mother don't like you. There!"

"What?"

"Henry's mother don't like you."

"Don't like me?"

"No."

"Why, what hev I done? I don't see what you mean, Hatty Gay."

"Grace Porter told me. Mrs. Little told her mother. Then I asked him, an' he owned up it was so."

"I'd like to know what she said."

Hatty went on pitilessly. "She told Grace's mother she didn't want her son to marry into the Gay tribe anyhow. She didn't think much of 'em. She said any girl whose folks didn't keep Sunday, an' stayed away from meetin' an' worked, wouldn't amount to much.

"I don't believe she said it."

"She did. Henry said his mother took on so he was afraid she'd die if he didn't give it up."

Esther sat up straight. She seemed to bristle out suddenly with points, from her knitting-needles to her sharp elbows and thin chin and nose. "Well, he kin give it up then, if he wants to, for all me. I ain't goin' to give up my principles fir him, nor any of his folks, an' they'll find it out. You kin git somebody else jest as good as he is."

"I don't want anybody else."

"H'm, you needn't have 'em then, ef you ain't got no more sperit. I shouldn't think you'd want your grandmother to give up doin' what's right yourself, Hatty Gay."

"I ain't sure it is right."

"Ain't sure it's right? Then I s'pose you think it would be better for an old woman that's stone deaf, an' can't hear a word of the preachin', to go to meetin' an' set there, doin' nothin' two hours, instead of stayin' to home an' knittin', to airn a leetle money to give to the Lord. All I've got to say is, you kin think so, then. I'm a-goin' to do what's right, no matter what happens."

Hatty said nothing more. She took up her sewing again; her grandmother kept glancing at her. Finally she said, in a mollifying voice, "Why don't you go an' git you a leetle piece of that cake in the cupboard; you didn't eat no supper hardly."

"I don't want any."

"Well, if you want to make yourself sick, an' go without eatin', you kin."

Hatty did go without eating much through the following weeks. She laid awake nights, too, staring pitifully into the darkness, but she did not make herself ill. There was an unflinching strength in that little, meagre body, which lay even back of her own will. It would take long for her lack of spirit to break her down entirely; but her grandmother did not know that. She watched her and worried. Still, she had not the least idea of giving in. She knitted more zealously than ever Sundays;

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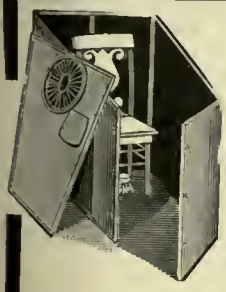

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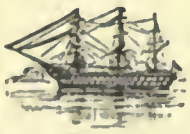

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indeed, there was, to her possibly distorted perceptions, a religious zeal in it.

She knitted on week-days, too. She reeled off a good many pairs of those reliable blue-yarn stockings, and sold them to a dealer in the city. She gave away every cent which she earned, and carefully concealed the direction of her giving. Even Hatty did not know of it.

Six weeks after Hatty's lover left, the old woman across the way died. After the funeral, when measures were taken for the settlement of the estate, it was discovered that all the little property was gone, eaten up by a mortgage and the interest. The two old women had lived upon the small house and the few acres of land for the last ten years, ever since Lavinia's father had died. He had grubbed away in a boot-shop and earned enough for their frugal support as long as he lived. Lavinia had never been able to work for her own living; she was not now. "Laviny Dodge will have to go the poorhouse," everybody said.

One noon Hatty spoke of it to her grandmother. She rarely spoke of anything now, but this was uncommon news.

"They say Laviny Dodge has got to go to the poorhouse," said she.

"What?"

"They say Laviny Dodge has got to go to the poorhouse."

"I don't believe a word on't."

"They say it's so."

That afternoon Esther went over to ascertain the truth of the report for herself. She found Lavinia sitting alone in the kitchen, crying. Esther went right in, and stood looking at her.

"It's so, ain't it?" said she.

Lavinia started. There was a momentary glimpse of a red, distorted face; then she hid it again, and went on rocking herself to and fro and sobbing. She had seated herself in the rocking chair to weep. "Yes," she wailed, "it's so! I've got to go. Mr. Barnes come in, an' said I had this mornin'; there ain't no other way. I've—got—to go. Oh, what would mother have said!"

Esther stood still, looking. "A place gits run out afore you know it," she remarked.

"Oh! I didn't s'pose it was quite so near gone. I thought mebbe I could stay—as long as I lived."

"You'd oughter hev kept account."

"I s'pose I hed, but I never knew much 'bout money-matters, an' poor mother, she was too old. Father was real sharp, ef he'd lived. Oh, I've got to go! I never thought it would come to this!"

"I don't think you're fit to do any work."

"No; they say I ain't. My rheumatism has been worse lately. It's been hard work for me to crawl round an' wait on mother. I've got to go. Oh, Esther, it's awful to think I can't die in my own home! Now I've got—to die in the poorhouse! I've—got—to die in the poorhouse!"

"I've got to go now," said Esther.

"Don't go; you ain't but jest come. I ain't got a soul to speak to."

"I'll come in agin arter supper," said Esther, and went out resolutely, with Lavinia wailing after her to come back. At home she sat down and deliberated. She had a long talk with Hatty when she returned.

"I don't care," was all she could get out of the girl, who was more silent than usual. She ate very little supper.

It was eight o'clock when Esther went over to the Dodge house. The windows were all dark.

"Land, I believe she's gone to bed," said the old woman, fumbling along through the yard.

The door was fast, so she knocked. "Laviny, Laviny, be you gone to bed? Laviny Dodge!"

"Who is it?" said a quavering voice on the other side presently.

"It's me. You gone to bed?"

"It's you, Mis' Gay, ain't it?"

"Yes. Let me in. I want to see you a minute."

Then Lavinia opened the door and stood there, her old knees knocking together with cold and nervousness. She had got out of bed and put a plaid shawl over her shoulders when she heard Esther.

"I want to come in jest a minute," said Esther. "I hadn't any idee you'd be gone to bed."

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The fire had gone out, and it was chilly in the kitchen, where the two women sat down.

"You'll ketch your death of cold in your night-gown," said Esther. "You'd better git somethin' more to put over you."

"I don't keer if I do ketch cold," said Lavinia, with an air of feeble recklessness, which sat oddly upon her.

"Laviny Dodge, don't talk so."

"I don't keer. I'd ruther ketch my death of cold than not; then I shouldn't have to die in the poorhouse." The old head, in its little cotton night-cap, cocked itself sideways with pitiful bravado.

Esther rose, went into the bedroom, got a quilt, and put it over Lavinia's knees. "There," said she, "you hev that over you. There ain't no sense in your talkin' that way. You're jest a-flyin' in the face of Providence, an' Providence don't mind the little flappin' you kin make, any more than a barn does a swaller."

"I can't help it."

"What?"

"I—can't help it."

"Yes, you kin help it, too. Now, I'll tell you what I've come over here for. I've been thinkin' on't all the arternoon, an' I've made up my mind. I want you to come over and live with me."

Lavinia sat feebly staring at her. "Live with you?"

"Yes. I've got my house an' my pension, an' I pick up some with my knittin'. Two won't cost much more'n one. I reckon we kin git along well enough."

Lavinia said nothing, she still sat staring. She looked scared.

Esther began to feel hurt. "Mebbe you don't want to come," she said stiffly, at last.

Lavinia shivered. "There's jest—one thing——" she commenced.

"What?"

"There's jest one thing——"

"What's that?"

"I dunno what—— Mother—— You're real good; but—— Oh, I don't see how I kin come, Esther!"

"Why not? If there's any reason why you don't want to live with me, I want to know what 'tis."

Lavinia was crying. "I can't tell you," she sobbed; "but, mother—— If—you didn't work Sundays. Oh!"

"Then you mean to say you'd ruther go to the poorhouse than come to live with me, Lavinia Dodge?"

"I—can't help it."

"Then all I've got to say is, you kin go."

Esther went home and said no more. In a few days she, peering around her curtain, saw poor Lavinia Dodge, a little, trembling, shivering figure, hoisted into the poorhouse covered waggon and driven off. After the waggon was out of sight, she sat down and cried.

It was early in the afternoon. Hatty had just gone to her work, having scarcely tasted her dinner. Her grandmother had worked hard to get an extra one to-day, too, but she had no heart to eat. Her mournful silence, which seemed almost obstinate, made the old woman at once angry and wretched. Now she wept over Lavinia Dodge and Hatty, and the two causes combined made bitter tears.

"I wish to the land," she cried out loud once—"I wish to the land I could find some excuse; but I ain't goin' to give up what I think's right."

Esther Gay had never been so miserable in her life as she was for the three months after Lavinia Dodge left her home. She thought of her, she watched Hatty, and she knitted. Hatty was at last beginning to show the effects of her long worry. She looked badly, and the neighbours began speaking about it to her grandmother. The old woman seemed to resent it when they did. At times she scolded the girl, at times she tried to pet her, and she knitted constantly, week-days and Sundays.

Lavinia had been in the almshouse three months, when one of the neighbours came in one day and told Esther that she was confined to her bed. Her rheumatism was worse, and she was helpless.

Esther dropped her knitting, and stared radiantly at the neighbour. "You said she was an awful sight of trouble, didn't you?" said she.

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"Yes; Mis' Marvin said it was worse than takin' care of a baby."

"I should think it would take about all of anybody's time."

"I should. Why, Esther Gay, you look real tickled 'cause she's sick!" cried the woman bluntly.

Esther coloured. "You talk pretty," said she.

"Well, I don't care; you looked so. I don't s'pose you was," said the other apologetically.

That afternoon Esther Gay made two visits: one at the selectmen's room, in the town hall, the other at Henry Little's. One of her errands at the selectmen's room was concerning the reduction of her taxes.

"I'm a-payin' too much on that leetle house," said she, standing up, alert and defiant. "It ain't wuth it." There was some dickering, but she gained her point. Poor Esther Gay would never make again her foolish little boast about her large tax. More than all her patient, toilsome knitting was the sacrifice of this harmless bit of vanity.

When she arrived at the Littles', Henry was out in the yard. He was very young; his innocent, awkward face flushed when he saw Esther coming up the path.

"Good arternoon," said she.

Henry jerked his head.

"Your mother to home?"

"Ye—s."

Esther advanced and knocked, while Henry stood staring.

Presently Mrs. Little answered the knock. She was a large woman. The astonished young man saw his mother turn red in the face, and rear herself in order of battle, as it were, when she saw who her caller was; then he heard Esther speak.

"I'm a-comin' right to the p'int afore I come in," said she. "I've heard you said you didn't want your son to marry my grand-daughter because you didn't like some things about me. Now, I want to know if you said it."

"Yes; I did," replied Mrs. Little, tremulous with agitation, red, and perspiring, but not weakening.

"Then you didn't have nothin' again' Hatty, you nor Henry? 'Twa'n't an excuse?"

"I ain't never had anything against the girl."

"Then I want to come in a minute. I've got somethin' I want to say to you, Mrs. Little."

"Well, you can come in—if you want to."

After Esther had entered, Henry stood looking wistfully at the windows. It seemed to him that he could not wait to know the reason of Esther's visit. He took things more soberly than Hatty: he had not lost his meals nor his sleep; still, he had suffered. He was very fond of the girl, and he had a heart which was not easily diverted. It was hardly possible that he would ever die of grief, but it was quite possible that he might live long with a memory, young as he was.

When his mother escorted Esther to the door, as she took leave, there was a marked difference in her manner. "Come again soon, Mis' Gay," he heard her say; "run up any time you feel like it, an' stay to tea. I'd really like to have you."

"Thank ye," said Esther, as she went down the steps. She had an aspect of sweetness about her which did not seem to mix well with herself.

When she reached home she found Hatty lying on the lounge. "How do you feel to-night?" said she, unpinning her shawl.

"Pretty well."

"You'd better go an' brush your hair an' change your dress. I've been over to Henry's an' seen his mother, an' I shouldn't wonder if he was over here to-night."

Hatty sat bolt upright and looked at her grandmother. "What do you mean?"

"What I say. I've been over to Mrs. Little's, an' we've had a talk. I guess she thought she'd been kind of silly to make such a fuss. I reasoned with her, an' I guess she saw I'd been more right about some things than she'd thought for. An' as far as goin' to meetin' an' knittin' Sundays is concerned—— Well, I don't s'pose I kin knit any more if I want to. I've been to see about it, an' Laviny Dodge is comin' here Saturday, an' she's so bad with her rheumatiz that she can't move, an' I guess it'll be all I kin do to wait on her, without doin' much knittin'. Mebbe I kin git a few minutes evenin's, but I reckon 'twon't amount to much. Of course I couldn't go to meetin' if I wanted to. I couldn't leave Laviny."

"Did she say he—was coming?"

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"Yes; she said she shouldn't wonder if he was up."

The young man did come that evening, and Esther retired to her little bedroom early, and lay listening happily to the soft murmur of voices outside.

Lavinia Dodge arrived Saturday. The next morning, when Hatty had gone to church, she called Esther. "I want to speak to you a minute," said she. "I want to know if—— Mr. Winter brought me over, and he married the Ball girl that's been in the post-office, you know, and somethin' he said—— Esther Gay, I want to know if you're the one that's been sendin' that money to me and mother all along?"

Esther coloured, and turned to go. "I don't see why you think it's me."

"Esther, don't you go. I know 'twas; you can't say 'twa'n't.'

"It wa'n't much, anyhow."

"'Twas to us. It kept us goin' a good while longer. We never said anythin' about it. Mother was awful proud, you know, but I dunno what we should have done. Esther, how could you do it?"

"Oh! it wa'n't anythin'. It was extra money. I airn'd it."

"Knittin'?"

Esther jerked her head defiantly. The sick woman began to cry. "If I'd ha' known, I would ha' come. I wouldn't have said a word."

"Yes, you would, too. You was bound to stan' up for what you thought was right, jest as much as I was. Now, we've both stood up, and it's all right. Don't you fret no more about it."

"To think——"

"Land sakes, don't cry. The tea's all steeped, and I'm goin' to bring you in a cup now."

Henry came that evening. About nine o'clock Esther got a pitcher and went down to the well to draw some water for the invalid. Her old joints were so tired and stiff that she could scarcely move. She had had a hard day. After she had filled her pitcher she stood resting for a moment, staring up at the bright sitting-room windows. Henry and Hatty were in there: just a simple, awkward young pair, with nothing beautiful about them, save the spark of eternal nature, which had its own light. But they sat up stiffly and timidly in their two chairs, looking at each other with full content. They had glanced solemly and bashfully at Esther when she passed through the room; she appeared not to see them.

Standing at the well, looking up at the windows, she chuckled softly to herself. "It's all settled right," said she, "an' there don't none of 'em suspect that I'm a-carryin' out my p'int arter all."

The Treasures of the Snow

FOR THE CHILDREN

THINK of the purity of the snow—what a wonderful white it is! You can get no other white like it. If you would learn the lesson of purity, never say an impure word. You cannot help the thought coming into your mind, but do not cherish the thought. Then think of two things about the snow which we do not often think of connecting together. One is silentness, and the other is power. The strongest things in the the world are the most silent. The snow is strong. You can take it in your hands and melt it; but when all the flakes have drifted together, an engine cannot break it. It will get so strong that it will come down from the mountains, and then, rushing down along the mountain-side, crush hundreds of houses. It is strong and silent. Your lives would be stronger if they were silent. Another thing about snow is that it joins together two things not always together—beauty and usefulness. The snow, which we talk of as cold, is the thing that keeps the life and warmth in the roots in the earth. It keeps out of the earth the cold east wind and keeps in the moisture. It is, therefore, not only beautiful in giving beauty to others, but it is useful. When you see the snow in the streets, you can say, "O God, for Jesu's sake, make my heart and my life even purer than that white snow." And then think of its use, and say: "If it be Thy will, O God, make my life a little use to some, and make it beautiful, not with an earthly beauty, but with the beauty of faith and holiness."

Things Worth Noting

DELICIOUS COFFEE.—As a general rule few housewives can satisfy their men-folk in the making of their coffee. So much so is this the case that in many instances the man essays to make it himself. Indifferent coffee is not altogether the fault of the maker, for there is no more uncertain article to handle than coffee. To get the best results, absolutely newly ground coffee is necessary, and the atmosphere has an almost immediate deleterious effect upon it. Then the bean may be badly roasted or badly ground. In Paterson's "Camp" Coffee you have all the qualities and fragrance of the newly roasted, newly ground bean put in permanent and imperishable condition, and only boiling water is required. To have it perfection, use equal parts of boiled milk and water; the result will be a fragrant beverage that will meet the taste of the most fastidious of the male sex.

A USEFUL CHRISTMAS GIFT.—An "Alexander" Meat Chopper and "Alexander" Knife Cleaner would form a most acceptable gift to a housewife who does not at present possess these indispensable articles. They are not, perhaps, of the usual "Christmas present" style of article, but it would be impossible to select anything which would be found more useful in the home. The meat choppers can be bought at all prices from 6*s.* to 22*s.*, and they will not only cut meat, but will also chop all kinds of vegetables, fresh and dried fruits, bread, suet, etc. The "Alexander" Knife Cleaner is as perfect a machine for cleaning knives as it is possible to conceive. Some people object to having their knives cleaned in a machine on account of the blades wearing so quickly, and in days gone by there is no doubt but that this was the case. It was, however, before the days of the "Alexander," for although this appliance polishes so easily and quickly, it does not wear the knives, blades and shoulders being both polished without any pressure. Another point in the favour of the "Alexander" is that it cleans forks as well as knives. It costs only half a guinea, and is supplied by any ironmonger, packed in a box. The word "Alexanderwerk" is cast on the body of these appliances, and those who purchase them should be careful to note that this word appears, as it is a guarantee that they are purchasing the genuine article.

A PURE TOILET SOAP.—Among the really pure toilet soaps that have the additional merit of being delightfully perfumed, the Herb Soaps of the Erasmic Company rank very high. The two most popular, the Peerless and the Elite (the former a dark and the latter a light soap), are obtainable at any chemist at 4*d.* per tablet, and are unexcelled for their refreshing properties, the brightness and clearness that they give to the complexion, their charming and delightful fragrance, and their absolute freedom from anything injurious to the skin. The Erasmic Company have so much confidence in the merit of their soap that they will send to any one mentioning THE BRITISH MONTHLY two sample tablets, post free, on receipt of two penny stamps.

SOME GOOD LINES IN FURS.—The Todd Manufacturing Co., of 11, Edmund Place, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C., are offering fur goods, both for adult and children's wear, at very tempting prices. A child's necklette and muff complete, in imitation white bear, at 2*s.* 6*d.*, makes a very dainty little set. A similar set in imitation white Tibet costs 3*s.* 11*d.* complete, or with fancy lined and corded muff, 4*s.* 6d. The postage on either of these is 5*d.* extra. For 5*s.* 11*d.* a lady's muff and necklette in imitation black Tibet is offered, or for a shilling extra in imitation Chinchilla, and in each case both muff and necklette are lined throughout with satin. A lady's Marmot necklette at 5*s.* 9*d.*, or muff at 8*s.* 6*d.*, or the two complete at 14*s.*, would make a most handsome present, and one which could not fail to be appreciated. We cannot afford space to give further particulars of furs offered by this firm, but hope that readers of THE BRITISH MONTHLY will secure a catalogue and peruse it themselves. The newest things in the way of skirts, jackets, and costumes are illustrated in this list, and the prices at which they are offered are most reasonable. It is not necessary for us to recommend anything which will be found therein, for most readers of THE BRITISH MONTHLY are acquainted with this firm, and doubtless many have had dealings with them, so have had an opportunity of testing their garments. Their new catalogue contains a selection of garments for boys and girls, which is a new feature, and, needless to say, an addition which is worthy of the closest attention of those who have children to clothe.

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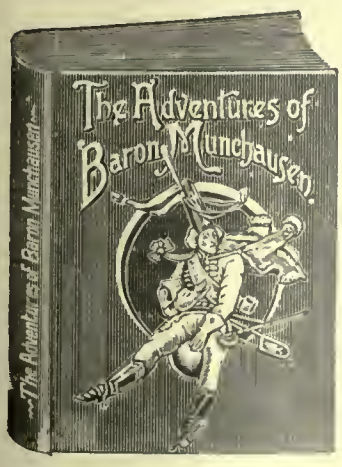

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The British Monthly

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No. 26. Vol. III. JANUARY, 1903 SIXPENCE NET

NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, 27, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

The Editor will be glad to receive interesting photographs, with short accompanying paragraphs, from the readers of the magazine. Every effort will be made to return unused contributions when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed; but the Editor cannot be responsible for the return of manuscripts or photographs which are sent to him. Contributions for the next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, *to be published on* JANUARY 20, *should reach the Editor by* JANUARY 2 *at latest.*

Illustrated Notes

The next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be published on* JANUARY 20, *and should be on sale at all Newsagents' and Booksellers' on that date. The Publishers will be greatly obliged if readers who have any difficulty in securing copies of* THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be good enough to communicate with them.*

THE BRITISH MONTHLY for February will be a special Parker Memorial Number, and will contain much hitherto unpublished matter, besides a magnificent series of photographs and other illustrations.

THE month of November, 1902, will long be held in mournful memory by Free Churchmen. On Monday, the 17th, the great Wesleyan leader, Hugh Price Hughes, passed to his rest; and on Friday evening, November 28th, Dr. Parker's long suffering ended. We publish this month a plate portrait of Mr. Hughes, and also two photographs which will be of interest to his countless admirers. One of these was taken over thirty years ago when he was a student at Richmond College. The other shows the little mission room at Richmond of which he was called the "Bishop." His two student colleagues at the mission left the Wesleyans, and are now Archdeacon Watkins, of Durham, and the Rev. Jacob Stephenson, Vicar of Gosport. The profound sorrow stirred in Methodism by the early death of Mr. Hughes was evident at the City Road Chapel on his funeral day, and also at St. James's Hall on the following Sunday evening, when immense congregations dressed almost without exception in black, gathered at the

THE LATE DR. PARKER IN HIS VESTRY AT THE CITY TEMPLE

Photo by Ernest H. Mills]

THE NORTH UNITED FREE CHURCH, LANGHOLM, WHERE DR. PARKER PREACHED HIS FIRST SERMON IN SCOTLAND

doors more than two hours before the time of service. It is generally felt that the best memorial to Mr. Hughes would be a scheme which placed the work of the West London Mission on a sound financial basis. Monetary anxieties in connection with his work pressed heavily upon him through all his years in London, and he was forced to toil incessantly in the effort to raise funds for the Mission's ever-growing demands.

AMONGST the pleasant social gatherings of November were the receptions held in honour of M. Sabatier, the biographer of St. Francis. One of these was held at Westminster Abbey, where Dean Armitage Robinson acted as host to a very large assembly. Tea was served in the Jericho Room, and the address was given in the Jerusalem Chamber. It was most interesting to hear M. Sabatier talk in private about his researches in convents all over Italy. His most valuable discovery was not, however, made in Italy, but in Paris. It was the finding of Fra Leo's early biography of his master, known as the "Mirror of Perfection." M. Sabatier's "Life of St. Francis" was written before this discovery, and in dealing with the sources then available he pointed out many passages which, in his opinion, were of ancient origin, and must have been fragments from some lost records. He pieced together these older portions, and divided them into one hundred and eighteen chapters. For this he was sharply criticised by German scholars, who asked how he could possibly define with so much exactitude what was old and what was new. Greatly to his delight he discovered that, when the "Mirror of Perfection" came to light, out of its one hundred and twenty-four chapters no fewer than one hundred and sixteen were pieces he had selected as of ancient date. M. Sabatier, who has by no means exhausted his special field of history, is at present engaged in searching amongst the archives of Italian convents for documents which will throw light upon St. Clara, who adapted the Franciscan rule to women, and proved herself an even more resolute controversialist at Rome than St. Francis himself.

THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY, who succeeded to the title in 1890, is surely the first instance in recorded history of a peer turning schoolmaster. His lordship adopted the Church as his profession, and was for seventeen years Vicar of Worsley, near Manchester. During this period he devoted much of his time to the study of education, especially as it relates to the formation of character in boys; and on the death of the late marquis he resigned his living, and opened a school for gentlemen's sons at Normanby House, Sandsend, which was ultimately transferred to his beautiful castle at Mulgrave, in the neighbourhood of Whitby. This fine building has now been converted into a fully equipped modern seminary. Besides the spacious schoolroom, which occupies the site of what was formerly a courtyard, there are classrooms, with a chapel adjoining; while the old riding-school has become a gymnasium and carpenter's shop, the boys being taught this most useful craft by the head carpenter on the estate. It is interesting to note that among others who have attended the Marquis of Normanby's school are the Duke of Leinster, the Earl of Caledon, and Lord Somers, all of whom attended the King at his Coronation. Lord Normanby was made a Canon of Windsor by Queen Victoria.

Photo by T. Watson Lythe, Whitby, Yorks

THE REV. CANON THE MARQUIS OF NORMANBY

DR. GILLESPIE, of Mouswald, who has been nominated Moderator of the next General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, well deserves the honour. A most popular and hard-working parish minister, he has for many years been a conspicuous figure on the floor of the General Assembly. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine a meeting of the supreme court of the Church without the stalwart form of the genial minister of Mouswald. Shrewd, practical, and business like, Dr. Gillespie has not infrequently shown himself a tower of strength when complicated and highly controversial questions were before the House. His splendid services to the Smaller Livings Fund of the Church is matter of common knowledge. When he took over the convenership in 1897 the scheme was in a languishing condition; but, thanks to his indomitable energy, it has now become one of the most hopeful of the Church's many schemes. Mouswald, a compact little agricultural village of only six hundred inhabitants, has been the scene of Dr. Gillespie's labours for thirty-seven years. In fact, he has a hereditary connection with the place, for in the churchyard repose the dust of several generations of his ancestors. Dr. Gillespie attended Wamphray Parish School, where, curiously enough, he had as pupils Emeritus-Professor Charteris and Dr. Pagan, of Bothwell, both of whom have occupied the Moderator's chair. Dr. Gillespie, as is well known, is an agriculturist with a world-wide reputation. Evidence of this was strikingly shown quite recently, when he received a cablegram from the United States asking him to go to Chicago to judge cattle at the great International Exhibition. He has been a director of the Highland and Agricultural Society for twenty-two years, and for a quarter of a century the cause of agricultural education in Scotland has found in him its most strenuous advocate.

Photo by John Spark, Perth

THE REV. GEORGE ROBSON, D.D., PERTH
MODERATOR-ELECT OF THE UNITED FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

THE REV. J. GILLESPIE, LL.D., MOUSWALD, DUMFRIESSHIRE
MODERATOR-ELECT OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND

THE REV. A. R. MACPHAIL, D.D., LIVERPOOL
MODERATOR-ELECT OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF ENGLAND

THERE is something singularly appropriate in the fact that Dr. Robson, of Perth, is to succeed Dr. Howie, of Govan, in the Moderatorship of the United Free Church. Dr. Howie is a most indefatigable worker in the cause of home missions; Dr. Robson a thorough-going advocate of foreign missionary enterprise. The Moderator-elect comes of a ministerial family, whose services are gratefully remembered by old United Presbyterians. His father was minister of Wellington Street Church, Glasgow. One of his brothers is Dr. John Robson, Aberdeen, who was Moderator of the Synod in 1899; another is Mr. William Robson, S.S.C., one of the legal advisers of the Church; while a third is Mr. Henry Robson, London, one of the leading laymen in the English Presbyterian Church. The new Moderator began his ministry in 1866 at Inverness, and there he laboured with much success until 1895, when he undertook the pastorate of an extension charge at Bridgend, Perth, the active duties of which he recently relinquished. From the very outset of his career Dr. Robson had taken a deep and active interest in the cause of foreign missions, and the Synod made an excellent choice when it appointed him to the editorship of the *Missionary Record* in succession to the late Dr. James Brown, of Paisley. He threw himself heartily into the work, and under him the magazine became bright, attractive, and increasingly popular. Dr. Robson will continue to give proof of his editorial capacity, being now in charge of the *Missionary Record* of the United Free Church, which

Photo by J. Moffat, Prince's Street, Edinburgh
SIR WILLIAM MUIR,
WHO HAS JUST RESIGNED THE PRINCIPALSHIP OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY

engrosses most of his time and attention. The Moderator-elect has a son, Dr. R. G. Robson, in the mission field at Rajpootana.

THE selection of Dr. Macphail, of Liverpool, to be the next Moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod is not premature. Dr. Macphail's eminence as a scholar and theologian, his conspicuous services to the Church, and the splendid work he has done in Liverpool as minister of Canning Street Church, give weight to the conviction that the honour might have come sooner. Dr. Macphail began his career as a minister of the Free Church of Scotland. After leaving college, where he had Dr. Whyte as a fellow-student, he was for a brief period minister of the congregation at Forfar. From there he removed to the High Church, Elgin, one of the most important charges in the North of Scotland. At Elgin he had an eminently fruitful ministry, and he soon became widely known as an evangelical and cultured preacher. After a short stay in Glasgow, he crossed the Border, and became pastor of Canning Street Church, Liverpool, where he has ministered to a deeply attached people for upwards of twenty years. Dr. Macphail has taken a leading part in the various schemes of the Synod, and his warm interest in the youth of the Church is well-known.

CHRISTIANITY is changing the life of the people of India, and it will modify the customs of the home more and more. The marriage age is being raised, and in our picture we have a portrait of a young evangelist and his bride on their wedding-day.

THE announcement of the retirement of Sir William Muir from the Principalship of Edinburgh University has been received throughout the educational world with unfeigned regret. Sir William has held the office since 1885, and it is worthy of note that there is only the difference of a few months between his term and that of his predecessor, the late Sir Alexander Grant, the historian of the University. Born in Glasgow eighty-three years ago, Sir William Muir matriculated in 1834-5 at the University of which he became the honoured Principal fifty-one years later. He afterwards attended the East India Company's College at Haileybury, and from thence he proceeded to India, which became his home for well-nigh forty years. During his long stay he held a number of responsible positions, including the Lieutenant-Governorship of the

AN INDIAN CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE PARTY

North-West Provinces. He passed through many thrilling experiences at the time of the Mutiny. When it was at its height, he was one of the large number of civilians and military who were shut up for several months in the fort of Agra, the Intelligence Department there being under his charge.

It is difficult to speak in terms of too high praise of the manner in which Sir William has discharged his duties as Principal of Edinburgh University. To say that he has filled his high office with dignity is to say too little. The benign influence of his noble Christian character has stretched far and wide, and nowhere has it been more potent than among the students. His deep interest in their religious welfare has been a notable feature of his tenure of office, and in this connection many will recall the frequency with which he attended the meetings addressed by the late Professor Drummond. During his long residence in India Sir William (who, by the way, was the father-in-law of the late General Wauchope) made a study of Mohammedanism, and is the author of a "Life of Mahomet" and a volume on the Koran. The venerable Principal's recreation is riding, and until his recent illness he was to be seen almost daily on horseback in the outskirts of Edinburgh.

Photo by B. J. Edwards, Hackney

THE REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES

AS A STUDENT AT RICHMOND COLLEGE

THE work of the Canadian Presbyterian Church in the island of Trinidad is carried on exclusively among the East Indian population, which numbers 85,000, with a yearly addition of 2,500. The Church has 6 ministers, with 4 ordained East Indian ministers and 60 catechists at work. The Mission in the Southern District is under the charge of the Rev. K. J. Grant, D.D., who, when he landed thirty-two years ago, had neither place to lay his head nor congregation to call his own. He, however, entered upon his work with all the zeal and enthusiasm of a young missionary, and the fruit of his labours is seen to-day in a beautiful church, with a fairly well-to-do and self-supporting congregation; 26 mission stations with 412 communicants, a Training School for teachers, a Theological College for native preachers and catechists, and a High School affiliated with the Royal College, 18 Primary Schools with 2,453 scholars, and 20 Sabbath Schools with 1,059 scholars. The name *Susamachar* is Hindustani, and means "The Church of the Good News." Like Solomon's Temple, the church was sixteen years in building, and it can boast of an organ and handsome pulpit, the gifts of the members.

MISSION HALL AT RICHMOND

OF WHICH MR. HUGHES WAS CALLED THE "BISHOP"

THE secretaryship of the Congregational Union of England and Wales has become vacant through the resignation of the Rev. W. J. Woods, B.A., and speculation is already rife as to who will be his successor. More than ten years have elapsed since Mr. Woods succeeded the late Dr. Hannay. In the interval, the Union and its organisations have grown to such an extent, that Mr. Woods, who has never thoroughly recovered from the effects of the prolonged illness he had two years ago, finds he is no longer able to cope with the laborious and exacting duties of his important office, which until now he has so faithfully discharged. Mr. Woods had a successful career as a Congregational minister. He received his theological training at New College, Hampstead. His first charge was at Leamington, and from there he proceeded to Manchester and became the late Dr. Parker's successor at Cavendish Chapel. Some years later Mr. Woods accepted the pastorate of Clapton Park Church, London, and it was while minister of that congregation that he was appointed Secretary of the Congregational Union. His resignation is now being considered by two of the standing sub-committees of the Union.

OF the sixteen new mayors who are Baptists, Mr. Alderman Thomas Purser, of Northampton, has, perhaps, the most interesting career. "From plough boy to mayor," is his own succinct description of his history. The son of an agricultural labourer, Mr. Purser has risen to his present position by sheer force of character and ability. He is a senior deacon of Prince's Street Baptist Church, and is a man of strong religious convictions. Mr. Purser does not hold his Nonconformist principles lightly. When he was elected mayor he was invited by no less a dignitary than the Lord Chief Justice to accompany him to the Church of England service. Alderman Purser replied that he had arranged to officially attend the Baptist Church, and therefore could not accept the invitation. He would, however, be pleased if Lord Alverstone would attend the Baptist Church with him. The suggestion did not commend itself to his lordship, who attended the Anglican service privately. Nonconformity would be a much stronger force than it is, if all those serving within its ranks were of the same stuff of which the worthy Mayor of Northampton is made.

THE LATE ALDERMAN W. H. HART, J.P.

ALDERMAN W. H. HART, J.P., of Birmingham, whose sudden death came as a great shock to his many friends and admirers, was a distinguished and influential Free Churchman, whose services the cause of Nonconformity could ill afford to lose. To the United Methodist Free Churches his removal must almost appear an irreparable loss. For many years he gave his services ungrudgingly to the Connexion, and brought to its deliberations the fruits of an eminently practical and sagacious mind. Mr. Hart was first elected a member of the Connexional Committee in 1868, and although his election afterwards was intermittent, he was, nevertheless, one of the foremost workers in every movement that pertained to Connexional consolidation and advance. When Mr. R. Bird resigned the responsible position of Connexional Treasurer, Mr. Hart was elected to succeed him, and he continued to discharge the duties till the day of his death. Possessing a singularly winsome and lovable character, Alderman Hart was held in the highest esteem throughout the Connexion which he so much adorned. Besides taking a most active part in the municipal affairs of Birmingham for close upon twenty-five years, Mr. Hart was an ardent politician. For many years he was vice-president of the Birmingham Liberal Association, and on the retirement in 1885 of Sir Richard Tangye from the treasurership of the National Liberal Federation, he was chosen his successor—a position he held for the remainder of his life.

THE new Lord Mayor of Liverpool (Mr. W. Watson Rutherford), like his predecessor in office, Mr. Charles Petrie, is a member of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, of which the Rev. Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") is minister. In his earlier days, the Lord Mayor attended the meetings of the Young Men's Guild in connection with the congregation, and later, he became an active member of the Bible Guild, a society of men and women which exists in Sefton Park Church for the critical study of the Bible and Biblical problems. But of recent years his public duties have occupied so much of his time, that he has been reluctantly compelled to give up much of his Church work, although he is still a regular worshipper at Sefton Park. Several members of the Lord Mayor's family teach in the Sabbath school, and take a great interest in temperance work. Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford are very charitably disposed, and last summer, for a fortnight, they daily entertained between two hundred and three hundrd children from the slums of Liverpool in the beautiful grounds of Heathfield.

Photo by Brown, Barnes & Bell, Liverpool

THE LORD MAYOR OF LIVERPOOL, MR. W. WATSON RUTHERFORD

WHO IS A MEMBER OF SEFTON PARK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Prize Award to Amateur Photographers

The **First Prize of One Guinea** is this month awarded to—REV. W. J. HATCH,
Coimbatore, S. India,
for "An Indian Christian Marriage Party."

The **Second Prize of Half a Guinea** is awarded to—
MR. GEORGE MCROBERT,
1, Murieston Crescent, Edinburgh,
for "The North United Free Church, Langholm."

We hope to receive many photographs with accompanying paragraphs, for our February Competition. The latest date for sending in is January 1. Prizes of **One Guinea** and **Half a Guinea** will be awarded as before; and **Five Shillings** will be paid for each of the other photographs by our readers which appear in the February Number.

THE REV. J. MOFFAT LOGAN has accepted an invitation to succeed the Rev. Charles Williams in the pastorate of Cannon Street Church, Accrington, which has been vacant for nearly two years. Mr. Logan, who studied at Rawdon College, began his ministry in 1883. Since 1891 he has been pastor of Old King Street Church, Bristol, one of the oldest congregations in the West of England. Mr. Logan's labours have been attended with much success, and there is at present a flourishing congregation of between six and seven hundred members, and a Sunday school with thirty teachers and 264 scholars. More than a thousand persons have joined the congregation during Mr. Logan's pastorate, and the church buildings have been renovated at a cost of about £4000.

THE REV. JAMES MOFFAT LOGAN BRISTOL

WHO HAS ACCEPTED THE PASTORATE OF CANNON STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, ACCRINGTON

Professor A. B. Davidson as a Preacher*

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE BRITISH MONTHLY"

SIR,—

There is something very pathetic about this volume. It contains the little heap of sermons which the late Dr. A. B. Davidson prepared during his lifetime and delivered over and over again. Mr. Taylor Innes prefixes an admirable biographical sketch, in which he tells us that the manuscripts are not dated. The peculiarity of the sermons is that they gained the writer an immense reputation as a preacher. This was in spite of himself. He did not recognise that the pulpit was part of his vocation. He always looked forward to preaching with fear and trembling. He would stipulate that he should only be asked to preach in small churches, and he did not like to have his public appearances advertised. Dr. Davidson did not relish popular preaching, and spoke of popular preachers with very little respect. As Mr. Taylor Innes says, his sermons "were all written under the influence of that traditional depreciation of popular preaching in imaginary rivalship with thinking, and theology, and scholarship which has blighted the output for the pulpit of the New College of Edinburgh as compared with that of other academical centres in Scotland, and which his own influence helped to continue." This is a true word.

Notwithstanding, Davidson's few sermons were more talked of in certain Scottish circles than any other. I can remember, twenty years ago, New College students speaking with a kind of hush and awe of some discourses in this volume—"Jacob at Peniel," "The Rich Young Ruler," "Nicodemus," and "Thomas." When you asked what these discourses contained, it was impossible to get any satisfactory reply. You were told that there was more in a single sermon by Davidson than in a year's preaching by Dr. Whyte or Dr. Parker. If you seemed to be sceptical, your scepticism was met with impatience, and almost with anger. When Davidson wrote a new sermon it was quite an event, and talked about far and wide. I remember the time when, according to his own statement, he had seven sermons, and there are thirteen in this book, and I think it likely enough that nearly all have been included. It was not pleasant to Davidson to think that his sermons should be printed in his lifetime, but now they are open for all the world to judge. Were his students right, or were they wrong? Did he deserve his reputation as a great preacher? The answer is Yes and No.

Taken by themselves as literary productions, these sermons are not great. There are a few fine passages and thoughts in them, as I hope to show by quotation. They are marked by reserve, severity, and occasionally by tenderness. They are manifestly the work of a man who knew the Old Testament and believed the New Testament. But they are not great sermons. The writing is occasionally very bad—as when he speaks of there being "some female relatives" of Christ round His cross. This may rank with the famous description of Ruth as an "elegant and accomplished female." It is fair to say that these lapses are rare, but it is also fair to say that three-fourths of these sermons are quite commonplace—that is, three-fourths of each sermon, not three-fourths of the discourses. But, in spite of this, Davidson was a great preacher. The printed page is one thing, and the man preaching is another. When Davidson preached, he preached with extraordinary passion. As Mr. Taylor Innes says: "In his preaching the whole phenomena of emotional tension—repression, disruption, and explosion—were generally, though not always, concealed with his sense of

> the burden of the mystery
> Of all this unintelligible world,

and the conflict of good and evil there. For that outward conflict was reflected in those inward contrasts of his own nature which have been already noted. . . . He stood uncommunicative and unsympathetic, a splinter of his native granite; and the voice, edged with the raw accent of the north, came out shrill, as if forced from lips of rock." In other words, Dr. Davidson's success as a preacher was the triumph of personality. That has been the force of all great preachers, only some have been as powerful in the printed page as in the living utterance. Dr. Davidson was not of these.

Even so, the book is very well worth reading and will be prized by many. I think I can best recommend it by making some quotations.

ABRAHAM'S LIFE

"Perhaps, if we knew what what lay before us, even in our ordinary life, we should hesitate to enter upon it. If the false steps and the falls, the dark wonderings and perplexities, the weariness and the loneliness, and, as we must confess upon the whole, the general failure of our life, and be allowing we made it what we might have made it—if all this had been told us we might almost have refused to encounter it. Yet, on the other hand, if the brightness of the sunshine for moments outshine the darkness; the keen delights, even if transient; the [illegible] we have had, even though partial; the joy of having been able to do the little good we have done—if all this had been told us, we should hardly have believed it. Life is not all evil, nor all good. The higher the life, the higher is both its evil and its good. The more highly organised the being, the greater are its capacities of pain and pleasure. And in this life to which you are called, as it is the highest, you may have sorrows inexpressible; but you will also have, and at the last this alone, joy unspeakable and full of glory."

SAUL'S DEATH-BED

"Alas! it was in vain. But how often on death-beds this is so. It is perhaps not uncommon, when life draws near a close, when the dial goes back the ten or forty or fifty degrees of life, that youthful principles and resolves shine out again, even amidst shattered capacities and decaying nature. Alas! they do not come back now to be followed; they do not come back to project a life and enable us to realise it. They come back as shadows of lost possibilities, as phantoms which are but reflections of early visions that were filled with power, phantoms which utter only one hollow voice: 'It might have been! it might have been!' Yet it is possible that the result may be otherwise. We do not know the power of early memories of the truth; we do not know to what uses the Spirit of God may turn them even in the last moments of life; and whether what we look upon as the throes of death be not after pangs of another birth. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and so is every one that is born of the Spirit.'"

THE DISBELIEF OF OTHERS

"To us nowadays, that which puts the severest strain upon our belief is just the disbelief of others, or of men in general. The influence upon us of the general current of the human mind is exceedingly strong. But when Paul spoke of having fought the fight and kept the faith, in terms implying that it cost an effort to keep it, among all the things which he enumerates as being against him, the hardships of his lot and the persecutions of men arising from their disbelief, the fact of this disbelief itself never seems to have made any impression upon him. Must not these men have possessed, or have given, something which we do not possess in these days, or possess only in a very small degree?"

THE PRESENCE OF GOD

"The promise bore upon the fact that God would be with him, not upon the feeling in his own mind that God was with him. The distinction needs to be drawn. 'When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee,' so runs the assurance. It does not run 'I will make thee feel that I am with thee.' This may be, but it also may not be. And it is also doubtful the want of this feeling, or, at any rate, the fluctuating nature of it, in the different experiences of our life, which allows things to exercise their due effects upon us, and be to us the disciplines that they are. The possession of such a feeling to every soul would rob things of their natural goodness. It might fit a very elevated life; but it would want some of the things needful for us here. It is not in the moment of passing through the waters that men have the feeling or assurance that God is with them; it is when they have passed through, without being overwhelmed, that the conviction becomes strong that He was in. In is not in the thick of the fight, but after the victory, that the soldiers raise their Ebenezer, saying, 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' Along with the three children there was one like the furnace like a son of God. It is not certain that they felt him, though others did."

I am, Sir,

Yours, etc.,

CLAUDIUS CLARE.

* "The Called of God," by the late A. B. Davidson, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D., Professor of Hebrew in the New College, Edinburgh. With a Biographical Introduction by A. Taylor Innes. (T. & T. Clark, 6s.)

Communion with God

NOTES OF A SERMON BY A. H. S.

And Moses took the tabernacle, and pitched it without the camp, afar off from the camp, and called it the Tabernacle of the congregation. . . . And the Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend.—EXODUS xxxiii. 7-11.

THIS is one of the very tender passages of the Old Testament, and yet it is one of those passages which has been open to criticism. The sledge-hammer of criticism has beaten out of it, or tried to, its very tenderness, and that which is a very beautiful passage—"The Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend"—has in itself proved a stumbling block to some. For many have said, How is it possible that the great God should speak face to face? Is it not written in the Bible "No man shall see the face of God and live"? How can God speak to His servant Moses face to face, as a man speaketh to his friend? What is the meaning of this? It is impossible. And yet, my brethren, to those of us who are not literalists, who see the Incarnation, and Bethlehem, and Cavalry throughout the whole of God's Word from beginning to end, it is no stumbling block. We read also in Genesis that on the plain the Lord came to his servant Abraham. Behold three men stood at the tent door, and we see in the three men the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. So, too, in this passage which is before us we at once see the foreshadowing out of the future of the Incarnation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This beautiful passage speaks to us of the greatest of all spiritual possessions. Man can speak to his Maker, and God will speak to man as to a friend, face to face.

First of all, I should like to speak to you about this entering into communion with God, and then the means whereby we can acquire it. If you look back to the history of the saints of God in the early writers, you will find that they got all their inspiration from being alone with God. St. Bernard now, for instance, that great recluse, the great mediæval saint whose words we sing in the hymn—

> Jesus, the very thought of Thee
> With sweetness fills the breast;
> But sweeter far Thy face to see
> And in Thy presence rest.
>
> Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
> As Thou our prize will be;
> In Thee be all our glory now,
> And through eternity.

Here are the words of a man who was constantly alone with God. And mind you, Bernard was no sickly sentimentalist. He was a man of the day and a man of the world. For though he was a monk, yet he ruled at the time the destinies, we might say, of Europe. He was every inch a man, and kings hung upon his word. He got his strength and his power from private communion with God. God spake to His servant as a man speaketh to his friend face to face.

Well, then there is sweet St. Francis, of whom it is related that when he asked to be taught to pray, as the disciples asked their Master to teach them to pray, the Holy Spirit came to him, and he uttered over and over again simply the sweet name "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," as if that was the very best prayer a soul could utter to God. And where did Francis get his power? He went to the Tabernacle without the camp, and there in the solitariness, speaking to God and God speaking to him as a man face to face, he learnt the strength of the spirit that has been with God.

Then to come back to our own times, have you ever read in the memoranda of John Wesley how the Wesleyan movement began—that movement which as far as its numerical power is concerned is one of the greatest and most extraordinary movements that Christianity has ever seen? In his diary we read: "We got up at three o'clock in the morning and knelt down and prayed, and the Holy Ghost so manifested Himself in our midst that we fell on our faces until the vision was over"—the "we" meaning himself and a few followers. Of course we can say who sit here that we never had that experience. No, because you and I have never fulfilled the same conditions. You go into the country, and you see the magnificent churches and cathedrals, and you say these great churches, built in small places, which our mediæval forefathers built, were not meant for congregational purposes. Most certainly not. They were built on that scale that the masses might go in and be alone with God, and let Him speak to them face to face.

We ought to go into the Tabernacle outside the camp and to speak to God as a friend. "One thing have I desired of the Lord which I will require; even that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple."

Well, now, what is the way to do this; what is the method? The desirability of it I am sure we all feel. The shallowness of the present day makes us feel that this is right, but what is the method of it? Separation. If you will read the passage from which I have taken the text you will remember that the Tabernacle was pitched outside the camp, that Moses went away from the camp, and every man came and stood at his tent door, and none followed him. He went there alone to speak with God that he might come back and serve them far better than he could ever have served them if he had not spoken alone with his God. It meant complete separation from all the interests of men.

I remember Bishop Blyth, the Protestant Bishop of Jerusalem, telling me that his servant, a Mahommedan, when the time came for prayer, would neither speak to him nor answer any questions. We must separate ourselves from all else and be alone with God. This is no easy matter, for most of us are tied so closely, and we say to those we love that wherever we go we carry them with us. For instance, when we go to church on Sunday morning we bring with us those we love, and lay their interests, their hopes, and their difficulties as far as we know them before the Lord. The parents bring their families to church. If they are not here in body, they are in their hearts, and they pray for them one and all, for when we go into the Temple of the Lord to keep tryst with the Saviour, it is right and well that we should bring with us those we love. Still, sometimes it is right that we should actually be separated from them; leave them at the tent door and go to the Tabernacle without the camp. Those whom you love best and know best are His creation; surely for the time you can trust them in His hands, and go out alone and be alone with God. You cannot take them with you through death. It is well to practise dying when you can. And remember this about separation, that you and I belong to God before all else. There is no claim upon our heart like His claim. He comes absolutely first.

And then the second point in separation is, open your heart to Him. Come in quietly and pour out your heart to God. You say you cannot pray. Very well; there is nothing so reverent as reverent silence, the silence of reverence and the reverence of silence before God. You say, "I cannot pray; I cannot even utter the first three clauses of the Lord's Prayer." Very well; tell God you cannot, lay bare your heart. When you tell me you cannot pray, I answer it is absolutely impossible not to pray. In the Temple of the Lord, every sigh is a prayer. Open out your heart by speaking to God of your interests, for I ask you, who do you think can interpret the difficulties of life like your God? You say you do not understand yourself, and you do not understand God's dealings with you. With whom does the interpretation remain? With God. Although your life seems a tangle which you yourself cannot possibly unravel, it is all plain and open before Him with whom you have to do. There is strength for you. Bring all the tangle and lay it out before God to unravel, to interpret. Go into God's house, tell out the mysteries of your life and your heart before Him, and be strong in the power of His might. Let Him speak to you face to face as a man speaketh unto his friend. Then will the golden gates roll back, then shall you see His face, which is altogether lovely. Then shall you have an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom.

Dr. J. Cameron Lees, of St. Giles's, Edinburgh.

IF asked to mention a clergyman of the Church of Scotland distinguished pre-eminently for his catholicity, and for his wide and generous sympathies, the name which would probably rise at once to the lips of nine out of ten Scotsmen would be that of the genial and cultured minister of St. Giles's, Edinburgh. Speaking at a gathering the other day in connection with the celebration of his semi-jubilee as minister of that congregation, Dr. Cameron Lees claimed that he had tried to treat St. Giles's as a national institution rather than a parish church associated with one religious communion, and had sought, so far as he could, to make it what Westminster Abbey was called—"a Temple of Conciliation." The claim was well founded. More than that, Dr. Lees's policy with regard to St. Giles's has been strictly in accordance with the whole trend of his ministerial life. Not that he is other than a true son of the Church to which he belongs; to question his loyalty to or his love for the Church of Scotland would be to do him a grave injustice. But he has ever been too big-hearted to allow his zeal and his sympathies to be confined to his own communion.

Photo by Moffat, Prince's Street, Edinburgh
THE VERY REV. J. CAMERON LEES, D.D., LL.D.
DEAN OF THE ORDER OF THE THISTLE AND OF THE CHAPEL ROYAL OF SCOTLAND

James Cameron Lees was born in London on July 24th, 1834. But England, although the place of his birth, can claim but small share in him. He may, indeed, be said to be a Celt to the finger-tips. There courses in his veins the purest of Highland blood, and he is justly proud of his lineage. His father belonged to a Lewis family, while on his mother's side he belongs to the renowned Camerons of Lochiel. Sir Ewan Cameron — that Lochiel of Campbell's well-known "Warning" — the gallant but ill-fated chief who joined Prince Charles Edward in "the '45," was the great-great-great-grandfather of Dr. Cameron Lees. Indeed, Dr. Lees is in the same descent from Sir Ewan as the present Lochiel—the one, however, being in the female, while the other is in the male line. The two are cousins—several times removed, it is true; but a few "removes" count for little when reckoning Highland cousinship. Dr. Lees possesses the Celtic temperament in considerable measure. The poetry, the imagination, and the enthusiasm of the Gael are his. And, beneath a surface seldom ruffled, and an equanimity which to the ordinary observer does not appear to be easily disturbed, are subterranean fires which now and then blaze forth.

At the time Dr. Lees was born, his father, the Rev. John Lees, A.M., was Secretary of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, London. But about seven years after that event Mr. Lees returned to Scotland, and became minister of his native parish of Stornoway—a position which he held till his death. At the early age of twelve Dr. Lees entered Glasgow University; and during his residence in the western city he witnessed some stirring sights. He was there when the Chartist Riots took place, and although only a lad, was sworn in and acted as a special constable. More than half a century has passed since then, but he has still a vivid recollection of the dragoons clearing Buchanan Street. After completing his arts course at Glasgow, he spent a short time at the University of Aberdeen, where he received his training in divinity. During the years he was attending college most of his holidays were spent in Lewis, and when he was a little over twenty-one years of age he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery there.

But on being licensed he found that he laboured under a serious disadvantage. Notwithstanding his Highland connections and associations, he had no Gaelic. For one hoping to labour in a Highland parish this was a fatal want. But with that indomitable perseverance which has been one of his characteristics throughout life, Dr. Lees at once faced the difficulty, and speedily overcame it. He had a big struggle, for the Gaelic is not to be acquired in a day or a week. Having accepted an appointment to a mission station on the west coast of Mull, he laboured there for six months, and during that time never preached a sermon in English. He used nothing but the Gaelic, and by the end of the six months had acquired great fluency in that tongue; in fact, according to some, he was more fluent in Gaelic than in English. Since then Dr. Lees has had many triumphs, but looking back, after the lapse of all those years, he still regards his acquisition of the Gaelic as one of his greatest. The fluency of his early days has

however, been lost. He can still on occasion make use of the Highland tongue, but he is himself doubtful whether he could preach a Gaelic sermon.

In the year 1856 Dr. Lees was presented by the Crown to the parish of Carnoch, in Ross-shire. Religious feeling ran high in Strath Conan in those days, and the population, such as it was, was mostly Free Church. The parish minister of Carnoch had, during the greater part of the year, the smallest of small congregations. There was one occasion on which his congregation consisted of a single individual! Previous to commencing the service, Dr. Lees had a conversation with this man, observing that he was the only person who had turned up, and that there appeared to be no likelihood of any one else coming. "Ah, but," remarked the man, "we have the promise that wherever two or three are gathered together, that is a church." Dr. Lees thought the number in this case was the bare minimum, but he made no scruple about conducting the service. As his one-man "congregation" spoke English, the minister mentioned, tentatively, that he supposed he would preach in that tongue. But the "congregation" demurred. He "liked a word in the Gaelic," he said. Dr. Lees thought it judicious to omit the praise part of the service—he scarcely felt able for that ordeal—but apart from the singing he conducted the service in accordance with the usual form—with prayers, reading of Scripture, and a sermon. Often in later years, when facing a vast congregation, his thoughts went back to that day when, in the wilds of Ross-shire, he preached a sermon to one man!

PAISLEY ABBEY
THE SCENE OF DR. CAMERON LEES'S LABOURS, 1859-77

Notwithstanding the bitter religious feeling which unfortunately existed, the young minister of Carnoch spent three very happy years in Strath Conan. These animosities did not touch him personally. He had the greatest regard and respect for the opinions of those who differed from him, and they, on the other hand, soon recognised that the parish minister was a man with a big heart and a large soul. They showed him the greatest kindness; indeed, there was scarcely anything they would not have done for him—except attend his church. They drew the line there, and it was a very hard-and-fast line. But they ploughed his glebe for him, and performed many other kindly acts. In those days Dr. Lees was a great pedestrian. Every day he took long walks, a favourite walk being to a certain point about six miles up the glen, where there was a tree, on which he inscribed a mark—presumably to certify that he had accomplished his task. The nearest post-office and shop were some twenty miles distant, but the active young minister many a time walked the distance each way. He was a familiar figure on the hills, and to this day there are stories in Strath Conan of the great distances he covered. "It's a gamekeeper he should be," declared an enthusiastic Celt on one occasion. It was intended as the highest possibe compliment to Dr. Lees's abilities.

But life at Carnoch was not all pleasant recreation. If his ordinary congregation was small, Dr. Lees at least did all he could for it. He also used frequently to preach in outlying parts of the parish, and it may justly be said that whatever his hand found to do he did with all his might. He sought, among other things, to store his mind. He had not a very large library, but some friends of his father had presented him with a copy of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and he used to pore over the volumes, and by means of this work acquired a vast amount of knowledge of, at least, a very varied character. During the early part of his ministry in Ross-shire he was offered St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, but he felt he was too young to take charge of a city congregation—especially where Gaelic was not preached—and so he declined. But in 1859 the Marquis of Abercorn, who was patron of Paisley Abbey, presented him, on the death of Patrick Brewster (brother of the more famous Sir David Brewster) to the second charge at the Abbey. Seven years later he was presented by the marquis to the first charge.

ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH

Dr. Lees was not consulted previous to the presentation, the Marquis of Abercorn never having even asked whether he would go to Paisley. It was with fear and trembling that the young minister left his little congregation for one of nearly two thousand. At no time was Dr. Lees a great admirer of the system of patronage, and he was one of those ministers of the Church of Scotland who rejoiced openly when it was abolished. When he went to Paisley he was exercised not a little as to how the people would receive him. But his fears were speedily set at rest. He received a hearty welcome, and ere long

had won not only the affection of the congregation in the Abbey, but the admiration and respect of the citizens of Paisley generally. The eighteen years he spent in that town were years of strenuous labour in several directions. He took an active interest in public work, and was for six years a member of the school board—in fact, he was a member from the time school boards were instituted till he left Paisley. He was also for many years chairman of the parochial board. In questions connected with the poor he took a special interest, and was examined before a committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the management of the poor. There was nothing which concerned Paisley which did not call forth his energies, and as the Abbey parish was an immense one, and he never allowed his public work to interfere with his duties to his congregation, his time was very fully occupied. With the ministers of other denominations Dr. Lees had the most friendly relations. He preached in every pulpit in Paisley, including that of Dr. Hutton, for whom, while differing from him on certain questions, Dr. Lees entertains not only very great respect, but the most profound regard. His chief friend during his early days in Paisley was Dr. James Brown, the author of "The Probationer," and for eighteen years intimate relations were maintained between the two. Along with Dr. Brown, and also Dr. Eadie, Professor Duff, and Dr. Young (all United Presbyterians), Dr. Lees visited the Holy Land, and had a prolonged tour in the East.

Photo by Moffat, Prince's Street, Edinburgh

DR. CAMERON LEES IN HIS FULL ROBES AS DEAN OF THE ORDER OF THE THISTLE

When Dr. Lees went to Paisley, he found the ancient and historic Abbey—a building which dates from the first Stewarts of Scotland—a broken-down, wretched place. It was not only dilapidated, its condition was disgraceful. A street of disreputable pawn-shops and public-houses abutted on the church; indeed, the Abbey was hidden by the squalid buildings around it. He took up the work of restoration with great zeal, and, although he encountered a good deal of opposition, he overcame this opposition, and the Abbey underwent its first restoration. Much has been done since, and is still being done, but Dr. Lees has the honour of having prepared the way for the restoration of the building to something of its ancient grandeur, and of having completed the first stage. Students of Scottish history and Scottish antiquities are deeply indebted to him also for his monumental "History" of the Abbey, a work which gives evidence of profound and painstaking research, and which won on its appearance the highest encomiums, alike on historical and literary grounds. It was written while he was in Paisley, and appeared shortly after he left that town for his present charge.

Dr. Lees went to Paisley a young man of twenty-five, unknown, and with little or no experience of life; he left it amid the expressed regrets of its most influential citizens, and with the good wishes of men of all denominations. There had been great religious [illegible] and considerable sectarian feeling, but he lived to see that die out to a very large extent. The "Abbot of Paisley," when he resigned that position, had the satisfaction of feeling that he had contributed, at least, to bring about the improved condition of matters in this respect. On the occasion of his departure, or rather shortly after he had left, he was presented by the Paisley people with a [illegible] escritoire and a purse with £ 200.

In 1877—by which time patronage, it will be remembered, had been abolished—the High Kirk of Edinburgh resolved to call Dr. Lees. His acceptance of the call astonished some of his Paisley friends. They were [illegible]

that he should leave the fine Abbey, with its large and flourishing congregation, for what they contemptuously styled "a hole in the High Street of Edinburgh." But, after all, there were compensations. Apart even from other considerations, there is a prestige attaching to the pulpit of John Knox which no other can ever have. But the contempt felt, or at least expressed, for "the hole in the High Street" was, perhaps, not without reason, for the congregation of the High Kirk met in a portion only of the east end of St. Giles's. That portion, however, was not in quite so bad a condition as when Dr. Lees first preached in it some fifteen years before. He had the honour then of preaching before the Lord High Commissioner, and it happened that he chose as his text, "How dreadful is this place." The pulpit at that time—a great pulpit with plumes like a hearse—stood against the east window, there were huge galleries round and round the church, and a general air of fustiness pervaded the building. "You gave us an excellent sermon, and your text was most appropriate," remarked the Lord High Commissioner to Dr. Lees when the latter was presented to his Grace in the evening. But by 1877, when Dr. Lees went to the High Kirk as its minister, this part of St. Giles's had been restored. The congregation was not large, and could not be—there was no room for a big congregation. But under Dr. Lees the numbers rapidly increased, and the need for further accommodation became manifest. Among those who attended the church after Dr. Lees became minister was Dr. William Chambers. He took a sitting, and afterwards joined the congregation. Dr. Chambers told Dr. Lees that his brother and he had been driven out of the Church of Scotland by the narrowness and intolerance of one of its ministers, who, among other things, preached against *Chambers's Journal*. But the evidence which he saw of greater liberality and charity made him delighted to return to the Church, and no doubt inspired him to embark on the work which has made St. Giles's the noble structure it is now. One congregation—that which met in what is now known as the Moray Aisle—was suppressed by Act of Parliament, and the portion of St. Giles's which it used was restored by Dr. Chambers and thrown into the High Kirk. Dr. Chambers then offered, if a church was got for the congregation of West St. Giles's, so as to allow the portion of the building which it occupied to be thrown into the High Kirk, to restore that portion also. A sum of £10,000 was accordingly raised, and a fine church was built to the south of the Meadows, to which the congregation of West St. Giles's migrated. Dr. Chambers thereupon completed the work of restoration, and St. Giles's became one grand, harmonious whole—the largest church in Scotland in which a Presbyterian service is carried out in its entirety.

Dr. Lees's feeling with regard to St. Giles's is that all Scotsmen have a share in it. And on this principle he has acted from the time when he became minister of the High Kirk. In 1878 Dr. James Brown occupied the pulpit of the High Kirk, and ministers of all the Presbyterian denominations, and even of denominations not Presbyterian—Wesleyans and others—have preached in St. Giles's. Professor Marcus Dods here delivered a famous sermon, and Principal Rainy has also preached here. But to enumerate the long line of ministers who have occupied the pulpit of St. Giles's at one time or another since Dr. Lees became minister would be as tedious as it is superfluous. Suffice it to say that it has been used for religious services and religious celebrations of almost every kind.

Dr. Lees was the first to institute an evening service in connection with a Presbyterian church in Edinburgh. There was considerable opposition at first, but the evening service proved a success, and most of the other churches have since then followed the example of St. Giles's. He also instituted a daily service in the Moray Aisle. After the Reformation a daily service was held in St. Giles's till July, 1650, but was dropped for nearly 234 years, till Dr. Lees revived it. Another institution is the military service on Sunday mornings. Among the various things which Dr. Lee also organised were the St. Giles's lectures. These proved most successful, and the volumes in which they were published after delivery have had a large circulation.

In 1881 Dr. Lees was appointed one of the Chaplains to Queen Victoria, and five years later he was also appointed to the high office of Dean of the Order of the Thistle and of the Chapel Royal of Scotland. On the death of her Majesty, Dr. Lees was appointed a Chaplain to King Edward. His commission as Dean of the Order of the Thistle and of the Chapel Royal, however, did not expire; that office he holds for life. During the lifetime of her Majesty he was generally twice a year at Balmoral, and in all was no fewer than fifty-five times there. The Queen had a great regard for Dr. Lees, and bestowed upon him many tokens of esteem. Like all who ever came into contact with her Majesty, Dr. Lees entertained a very high opinion of her talents. "A great woman, apart altogether from her position," was his verdict. And not only a great woman, but a good woman. Of her kindliness and thoughtfulness he had many proofs. On one occasion, when he was off work for six months owing to illness, she twice sent her own doctor specially to visit him. And in other ways she manifested her thoughtful regard.

The minister of St. Giles's is a profound believer in the ultimate union of the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, and to him the great meeting in the Waverley Market two years ago, when the union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches was consummated, was a source of unqualified satisfaction. It was no mere conventional expression on his part when he declared his delight to be present. On that occasion he expressed the hope that, in time to come, some Pontifex Maximus would arise who would form a bridge by which all the different parts of the Presbyterian family might come together. That phrase, "Presbyterian family," expresses the animating thought in Dr. Lees's mind. He regards the Church of Scotland as one, though having various branches. And so, although he was only recovering from illness, he joyfully attended the Union meeting. "You look very tired, father," remarked his son when he came home after that meeting. "Very tired, my boy, but very happy," was the reply. It was one of the happiest evenings in his life, he has since declared. And with him such expressions are not merely from the lips. He has ever sought to co-operate with his Presbyterian brethren of other churches. After he came to Edinburgh it was proposed to carry on mission work in the High Street. But the Free High Church was already carrying on a mission. "Why," asked Dr. Lees of Dr. Walter Smith, "should we two act as if we were rivals?" And so the district was divided, Dr. Lees's congregation taking one side of the High Street and Dr. Walter Smith's congregation the other.

Besides his history of Paisley Abbey, Dr. Lees has published an equally able history of St. Giles's. His other publications include "Life and Conduct" (a volume which has been translated into Welsh, Dutch, and other languages, and has had an enormous circulation), a history of Inverness-shire, "Tobersnorey," and "Stronbuy."

Dr. Lees has never occupied the Chair of Moderator of the General Assembly; but the Church of Scotland, when it confers upon the esteemed minister of St. Giles's the highest honour in its gift (as we hope it may), will also be honouring itself.

A. IRELAND ROBERTSON.

John Haggins' Deaf Ear

BY HARRY DAVIES

JOHN Haggins had one deaf ear, which often either caught things amiss, or failed to catch them at all; and this circumstance on one notable occasion caused him to lead the old and conservative party in our country chapel into a position of total discomfiture and embarrassment. That John Haggins, of all men, should have found himself in such a ridiculous dilemma was astounding—John Haggins the sarcastic, John Haggins the dry and self-contained humourist! But so it was. And the whole disaster was due to his one deaf ear.

There was always a see-saw of conflicting ideas, of opposing purposes, of moves and countermoves, attack and resistance, between the old and the young party. The former, clinging to the old ways and the old things with pathetic tenacity, were jealously watchful of the agitators who were constantly disturbing their peace by vexed alarms of change and innovation; and were, so to speak, always collected in a body behind the hedge, and peeping over the top, on the look-out for the deep-laid plans and schemes which they were wont to read into the simplest words and actions of the revolutionaries.

At the bottom of their hearts, if the truth were known, both factions had a deep affection for each other; but that was no reason why the younger party should not continue from time to time to agitate for small innovations and improvements, nor why the older party (or "the Stick-in-the-Muds," as the others unkindly called them) should not oppose them tooth and nail, if only on the ground of general policy.

The trick which John Haggins' deaf ear played him proved one of those simple little pitfalls into which the best and most sensible men are apt sometimes to fall, "just as soft as you like" (to use the words of Auntie Anne, one of the members).

He was standing inside the burial-ground one evening after service, inspecting the damage which had been done to the flowers by straying cattle. In the lane, on the other side of the hedge, Eliezer Foulkes, the leader of the progressive party, was conversing with some of his particular cronies. The breeze blew in fitful wafts, causing the leaves to rustle, and it may have been this mischievous little wind which helped to complete the trick upon John Haggins. For, as he stood there, it was amidst one of the rustling murmurs that these words, spoken by Eliezer Foulkes, floated across the hedge:

"Yes, we mean to have the rates down before we've done. I shall bring it up at the next meeting, and keep bringing it up until the people's eyes are opened."

John Haggins' deaf ear was towards the speaker, and, as I say, the summer wind may also have had something to do with it. John started when he heard the words, and a triumphant smile slowly stole about the corners of his mouth.

"Aha!" he exclaimed, under his breath. And then he smiled again, and nodded his head exultantly. And then he went quickly to Abraham Brimble, who was also looking at the damage a few yards away. He gripped him tightly by the arm.

"Did you hear that?" he said, in a tense whisper.

"No; what was it?" asked Abraham eagerly, seeing the expression in John's face.

"Come further away from the hedge," replied John, in the same low voice.

They walked round to the other side of the chapel, and there John again gripped Abraham's arm.

"They are at it again," he said, in a tragic undertone, indicative at the very least of the discovery of a second Gunpowder Plot, or some other fell design of equal importance.

"What is it now?" asked Abraham, dropping into the same tense tone of voice, and inclining his ear eagerly towards John.

John looked round cautiously.

"They're makin' plans against the chapel gates," he replied. "You remember as Eliezer wanted iron ones three years ago, instead of wood. Well, they're goin' to bring up the subject again."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Abraham, coming to a standstill in his amazement. "Ah! that's their next move is it?"

"I just happened to catch the very remark," said John, with grim satisfaction. "They little thinks they've put us on their track by their own words. I heard Eliezer say as plain as possible, 'Yes, we mean to have the gates down before we've done. I shall bring it up at the next meeting,' says he, 'and shall keep bringin' it up until the people's eyes are opened.'"

"Ah! There for you!" exclaimed Abraham. "The gates en't good enough now, be they? That's their next little move, is it?"

"I reckon we'll get ahead of their next little move, though," said John Haggins, making a guttural noise in his throat, generally understood to be a chuckle. "We'll take the wind out o' their sails afore they can get well started, Abraham."

John Haggins was a past-master of sarcasm, a tremendous fellow to make people look foolish by the caustic irony of his humour. He used to deliver smashing blows at the projects of the opposite party by turning the laugh against them, and when he rose to his feet there was always a flutter of excitement, and people's faces would broaden into smiles in anticipation of what was coming. Not the least amusing thing in the situation when John was on the war-path was his own preternaturally solemn countenance, which never moved a muscle amidst the loudest roars of laughter. When such a man as John Haggins said "We'll take the wind out of their sails," something great was to be expected.

For the next week the air was full of whispers and secret conferences and deep schemes of plan and strategy. And they enjoyed it, these honest fellows, as keenly as ever Iagician enjoyed debate. It must not be supposed that because they clung to the old ways and the old things with true affection, that because the prospect of change of any kind in their beloved chapel was like a wrench at their very hearts—it must not be supposed that they did not find pleasure in controversy. On the contrary, the parry and thrust of argument was a keen delight to them. They revelled in it. They loved to hear the cut and the answer, quick and sharp, or heavy and crushing, as the case might be. And with what solemnity, with what an air of ponderous import, they rose to reply to each other! The fate of the empire, nay, of the world, might have depended upon their rejoinder, as far as their bearing was concerned. They hugged themselves with delight when one of their number made a strong point in the course of his speech, and they recapitulated the arguments, pro and con, to each other, and to the members of their own families, with the greatest [illegible] and enjoyment.

When the night of the Church meeting [illegible] the play of battle of John Haggins and his party was complete. It was to be a surprise for the surprisers, an [illegible] for the party who thought to confound them by sudden attack. In other words, as John Haggins put it, the wind was [illegible] out of their sails by [illegible] charge [illegible] prepared for assa[illegible] Lees was [illegible] with one of his [illegible] Haggins [illegible] follow with an [illegible] Brimble, Griffith [illegible] of the attack.

"An after that, [illegible] chuckle, 'I re[illegible] it be a surprise [illegible]

goin' to take us on the hop, eh? Oh, I wouldn' lose next Wednesday night for all they could give me!"

The eventful evening found John Haggins and his party present in full force, each one of them with a snigger of delight playing about his mouth, and a sense of coming discomfiture for the enemy causing him to chortle secretly. The situation was so intensely amusing. Here were Eliezer and his followers, so to speak, creeping on their hands and knees to a secret attack upon an apparently sleeping camp, while, creeping in their wake, and about to spring upon them, were the very enemies whom they thought to surprise and confound. Aaron Lees sank back in the corner of his seat, and, putting his hand up to his goatee-beard, fairly hugged himself as he thought of it. Griffith Gaunt's big body shook more than once with silent laughter. John Haggins looked at the ceiling with inscrutable solemnity, but several times there came a little twinkle into his eyes.

The supreme moment arrived. Aaron Lees rose to his feet portentously. If there was a man for dashing attack, it was Aaron Lees. There was a flutter of excitement amongst his colleagues, and they prepared themselves for one of the greatest moments of their lives. Aaron plunged into the subject with his usual impetuosity, and did not even give the enemy time to breathe between his rapid periods. It was good to see the looks of dismay, of utter stupefaction, which passed between Eliezer and his colleagues as the fact became apparent to them that they were discovered and checkmated; that the vigilance of their rivals was going to result in their deep-laid scheme being opposed and ridiculed and pulverised even before they had brought it forward. Aaron Lees was proceeding with his *exposé* in vigorous style, amidst a stupefied silence on the part of the opposite party, when Eliezer Foulkes seemed to recover himself, and sprang to his feet, endeavouring, as John Haggins exultantly noted, to hide his discomfiture under a smile.

"I protest against interruptions," said Aaron Lees, holding out his hand with magnificent sternness. "Your turn will come. Let us finish what we've got to say first."

"But I never——" began Eliezer, with the same smile on his face.

"I must ask you again not to interrupt," Aaron retorted, his voice rising in triumph. "You'll be able to say what you can afterwards!"

Eliezer sat down with a deprecatory motion of the hand towards his followers, and thereafter Aaron Lees proceeded without interruption, and wound up his speech in dashing style:

"Pull down the gates, is it?" he said bitterly (then he banged on the seat-ledge). "Why don't you propose to pull down everything as binds us to our old chapel? Why don't you propose to pull down the chapel itself? It's so much easier to pull downthan to put up, an' there's a party here as devotes all their energies to destroyin' everything as their fathers an' gran'-fathers built at the cost of time an' money an' self-sacrifice. An' now the old gates en't good enough! The old friends must be given the go-by now (then he thumped the seat-ledge again until it shook). I call upon the members of the Church, by a solid vote, to show this party as they are not goin' to be led by the nose, an' have their liberties interfered with in this manner, and I call upon them to put their foot on this conspiracy now an' to-night!"

As Aaron sat down amidst a furore of applause, Eliezer Foulkes again rose to his feet with a smile, and was commencing to say something, when John Haggins, who had anticipated his movement, said:

"I've got a word or two to say on this subject, and I think as Eliezer Foulkes might wait until we've finished. He'll have ample time to reply afterwards, if he can reply at all.

Whereupon Eliezer Foulkes again sat down, and whispered to his friends with a malicious gleam in his eyes. From that point forward John Haggins and his party were allowed to have possession of the field. And they enjoyed themselves as they had never done before. John Haggins fairly revelled in his opportunity, and his supporters looked at each other, and nodded their delight, and laughed until the tears stood in their eyes.

"We [illegible] too hard on the children of the Church," said John Haggins [illegible] Meeting [illegible] sarcasm, and motioning with his hand towards Eliezer and his party. "Children must be humoured sometimes. It is natural as in their infant minds they should like changes, just as they like toys. Little novelties will keep 'em happy for a long time. Therefore let us give 'em little things from time to time, as they can look at, or play with, or pull to pieces, just to keep their baby natures contented; an' what I propose is as we should put up a little pair of toy gates for 'em in the chapel meadow, where they can all sit down on the grass, an' amuse 'emselves by pulling 'em down and putting 'em up again!"

Then followed Griffith Gaunt with a choleric outburst, and Abraham Brimble with a ponderous and solemn speech, in which he called upon the Church to stand firm for the old gates, which had been good enough for their fathers, and had done such excellent service.

"And they're as good as new," said Abraham Brimble pathetically—"they're as good as new now. Let them as wants to cast off old friends talk about takin' the gates down!"

After which touching appeal Abraham sat down, and Eliezer Foulkes rose for the third time. He was curiously tremulous in his tones, and twice he paused, and appeared to be endeavouring to control his agitation. Aaron Lees took his manner as evidence of deep chagrin and vexation, and looked triumphantly at John Haggins.

"After all this extraordinary outburst——" began Eliezer. And then his voice faltered, and he paused.

"After all this extraordinary outburst," he said again, "it may interest the Church to know—to know—that our friends have all got into a mare's nest together. What they've all been making speeches about I don't know. They seem to have got some question about the gates into their heads. What it is I can't make out, but this I do know—that I've never said anything about the gates sence three years ago, and that neither I nor any one else that I knows of ever intended to bring up any proposal at all about them! So I can't make out what they've all bin talking about for the last hour."

For a moment there was an awful silence. Then Aaron Lees started to his feet.

"Do you mean to say," he exclaimed frantically, "as you didn't say a week ago, talkin' in the lane, as you meant to have the gates down?"

Eliezer looked at him in blank amazement; and then burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"I said *rates*!" he rejoined at last. "I was talkin' about the Local Board meetin'. D'you mean to tell me as all this fuss——?"

But Eliezer never finished the sentence, for the roar of laughter which rang round the building completely drowned his words. Even the minister, who had been sitting with his eyes imperturbably fixed on one of the windows, as was his wont when discussion was going on, was obliged to lay his head against the chair-back and laugh aloud. And meanwhile the old party did not know where to look, so utterly foolish and discomfited did they feel. Aaron Lees gnawed his moustache fiercely, and tried to appear as if he did not mind the laughter. Griffith Gaunt muttered something under his breath as he looked at John Haggins with a black frown. Abraham Brimble plunged his hand wildly through his hair (a little trick of his when he was agitated) and left a tuft of it standing up in an eccentric fashion, as he smiled a distorted smile, which was two-thirds grimace. And as for poor John Haggins, whose deaf ear had been the cause of this woful fiasco, his jaw dropped, and he stared at Eliezer Foulkes with a feeble and vacuous stare such as had never been seen on his face before.

People cannot laugh interminably, however willing they may be to do so, and at last silence was restored. Every one looked at the four discomfited leaders with expectation, as much as to ask, "Now what have *you* got to say?" What could they say? What was there to say? They looked around helplessly, and in a subdued voice expressed themselves as follows:

"Oh!" said John Haggins.

"Ah!" said Aaron Lees.

"Oh!" echoed Abraham Brimble.

"Umph!" snorted Griffith Gaunt. And as he did so, he trod vicariously on John Haggins' toe.

Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P.

IF we cannot get all we desire for England and the Church of Christ in these days, we have at least almost boundless facilities for making those desires known. The many-tongued organs of national, social, and religious aspiration—the platform, the pulpit, and the press—are accessible to every reformer and would-be reformer in the land. Of present desiderata that are making themselves loudly heard as the old year is in travail with the new, there is a little company of three which bear a strong family likeness to one another. England, we are told, needs not so much an increase in the number of her cultured and eloquent ministers as in the number of her fearlessly Christian laymen; secondly, the Free Churches need a stronger, more compact, more convinced, effective, and representative party in the House of Commons; thirdly, the Liberal party needs recruiting from that class which made it so powerful a humanitarian and progressive engine in the hands of Mr. Gladstone—the great and wealthy commercial middle-class. It is not necessarily an endorsement of these three great needs to say that no man in England realises each of them better, or indeed so well, as Mr. R. W. Perks. As a Christian layman his influence in the cause of righteousness, liberty, and personal godliness rivals that of any living minister. In the House of Commons there is no member better qualified than he to be the nucleus of a powerful Nonconformist party; while on the Opposition benches there is not a man who represents more widespread and powerful financial and commercial interests. Mr. Perks may therefore be appropriately considered from this threefold point of view—not as the ideal Christian layman, Nonconformist M.P., and commercial representative—no man is that; but as the most successful and obtainable approximation. So regarded, the story of Mr. Perks's life falls into three chapters—personal, commercial, and political. In reading it one feels how essentially modern [illegible] it is, full of all that practical energy, passion for [illegible] and alteration, that restless, conquering struggle [illegible] the [illegible] principles of faith and morals, [illegible] science [illegible] trade, to the changed conditions of [illegible] which have been the distinguishing marks more or [illegible] very [illegible] which commenced its race since 1842.

Photo by R. J. W. Haines, 16, Milman Road, W.

MR. R. W. PERKS, M.P.

Robert William Perks is a "son of the manse," and it is betraying no confidence to add that many another "parson's son" has had good reason to be thankful for that fact. His Methodist roots strike deep into the past. His father, the Rev. George T. Perks, was born four years after Waterloo in peaceful little Madeley, in Shropshire, [illegible] to every Methodist as being the parish of the saint of early Methodism, John Fletcher. The grandfather of the present Mr. Perks was John Fletcher's churchwarden, and on the death of Mrs. Fletcher he became the leader of her famous Society class—one of the first to be formed in England. The Rev. G. T. Perks, M.A., who became President of the Conference in 1873, narrowly escaped becoming a clergyman, as Mr. Eyton, the Vicar of Madeley, intended him for the Church. One speculates whether, had his famous son been born in a parsonage instead of a manse, England would have been hearing during the last few years of a great Anglican "Million Scheme," and have seen Mr. Perks advocating in the Church House at Westminster, under the chairmanship of the Archbishop of Canterbury or Lord Halifax, the famous principle of "one communicant one guinea." Between 1850 and 1870 Mr. Perks's father was one of a little group of Liberal Wesleyan ministers who fought a gallant battle to deliver Methodism from the domination of reactionary Tortoise in Church and Stone. His [illegible] were Dr. [illegible], Dr. Gervase Smith, Rev. Luke Wiseman, Charles Garrett, Dr. [illegible] and William Arthur, all of whom have passed from the conflict with the exception of Dr. Jenkins, whose [illegible] disembodied presence still hovers [illegible] Conference platform. When stationed at [illegible] Mr. Perks, senior, married Miss [illegible], the daughter of a Scotch [illegible]. Of his mother the [illegible] Methodism [illegible] "She was [illegible] days. [illegible] from [illegible] preacher [illegible] needed [illegible] Bu[illegible] preacher, and [illegible]

In [illegible] year [illegible]

Photo by Harris & Co., Merthyr
MR. PERKS'S FATHER, REV. GEORGE T. PERKS M.A.
PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE, 1873

Mr. and Mrs. Perks to London, where the subject of this sketch was born, his father's circuit being Hammersmith. Robert William Perks spent his early life, as the son of every Methodist minister does, in gipsy fashion, trekking now north and now south, for which dislocating itinerating there appears nothing to be said, except that it encourages the preaching of old sermons and saves the minister's children from contracting dialects and brogues. Accordingly we hear of wanderings from Perth to London, from London to Manchester, from Manchester to Bath, then back again to London. From the year 1858 to 1865, young Perks was a boy at New Kingswood School, the successor of the one founded near Bristol by John Wesley for the sons of his preachers, and where in the good old bad times the pupils rose at five in the morning, never had a holiday, and were strictly fed ddon to [illegible]

Moulton, now M.P. for Launceston, and one of Mr. Perks's closest friends. From Kingswood he was transferred for a short time to a private school in Clapham kept by a Mr. Jefferson, and then upon the urgent advice of his uncle, an Anglican clergyman, he entered King's College, London. The family were then living in Wesley's house in City Road, and Robert's bedroom and study was the little chamber known as "Wesley's praying-room." City Road Chapel was then at the summit of its fame with enormous congregations, and the pathetic modern wail over deserted City sanctuaries was unknown. Mr. Perks possesses some curious memories of those far-away times. Boy-like, the two incidents which he recalls most vividly were the entry of Garibaldi into London, and the hanging of a number of pirates at Newgate, which he slipped off very early one morning to see. Also he tells us that to his home one day came an old minister named Tranter, who lived to be over a hundred. The ancient preacher entranced the boy by telling him that

Photo by Turner & Drinkwater, Hull
EARLY PORTRAIT OF MR. PERKS

[illegible] CHURCH
[illegible] PARENTS WERE BORN

when a boy himself he had tramped to London to attend John Wesley's funeral, and that there was not a single house between the "Angel" at Islington and City Road Chapel, and that he well remembered getting over a stile at the top of Lombard Street into some fields.

At King's College young Perks worked hard, intending to enter the Indian Civil Service, and carried off most of the college prizes. In these days, when a classical and literary curriculum is being elbowed out of fashion by exclusively technical subjects, it is well to remember that one of the foremost commercial financiers of the day was trained under that famous Preacher of the Rolls and enthusiastic historian of Elizabethan times and disciple of Francis Bacon—the Rev. Dr. Brewer, of King's College. Every week he made his pupil write an essay on some current event, so that when in 1872 that pupil entered a City lawyer's office, where he received no pay, he was able to earn £200 a year by journalism. But that was thirty years ago—evidently. On the day his articles expired in 1876 he left this old-fashioned firm, and started business on his own account in partnership with Sir Henry Fowler. For a quarter of a century that honourable and successful partnership lasted, its amity never once troubled by an unpleasant word or a difference. Two years ago, however, the extensive legal business was transferred to Mr. Perks's only brother George, and both partners retired from active legal work.

Mr. Perks's birthday and wedding-day coincide. On April 24th, 1878, he married Miss Edith Mewburn, of Wykham Park, Banbury, and went to reside at Chislehurst.

MR. PERKS AT HOME

Photo by James Ewing, Bracmar

MR. PERKS AND HIS ONLY SON MALCOLM
SCOTLAND, 1895

After sixteen years he removed to Kensington. The family of Mr. and Mrs. Perks numbers five—four girls, the eldest of whom is treasurer of the successful Young Leaguers' Union, and one boy, Robert Malcolm Mewburn.

Mr. Perks's devotion to the Church of his fathers has been intense and life-long, and innumerable are alike the offices he has filled and the services he has rendered. As early as eighteen he was a Sunday-school superintendent at Stoke Newington, where he commenced with two scholars, and in two years had gathered about him no less than four hundred. At the little village of Widmore, near to Chislehurst, he turned a schoolofferty into one of more than three hundred. Himself a young [illegible]

[illegible] TRY HOUSE

Christ as for his own career, he threw himself at Highbury into work among youths of the most abandoned class, and speedily collected a class of over forty members. The year 1878 was a memorable one in Methodism. Up to that time the Conference had consisted entirely of ministers, but that year lay members were admitted, and Mr. Perks went as representative of the First London District, being at the top of the poll. He has been elected every year since. Among the bewildering number of church treasurer- and secretaryships which he has held, it may be mentioned here that he was secretary of the first Œcumenical Congress held in London in 1881, and treasurer of the recent Congress in 1901, when he and Mrs. Perks entertained all the members, numbering sixteen hundred people, including the coloured delegates, at their beautiful mansion in Kensington.

Turning now to the great Methodist movements with which Mr. Perks has been most intimately associated during the past twenty-five years, they will be found to be five. The first was the agitation for Methodist union. For a moment this ideal is under a cloud, notwithstanding that federal ideas are in the air. He was long ago convinced that sooner or later British Methodism must follow the example of Canada and Australia, and unite in one firm, organic whole all the spiritual children of John Wesley, whether they call themselves Free or Primitive or Bible Christian. And in this conviction and effort Mr. Perks found an eloquent colleague in his friend the late Hugh Price Hughes. "In this way," he says, "British Methodism must prepare herself for the time when, the Church of England being disestablished, she will be numerically the most powerful Protestant Church in England." From its inception, in which he took a leading part, Mr. Perks has given to the Free Church Federation movement his utmost sympathy and the aid both of his advocacy and his purse. At the present moment he is its treasurer, as he also is of the metropolitan Council. The third movement, in which he played the part of antagonist and critic, and which went by the nickname of the "No Methodist Bishop" movement, was a proposal to institute a new ecclesiastical order under the euphonious name of "separated chairman." The idea—which is happily now dead—was to free the chairmen of districts from circuit and pastoral charge, so that they might exer-

cise a disciplinary and advisory oversight of their "diocese." Mr. Perks sprang into the arena, and severely attacked the proposal in a famous pamphlet called "No Methodist Bishops." It was in vain that Dr. Pope and Mr. Price Hughes repudiated the name of bishop—the latter convulsing the Birmingham Conference by calling the pamphlet "that political squib with which my friend Mr. Perks amused himself during his Christmas holiday." But the Conference would not have it. This was one of the very few occasions on which Mr. Perks voted in a different lobby from his friend Mr. Hughes.

MISS PERKS
TREASURER OF THE YOUNG LEAGUERS' UNION

What Mr. Perks has done on behalf of the great London and provincial missions everybody knows. From the commencement of the former in St. James's Hall he has been its treasurer and most generous subscriber, and an annual meeting without him in the chair is unthinkable. Recently, however, he has been unable to approve of some of the methods adopted at the great West End Mission, and has consequently taken no prominent part in the work of that branch. And when to this severe loss must be added the removal of its beloved superintendent, one trembles for the future of what has hitherto been so magnificent an undertaking.

Lastly, no one needs to be told that the world-known "Twentieth Century Scheme" was the product of Mr. Perks's fertile brain. How impracticable it seemed at first! What unparalleled resources, generosity, and sacrifice it has revealed! Hardly had the originator brought forward tentatively his vast scheme, than the great democratic cry of "One man one guinea" was echoed and re-echoed throughout the land—a fervent battle-cry which has resulted in £950,000 being paid or promised. At once Mr. Perks gave up twelve months to literally scouring the land, and to his splendid advocacy, joined with that of Mr. Hughes, the ultimate completion of the "Million Scheme" is largely due. And if imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, Mr. Perks must be pronounced the most flattered Nonconformist layman in England, for most of the other Nonconformist Churches have commandeered his audacious idea in one form or another. The latest and most daring of his moves in connection with this movement was the purchase of the Aquarium. It is not too much to say that the announcement was received with delighted consternation by the whole country. From the outset Mr. Perks had had his eye on two sites—one opposite the National Gallery, the other the Aquarium. He soon found that the former was too costly, and so turned to the Aquarium. For a long time he doubted if it could be secured, but at length the way opened. At present it is not possible to say how much land will be used and how much let on lease. Probably, Mr. Perks says, at least 40,000 feet will be [illegible] Church purposes. As to the new building to be erected, Mr. Perks is very strong in insisting that it must be monumental, and a structure worthy of the Methodist Church. Negotiations are still [illegible] with Mrs. Langtry, and nothing is [illegible]

[illegible]

MR. PERKS ON [illegible]

unrivalled in their enterprise and success greets us. He has for many years been engaged in some of the most important commercial enterprises in Europe, and has enjoyed the friendship and confidence of many distinguished men. As a lawyer he trained himself for mercantile and Admiralty law, and established himself in Leadenhall Street with that object in view. But almost immediately he was embarked in Parliamentary practice and business incidental to railways and great public works. He has himself told the story of the curious way in which he got his first Parliamentary work: "I was spending my summer holiday in Llandudno in 1877 and was struck with the heavy tolls charged on Conway Bridge, and investigated the history of Telford's celebrated structure in some detail. One day, as I was sitting in the coffee-room of the Imperial Hotel, I saw a coach and four drive up, and four men enter the room loudly complaining of the tolls they had just had to pay.

"Though quite a youngster I chimed in and said, 'Well, gentlemen, you deserve to pay these rates, for years ago you should have taken the bridge from the Crown, vested it in Local Commissioners, and have reduced the rates.' 'How are we to do it?' asked Sir Richard Bulkeley. 'I will show you,' I said. The result was that I was engaged to bring a bill into Parliament which I successfully carried, cancelling the debt due to the Treasury and vesting the bridge in local authorities. That was my first bill in Parliament. Mr. Pennant, now Lord Penrhyn, was good enough to mention my name to some of his friends, and the Conway Bridge Bill led to several others."

Mr. Perks's staunchest and most accomplished business friend was the great railway magnate, Sir Edward Watkin, for which valuable connection he was indebted to his late father-in-law, Mr. Mewburn. The first important work he had to do for Sir Edward was to go over to France to report confidentially upon the extensions of the Northern of France Railway, the capabilities of Trêport Harbour, and the possibility of securing the control of the Abbeville and Trêport railways. In carrying this out Mr. Perks made the acquaintance of the late Comte de Paris, with whom he stayed at the Château d'En. The intention, which was frustrated by dissensions on the South-Eastern Railway board, was to have used Trêport, which is forty miles nearer Paris than Boulogne, as a competing port to Dieppe. Shortly afterwards Sir Edward Watkin appointed Mr. Perks solicitor of the Metropolitan Railway—a post worth from £3,000 to £4,000 a year, and which he held till he entered Parliament in 1892.

One of Mr. Perks's commercial dreams is a Channel Tunnel. Through the influence of Sir Edward Watkin he was engaged some time ago, it will be remembered, in an endeavour to translate the dream into actuality. He fought the scheme in all the courts of law in opposition to the Crown, and took charge of the whole proceedings before the Select Committee presided over by Lord Lansdowne, where the scheme was rejected by five to four. But he is still a strong believer in the tunnel. It would improve the relations between Englishmen and their continental neighbours, besides being one of the finest commercial investments in the world, far exceeding in value even the Suez Canal. In time of war it could be immediately flooded, and what an advantage to a traveller to be able to get into his train at Charing Cross at four o'clock, and without getting out find himself in Paris by ten. Mr. Perks

MR. PERKS'S LONDON HOUSE, 11, KENSINGTON PALACE GARDENS

must be content to wait for a more enlightened and pacific era.

In connection with these enterprises Mr. Perks made the acquaintance of two very distinguished Frenchmen—M. Ferdinand de Lesseps and M. Leon Say. The two British statesmen with whom this project brought him into constant contact were John Bright, a firm friend to the tunnel, and Lord Randolph Churchill, an opponent, though not a strong one. Among his papers Mr. Perks still retains a lengthy MSS. prepared for Mr. Gladstone, and covered with the notes used by him in his famous defence of the scheme in the House of Commons. Personal jealousies, rivalries, and interests, Mr. Perks thinks, had far more to do with wrecking the tunnel than any question of national danger. And still the long story of great undertakings is not ended.

Sir Edward Watkin introduced Mr. Perks to another famous engineering potentate, the late Thomas Andrew Walker, contractor of the Severn Tunnel. Besides being an accomplished engineer, Mr. Walker was a cultured scholar and a devout Christian. The great Barry Docks and railways in South Wales, the Preston Docks, the Manchester Ship Canal, and the vast harbour and dock works in Buenos Ayres were some of the great public works in which Mr. Perks was associated with Mr. Walker. It was only natural, therefore, that when the latter was prematurely stricken down in 1888 the burden of completing these multifarious enterprises should fall on Mr. Perks. Now they are all finished, and he is a partner with his late chief's nephew. Having completed for the Argentine Government, at a cost of ten millions sterling, the harbour, the new company is now engaged in constructing docks and quays for the Brazilian Government at Rio. They are also the contractors for the proposed Georgian Bay Canal from the Great Lakes to the St. Lawrence, sanctioned by the Canadian Government. In recognition of his many services Mr. Perks was years ago elected associate corporate member of the Institute of Civil Engineers. In 1901 there fell to Mr. Perks the chairmanship of the Metropolitan District Railway, in which he has a large interest, and to his credit it may be said that he is responsible for the arrangements for converting the whole of that line into an electric railway.

One of the latest achievements of this indefatigable man has been to pilot through Parliament four important Tube electric railways, and he recently negotiated on behalf of Messrs. Speyer Brothers, the purchase of the controlling interest in the London United Tramways, which was followed by the withdrawal of Mr. Pierpoint Morgan's tube railways. Mr. Perks sees no valid reason why the District Railway should not unite with the Metropolitan for all practical purposes. And lastly—and one's breath gives out in following these giant concerns—Mr. Perks was engaged with Mr. Walker on the survey of the great Russian railway, 1,400 miles long, from St. Petersburg to Viatka and Vologda, and upon this business he met M. Witte, the most powerful of the Czar's ministers. He has risen quite from the ranks by sheer force of character; his policy is anti-war and commercially progressive; and Mr. Perks has a high opinion of him and of his knowledge of British commercial measures. To complete the tale of Mr. Perks's famous commercial associates, the name of Sir Wilfrid

Laurier, the Canadian Premier, and Dr. Pelligrini, late President of the Argentine Republic, should be mentioned, together with Nabur Pasha, who was his close friend, Mr. Perks having considerable interests in Egypt.

Enough has surely now been advanced to show that in Mr. R. W. Perks the Liberal party have a typical representative of the great commercial and financial classes. It is now more than time for some brief sketch of Mr. Perks's relation to political life. Not till the year 1886 did he take any practical interest in Imperial or municipal affairs. Though frequently asked to stand for Parliament, his business was too monopolising, and municipal matters seem to have attracted him but little. After the disastrous election of that year, urged by Mr. Schnadhorst and encouraged by Mr. Gladstone himself, he set to work to reorganise the Liberal party in North Lincolnshire, and in 1892 was returned by a majority of 800 for Louth, for which constituency he still sits. He was then a Liberal and Home Ruler, and consistently supported Mr. Gladstone in his Irish legislation.

It is often asked why Mr. Perks has remained plain "Mr.," when so many Methodist laymen have received "honours." The answer is that the Liberal Whips offered him a knighthood in 1894, and he declined it. In the succeeding election he fought and won Louth with increased majorities. Last election Mr Perks pronounced against the Irish alliance, and stood as an avowed supporter of the South African war. While he strongly blamed the Government for their disastrous policy which led to the war, and for their condition of unpreparedness, also for much of their conduct of the campaign, he held that the existence of the two Republics as independent states was impossible, and that President Kruger's ultimatum, coupled with the Boer invasion of our territories, compelled Great Britain to defend those territories, and absorb them in what he hopes will one day become a British South [illegible] dominion of self-governing federated states. It is well [illegible] further, that Mr. Perks was one of the original founders of the Imperial Liberal Council [illegible] became the [illegible] League.

Mr. [illegible]

Photo by E. H. Mills, 19, Stanley Gardens, N.W.

MRS. PERKS

Methodist, and philanthropic engagements to be kept. "A man who has to be at his work in the City shortly after nine every morning," he says, "cannot go to the House at two and sit there till midnight. Moreover, the methods of procedure and the habits of the House of Commons cannot be congenial to business men accustomed to act promptly, to economise time, and to push aside trivialities and delegate details." He thinks—and those concerned should take the compliment to heart—that men shine in Parliament who would make no progress in commercial and city life, and who would never be trusted with serious financial and mercantile responsibilities. "The House of Commons is a place for talkers rather than for workers" is his disheartening conviction. But he thinks even more discouragingly than this, that office can have few attractions for men who do not need a salary, and who have seen sufficiently behind the scenes of "office." All this, if true, bodes ill for the future of England, as also does Mr. Perks's conviction — which others beside himself have been driven to—that the House as a body is not the powerful assembly it was thirty-five years ago. Power has, unfortunately, passed into the hands of the great administrative departments and out of the hands of the rank and file. "The Empire," he says, "is governed, not by the popular assembly, but by a bureaucracy consisting of permanent officials." On the Education Bill—if Education Bill it must be called — Mr. Perks's views are well known. From the outset he regarded it as a clerical one, initiated by the Anglican and Roman clergy, and directly aimed at Nonconformity. He has spoken several times in the House against it, and attended scores of meetings all over the country, and perhaps in this latter way has done best service to our cause; and no Liberal member has done more to show by incontrovertible facts and cases the measure of the wrong which the bill will inflict on poor Nonconformists in outlying country parishes. It remains but to say that he is president of the Eastern Counties Liberal Federation, and was chairman of the Nonconformist Political Council, whose meetings were suspended during [illegible]

[illegible] rich in daring and successful enter- [illegible] innumerable benevolences and dis- [illegible] inspired with an earnest and [illegible] of one whom Methodism, and [illegible] Church of England, delights to honour.

MR. R. W. PERKS, M.P., AT HIS WRITING-TABLE

Helps for Sunday-School Teachers and Christian Endeavourers

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS

By REV. G. H. MORRISON, M.A.

JAN. 4.—*Paul and Silas at Philippi* (Acts xvi. 22-34)

"Philippi." Note how singularly fitted Philippi was to be the representative of Imperial Rome. In its plain the last battle was fought, in which the republicans of Rome were defeated.

"Paul and Silas sang praises unto God." If, as is probable, they sang from the Psalms of David, what passages do the children think would have been peculiarly suitable to their state? (See Psalms lxix. 34; cii. 19 20; cxvi. 13; cxlvi. 6-8.)

What instances from the Old Testament would occur to Paul and Silas of men in prison destined for a great work? Joseph (Gen. xxxix. 20); Jeremiah (Jer. xxxviii. 6); Daniel (Dan. vi. 16).

JAN. 11.—*Christian Living* (Phil. iv. 1-13)

Joy in the Lord (verse 4). Of what men and women in the Bible is it particularly noted that they rejoiced so? Hannah prayed, and said, "My heart rejoiceth in the Lord" (1 Sam. ii. 1). David the king rejoiced with great joy (1 Chron. xxix. 9). Mary said, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour" (Luke i. 46-47). Zaccheus made haste and came down and received Christ joyfully (Luke xix. 6). The disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost (Acts xiii. 52). The Philippian gaoler rejoiced, believing in God with all his house (Acts xvi. 34).

The heart at leisure from itself (verse 6). Let the children commit these proverbs: "Ills that never happened have chiefly made men wretched"; "Never trouble with trouble, till trouble troubles you"; "Every matter of care should be a matter of prayer." Remark that dust, by its very nature, can only rise a certain height above the road, and birds, which fly higher, never have it on their wings. What are the two wings named in this verse? Prayer and thanksgiving. And the dust? Carefulness.

The blessings of content—"in whatsoever state I am" (verse 11). Illustrate from the fable of the canary and the goldfish, who were together in the same room. One hot day the master of the house heard the fish complaining of its dumb condition, and envying the sweet song of its companion. The canary was eyeing the inhabitant of the globe. "How cool it looks! I wish my lot were there." The master of the house said, "So then shall it be," and he placed the fish in the air and the bird in the water. They very soon repented of their discontent.

JAN. 18.—*Paul at Thessalonica and Berea* (Acts xvii. 1-12)

The world turned upside down (verse 6). Had Jesus foreseen this effect of preaching the Gospel? Read Luke xii. 51-53, and remember that *fermentation* is the proper work of leaven (Matt. xiii. 33). Illustrate by the extraordinary upheaval of Reformation times, when the proclamation of the Apostolic Gospel sounded through lands that had forgotten it. Read over to the children some of the stirring scenes in Wesley's Journal (as at Cork and Birmingham and Stallbridge). How accurately the citizens of these towns might have applied these words to Wesley!

The open mind the test of nobility (verse 11). Distinguish between prejudice (= prejudging) and bigotry, and give notable Scripture instances of the former (1 Kings xxii. 8; 2 Kings v. 10-12; Matt. xiii. 54-57; John i. 46; Acts ix. 26-30).

JAN. 25.—*Paul's Counsel to the Thessalonians* (1 Thess v. 14-28)

Be patient (verse 14). A little Scotch girl, when asked the meaning of patience, answered, "Wait a wee, and dinna weary." Calvin confessed, in a letter to Bucer, that he had not so great a struggle with his vices, great and numerous as they were, as he had with his impatience. Read the story of "Passion and Patience" in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

"Prove all things" (verse 21). Tell the children the story of Justin Martyr, who was born about the year 100 A.D., and who was filled with a passion for the truth. He proved all the great philosophies in turn, and none of them gave rest to his soul. At last, meeting an old man in the country, he learned "that which is good" in Jesus Christ. He held fast to it through good and evil report, and at last won the crown of martyrdom.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR TOPICS

By REV. H. ELVET LEWIS

JAN. 4.—*How to Start Afresh* (Eph. iv. 20-32)

Thomas Olivers, author of the hymn "The God of Abraham Praise," had been in his youth notoriously wicked in a parish where sin abounded. But hearing Whitefield preach from the text, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" he became a different person before the sermon was finished. A practical evidence of the change was his promptness in starting to pay off all the debts of his profligate years.

The renewal of character is from within—from the renewing of "the *spirit* of the mind." "God has clothed the lily," says the late Principal D. Charles Davies, "as He clothes Himself—from within, and not from without. The robe of leaves and fruit which covers the tree is woven from within by the life of the tree itself. . . And so is the new man clothed after God. The robe of holy conduct is wrought, not with hands or through any human act, but within through the power of life of a holy principle."

JAN. 11.—*Bringing others to Christ* (John i. 40-45; iv. 28-42)

Andrew brought his brother to Christ, Philip his friend, the woman of Samaria her fellow-citizens. In the sphere of home, of friendship, of populous life, there are constant opportunities to the wise disciple. The one supreme qualification is to be convinced that He can save: as John Newton felt when he sang—

> He told me all that e'er I did,
> And told me all was pardoned too;
> And now, like her, as He has bid,
> I live to point Him out to you.

The Rev. John Angell James, in the funeral sermon of Richard Knill, speaking of that devoted evangelist's passion for the conversion of souls, not only in the pulpit, but in private conversation with men daily, remarked: "Like the enthusiastic botanist, geologist, or entomologist, he was ever in pursuit of his object, and looking out for fresh means of gaining it. It was his felicity to have rarely to say, '*I have lost an opportunity.*'"

JAN. 18.—*Endeavourers and Church Work* (Ezra iii. 8-13; 1 Tim. iii. 14, 15)

"*Setting forward* the work"—what a finely suggestive phrase! It is not too high for the lowest; and not too low for the highest. One need not be an actual worker, in order to set it forward. Barzillai was too old to fight for David, but he set forward the King and his weary army by his friendly gifts (2 Sam. xvii. 27-29; xix. 31-40). A church has often been saved by one of its humblest members. There is in Wales to-day a flourishing church, which was once on the point of being closed; but one humble, pious woman refused to despair, and her faith overcame.

Just as, in building, every worker falls in with the architect's plan, so will every Christian Endeavour Society fit its work into the general work and enterprise of the Church of which it is a part: not separately, but heartily in union with it. "For Christ and for the Church" must not be a mere ornamental badge, but its living inspiration.

JAN. 25.—*An Evening with Chinese Missions* (Isa. xlix. 8-12, 22-25)

"One thing I am sure of," wrote James Gilmour in depression and loneliness, "the thousands here need salvation; God is most anxious to give it them; where, then, is the hindrance? In them? I hardly think so. In God? No. In me, then! The thing I am praying away at now is that He would remove that hindrance by whatever process is necessary. I shall not be surprised if he puts me through some fires or some severe operations, nor shall I be sorry, if they only end by leaving me a channel through which His saving grace can flow unhindered to these needy people." Since those poignant words were written, Chinese missions have been "put through fires": surely, not for nought.

Jonathan Lees relates of his passing through a village where the Chinese New Year's festival was in progress, and speaking to some of the crowd on the folly of idol-worship, and telling them the story of God's love. "Sir," said a village patriarch, "we knew not this was wrong: our fathers worshipped thus; stay and teach us. *We cannot find the door.*" "Alas!" adds the missionary, "I had to travel on."

LATEST PICTURE OF DR. BROWN, TAKEN AT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL FESTIVAL OF HIS CHURCH

Dr. John Brown, of Bedford

TO lovers of Bunyan a first visit to Bedford is an experience never to be forgotten. The train, as it nears the ancient city, passes through a dream-lit landscape, in which facts and fancies flit before us like the shadows on the fields. It is all an Enchanted Ground, but there is no temptation to slumber. We see the crows alighting on the ploughed lands, and think how Bunyan longed to tell even the crows of the grace and mercy with which God had visited his soul. There are pleasant lanes winding away into the distance, and we remember the man who traversed these roads in agony of conscience, dreading the awful consequences of that one sinful thought, "Let Him go if He will." The towers and palaces of Bunyan's vision have not faded away like an insubstantial pageant. We walk in the meadows by the Ouse, and see that valley where, in ancient days, men found pearls and talked with angels. We stand by the broad, quiet river, and think of that deeper, more silent stream to whose margin the pilgrims came at last. Bedford is Bunyan's town. He is the dead but sceptred sovereign who still rules the spirits of its men and women. Its treasures, seen and unseen, are the imperishable creations of his genius.

Dr. Brown has no need to fear that in a few years his name may be forgotten in the town to which he has devoted half a lifetime of strenuous labour. He has linked himself to the immortal memory of Bunyan, and wherever the Dreamer is honoured the name of Dr. John Brown, his biographer, will be remembered and honoured too. A standard work like the "Life of Bunyan" will outlast the beaten bronze of the allegorical doors, or even the noble statue by Sir Edgar Boehm. That curious prison door which is preserved in the vestry may be parted with at some distant day to an acquisitive American tourist; the chair in which Bunyan sat may find a less careful preserver than Dr. Brown, but his "Life of Bunyan" has a permanent place in English literature. Only last year Messrs. Isbister & Co. re-issued it in two dainty and artistic volumes. In the preface Dr. Brown mentions that the foreign versions of the "Pilgrim's Progress," which in 1885—the year when the "Life" was first published—stood at seventy-five, have now reached the number of ninety-five. Two of the latest are for the Eskimo and for the people on the Congo River in Western Africa.

Dr. Brown's Early Years

Dr. Brown was born at Bolton-le-Moors, in the County of Lancashire, on June 19th, 1830. In the early years of last century the town was surrounded—as its name indicates—by far-spreading moors. But these have long been covered with factories, mills, and streets of artisans' dwellings. "I can still remember," says Dr. Brown, "trout streams and charming bits of woodland, pleasant farmhouses, hedgerows bright with hawthorn blossom or fragrant with honeysuckle, which were once well within a holiday ramble. They have now vanished for ever from that busy country side."

Dr. Brown's paternal grandfather was a native of Stewarton, in Ayrshire, where he was born in 1764. Some time before his birth his family had migrated from Muirkirk, in the same county, the parish of John Brown, the Covenanting martyr, who was shot down by Claverhouse. This grandfather was living in Kilmarnock about the time that Robert Burns brought his first volume of poems to be printed at John Wilson's shop in that town. At the close of his apprenticeship he crossed the Border, and, on reaching Bolton in Lancashire, made up his mind to start in business for himself. He married Sarah Wyld, who lived to be eighty-one, and whom Dr. Brown remembers as a woman of great energy of character, with a marked

AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF MRS. BROWN

individuality of her own. The young couple were married at Bolton Parish Church in 1789, and became the parents of six sons and four daughters. Of this family five lived to be over seventy, and the eldest died at eighty-six. They were prosperous men, and the eldest, John, was for many years an alderman, and active in town affairs.

Dr. Brown's mother's maiden name was Hodgkinson, and she was the daughter of James Hodgkinson, a manufacturer of cotton cloth, who made a small fortune by employing a few hand-loom weavers before the days of steam-looms. Dr. Brown remembers this grandfather, who lived to the age of seventy-eight, dying in May 1847. "He was over six feet high, tall and spare, and, to old age, erect and vigorous. I am reminded of him by Hugh Thomson's pictures of Mr. Holbrook, in his illustrations to Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford.' He was very deaf all the years I knew him, and yet, curiously enough, was fond of having a political argument with a Scottish neighbour, John Young, who was as warmly in favour of Protection as my grandfather was in favour of Repeal, in the days of the Anti-Corn Law agitation. Among my earliest recollections are his Protestant dislike of him whom, in common with all older men of that generation, he always spoke of as 'the Pope of *Room*'; his patriotic scorn for *Bonnypart*; and his equally patriotic admiration for *Lord* Wellington, as to the last he persisted in styling the Iron Duke."

AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF DR. BROWN

Dr. Brown speaks with reverence and affection of his father, who was for more than fifty years the superintendent of the Sunday school and deacon of the Mawdsley Street Church, with which he was connected. In 1886 a memorial portrait of him was placed in the school with which he had been associated so long.

Photo by John Eastham, Manchester

DR. BROWN IN HIS MANCHESTER DAYS

It is to his mother that Dr. Brown owes his first acquaintance with Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." If she could have known that he would become the successor in the ministry of the man she so revered, her joy and pride would have been great indeed.

Dr. Brown relates how when quite a child he was sent to a British School in his native town, then recently established as one of the earliest in the country. "The Quakers of the town, as being amongst the warmest friends of education in the country, and some of my father's personal friends also, were much interested in the founding of this school, and great hopes were entertained for its future. Our time was spent in sing-song lessons, varied with instruction in arithmetic and the like. Little attempt was made to remove a boy's individual difficulties, and I have to this day a vivid remembrance of the weary time I spent in this school. I got on much better at the private school kept by James Hardman, the parish clerk of Trinity Church. I liked my work and my master, and made fair progress, until eventually I was sent to a higher-class school kept by John Gordon in Silverwell Street, where my knowledge of English literature was widened, and my love of learning increased."

In his early days Dr. Brown was sent to a lawyer's office. His business was to make copies of deeds and answer inquiries during his master's frequent absences for convivial enjoyment. He was left very much to his own devices, but for unately the lawyer was a subscriber to the Church and King library of the town, and there used to come to the office

regularly the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* reviews, *Blackwood's* and *Fraser's* magazines, besides occasional bundles of the newest books of the day. Dr. Brown was thus able to continue his education more usefully than he could have done at school, and he acquired thus early those literary tastes that have given him so much happiness throughout life. His father grew uneasy at his employer's dissipated habits, and transferred the boy to the service of another solicitor. He also was very kind in furnishing his clerk with books and in paying his subscription to a literary institute. When John Brown reached his fifteenth year his parents felt it desirable that he should enter on some permanent walk of life, and they apprenticed him to his father's friend, Robert Holden, a bookseller and printer in the town, who

Photo by Tuohy, Bedford

MRS. BROWN

was a Nonconformist and attended the same church as themselves. He was in a small way a publisher, and brought out a monthly magazine called the *Voice of Truth*, which was edited by the two Congregational ministers of the town. In this bookselling business Dr. Brown was in congenial surroundings. He enjoyed especially the talk of the publishers' travellers, who came from time to time from London, and whose conversation opened to him a new world. The first book he purchased with his own money was a copy of Dwight's "Theology," which he bought about the age of sixteen. Years afterwards he told Dr. Dwight, of Yale, the grandson of Timothy Dwight, that this book in six small volumes had been his first literary possession. A book which made a great impression upon him in these early years was Dr. M'Crie's

Photo by J. Thomson, Bedford

DR. AND MRS. BROWN AND THEIR FAMILY

From "Bunyan Home Series of Photographs," published by J. Thomson, Bedford
BACK OF OLD MEETING HOUSE

"Life of John Knox."

Dr. Brown has always been glad that he enjoyed the advantage of a business training. He went through the various branches of the trade as compositor and printer, and the knowledge he thus gained of men and affairs has been of service to him in after-life. The young printer had one terrible adventure in a series of happy years. He was just seventeen when the printing office took fire. Some sheets hanging on the line overhead caught light from the flame of the gas. The fire spread rapidly to the ceiling of the next floor, on which there was a heavy weight of metal and type. Three young men were working two stories higher than the room in which the fire began, and before the alarm was given the only staircase by which they could escape was wrapped in flames. One after the other they rushed down the burning staircase, and "I well remember" Dr. Brown says, "that baptism of fire as the flames curled round each of us in turn, singeing off hair and eyebrows as we passed through. It was like a lifetime in a moment, till from an open window we passed to another building, from which we were able to descend to the street.

Photo by F. Hockliffe, Bedford
BUNYAN MEETING, BEDFORD

Dr. Brown's Call to the Ministry

Dr. Brown was fortunate in the pastors who presided over the Mawdsley Street Church in his youth. The first he remembers was the Rev. William Jones, who had a wide reputation in Lancashire as a vigorous preacher and expositor of Scripture. His successor joined the Established Church after little more than a year's pastorate, and then came the Rev. William Lawson Brown, a native of Arbroath and a graduate of Glasgow, who was trained for the Congregational ministry under Dr. Wardlaw and Greville Ewing. He was a forcible and instructive preacher and had a considerable intellectual and spiritual influence upon his young men, and not least on the future biographer of Bunyan. Dr. Brown had a class in the Sunday school, and, as he grew older began to give short addresses at cottage prayer meetings. In these exercises he found increasing pleasure, and at length the idea of the Christian ministry as a possible vocation in life entered his mind. "I well remember," he says, "the Sunday evening when this thought took definite shape. I was sitting up reading after the others in the house had gone to bed when the thought flashed in upon me almost as if some one had spoken it in my ear. I was startled and tried to put it from me as preposterous; but it came again and again, and at last I decided to lay the matter before my minister.

INTERIOR OF BUNYAN MEETING

THE REV. DR. JOHN BROWN

Photo by Elliott & Fry

Reprint of a sketch by R. Godfrey, published 1772

OLD BEDFORD BRIDGE

He arranged to give me and my friend John Allenson, who also wished to be a minister, instruction in Latin and Greek." A year after leaving business, Dr. Brown entered Lancashire Independent College in October, 1851, having matriculated at London University the previous June. The examination took place in Somerset House, where Dr. Brown sat with several hundreds of other candidates. During his visit he went the round of London sights, and heard, amongst other noted preachers, the Rev. James Hamilton. In the Exhibition year special services were held at Exeter Hall for the thousands of strangers who had come from all parts of the world. Dr. Hamilton preached an eloquent sermon from the text, "I stand at the door and knock." Dr. Brown well remembers his tall figure, his strong Scotch accent and his poetical style Other preachers whom he heard were Samuel Martin and Thomas Binney.

Lancashire College

Dr. Brown's formal admission to Lancashire College took place in the autumn of 1851. The College had then been in existence eight years. It was pleasantly situated in the suburb of Manchester known as Whalley Range. Dr. Robert Vaughan, who held the presidency till 1857, had been minister of the Congregational Church at Kensington, and had held the Chair of Modern History at University College, London. His "Life of John Wycliffe" and his "History of England under the House of Stuart" were at one time very popular. It was Dr. Vaughan who established the *British Quarterly Review*, and became the first editor. "At the time I came under his care," Dr. Brown remarked, "he was a man of fifty-six years of age, of striking personal appearance, with a certain grandeur of manner which was natural to him. His ordinary style of preaching was somewhat heavy, but on special occasions he could be a really great orator. I have seen him hold an audience by an elaborate description of a Roman triumph, and I shall not soon forget the scene I witnessed in the old Free Trade Hall in Manchester when an immense audience was gathered to do honour to Kossuth, the Hungarian exile. Dr. Vaughan was called upon to give the address of welcome to our visitor. It was the very part of all others he was fitted to take. His historic instinct, his broad sympathies with national freedom, and his interest in the fortunes and sufferings of the man before him, all conspired to bring him out at his best. His speech on that occasion was really an oratorical triumph, and when at length he paused to give the right hand of welcome to the great Hungarian patriot, the people scarcely knew how to contain themselves." The second professor at the College was Dr. Samuel Davidson, who held the Chair of Hebrew, Old and New Testament Exegesis, Biblical Criticism, and Church History. He was a man of great erudition in his own department, the author of an "Introduction to the New Testament" in three volumes, and of a work on Biblical criticism, both of which had a considerable reputation in their time. He had studied in Germany, was a personal friend and correspondent of Professor Tholuck and other Continental scholars, and had a wide acquaintance with foreign theological literature. His talk in private was instructive and delightful, especially when he got on his own favourite themes.

BRONZE DOORS OF BUNYAN MEETING
Presented in 1876 by the Duke of Bedford

Dr. Davidson resigned his Chair in later years under interesting circumstances. His lectures on the Old Testament were published as one of the volumes of Horne's "Introduction." A hue-and-cry was raised by the more orthodox, which ultimately led to Dr. Davidson's resignation of his Chair and to the substitution of another volume in the "Introduction." "Looking back on the controversy after forty years, I cannot but feel," said Dr. Brown, "that the scare was needless, and that scant justice was done to an able and fearless man." In the first

BUNYAN'S COTTAGE, ELSTOW

two years at College Dr. Brown had little to do with these professors, as the literary students were sent for classical training to Owens College, which had been opened in 1851 in the house once occupied by Richard Cobden in Quay Street, Manchester. There they read Greek and Latin on five days of the week with Professor Greenwood. When, at the end of the first year's course, Dr. Brown succeeded in carrying off the second classical prize, he was prouder of this honour than of many greater things in after-life. Dr. Brown took his degree of B.A. at London University in October, 1853. The examiner in Greek was Dr. William Smith, the maker of classical dictionaries; and the examiner in logic and moral philosophy was the Rev. Henry Alford, afterwards Dean of Canterbury, whom Dr. Brown then saw for the first and last time. Dr. Brown attended the lectures at Owens College of the Principal, Alexander J. Scott. He was a man of quite unique personality and high intellectual power. The first Bishop of Manchester, James Prince Lee, was often among the audience which listened to his lectures on the relation of religion to the life of the scholar. Originally a Presbyterian, Principal Scott was at one time a colleague of Edward Irving, and was with him during the remarkable episode of the supposed gift of tongues in the church built for Irving in Regent's Square. Mrs. Oliphant is severe upon Scott in her "Life of Irving"; but there is no doubt he was a great intellectual and spiritual force among the students during the early days of his Manchester life. The men of the highest type of mind were the most assiduous in attending his lectures.

Dr. Brown's First Pastorate

Dr. Brown's first charge was at Park Chapel, Cheetham Hill Road, Manchester, where he settled in 1855. This was a large building which had cost £4,000, but had a debt of £600 upon it. The church was not formed and the congregation was almost *nil*, the income from the pews amounting only to about £30 a year. Dr. Brown, however, felt it as the chief attraction to this sphere of service that he would not have to build upon another man's foundation, but must begin almost from the ground upwards. He preached his first sermon as minister on May 27th, 1855, and was not finally released from college until the end of June. He laboured at Manchester very successfully for nine years, and the congregation steadily increased.

It was during his Manchester ministry that Dr. Brown's marriage to Miss Ada Haydon Ford took place. His wedding-day was memorable as the centenary of the birth of Robert Burns, when all over the country banquets were being held and speeches being made in honour of Scotland's poet. He gladly acknowledges that he owes much of his success and happiness to the co-operation and zealous devotion of his wife. Mrs. Brown carried on for some years a very successful school for girls in Bedford, and for eleven years has been a director of the London Missionary Society, taking special interest in the training of lady candidates. She is a vice-president of the Women's Liberal Association, a member of the working committee of the Charity Organisation Society, and was for several years a Poor Law Guardian. Mrs. Brown's father, the Rev. David Everard Ford, was minister of the Congregational Church at Lymington, in Hampshire, for twenty years. He was successful as an author and musical composer, and an account of him appears in the "Dictionary of National Biography." When Dr. Brown first made his acquaintance, he was minister of Richmond Chapel, Salford.

Jews in increasing numbers came to reside in the Cheetham Hill neighbourhood. At their head was the distinguished Rabbi, Dr. Schiller Szinessy, with whom Dr. Brown had many walks and talks, and whom he afterwards knew as Keeper of Hebrew Books and Manuscripts in the University Library of Cambridge. The coming of the Hebrews made a great change in the neighbourhood. Usually when a Gentile vacated a house it was a Jew who became the next tenant. Park Chapel had three other ministers after Dr. Brown removed to Bedford, but it was finally closed as a Congregational church in 1890, and at the present moment is actually a Jewish synagogue.

Life at Bedford

A description of Dr. Brown's life at Bedford would require an article of itself, and this narrative is already long. In his thirty-nine years' ministry he has become the best known and best loved of its inhabitants. His six children are all grown up, and their parents have had the joy and delight of watching their successful careers. One son, Dr. Walter Langdon Brown, won a scholarship at Bedford Grammar School and another at St. John's College, Cambridge. He is now M.D. and M.R.C.P. The eldest daughter married Dr. Keynes, of Cambridge, and their eldest son, John Maynard Keynes, after five years at Eton, has now entered King's College, Cambridge, with scholarships worth £180 a year. Their second daughter is a duly qualified medical doctor. In 1891, Dr. Brown was Chairman of the Congregational Union, and his two learned addresses on "The Historic Episcopate" and "The Historic Christian People" are still fresh in memory. Subsequently he was also Chairman of Committee for three years. In Bedfordshire he has been for twenty-four years president of the County Association of Congregational and Baptist Churches, and in many ways has taken an active part in the public life of the town and county.

The story of his Bunyan researches, and of the publication of his Life of the Great Dreamer, will, I hope, be told some day in full by his own pen. It began in the simplest way from the desire to give his own people some more recent and reliable account of their own history than they had possessed heretofore. As with this intent he pursued his investigations in the Lambeth Library, the British Museum, and the Public Record Office, material in unexpected ways grew upon his hands, which was increased from municipal archives and the Transcript Registers. The book, on its appearance, was well received, both in Great Britain and the United States of America, and on Commencement Day, June, 1887, an unexpected telegram from Professor Fisher informed him that the honorary degree of D.D. had been conferred upon him by Yale University.

Of this University he was lecturer on the Lyman Beecher Foundation in 1899, taking for his subject, "Puritan Preaching in England."

In 1866 he published a volume of lectures on the Book of Revelation; in 1881 a work entitled "God's Books for Man's Life"; in 1895 he was the author of a history, "The Pilgrim Fathers of New England and their Puritan Successors"; and in 1897 he was Congregational Lecturer, his lectures appearing the following year under the title of "Apostolical Succession in the Light of History and Fact."

Dr. Brown has led a life of strenuous literary activity and public service at Bedford, and has well earned the repose which he and Mrs. Brown hope they may enjoy during many happy years. J. T. S.

The Blindness of Madge Tyndall

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

CHAPTER III

JACOB WHERRY'S SECRET

One eye-witness weighs
More than ten hear-says. Seeing is believing
All the world over.

PLAUTUS.

EARLY in January Jacob Wherry returned from London with a piece of news that created no little stir. At first it was whispered to one person only as a profound secret, but the person referred to found the burden of it too great to be borne alone, and she took two of her neighbours into her confidence, pledging them beforehand to absolute secrecy. The same evening six others were taken into confidence, and by nine o'clock on the following morning twenty-three people knew the secret, every one of them pledged in the most solemn manner not to divulge it. By noon the number had increased to eighty-seven, and by sundown it had grown to four hundred and fifty. Before bed-time everybody in the town knew it, and it was discussed north, south, east, and west with much animation, but always as a profound secret that must not on any account be allowed to travel any farther.

The Rev. Scott Tyndall, in visiting among his flock, heard many versions of the secret, and, being anxious to know the exact truth, invited Jacob Wherry to his house that he might hear the story first-hand.

Jacob sidled into the minister's study with much seeming reluctance, and intimated at once, in the presence of Madge and her mother, "That he would much rather say nothing about it, that he was very sorry he had mentioned the matter at all, and that he had intended it to be kept as an absolute secret."

"Wait a moment, Jacob," said the Curate, in his severest pulpit tone. "I am not quite ready for you yet. Take a seat and make yourself comfortable. And you, Madge, had better go into the dining-room to the children. What Mr. Wherry has to say might be somewhat painful to you, and I have no wish——"

"If it is something I am interested in I would rather stay," Madge interposed.

"But I prefer you did not," the Curate said sternly.

"Very good." And Madge took up her work and quietly left the room. She did not close the door after her, however, nor was it closed by those who remained.

The hall was quite dark when she stepped across it, so she came back a little later with a lighted taper and proceeded to light the lamp. She had no intention of staying or listening, and yet she did both, held by a spell which she could not resist, and which rendered her for the moment unconscious of what she was doing.

It was the mention of her lover's name that attracted her attention. Jacob Wherry was speaking in anything but modulated tones, and in the hall his words could be heard as distinctly as in the minister's study.

"I ain't waun of them as has gone round sayin' hard things agin Dr. Studley, I ain't." And Jacob coughed slightly and cleared his throat, while Madge let the taper fall, which instantly went out, and grasped the stair bannister for support. She felt that some revelation was about to be made, and whatever the consequences might be, she could but listen.

"Quite right, Jacob," the Curate said encouragingly. "You are generally looked upon as a very cautious man."

"No, 'tain't that," Jacob replied deprecatingly; "I only speaks of people as I find 'em; and I said to myself at the time, I did, that there was a big 'if' in the case, and it weren't right to be too hard on the Doctor till we was sartin; and between ourselves, Mr. Tyndall, I rather liked the young gent, I did. He were very handsome and fair-spoken, and there ain't no denyin' of it, there ain't."

"Yes, that is all right," the Curate said a little impatiently; "but to your story, Jacob."

"That is what I'm of a-doin', sir, or tryin' to do," Jacob replied; "but not bein' gifted with speech, it don't come aisy like, as it does to you, who'm in the perfession. But to get on, as the snail said to the magpie. I was in London last week on business."

"Yes, I quite understand."

"You know Covenant Gardens, sir, very likely—a terrible busy place. There was some store of vegetables there last week, sir—a terrible store. It's wonderful where all them garden crops do come from, it is for sure; and it's that as keeps the prices down so; profits are terrible small these times, sir, they be indeed."

"So I have heard you say before, Jacob, but never mind that now."

"Well, as I was a-sayin', I was at Covenant Gardens on business, though why it's called Gardens I never could make out, for there ain't nawthin' anything like gardens nowhere near it. It's all paved like a street right round, and a purty dirty street at that."

"Yes, yes, I quite understand; but what happened after you had transacted your business?"

"That's the very thing I'm a-coming to, sir. I'd left the Gardens, as I was a-sayin', and was coming along Drury Lane—you've been in Drury Lane most likely, sir?"

"No, I don't think so; but never mind that now."

"Well, believe me, it ain't waun bit like a lane, not waun bit, sir. I never could understand the foolishness of London people callin' places Lanes and Gardens and Strands, and all them things, when they're not no more like the things themselves than a wheelbarrow's like a furze rick."

"Just so—just so, Jacob," the curate said irritably. "Please go on."

"That's what I'm a-doin', sir. Think of a lane without no hedges, nor a blade of grass growin' nowhere, nor yet so much as a blackberry bush. Don't you think, sir, them Londoners be terrible foolish 'bout some things?"

"It's possible, Jacob; but that's neither here nor there."

"Well, I was goin' along the street called Drury Lane, an' a terrible dirty street 'tes, too, in Janiwary. Folks may talk 'bout our Fore Street as much as they like, but you believe me, sir——"

"Oh! never mind our Fore Street now, Jacob; tell me what happened in Drury Lane."

"Yes, sir, that's what I'm a-doin'. To make a long story short, I was walkin' slow like—for I don't believe in them London ways of always a-hurryin' as if your house was on fire; it nearly takes your breath away to look at 'em, sir. From the biggest of 'em to the least they're in waun everlastin' tear."

"Yes, yes, but that's their concern."

"So 'tes, sir, and so their hurryin' ways don't make no defference to me. But let me see, where was I?"

"You said you were walking along Drury Lane."

"Oh, yes; well, so I was. And to make a long story short, and to bring it to a hend, as the cobbler said to the bristle, I comed face to face with Dr. Studley."

Madge gave a little gasp and sat down on the stairs.

"You are quite sure?" the Curate questioned anxiously.

"Quite sure? I'm as sure as I'm sittin' on this here chair. I saw him afore he came up, and knowed him in a hinstant. He was lookin' very well, too, with a smart and well-set-up young lady by his side."

"You are prepared to swear to that fact?"

"Well, sir, I'm not fond of swearing, but I'll take my Bible oath on it any time."

"That will do. And did you speak to him?"

"I did, sir—you trust me for that. And I gived him a piece of my mind, too."

"Well?"

"Well, he looked some astonished at first, he did, for sure; and then he began to laugh. And the young woman looked on and laughed too."

"No, surely?"

"It's the gospel truth, sir. He was as brazen as anything and asked me if I didn't think it were a fine joke, and sent his respects to the young lady and hoped she had sense enough to keep the presents"

At this poor Madge gave a groan that might have been heard all over the house. No one, however, heeded her. The Curate and his wife were too intent on Jacob's story to pay attention to anything else.

"The scoundrel!" muttered Mr. Tyndall, with suppressed rage. "But I knew it from the first. Poor Madge, ho wshe has been deceived!"

"I couldn't have believed it of him," Jacob interposed, "if I hadn't seen and heard him with my own personal senses, as it were."

"And have you repeated the conversation you had with this Studley to others?" the Curate asked.

"No, sir. I only told Mary Boundy as how I had seen Dr. Studley. I didn't intend for nobody to know 'bout it, but Mary let it out."

Madge, realising that the conference was at an end, gathered up all her strength and dragged herself upstairs to her bedroom, and shut and bolted the door.

The worst had happened, and she was not prepared for it. She had believed in her lover in spite of everything. The memory of his words had been her most precious heritage during the past months of darkness and pain. To dream of him, to recall his face and voice, had been her greatest pleasure. She had slept with his portrait under her pillow, and had anticipated the time when they would meet again beyond the shadows of earth, and the pain of separation be at an end for ever.

But that was at an end now. Her idol was shattered. Her hero and saint stood revealed a traitor and villain. His memory was an offence to her; his name had become the synonym of treachery and lies. Her faith was dead—killed at

"I COMED FACE TO FACE WITH DR. STUDLEY." "YOU ARE QUITE SURE?" THE CURATE QUESTIONED ANXIOUSLY.

"Well, say nothing to anybody, Jacob. We must keep the worst from Madge if possible. Of course, she will get to hear that the fellow is living in London, but that is all she need know."

"Just so, sir. And I'm very glad you've given me the chance of telling you the whole story. It's been a great load on my mind, sir, a very great load, and a great grief, for I were somewhat fond of the young man, I confess I were. But how we do get deceived in this world, sir!"

"Unfortunately, that is so, Jacob," the Curate said slowly and reflectively. "Yes, we do get deceived. But I have detained you a long time, Jacob. I really am much obliged to you."

"Oh! don't mention it," Jacob answered, with dignity. "I'll be always glad to render you any service." And he rose slowly to his feet and made for the door.

one sudden blow; her hope had gone out in utter darkness; her joy had turned to ashes in her mouth.

Oh! it was cruel beyond her farthest thought that the man she had so loved and trusted, whose eyes seemed to have such depths of honesty and truth, whose words rang with so much apparent sincerity, whose hands had held hers so often and so long, whose lips had been as nectar to her own—that he of all others should be so base, so cowardly, so wickedly cruel.

How stubbornly she had resisted her father's contention, how bitterly she had resented the gossip of her neighbours, how steadfastly she had believed in him through all! Now she must hide herself in humility and shame, and confess that she had given her love to a fiend in human shape.

Throwing herself upon her bed, she moaned aloud in the anguish of her heart, and almost wondered if her reason were not leaving her.

Then a knock came to the door, and she roused herself in a moment.

"They shall not guess that I know," she said to herself. "I have resisted so long that surely now I shall be able to keep silence."

"I am coming," she called in a voice strangely unlike her own. And she went and plunged her hands and face in cold water, and made a desperate effort to put out of her mind the conversation she had heard.

She did not know how much all this exhausted her strength. She only felt that it would be humiliating to capitulate at once. She had borne her grief bravely, and she was resolved to bear her humiliation with equal courage.

Her father and mother were too self-absorbed to notice how pale she was, and how fiercely the fire burned in her eyes. She went about her household duties with the same quiet grace and ease that always characterised her, but she paid the penalty of her bravery in the days that followed.

CHAPTER IV

MIND AND BODY

> Faults in the life breed errors in the brain,
> And these reciprocally those again;
> The mind and conduct mutually imprint
> And stamp their image in each other's mint.
>
> COWPER.

MADGE managed to keep on her feet for nearly a week, and then she suddenly collapsed. Her mother found her in their little drawing-room one morning in a dead faint; and when the Doctor arrived, he insisted that she should be taken to bed at once. He knew her story—had noticed with alarm her gradually wasting cheeks and the growing brightness of her eyes—and so was not at all surprised, or, if surprised, it was that she had managed to keep on her feet so long.

When Madge awoke to consciousness, and found herself lying in her own bed helpless and exhausted, she gave a little sigh and quietly resigned herself to the inevitable. Her will had broken down at last, her brave little heart had been conquered. "I shall die now," was the thought that passed through her mind; "and I am very glad. It will be easier to die, and be at rest, than live and bear all this pain and humiliation."

She was very patient, and took without complaining all the medicine that was given her, but nothing seemed to do her any good. Day by day she grew weaker and more helpless, while to make the case more difficult still, brain fever threatened, and with the utmost difficulty was kept at bay.

The Doctor shook his head and looked distressed. His patient had no hope, no desire to get better. In that lay his chief difficulty. The medicine he gave could not touch the troubles of the mind or heal a broken heart. If she could only be induced to rouse herself, to take an interest in life or in the world, there would still be a chance for her; but in her present state she was simply "slipping through his fingers," and he had no power to hold her back.

Her father was in great distress, and blamed himself very bitterly for speaking to her so harshly as he had done. He was not a hopeful man. Life had gone too hardly with him for that. If there should be two sides to a picture, he generally managed to look on the dark side. In the pulpit he preached the gospel of hope, because it was his duty to do so; but he never managed to preach it in hopeful tones. He was forty-six, and still a curate, with less prospect of promotion now than there had been twenty years before. He had six children, the youngest only two years old, and the daily struggle to make both ends meet had become more and more trying as the years had lengthened and the family had increased. He had seen his wife grow old before her time, had watched with pain her hair grow thin and her eyes lose their lustre. She had been pretty enough when he married her. He used to admire her from the pulpit, when she sat demurely in her pew, and think what a lovely creature she was. That was before the wedding took place.

But twenty years had wrought many changes. In some lives the changes had been good and earnestly longed for. He had seen people grow out of poverty into wealth, out of obscurity into prominence, out of neglect into fame. But such changes had not been for him. He had hoped and striven as other men had done, but fortune's favours had never come his way. Every change had taken something out of his life and given nothing in return. He was poorer now than he was twenty years ago—poorer in spirit, poorer in hope, poorer in faith. There had been a time when, in face of threatened disaster, he was able at least to hope for the best; but even that solstice was denied him now. The power to look on the bright side had departed. In his deepening winter he saw no promise of the spring.

So when Madge fell ill, and the Doctor admitted that her case was serious, he gave up hope at once. He had built so much upon Madge. To a large extent he had leaned upon her, and for some vague and undefined reason he had always imagined that if ever better fortune came to him, it would come through her. But with the first hint of danger his faith and hope went by the board. The fates were against him. Providence had singled him out for misfortune.

He spent hours each day in her room, but he rarely spoke. His heart was too full for speech, his despair too deep. He saw his best-loved child slipping away from him, but he made no outward sign. What was the use of complaining? Nothing he could do or say would alter anything. He would have to submit in any case, and he could at least do that in silence.

Old Dr. Hendy got angry with him at length, and protested that unless he bestirred himself, and tried to rouse his daughter, no power on earth could save her.

"But what can I say?" said the Curate, with a surprised look in his eyes.

"Say anything that will awaken hope in her heart or interest in life. I tell you she must be aroused if she is to get better."

"I fear she won't get better," said the poor man. "Every change that comes to me takes something and gives nothing in return."

"Why, bless me, you are as hopeless as she is," said the Doctor, "and you a clergyman!"

"My being a clergyman has nothing to do with it," was the quiet reply. "Hope, like everything else, must have something to feed upon if it is to live."

"And you have nothing to say to her that will cheer her up?"

"I am sorry I have nothing. What is there to cheer one in a life of struggle such as mine has been?"

"But doesn't religion meet such a case, and all such cases?" queried the Doctor.

"It should do so, I grant. But Madge will not get better, so why trouble her? Better let her die in peace."

"I don't believe in letting folks die if there is a chance of saving them, especially young folks. Heavens! there ought to be no death except to the old. Death ought to come by slow and painless decay. When the young die, there's been a mistake made somewhere, and it will be a mistake if your daughter dies."

"If Heaven has willed it, we cannot keep her," was the solemn reply.

"My dear fellow, believe me, Heaven has willed nothing so stupid," snapped the old Doctor, and turning quickly around he hurried back into the sick-room.

"Look here, Madge Tyndall," he said, in hard, stern tones, "you've got to get better; and, what is more, you've got to make haste about it."

Madge opened her eyes wearily, while a smile spread itself over her face like a gleam of sunshine, but she made no reply.

"Did you hear what I said?" the old Doctor asked, in the same tone of voice.

"Oh, yes, Doctor," came the quiet reply. "But I shall not get better. I've felt it from the first."

"Then you had no right to feel it," he said bluntly. "People have no business to feel such things. Do you think you have a right to commit suicide?"

"What do you mean, Doctor?" she asked, with a startled look in her eyes.

"I mean that you are simply letting yourself die because you won't make an effort to get better. And I say it's wrong and sinful."

"Sinful, Doctor?" she questioned, looking still more startled.

"Yes, sinful. There's no reason why you should not get well. There's no disease about you now—not a bit. But because you've been disappointed, you want to slip out of the world, and it's selfish and wrong."

"Oh, no, Doctor," she said, the tears coming into her eyes; "I have done everything you have told me.

"And you've to go on doing it; and I tell you, now, you have to get better, and make no mistake about it."

"But why should I get better? I have nothing to live for," she said wearily.

"Nothing to live for?" he said sternly. "That is not true, and if you don't know it, it is quite time some one told you. Think of your father. He is breaking his heart about you, and if anything happens to him, what is to become of your mother and the children?"

"But we are all in God's hands," she said wearily.

"And God meant us to live our life, my dear," he answered more kindly.

"But what can I do? I have taken the medicine regularly, and tried to be patient."

"Yes, yes, that's so; fact is, you've been too patient by half. I should like to see you getting cross and vexing yourself about things. Now, you *must* rouse yourself a bit. You can if you try. Why, if you don't get better, folks'll say you turned coward, and died because a worthless fellow jilted you."

"No, they will not say that."

"They will, and what's more, I shall back them up in it."

"But that would be very wrong," she said, with more energy than she had yet shown.

"Not a bit of it, my dear," he answered quickly. "The wrong would be with you. You've been in bed nearly three weeks, and it's time you were getting better. And what's more, you've got to! Now, good-afternoon. I'll see you again to-morrow." And picking up his gloves, he hurried out of the room.

If Dr. Hendy's sole object was to arouse his patient, there can be no doubt he succeeded admirably. Madge found it impossible to sink back into the old state of mental and physical lethargy. Both brain and heart had been stirred. It was no longer a matter of necessity that she should lie still and quietly die. For weeks she had regarded it as a religious duty to prepare for death; now she felt as though some one had taken her by the shoulders and turned her right-about-face, and told her to prepare for life. Unconsciously, from that moment, her thoughts began to run in another channel. She began to think about her father, about her home duties, about her Sunday-school class, about her old people whom she had neglected so long—about fifty other things all connected with the present life. And some of the things she thought about stirred her pulse to quicker measure, and brought a tinge of colour to her wasted cheek. The suggestion of the old Doctor that she was playing the coward and dying because a man had "jilted her" made her feel a little angry. She never had knowingly played the coward yet, and she was not going to do so now.

When the Doctor called next day, he found a marked change in her condition. She had gained no physical strength, but she had shaken her mind free from the morbid thoughts that had oppressed her so long. By the following day she had come to the conclusion that she was going to get better, and from that day her strength began to come back.

March came in that year like a lamb, with blue skies and south winds and warm sunshine. Madge stole quietly into the garden, looking very wan and pale, but with a more hopeful light in her eyes than had been seen there for a long time past. She had had a long battle, but it was over now, and she had gained the victory. Each day she extended her walks a little farther until she was able to get down to the beach and listen to the waves singing the old songs, and watch the sea-gulls across the bay wheeling round the heights of Bex Point.

How beautiful everything looked in the brilliant sunshine; how full of joy and hope was every sound! It was almost worth being ill for, to feel the bliss of returning health and strength. She began to realise, as she had never done before, what a blessed thing mere existence was. Simply to live and breathe was a delight. She had lived in Bexmouth all her life, within sound of the mighty sea; but she began to fancy she had never appreciated the beauties of the place until now, never heard till now the glorious music of the deep. Sorrow and suffering had awakened into life her deeper nature. Four months before she was merely a light-hearted, inexperienced girl. Now she was a woman with capabilities undreamed of then.

When the sunshine and the sea breezes began to bring the colour back to her cheeks, people said that she looked bonnier than she had ever done before.

This was the thought, too, of John Sleeman as he watched her from a hollow under the cliff, as she strolled leisurely up and down the beach not a hundred yards away. He had come down from London on the previous evening for his usual month at Bexmouth. For the last five years he had come every spring and autumn, and during the last two years he had taken a month or two in the summer as well. Squire Sleeman, as he was called by the natives, was always certain of a welcome at Bexmouth. He was one of themselves. He had lived there as a boy. He had gone to London and made a tremendous fortune by his own exertions. He had become a great man, and they were proud of him. And when he came in the spring to escape the east winds, they showed in a hundred ways how delighted they were to see him. This year he arrived a fortnight later than usual, and it was feared that he would not come at all.

Perhaps the only one in Bexmouth who did not want to see him was Madge Tyndall. A year ago he had pressed her very hard to be his wife, and she had refused him for Dr. Studley, and naturally she was not at all wishful to see him just now.

She had no idea that his eyes were upon her as she walked up and down the beach, and he was careful not to reveal himself. If he were ever to win her, it would not be by any precipitate action. He would have to "bide his time" and let patience do its perfect work. So he watched her complacently enough while she kept in sight. And when she left the beach he returned to his hotel with a smile upon his lips.

(*To be continued*)

St. Giles's Christian Mission, London

WHEN, in the beginning of the year 1860, a few young men commenced house-to-house visitation in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, Seven Dials, and Holborn, and founded the St. Giles's Christian Mission, they had not the remotest idea that, at the end of forty-three years, the Mission would be so widespread and manifold in its efforts and usefulness as to be called of "national" importance. Sir Albert de Rutzen, the chief Metropolitan Police magistrate, speaking recently at the last annual meeting of the Mission, was most emphatic in his praise of the work done by Mr. Wheatley and his co-workers. "The Mission has been the means of uplifting thousands of those who have fallen into evil courses; and what is of equal, if not greater, importance, it has by timely intervention and patient teaching prevented large numbers of the neglected young of London becoming confirmed criminals. It has two great aims in view—the formation of characters at present *unformed*, and the reformation of characters which have been *badly* formed. As the result of long experience, the workers are of opinion that the greatest of all factors for the attainment of these two aims is the religion of Jesus Christ. Other factors, such as better secular education, technical training, temperance, decent housing, all have to take a subordinate, although none of them an unimportant, place. Over a thousand children are being taught and trained in the Sunday schools, children's services, and Bands of Hope, while the Mission's Homes and Orphanage at Maldon in Essex have done good service. The prison work of the Mission, commenced in 1877, has now been in operation for a quarter of a century, during which time nearly 422,000 free breakfasts have been provided, more than 109,000 discharged prisoners have been assisted to make a fresh start in life, and 97,085 of them have been induced to sign the pledge." Contributions in support of this most deserving work will be thankfully received by Mr. Wheatley, 4, Ampton Street Regent Square, London, W.C.

Living Day by Day

By REV. J. R. MILLER, D.D.

TIME is given to us in days. It was so at the beginning. We need not puzzle ourselves trying to understand just what the "day" was in which God wrought in creating the universe—we may leave this matter to the scientific men and the theologians; but it is interesting to know that each day had its particular apportionment in the stupendous work. At the end of the creative periods we read, "There was evening and there was morning, one day." So it has been ever since. Time is measured to us by days. Each day has its particular section of duty, something that belongs in between sunrise and sunset, that cannot be done at all if it is not done in its own hours. "There was evening and there was morning, one day, a second day, a third day."

This breaking up of time into little daily portions means a great deal more than we are wont to think. For one thing, it illustrates the gentleness and goodness of God. It would have made life intolerably burdensome if a year, instead of a day, had been the unit of division. It would have been hard to carry a heavy load, or endure a great sorrow, or keep on at a hard duty, for such a long stretch of time. How dreary our common task-work would be if there were no breaks in it, if we had to keep our hand to to the plough or our foot on the treadle for a whole year! We never could go on with our struggles, our battles, our suffering, if night did not mercifully settle down with its darkness and bid us rest and renew our strength.

We do not understand what a blessing there is for us in our short days. If they were even twice as long as they are, life would be intolerable. Many a time when the sun goes down, we feel that we could scarcely have gone another step. We should have fainted in defeat if the summons to rest had not come just when it did.

Night with its darkness seems to be a blot on the whiteness of day. It seems to fall across our path as an interruption to our activity, compelling us to lay down our work when we are in the very midst of it, leaving it only half-done. It seems to be a waster of precious time, eating up half the hours. How much more we could accomplish, we sometimes say, if the sun did not go down, if we could go on without pause! It throws its heavy veil over the lovely things of this world, hiding them from our view. Yet night really is no stain on the splendour of day, no thief of time, no waster of golden hours, no obscurer of beauty. It reveals as much beauty as it hides, for no sooner has the sun set, leaving earth's splendour of landscape, garden, and forest in gloom, than there busts upon our vision the other splendour of the sky, filled with glorious stars.

A noble sonnet by Blanco White relates the experience of our first parent as he watched the sinking of the sun to his setting at the close of his first day:

> Did he not tremble for this lonely frame—
> This glorious canopy of light and blue?
> Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
> Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
> Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
> And lo! creation widened in man's view.
> Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
> Within thy beams. O sun! or who could find,
> Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
> That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!

When the privilege of work is interrupted, God has another blessing—the blessing of sleep. One may figure out with mathematical certitude that it is a waste of time to spend one-third of each day in the idleness of sleep. But these hours, which seem to be lost, in which we seem to be doing nothing, bring us new gifts from God. An old version renders the Psalm verse, "He giveth his beloved in sleep." We lie down with our vitality exhausted in the toils and struggles of the day. Then, while we sleep, God comes to us in the silence and stillness, and refills the emptied fountains. It is really a new creation that takes place in us while we sleep, a miracle of renewal and restoration. We die, as it were, and are made to live again.

Thus we get hints of the graciousness of the Divine thoughtfulness in giving us time in periods of little days, which we can easily get through with, and not in great years, in which we would faint and fall by the way. It makes it possible for us to go on through all the long years and not to be overwrought, for we never have given to us at any one time more than we can do between the morning and the evening. George Klingle puts it well:

> God broke our years to hours and days,
> That hour by hour, and day by day,
> Just going on a little way,
> We might be able all along to keep quite strong.
> Should all the weight of life
> Be laid across our shoulders, and the future life
> With woe and struggle, meet us face to face
> At just one place,
> We could not go;
> Our feet would stop; and so
> God lays a little on us every day,
> And never, I believe, on all the way
> Will burdens bears so deep,
> Or pathways lie so threatening and so steep,
> But we can go, if by God's power
> We only bear the burden of the hour.

Not only are the days short, so that we can go on to eventide with our work or our burden, but they are separated as by an impassable wall, so that there can be no overflowing of one day's care or responsibility into another. Night drops down its dark curtain between the days, so that we cannot see to-day anything that is in to-morrow. Our Lord taught us that we sin if we let ourselves try to carry the load of any day but this one little day. "Be not anxious for to-morrow," he said, "for to-morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." If we allow ourselves to borrow anxiety from to-morrow, we shall find that we have a greater load than we can carry.

> Is not this day enough for all our powers,
> If its exactions were but fully met,
> If not one unpaid debt
> Were left to haunt the peace of future hours,
> And sting us with regret?

The only true way to live, therefore, is one day at a time. This means that we should give all our strength to the work of the present day, that we should finish each day's tasks by nightfall, leaving nothing undone at setting of sun that we ought to have done. Then, when a new morning dawns we should accept its duties, the bit of God's will it unrolls for us, and do everything well that is given us to do. We may be sure, too, that there is something for each moment, and that if we waste any portion of our day we shall not make it complete. We should bring all the energy and all the skill of mind and heart and hand to our duty as we take it up, doing nothing carelessly or negligently. Then we can lay our day back into God's hand at nightfall with confidence, saying, "Father, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do to-day."

But we should never be anxious about either yesterday or to-morrow. Yesterday is gone, and we can never get it back to change anything in it. It is idle, therefore, to waste a moment of time or a particle of strength fretting over it. To-morrow is not yet ours, and we cannot touch its life until it becomes our to-day. God means us to put our undivided energy into the doing of the present day's work. If we do this we shall have quite enough to do.

In this way, too, we shall best prepare for to-morrow. One day's duty slighted or neglected prepares confusion and overburdening for the next. The days are all woven together in God's plan, each one following the day before and fitting into the day coming after it. Each takes up the work which the day before brought to its feet, and carries it forward to deliver it to the one which waits. A marred or empty day anywhere spoils the web, losing the thread.

If we learn well the lesson of living just one day at a time, without anxiety for either yesterday or to-morrow, we shall have found one of the great secrets of Christian peace. That is the way God teaches us to live. That is the lesson both of the Bible and of nature. If we learn it, it will cure us of all anxiety; it will save us from all feverish haste; it will enable us to live sweetly in any experience.

> One day at a time! That's all it can be:
> No faster than that is the hardest fate;
> And days have their limits, however we
> Begin them too early and stretch them late.

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Christ's College, Blackheath

THE COLLEGE, FROM THE HEATH

IN these days, when efficiency is being proclaimed from every housetop as the most pressing need of the hour, it is satisfactory to be able to point to at least one Free Church College where the true significance of the watchword is fully appreciated. Efficiency is the hall-mark, so to speak, of Christ's College, Blackheath, over which the Rev. F. W. Aveling, M.A., B.Sc., so ably presides. Thoroughly imbued with the modern spirit, Mr. Aveling sees plainly that an educational institution, if it is to be worthy of the name, must turn out pupils who are adequately equipped to meet the requirements of the time. The race along the highway of life is so keen nowadays, that unless the competitors are trained with a view to complying with its most rigorous conditions, they must inevitably be left behind. But if a complete and generous education be (to use Milton's definition) "that which fits a man to perform, justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war," then assuredly something more is needed than mere mental equipment. In other words, education, if it is to be complete in the true sense of the word, must be leavened by the influence of religion. And it is precisely by recognising this all-important fact that Christ's College has special claims upon the support of Christian parents, more particularly if they belong to the Free Churches, for Mr. Aveling is a staunch Free Churchman. A scholastic institution of high standing, Christ's College is also "a veritable nursery of the Christian faith." Established some half-dozen years ago by Mr. Aveling, whose professional ability is well known to all Nonconformists, the school has been a splendid success in every department of study. Mr. Aveling has never made any pretensions to competing with the older classical schools, but with the true instinct of a born educationist he has counted a purely classical training as naught, compared with the acquisition of modern languages and scientific knowledge.

Photo by Wayland
REV. F. W. AVELING, M.A., B.Sc.

The school, which occupies a commanding site facing the Heath and is enclosed in spacious grounds, which include a playing field for football and cricket and lawn-tennis, is divided into two houses, the smaller of which is mainly devoted to the teaching of science. The facilities for acquiring this most useful branch of a modern education are on an elaborate scale. There are no less than five chemical laboratories and a science classroom, and the subjects are taught in a most attractive and interesting way. All the boys learn chemistry, while fully thirty are drilled in extra practical chemistry. How strong the College is on its scientific side may be judged from the fact that it can claim passes in the Final B.A. London, the Inter. B.Sc. and Matriculation, not to mention the College of Preceptors and the Cambridge local examinations. Another part of the curriculum upon which Mr. Aveling and his assistants concentrate their attention is (as we have already briefly indicated) the teaching of modern languages. The school turns out every year many French and German scholars who are capable of passing stiff oral examinations, such as test the capabilities of many of the seniors from other schools. Mr. Aveling's staff consists of six under-masters, all university men and all fully qualified teachers. In addition to these, there is a large visiting staff, the labours of whom are devoted mostly to musical training, another feature of the curriculum in which the College justly prides itself. The school also takes an excellent position in athletics.

Coming to the religious side of the educational training provided at Christ's College, it ought, in the first place, to be pointed out that the institution possesses a very pretty little chapel, of which we give a picture. Mr. Aveling is himself the spiritual teacher of the boys, and it is not too much to say that they have a guide and counsellor in things pertaining to their highest welfare of which they may well feel proud. Mr. Aveling does not seek to mould the religious opinions of those under his charge—only their characters. He conducts a Bible class on Sunday afternoons, but this is not meant in any way to take the place of the ordinary ministrations of the Sabbath. The Free Church boys attend morning and evening service at the Blackheath Congregational Church, while those who belong to the Anglican communion—and there are several—worship at the parish church.

An article on Christ's College would not be complete without a reference, however brief, to the career of its "head." Mr. Aveling is a Londoner. In the 'sixties he attended the Independent College, Taunton, where he had a distinguished career, and subsequently he matriculated at London with the third exhibition in honours. Obtaining the entrance to University College, London, in 1868, he took double honours at the first B.A. examination in London, and honours in logic and philosophy. In 1871 he took his M.A. at Lincoln College, Oxford, and nine years later became Principal of the Independent College, Taunton, where he himself had been a pupil twenty years before. There he did splendid work, and the success which attended his labours at Taunton has been equally conspicuous at Blackheath, where his high character and sterling abilities have won him the confidence and esteem not only of those within the College, but many friends without.

THE CHAPEL

The Cure of Consumption*

DR. ALABONE'S TREATMENT

Seeing the extraordinary and authenticated success of Dr. Alabone's treatment in cases of Consumption (many in the last stage) recorded in the *Times* and other papers, the public surely have the right to demand the reason for its non-acceptance by the Brompton Hospital, more especially as Colonel Le Poer Trench and Dr. Alabone have not only offered to defray the expense of a ward of patients, but to present to that institution the complicated and expensive inhaling machines, engines, inhalants, etc., thereby giving those who are not in a position to pay the usual fees the chance of cure.

The Editor of *Truth*, in a recent article on Dr. Alabone's, very tersely states: "There is *prima facie* evidence that the treatment has had remarkable success, and those who, like Colonel Trench, have seen its success conspicuously demonstrated, are right in considering the matter worthy of serious investigation in the interests of hundreds of sufferers, whom medical science is at present unable to save or relieve."

The following letters have recently been received :—

To the Editor of the *Christian World*.

Banwell, December 30, 1901.

Sir,—I am no longer in need of treatment for my lungs, owing to the kind care of Dr. Alabone, of Highbury.

When I commenced taking his medicines, both my lungs were diseased, and my case had been given up as hopeless, but now I can walk quite briskly without feeling any shortness of breath, and can do my work with ease.

I have been examined by two doctors and pronounced perfectly sound.

I feel I cannot speak too highly of his treatment.

Yours faithfully,

S. J. KEATES.

Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in adding my testimony and congratulations on the success of Dr. Alabone's treatment.

I looked upon the life of a patient of mine as "run": after treating him for four months he disappeared for some time, and then one day hurried into my surgery with a smiling face, and, with some hesitation, admitted he had been to Dr. Alabone.

The hesitation was natural, as I had not effected a cure. I recognised his *wonderful* recovery with pleasure, though naturally accompanied by a little pique, as I had not done it. That was last summer; he is still cured, and my wonderment grows, and my admiration for his success in this case also grows. I acknowledge the result, which I consider a really wonderful one. I am, yours sincerely,

M.D., M.R.C.S., Eng., L.R.C.P.

Sir,—In reference to Dr. Alabone's treatment of Consumption, the following may prove of interest to your readers, as his treatment saved my life. I do not know if I can give any one really to understand how ill I was, but I will try, and then it will be seen what Alabone's treatment did for me. I got my first hæmorrhage in October, 1897. It came at first a little in sputum, and one day a mouthful, a week none; then another bad bleeding. After that it came daily, and I went to bed. The attacks increased in quantity, and came more and more frequently. Two physicians (one a specialist) tried one thing and another without success. It looked as if I would bleed to death, as blood was coming up every two hours, night and day. At this time our doctor heard of Alabone's treatment, and was willing to try anything. It worked like a charm. After the third dose the hæmorrhage got less and less, and, finally, after three days, it stopped altogether. The hæmorrhage had then lasted three weeks since I took to bed; you may realise what that meant. I was propped up in bed, I could not raise my hand, and most of the time I was semi-unconscious. Gradually I got a little stength back, but with a high temperature. I was in this state of weakness and high temperature till the beginning of March, when I had been adopting Dr. Alabone's treatment almost three months, and it commenced to show effects. It was daily expected by my friends that that day was my last, a large cavity having formed in my lungs and my throat being also affected; it seemed a miracle I lived. That I pulled through this time and was able in the early part of June to walk a hundred yards I attribute entirely to Dr. Alabone's treatment. If he would only start a Sanatorium in England and give his treatment to the patients, it would, I think, become *the* treatment for this disease. I am at present perfectly well.

Yours faithfully, S. P. H.

Clapham.

Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure I can speak of Dr. Alabone's treatment. I had just turned twenty-one when I began to lose my accustomed vigour. In 1886 I came home in the great snowstorm, and had inflammation of the lungs, which I pulled through, but it left me with hæmorrhage and in a very feeble state, and as soon as possible I was taken as an in-patient in Brompton Hospital, but without any benefit. When I came out the expectoration increased alarmingly, and at the end of twelve months, having tried everything, *I was sinking fast*. I decided to go to Dr. Alabone, although all were against it. There was no decided benefit for six weeks, and after that I began to feel more energy, and the oppression was leaving my chest, when my friends hurried me to Ventnor Hospital, where the doctor, after sounding me carefully, said, "You have been much worse than you are now," and I said, "Yes."

I was again under his treatment for two years; then I went to work again, where I have been for six years, and I can say truthfully I never felt so well as I do now, although not working under the most favourable circumstances.

Yours faithfully,

F. HENDERSON.

Sir,—It appears to me hardly necessary to testify to the extraordinary experience and success Dr. Alabone has had for so many years as a specialist in the treatment of Consumption, but I would like to mention that many cases have come under my notice, which I have had opportunities of watching during their annual visits to Hastings and St. Leonards, in which the improvement has been most remarkable, and several cases occur to me that have perfectly recovered, even when they were proved to have cavities in their lungs.

Yours faithfully,

A. R. CROUCHER, M.D.

St. Leonards-on-Sea.

Brighton.

Sir,—I am happy to bear testimony to the immense benefit I have derived from Dr. Alabone's treatment of Consumption.

When first I went to him I was very bad indeed, and had been ill for more than two years; my breath was so extremely short, I could with difficulty walk a short distance; my appetite was almost gone, cough and vomiting with intense weakness.

I had tried everything to no purpose, till I went under Dr. Alabone's treatment, when, after six months, I was a different creature; having proved its efficacy, to the surprise of all my friends. I trust many others may be led to try it, and that he may be long spared to restore sufferers from this terrible disease. I am, yours sincerely,

H. LINTELL.

Matlock.

Sir,—I owe Dr. Alabone a debt of gratitude that ought to be recorded. I was pretty far gone in Consumption, as several medical men (two of them very eminent in the profession) said both my lungs were badly diseased, and my case was a hopeless one. I spent six months in the South of England under treatment, and was returning home worse. At this time I heard of Dr. Alabone, and consulted him; he requested that I would remain in London under his treatment, which I did, with the result that I got quite well. I never have had any return of the lung trouble, and this was fourteen years ago. I was married nine years ago, and have a small family of little ones.

Yours respectfully, M. L. CLARKE.

Dr. Alabone will send a copy of his book free to any reader of THE BRITISH MONTHLY who may be suffering from Consumption.

* "The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh," illustrated by numerous cases *pronounced incurable* by the most eminent physicians; 34th edition, 146th thousand, price 2*s.* 6*d.*, post free of Author, Edwin W. Alabone, M.D., Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S. Eng., Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N. By the same Author: "Testimonies of Patients, with Comments on the Open-Air Treatment," price 1*s.*; "Infamous Conduct," price 6*d.*; and "How the Cure of Consumption is Suppressed," price 1*s.*

The Home Department

Result of the Christmas Carol Competition

INSTEAD of proving, as one would have thought, one of the most popular of the competitions, comparatively few have sent in Carols. Some complained that it was difficult, others prefer to search the works of other poets for beautiful lines to composing them for themselves.

It has been no difficult task to select the best four or five out of those attempts which have reached me.

The first prize I have awarded to—

MRS. YEO,
Rosslyn, Reigate, Surrey,

for the following original verses :—

CHRISTMAS CAROL

The Christ-child far away
In age far-distant born?
Nay, in our midst is He to-day:
Praise Him this Christmas morn!

Gifts wouldst thou bring the King,
Of precious treasures rare?
Teach thou some sorrowing heart to sing,
Thy brother's burden bear.

See in each little child
Thou rend'rest less forlorn,
The face of Jesu meek and mild,
Blessed Child of Christmas morn.

Hear not the angels' song,
Save as an echo sweet;
Live it among the busy throng,
Thine adversary greet.

Dear Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Soon may all own Thy sway,
Help us Thy Kingdom to increase
Upon this Christmas Day.

The second prize I have awarded to—

MRS. SANDWITH,
Oswaldkirk, Bracknell, Berks,

for the following :—

CHRISTMAS CAROL

Bring we our homage where sages are kneeling,
God, in a babe, all His love is revealing;
Humbly we worship, for this is our Lord,
Ever by us shall His name be adored,
Gladly to Jesus devotion we bring—
Babe in a manger, our Saviour and King.
Alleluia!

Deep in the mother's heart joy is abiding,
Precious the gift which her God is confiding;
He for this honour her heart did prepare,
Never shall Babe have so tender a care.
Share we the joy of the mother so mild,
Sing we to Jesus, her Heavenly Child.
Alleluia!

Radiant the glory where shepherds are waking,
Song of the angels the silence is breaking,
Here we the echo, and join in the lay,
"Glory to God in the highest, to-day.
So round the whole earth Thy praises shall ring.
Jesus, Immanuel, Saviour and King.
Alleluia!"

Some competitors had more of the lilt and swing necessary to a successful carol, than have these two, but both of the prize-winners showed more originality and freshness of thought than any of the others.

I should like to quote the contributions sent in by Miss E. M. Hepworth, who came a close third on the list, and Mr. J. P. Wynne, whose work was almost equally good, but my space has had to be severely curtailed this month, so readers must be content not to see other attempts. Next to Mr. Wynne came, in order of merit, Mr. E. P. Hammond King.

New Competition

It seems to me that the present would be a peculiarly appropriate time to search the works of our poets for references to Christmas. Two prizes will be awarded for the most beautiful and descriptive lines on that season, taken from the published works of any British poet, or original lines if competitors prefer. The quotations need not necessarily be of Christmas as a season of rejoicing only.

The selections sent in must not exceed 150 words in length, and must be written on one side of the paper only. Author's name and the name of the poem must in all cases be given, and competitor's own name and address should be on the competition paper.

May I ask all to be very particular to quote correctly, and not to exceed the word limit?

For the first prize a copy of Dr. Fairbairn's intensely interesting and valuable work, "The Philosophy of the Christian Religion," will be awarded, while the second prize will be a copy of the new illustrated edition of Miss Jane Barlow's beautiful "Irish Idylls."

All contributions must reach the office on or before January 1st, addressed to "Anstice," BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Notice

THE BRITISH MONTHLY is published on the 20th of the month preceding that which it is dated. The number for February will therefore be obtainable on January 20, and competitors will have ample time to prepare their contributions.

Answers to Correspondents

W. K. SMYTH.—I have not the copies of THE BRITISH MONTHLY mentioned. I have only the address of the lady who was offering them for sale, and will forward it if you send stamped directed envelope; but I think they are probably disposed of before this, as more than a month ago a correspondent asked for the address, and had it. Unfortunately I have not been informed if they are still to be had or not. I cannot answer as to all the plates being included.

MISS C. (Edinburgh).—I hope this will catch your eye, as I want you to let me know as soon as possible if your numbers of THE BRITISH MONTHLY are yet disposed of, as I have several applicants for them.

MRS. V. STOTT.—Will you please read my answer to "W. K. Smyth." I have forwarded the address more than once to would-be purchasers, so I imagine the numbers may have been disposed of before now.

J. B. H.—Thank you for your help with the quotation. I imagine the poet means, to put it briefly, that nothing of God's creating is wholly bad—that if any man has once known good, if God has blessed his childhood, there must be some good in him, and his destiny. It probably has a wider meaning too, and applies to the whole race, made by God in His image, and blessed by Him. Perhaps some of my numerous correspondents who make a study of poetry can offer an answer to your question, "To what does Browning refer by 'Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst,' in the last verse of the poem 'Apparent Failure'?"

MRS. M. E. K.—Thank you for your friendly and interesting letter, and all the kind things you say. No, you did not give your full address on your paper. I hope what you did give was sufficient for the book to find you. I assure you it is of no consequence whether a correspondent belongs to the Established Church or the Free Churches. We try to be broad-minded, and, I hope, succeed. I can appreciate the oddity and at times, I should imagine, the humour of your position. It was kind of you to explain. I shall hope to have you competing again soon.

E. M. HEPWORTH.—Your carol was distinctly good, but if it had all been as good as the last verse it would have been much better. That sounds involved, but it is true. In the last verse you get the real lilt and spirit of a carol.

E. P. HAMMOND KING.—Excellent, but not quite excellent enough to win that beautiful Newbery Bible. I hope you will compete again, though, and am glad to welcome you as a competitor. Thank you for your good wishes for the festive season.

Cadbury's Cocoa

ABSOLUTELY PURE, therefore BEST.

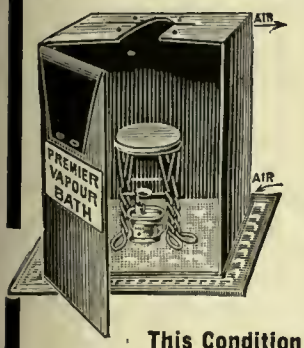
ENTIRELY FREE FROM DRUGS, ALKALI, OR ANY FOREIGN SUBSTANCE.

Refreshing, Nourishing, Invigorating.

The Editor of "THE LANCET," June 16, 1900, says:—

"We are glad to find that Messrs. Cadbury draw attention to the fact that there are strong grounds for objection to the addition to cocoa of certain foreign substances. This resource is quite unnecessary, and, indeed, pernicious, especially having regard to the fact that cocoa alone is an excellent food as well as a stimulant, having a salutary action upon the nerve centres."

A . . PURIFIED BODY



WHEN no change of temperature or weather can influence our physical condition, and our bodies are proof against contagion, THEN WE ARE IN HEALTH. A little consideration of the resources of the Turkish Bath will convince any reasonable mind of its wonderful power to secure that most desirable of all physical attainments, **A Purified Body,** which insures freedom from all disease, a clear, buoyant brain, and perfect vitality.

This Condition Makes Life Worth Living.

With a **Premier Folding Bath Cabinet** you can enjoy the luxury of Turkish, Vapour, and Medicated Baths in the privacy of your own home even better than in Turkish Bath Rooms. The advantages are many. The pleasure great.

The Cost is But 1½d. Per Bath.

The patented features which make the **"Premier"** perfection are owned and controlled by us. Without them no cabinet can be satisfactory. We guarantee perfect satisfaction. We sell on trial. Prices **30/-, 50/-, 70/-,** or on the "Times" unique system of easy payments.

Write for our new handsome illustrated booklet, No. **20,** and mention BRITISH MONTHLY. It tells why Turkish Baths are the most important factors in personal Hygiene, and why the **Premier Cabinet** should be your choice.

PREMIER TURKISH BATH CO.

(Dept. 20), 119, Regent Street, London, W.

IRON BUILDINGS AND FITTINGS

New and Second-hand Churches, Chapels, and School-Rooms. Every description of Church, Chapel, and School Fittings, Seats, Pulpits, Lecterns, Desks, Forms, etc., made by the latest improved Machinery; also Cottages, Stables, Coach-houses, Farm Buildings, Sheds for Manufacturing Purposes. Several Buildings always on view, and 50 tons of Iron kept in stock. Plans, designs, and estimates free on application. Buildings shipped and erected in any part of the World.

HARBROW'S IRON BUILDING WORKS,

Adjoining South Bermondsey Station, S.E.

South African Branch—Iron Building and Joinery Works, POINT ROAD, DURBAN, NATAL.

The Deaf Hear.

Deaf persons need no longer despair. Out of the mass of failures has come a genuine success. Head noises can be cured and the deaf made to hear so effectively that they wonder if they really were deaf. Particulars of a startling discovery, based upon the science of vibration, that will assist all persons suffering from deafness, fully described, free to all.

The Murray Company are in sole possession of a marvellous home method that does what all other devices and treatments have been trying to do. This method has completely revolutionised the treatment for deafness, on account of bearing directly on the three causes producing deafness which were heretofore ignored by physicians. This new invention is the simplest, safest, and the surest means to a complete cure. It is a home treatment that anyone can easily follow. The Company want it understood that this method is different entirely from all others; they do not claim this treatment will cure those who are so unfortunate as to have been born deaf, but to those who have once heard and lost their hearing through illness or disease, they offer a remedy which they believe has not and will not be equalled.

FREE By sending your name and address to **The MURRAY COMPANY, 1, CENTURY HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.,** you will receive free a full description of this remarkable method which will enable you to restore your hearing at a very slight expense. The description is posted to you free, and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can obtain relief. It will pay you to write to-day. Don't neglect to do so.

M. D.—I am sorry you found the competition a difficult one, but surely it was all the more interesting on that account? Yes, dear child, certainly go on trying; the practice will be good for you, even if you achieve nothing great and win no prizes. At present your two great faults are unevenness and a desire to make words rhyme which never can and never will do so. For instance, you are uneven in the quality of your work. Like many more of my competitors, you start well, but trail off towards the end; and in the matter of making rhymes, you in your last verse rhyme "morn" and "son." And another thing I want to impress on you, and a large number of my competitors, is that you must always try to get some originality into your work; try to say something that has not been said scores of times before, or to say the old things differently. For instance, in the "Lullyby" competition some months ago, a large number of competitors seemed to think that the constant repetition of the word "lullaby" and "on mother's breast" was sufficient.

P. W. COOK.—Please read my answers to "W. K. Smyth" and "Mrs. V. Stott." I will put in a notice, as soon as I hear, as to whether the numbers are still unsold.

S. KITCHING.—Thank you for the offer of the hymn, but I have so little space at my disposal this month I could not use it. Your carol was good in several respects; you had caught the spirit and the joyous swing, but there was too little in it. It was bare of new ideas. Who do you think usually manages a "Home Department," on paper or in life?

EVELINE.—The lines you quote were written by Jean Ingelow in her poem "Letters on Life and the Morning." It is too long to quote here, though I would much like to, it is so beautiful. The lines preceding those you quoted are:

> What need to look behind then and to sigh?
> When God left speaking He went on before
> To draw men after, following up and on;
> And thy heart fails because thy feet are slow;
> Thou think'st of Him as one that will not wait.

I MUST thank all my correspondents for their good wishes for Christmas and 1903, and wish them in return all that they have wished me.

ANSTICE.

The Children's Corner

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

The letters about "An Animal I have Known" were very interesting, and I have much pleasure in awarding the first prize to—

MARGARET KINROSS (age 9),
23, Park Terrace,
Stirling;

and the second prize to—

STANLEY M. BROWN,
East Thorn,
Helensburgh.

HONOURABLE MENTION

Florence Parsons, Muriel Weatherhead, Muriel Sanders, Alice Weatherhead, Ernest Dakers, William Hunter, Jack Dakers, Charles Campbell.

HIGHLY COMMENDED

E. V. Engvall, G. L. Snelling.

I give the prize-winners' letters, and some of those honourably mentioned.

Sunday.

23, PARK TERRACE, STIRLING.

DEAR AUNT MATTY,

I wish to tell you about a nice dog that I have seen and heard about. He lives at a farm about five miles out of Stirling, and we often see him when we pass on our bikes. He is a pretty collie dog. The farm is near the railway, and every morning the guard throws out the paper for the farmer. At first he went with his master for the paper, but now he has learned to go himself. He goes just at the right time, and knows never to go on Sunday. Is he not very wise?

From your loving friend,
MARGARET KINROSS
(age 9).

THE HUMBLE BEE

The humble bee is a curious creature, and always interesting. He looks so lazy, rolled in his fur coat, even on the hottest day. Yet he is always busy and active, flitting from flower to flower. One day, going into our conservatory, I saw a bee on the floor. He could not move from a certain spot. I watched him. Soon a spider glided from the table above, and winded a thread round the bee, who wriggled to get free. Spider, repeating this many times, gradually lifted bee from floor, when I cut him free. Spider lost a fat feast.

STANLEY M. BROWN
EAST THORN, HELENSBURGH. (age 12).
To Aunt Matty, London.

Florence Parsons sends a poem:—

MY KITTEN

> I once had a dear little kitten,
> So loving and playful and gay;
> I was fonder of her than my doggie,
> I played with her nearly all day.
>
> Shall I tell you her name? it was Fluffy;
> Her coat was as white as snow,
> With one little black spot on her bosom—
> I think I can see it there now.
>
> But one day I lost my dear Fluffy,
> I called her and called her in vain,
> And though I looked everywhere for her,
> I never saw Fluffy again.

We got our dog Foss about three years ago. Father takes him out when he goes to shoot, so we do not get to play with him. He will carry almost anything that is shot, except a snipe, which is only the size of a thrush; when one is killed Foss will run and pick it up, before he knows what it is, then he tosses it away and will not carry it. One day a rabbit was shot, and another dog rushed and got it, but Foss ran and snatched it from him, and laid it down at Father's feet.

WILLIAM D. HUNTER.

UNION BANK HOUSE, ELGIN, N.B., 29/11/02.

DEAR AUNTIE,

I will tell you a true story about a collie dog. He lived amongst a number of children, and would do anything for them. He would run many errands with the basket in its mouth. Besides this, he would let the children treat him as a baby. A favourite amusement was to put him in a cradle and cover him over, and until they told him to rise he would lie quite still. This wonderful dog would also submit to being dressed up in a bonnet and shawl, and walked between two of the children.

Yours lovingly,
ALICE.
(Alice Weatherhead, age 12,
61, Laurel Road, Leicester.)

I liked your essay on dogs, Edith V. Engvall. It was very nicely done

Phyllis Shaw writes to thank me for the prize she won in the Map Competition. I hope she will enjoy reading the story.

Ernest Dakers' paper on "Our Canary" was very good, and I hope the pretty yellow bird is well.

Gertrude Snelling will try this month's competition, I hope. You don't tell me what your cat's name is, Gertrude.

I was so glad to hear from my new niece Florence Parsons.

How many picture postcards have you got? Ruth Winter tells me she has ninety-eight. Can you beat that number?

When you get this, you will be enjoying your Christmas holidays. I hope you will all have a very nice time, and write and tell me about your parties.

AUNT MATTY.

New Competition

The names of the following are places mentioned in the Bible. Fill up the blank letters and send in before January 1 to "Aunt Matty," BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster

[*Continued on page* 107.

Cures a Case of 9 Years' Chronic Rheumatism.

MR. WM. CARRINGTON, OF THE YEWS, HARBURY, NEAR LEAMINGTON, writes as follows: "*October 29th*, 1902. *Sirs,—I have suffered from Chronic Rheumatism and Lumbago for 9 years, during which time I tried many different remedies without ben fit. It gives me pleasure to say, however, that the Electric Belt I received from you has given me great relief already. I om so satisfied of its curative power that I have decided to keep it, as I would not be without it on any account.*"

The Richardson Electric Belt cures Rheumatism, Gout, and Kindred Ailments, speedily removes Indigestion and all Liver Troubles, and proves an unfailing remedy for all forms of Kidney Disease, Pain and Weakness in the Back. It speedily restores health to delicate Women, and is a certain cure for every form of Nervous Weakness and General Debility in Men.

Pamphlets, with testimonials, sent post free.

30 Days' Free Trial

Every sofferer should write fully in confidence, mentioning most disagreeable symptoms, when, **as we are certain it will cure,** we will send a Belt on thirty days' free trial. If you are not perfectly satisfied, return it to us; it costs you nothing to try it. Call or write to-day.
Address letters:—

A. M. RICHARDSON & CO., Medical Galvanists, 21, Vulcan House, 56, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

ASTHMA RELIEVED *FREE*

It costs you nothing to prove the value of Hinksman's Asthma Reliever in Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, as a post card will bring you a **FREE TRIAL.** It is supplied by all Chemists in tins at 1/-, or post free same price by J. HINKSMAN, Chemist, Carluke, N.B.

The Autocrat of the British Breakfast Table.

'PROVOST' OATS

A British Product which America can neither Approach in Excellence nor Shake in British Favour.

Two *Packets of "Provost" Oats will make as much Porridge as* **three** *Packets of American.*

Bear in mind that Yankee Oats do not possess in like degree the vitalising and invigorating virtues of Scotch Oats. If **good wholesome Porridge** is your aim, then "**Provost**"—the best of Scotch—**Oats** are what you need.

For Particulars of the "Provost" Gift Spoon see leaflet in each 2-lb. Packet of "Provost" Oats.

R. ROBINSON & SONS, ANNAN, SCOTLAND.

To CURE Drunkards

There is a cure for Drunkenness which has shed its radiance into thousands of hitherto desolate homes. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister, or brother looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed, even against his will or without his knowledge or co-operation.

MRS. GEO. FULLER, *who saved her husband.*

This famous remedy has guided many a young man to sobriety and into the high road to fortune, and has saved the father, the brother, and the son.

Send name and address to the Ward Chemical Company, 38, Century House, Regent Street, London, W., and they will post enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee, or food.

Mrs. George Fuller says: "*I am only too thankful my husband never now wishes for intoxicating liquor. I gave him Antidipso in his tea and coffee, and it has quite cured him.*"

FREE TRIAL

packet will be sent with the books, and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to save those near and dear to you. Don't neglect to write to-day.

Macfarlane, Lang & Co.'s
Oval Rich Tea Biscuits.

YOU CANNOT THINK
WITHOUT FACTS.
SHOOT A MAN OUT OF A CANNON

Heated from outside or inside.

into a prairie where he is isolated from everything and everybody, and command him to think, and he will accomplish nothing. A man cannot think without something to think about; cannot build without something to build on; cannot construct without material with which to construct. As well attempt to build a ship without material as to reach a wise conclusion without facts. The man who can investigate a proposition that means health to his family and himself, and won't do it, is not honest with his family or himself. We have something that is worth your investigation. We claim we can offer you surer means for obtaining and preserving health than you have yet heard of. You cannot say that this is not so without investigating facts. We are willing to put facts before you; with them you can form your own conclusion, without them you have no right to form a conclusion. The enormous sale of "Century" Cabinets stands for all we claim for the regular taking of Hot Air and Vapour Baths.

Write us to-day. *Ask for Illustrated Catalogue No. 87, and kindly mention "The British Monthly."*

Century Thermal Bath Cabinet, Ltd.,
(Dept. 87), 203, Regent Street, London, W.

A SAFE REMEDY

FOR ALL

SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES

Clarke's Blood Mixture, the World-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer, is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Eczema, Scurvy, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Skin and Blood Diseases, Boils, Pimples, Blotches, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real Specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

Clarke's Blood Mixture has stood the test for 30 years, and thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures have been received from all parts of the world.

It is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

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A NUMBER TO BE REMEMBERED.—The popular attraction for what is not understood at first glance has been often used by the commercial man to excite interest in, and so trial of, his wares. The value of this method depends of course on the quality of the article, and this has been proved by the present extraordinary vogue of "4711" Eau de Cologne, at first a mysterious number (for few knew its meaning). Curiosity supervened, and the result was a surprise which led to a wonderful demand. The same maker has since introduced the now almost equally well-known Rhine Violets, Marechal Niel, and Rhine Gold. More suitable presents could hardly be conceived; for is good scent ever amiss? The Eau de Cologne is done up in 2*s.* bottles, 3*d.* extra for postage (six in case for 12*s.* 6*d.* post free), and a new fancy watch shape with screw stopper to scatter contents at 1*s.* The other perfumes can be had in bottles from 3*s.* upwards. It is most important that reliable brands should be selected when purchasing perfumes, for the sickly odour of an inferior one is most objectionable. Those who ask for "4711" Eau de Cologne will be quite sure of getting the best, and Mülhens will be the password for the other perfumes prepared by this firm. The "4711" is a genuine article manufactured at Cologne for upwards of 110 years, and it can be obtained not only in every respectable shop in this country, but also in every part of the globe.

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FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.—At the moment of going to press we receive samples of biscuits from Messrs. Gray, Dunn & Co., of Glasgow. Almost all grocers stock this firm's biscuits, and any who wish to secure something specially dainty and palatable for the table during the festive season cannot fail to find among Messrs. Gray, Dunn & Co.'s fancy biscuits a pleasant addition to the various repasts. Their "Royal York" shortbread should certainly not be omitted. They are delicious, and, being made up in dainty embossed cakes, are pleasing both to the eye and the palate.

Continued from page 104.]
Row, London. Two book prizes will be given for the best solutions. Give references.

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Lucy and her Brown Mouse.

LUCY was a little girl of eight. She had a round face and two round brown eyes. Lucy's life was rather lonely; her father and mother were dead, and she lived with her grandmamma, who was an old lady and rather quiet and severe. Lucy had lessons with a governess, a Miss Stone, who was stiff and prim. One birthday, however, Miss Stone gave Lucy a beautiful present. It was a toy mouse, and if you wound it up it ran over the floor.

To Lucy this was a great delight. She christened the mouse Ellen, after a little girl in "The Wide, Wide World," and every evening when the lessons had been finished, the neat exercise books put tidily away, she and Ellen had great fun. They used to run up and down the schoolroom, and afterwards Lucy would put Ellen to bed in her doll's cradle, and Ellen would sleep quite quietly (for she was only a toy, you see) and then when Lucy woke, Ellen woke too.

"I don't know what I should do without Ellen," remarked the little girl to her governess one morning, as they sat down together to their writing.

"You are a very fortunate young lady," Miss Stone said. "You have nice clothes to wear, and nice food to eat. I know a little boy who is very poor and has no toys to play with, and he has a sore back and must lie still all day."

"May I go to see him, Miss Stone? I should like to, if Grannie would let me."

"Well, we will ask her, and if you like I will take you this afternoon."

Permission was given, and Lucy put on her best hat that afternoon.

"You must take something to give to Jacky," Miss Stone said. "You had better give him Ellen, for after all, you have three dolls, and he would like a mouse."

"Oh, Mis Stone!" cried Lucy. "*I couldn't.*" She snatched Ellen up and held her tight. "I love Ellen best of all," she cried again. "I couldn't give her to any one in the world."

"Well," replied Miss Stone snappishly, "you're very selfish, I consider."

"It's dreadful to be selfish," little Lucy said, and sighed. Then, as Miss Stone put on her gloves, she thought, "Jacky might like to see Ellen, though." And so Ellen was tucked under Lucy's warm cloak.

They started, and presently arrived at a small cottage. A young woman opened the door, and they were shown into a small room, where lay a little boy of about ten with a pale, pale face.

He was very glad to see Lucy.

"Aren't you very dull?" Lucy asked shyly, while Miss Stone talked to his mother.

"No, I'm not dull, thank you, Miss. I cut things out of paper, and play with my soldiers."

He coughed in a tired kind of way and Lucy's tender heart was touched. She pulled Ellen out and said in a trembling voice, "Here, little boy, you can have this."

Miss Stone turned round and said, "That's right, my dear, for he wouldn't care for dolls."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jacky, who had stretched out a thin hand towards Ellen. "Did you say dolls, Miss? Oh, Miss, I've always wanted a doll; I never had one."

"Would you really rather have a doll than this?" said Lucy, her eyes beaming.

He nodded.

"Much rather," he said.

"Well, then you shall have Christopher, my sailor doll," Lucy cried. "Oh, Miss Stone, we'll bring it to-morrow, won't we?"

So Lucy went home with Ellen hugged under her cloak.

"Oh, Ellen, you're a darling," she said that evening, as Ellen obediently ran over the nursery floor. "What should I have done without you?"

National Waifs' Association
(DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES).

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THE DOORS OF THESE HOMES are never shut Night or Day. They are OPEN to the HOMELESS, FREELY, at all hours, all the year round. Branches of this Association are established or are being formed all over the Kingdom. There is no waiting list. There is no intervention of patrons needful to secure admission. There is no system of voting or of election. There is no bar on grounds of age, sex, creed, birthplace, nationality, or physical health or disabilities. **2,892 Waifs** were **freely** admitted in 1901, and during that year **7,887** were educated and maintained. Over **SIX THOUSAND** are now under the care of the Association, constituting the largest family of Orphan and Waif Children in the whole world. **Nine souls** are added to this great family **every twenty-four hours.**

1,208 of the little Inmates are Sick, Ailing, Helpless, Afflicted, or Incurable. These include the Blind, the Deaf and Dumb, the Deformed, the Maimed, and Infants under three years of age.

Only one point is insisted upon—**the actual destitution of the applicant.** If destitute, admission is **immediate, unqualified, unhampered.**

47,000 ORPHAN WAIFS have already been RESCUED by the Homes. Of these **13,657** trained Boys and Girls have been successfully placed out in Canada and the Colonies. **1,053 Young Emigrants have been sent abroad this year. 27,000** have been in all SENT TO SEA or PLACED in SITUATIONS in Great Britain, etc.

Some conception of the extent of this Christian and National work may be formed from the fact that during the last Two Years no fewer than **5,771 Boys and Girls** have been **freely admitted.** If all the admissions in the same time by all other existing Societies were totalled, the aggregate would be **less than one-half** the number admitted to these Institutions. No other Society admits freely so many cases of CRUELLY TREATED Children brought by the N.S.P.C.C.

This National Association **is the unofficial Waif Society** of **all** the Churches, and it therefore makes indefeasible claims for countenance and support upon every Citizen. It is conducted on the broadest Christian basis consistent with loyalty to the truths of the Gospel. There is a Church of England section and a Nonconformist section, **every child being brought up in the religion of its parents.** In particular, it is entitled to the aid of every Clergyman and Minister of Religion in England, for there are few districts throughout the country from which it has not admitted a child or children to its unconditional benefits. Of the **2,892** Waifs or Orphans freshly admitted during 1901 no fewer than **1,973 were received freely on the application of the Clergy and Nonconformist Ministers of various denominations.**

The whole work of the National Waifs' Association is unquestionably alike "beneficent and national" (as it has been described by His Majesty King Edward the Seventh). It is doing, as for thirty-six years it has done throughout all England, the task both of the Church and of the State. It is clearing the streets and the lanes of Waifs and Wastrels. No other Agency can claim to do this, for **no other Society searches for children all over the Kingdom,** or has ever dealt with so large a number in any one year or series of years. The annual admissions, for example, of free cases by the next largest Society, dealing with the same class, average under **400**, as compared with an annual average of nearly **3,000 entirely free** admissions by this Association. The National Waifs' Association has helped to empty the Prisons, the Workhouses, and the Reformatories of child inmates. It has relieved local rates and national taxes. It has freely given ungrudging aid whenever the cry of a destitute or orphan or cruelly used child has reached it.

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NOTICES

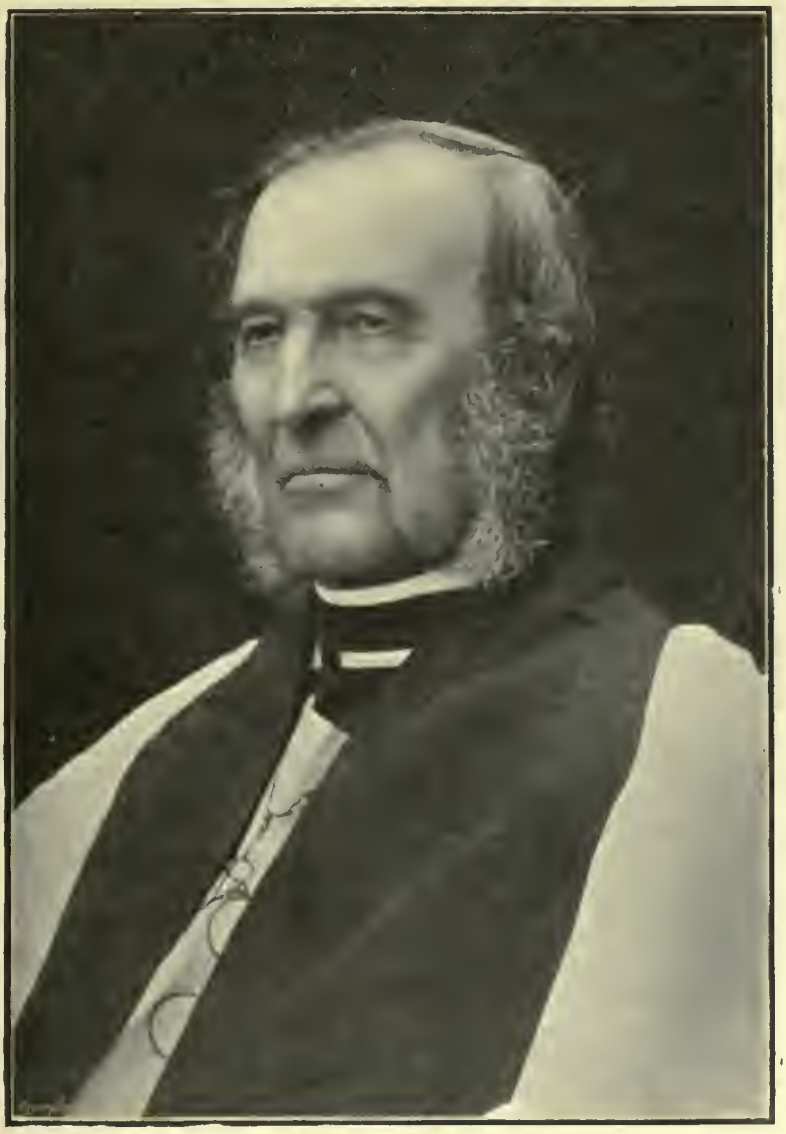
All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, 27, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

The Editor will be glad to receive interesting photographs, with short accompanying paragraphs, from the readers of the magazine. Every effort will be made to return unused contributions when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed; but the Editor cannot be responsible for the return of manuscripts or photographs which are sent to him. Contributions for the next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, *to be published on* FEBRUARY 20, *should reach the Editor by* FEBRUARY 2 *at latest.*

Illustrated Notes

The next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be published on* FEBRUARY 20, *and should be on sale at all Newsagents' and Booksellers' on that date. The Publishers will be greatly obliged if readers who have any difficulty in securing copies of* THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be good enough to communicate with them.*

THE March BRITISH MONTHLY, in addition to the usual features, will contain a bright and entertaining article on the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A. the young and brilliant minister of Kensington Congregational Chapel who during the past few months has borne, along with Dr. Clifford, the brunt of the Education battle. The article will contain much fresh matter, and will be greatly enhanced by a fine set of portraits. Our Scottish readers will be specially interested in an article on the Rev. Dr. Walter C. Smith, the gifted Free Church preacher and poet, who is perhaps better known by his pen-name of "Orwell." The article throws much light upon the earlier years of Dr. Smith's interesting career, and contains many facts that will be new to most of our readers. There will also be a contribution from the pen of Mr. W. Scott King.



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REV. G. H. McNEAL

universal respect, and the stories told of his abruptness and sternness of manner were told with good humour. It was recognised that under his rugged exterior there beat a true and tender heart. He married at the age of fifty-five, and leaves a widow and two sons.

Prize Award to Amateur Photographers

The **First Prize of One Guinea** is this month awarded to—

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The **Second Prize of Half a Guinea** is awarded to—

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Waterloo, Liverpool,

for "Liverpool Baptist Ministers' Fraternal."

We hope to receive many photographs for our March Competition. The latest date for sending in is February 2. Prizes of **One Guinea** and **Half a Guinea** will be awarded as before; and **Five Shillings** will be paid for each of the other photographs by our readers which appears in the February number.

THE outstanding success of the Wesleyan Forward Movement in Leicester is the Wesley Hall, Mere Road. Built but five years back, it now houses one of the largest congregations in the town. The work has developed wonderfully during the pastorate of the Rev. George H. McNeal. This able and energetic young minister only completed his college course at Headingley, Leeds, in 1896. The four years of his probation were spent in the great Manchester Mission under the fostering oversight of the Rev. S. F. Collier. There, alike as preacher, pastor, and organiser, Mr. McNeal fairly won his spurs, and his removal owing to Connexional exigencies occasioned universal regret. His two years in Leicester have been full of encouragement and success. Wesley Hall has become a great social lever. It is a perfect hive of spiritual industry. Mr. McNeal is a convert of Gipsy Smith.

THE resignation of the Rev. J. Ossian Davies has been accepted with the deepest regret by his devoted congregation at Paddington Chapel. Mr. Davies has been in ill-health for a considerable time, and although he has derived much benefit from the seven months' rest which was granted him, he yet feels that, in order to effect a complete recovery, it is necessary that he shall be relieved from the burden and anxieties of the pastorate of a large congregation. He has accordingly tendered his resignation, which has been most reluctantly accepted by the members of Paddington Chapel, among whom he has laboured so successfully during the past five years. Mr. Davies held two important Welsh charges before coming to London to undertake the pastorate of Tollington Park Church. In 1888 he removed to Richmond Hill Church, Bournemouth, and after nine years' ministry there he accepted his present charge.

Photo by J. Reid, Arcade Studio, Bournemouth

REV. J. OSSIAN DAVIES

Since its inception the Free Church Federation movement has had no more ardent supporters than the Primitive Methodists. It is fitting, therefore, that a representative preacher like the Rev. James Travis should be elected President of the National Council in succession to the late Dr. Parker. It was really the turn of the Primitive Methodists last year, but they gracefully waived their claim in favour of the Pastor of the City Temple. Mr. Travis's election to this important position has given great satisfaction to Primitive Methodists generally, and we are assured that, had a vote been taken throughout the denomination, it is almost certain that he would have been selected for the honour. For over a quarter of a century Mr. Travis has exercised a powerful influence in the councils of his Church. In 1892 he was elected President of the Conference which met at Norwich, and he, together with the Rev. Thomas Mitchell (this year's President) and Mr. W. P. Hartley, J.P., visited every part of the Connexion in the interests of the Jubilee Fund, by which £50,000 was raised. For five years he was also General Missionary Secretary. At present he is stationed at Chester for a second term, and has at George Street Church one of the largest regular congregations in the denomination. Mr. Travis is in his sixty-third year, and has "travelled" forty-four years.

Photo by J. Brandenbourg, Chester

REV. JAMES TRAVIS

New President of the National Free Church Council

We give a picture of the Liverpool Baptist Ministers' Fraternal Union. The group was taken during a pleasant visit to Beeston Castle. The expense of the outing was borne by Mr. J. K. Slater, Treasurer of Toxteth Tabernacle, who sits on the left side of the Rev. John Thomas, M.A. The other ministers in the photograph are: the Revs. E. E. Walter, Robert Lewis, J. H. Atkinson, H. O. Mackey, Charles Rignal, F. G. West, C. R. Green, Henry Cordon, J. C. Elder, W. Holroyd, N. McLeod, G. Boulsher, S. J. Jones, C. B. Birch, T. R. Williams, and D. Hughes.

The Rev. G. Furness Smith, the new Editorial Secretary of the C.M.S., first came to the Church Missionary House to take over the Honorary Secretary's Department during the Rev. F. E. Wigram's visit to India in 1886. He superintended the Editorial Department as Acting Editorial Secretary whilst Mr. Eugene Stock was absent in Australia

LIVERPOOL BAPTIST MINISTERS' FRATERNAL

in 1892 and in Canada in 1895, and also whilst Mr. Stock was engaged in writing the History of the Society. Mr. Furness Smith became Foreign Literary Secretary in 1894, and has written the Annual Report and Story of the Year for many years past. He offered himself, and was accepted, as a missionary for India, but was prevented by family circumstances from going out. Mr. C. D. Snell, who has been appointed Assistant Editorial Secretary, has of late devoted much of his time to organising and taking part in meetings in public and private schools. His energy and tact have succeeded in securing a recognised place for the subject of foreign missions in most of the large public schools and many others throughout the country.

THE veteran missionary Dr. Murray Mitchell has been obliged to break up his winter home at Nice, owing mainly

Photo by Habgood, Boscombe

REV. G. FURNESS SMITH

to the inability of Mrs. Mitchell to undertake the journey. This is a sad loss for the Christian and social life of the gay Riviera capital. There are those now scattered over the world who have grateful memories of having come in touch with these two venerable and hospitable friends whilst sojourning in the sunny south. Dr. Mitchell, who was aptly introduced by a French chairman as a "volcano under the snow," finds interest and scope for his ceaseless literary activity in Edinburgh circles among friends who are not slow to testify to their deep regard for him and sympathy for his suffering consort. They celebrated their diamond wedding on December 22. Dr. Mitchell has promised to deliver the next course of the Duff Missionary Lectures during the winter 1903-4. Though he certainly "lives while he lives," he feels that at his great age it was perhaps a little presumptive of him to undertake this work. Dr. Mitchell certainly warrants the opinion of one of his junior co-workers "that he is the youngest old man he ever knew."

THE REV. JOHN HENRY FRENCH, the new President of the London Baptist Association, is pastor of the Woodgrange Church, Forest Gate. The congregation was formed in 1882, and Mr. French, who was then a student at Regent's Park College, accepted an invitation to become its first pastor.

REV. DR. MURRAY MITCHELL, THE VETERAN MISSIONARY

Mr. French's ministry has been abundantly blessed. The church has been enlarged and now accommodates one thousand worshippers; Sunday-school premises have been erected which seat over six hundred scholars; while the numerous congregational agencies are in a flourishing condition. There are over two hundred pastors in the Metropolitan area, and of these only twenty-four have served their Churches for a longer period than Mr. French. The pastor of Woodgrange Church read a notable paper at the Baptist Union Meetings in October last on the "Problem of the Mid-Town Church," in which he advocated the conversion of forsaken churches into settlements, combining much of the social work usually associated with such institutions with the spiritual stability of the Church. The *Baptist* referred to Mr. French's paper as one which would "make history."

Photo by Edwards & Co., Stratford, Forest Gate, & East Ham

REV. J. H. FRENCH

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE LONDON BAPTIST ASSOCIATION

THE REV. DR. ROBERT GORDON BALFOUR, senior minister of the United Free New North Church, Edinburgh, has attained his jubilee. Dr. Balfour belongs to the well-known Pilrig family, with which Robert Louis Stevenson was connected, and is a cousin of Principal Rainy. He was minister at East Kilbride, where Dr. Oswald Dykes began his distinguished career; then at Rothesay, where he was very popular; and afterwards in his present sphere of labour. He came to Edinburgh as colleague and successor to Dr. C. J. Brown, a preacher of genius and distinction. Dr. Balfour is regarded with universal respect, as he has always been an able preacher, a thoughtful pastor, and a man of calm judgment and generous feeling. In the counsels of his church he has for many years taken a leading place. Among the brilliant men brought up under his ministry may be mentioned Professor George Adam Smith, who took part in the jubilee proceedings. His colleague is the Rev. John Kelman, so well known as a preacher to students. Mr. Kelman's position as a preacher and an author is steadily rising, and the relations between him and Dr. Balfour are of the happiest kind.

Photo by Moffatt, Edinburgh

REV. R. GORDON BALFOUR, D.D.
SENIOR MINISTER, NEW NORTH UNITED FREE CHURCH, EDINBURGH

THE imminent retirement of the Rev. Dr. Mair, minister of Earlston parish, will mean a loss to the Church of Scotland, which it would be difficult to over-estimate. Dr. Mair is one of the most spiritually minded of her preachers, and, if for no other reason than this, his resignation will be deeply deplored by all who have the highest interests of the Christian Church at heart. Speaking a few weeks ago at a Border gathering, Dr. Mair uttered a note of warning regarding the tendency of latter-day preaching which cannot be ignored. He unhesitatingly affirmed that for many years the Gospel had gone out of preaching, and that the pulpit was now being used for discussing collateral topics. Dr. Mair, who has been minister of Earlston for thirty-four years, has rendered splendid services to the Church of Scotland. When the reconstruction of Assembly Hall in Edinburgh was resolved upon, he became personally responsible for the total cost, amounting to £10,000, every penny of which he succeeded in raising within twelve months. In 1897 he was Moderator of the General Assembly. Dr. Mair is the author of "Digest of Church Laws," the standard authority on the subject, and a book on "Speaking," a little work which has had a wide circulation, and deservedly so.

IN the death of Judge Waddy, Wesleyan Methodism loses one of her best-known and most loyal laymen. Mr. Waddy was the son of the Rev. Dr. Waddy, a minister famous in his day, and one of the most beautiful traits in his character was his filial tenderness. To the last his father found in him the solace and pride of his long life. Mr. Waddy had his difficulties in his early career as a barrister, but overcame them, and became famous both as a cross-examiner and as a pleader with juries. Breach of promise cases were very often entrusted to him. He was also an active Liberal politician, though he never acquired what is called the House of Commons manner. On the platform he could speak with great power, and as a local preacher he was most popular and effective. Under no circumstances was his faith disguised, and the reality of his moral courage won for him universal confidence and respect. He was entitled to expect a leading position on the Judicial Bench, but it was not to be. He attributed his failure to the fact of his being a Dissenter; but he was a man of pronounced individuality, which he never tried to curb, and perhaps this has to be considered as an explanation. He lived a prosperous, successful, happy, and useful life, and his old age was solaced by the affection of his devoted family.

Photo by Elliott & Fry

THE LATE JUDGE WADDY, K.C.

Helps for Sunday-School Teachers and Christian Endeavourers

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS

By Rev. G. H. Morrison, M.A.

Feb. 1.—*Paul at Athens* (Acts xvii. 22-34)

"The place to which they took him," say Conybeare and Howson, "was the summit of the hill of Areopagus, where the most awful court of judicature had sat from time immemorial, to pass sentence on the greatest criminals, and to decide the most solemn questions connected with religion. The judges sat in the open air, upon seats hewn out in the rock, on a platform which was ascended by a flight of stone steps immediately from the Agora. On this spot a long series of awful causes, connected with crime and religion, had been determined, beginning with the legendary trial of Mars, which gave to the place its name of 'Mars' Hill.' A temple of the god was on the brow of the eminence: and an additional solemnity was given to the place by the sanctuary of the Furies, in a broken cleft of the rock, immediately below the judges' seats. Even in the political decay of Athens, this spot and this court were regarded by the people with superstitious reverence. It was a scene with which the dread recollections of centuries were associated. It was a place of silent awe in the midst of the gay and frivolous city."

Feb. 8.—*Paul at Corinth* (Acts xviii. 1-11)

Paul wrought at his trade (v. 3). The Rev. T. Carter, one of the Puritan ministers, once came unexpectedly behind one of his acquaintances, who was busily engaged in his trade as a tanner. He gave him a pleasant tap on the shoulder; the good man looked behind him, started and said, "Sir, I am ashamed that you should find me thus employed." Mr. Carter replied, "Let Christ, when He cometh, find me so doing." "What!" said the good man, "doing this?" "Yes," said Mr. C., "faithfully performing the duties of my calling."

Feb. 15.—*Christian Self-Control for the Sake of Others* (1 Cor. viii. 4-13)

"A lady was walking quietly along the city street not long ago," says Mr. W. Moodie in his "Tools for Teachers," "when the door of a house flew open, and a boy shot out with a whoop like a wild Indian. Once on the pavement he danced a sort of double shuffle all around the kerb-stone, and raced down the street in great haste; for it was evident, by the books under his arm, that he was going to school. The lady was thinking what thoughtless, noisy creatures healthy boys always are, when, just a few yards before her, she saw something yellow lying on the stones. Coming nearer, she fancied it was a fine shaving, and looked after the boy again. She saw him suddenly stop short in a crowd of people at a crossing, and come back as fast as he had gone, so that just before she reached the shaving, he did—and picked up, not a shaving at all, but a long slimy banana-skin. Flinging it into a refuse barrel, he only waited long enough to say, 'Somebody might have slipped on it,' and was off again. It was a little thing to do; but that one glance of the boy's clear grey eyes, and the simple, earnest sentence, made the lady's heart very warm toward the noisy fellow. He had not slipped himself: he was far past the danger,—and, when one is in a hurry, it is a great bother to go twice over the same ground,—but the 'somebody else' might slip, and so, for the sake of this unknown somebody, the hurrying boy came back, and, it may be, saved the life or limbs of a feeble old man or a tender little child."

Feb. 22.—*Christian Love* (1 Cor. xiii.)

"Love," said Henry Ward Beecher, "amid the other graces in this world, is like a cathedral tower, which begins on the earth, and, at first, is surrounded by the other parts of the structure. But, at length, rising above buttressed walls, and arch, and parapet, and pinnacle, it shoots spirelike many a foot right into the air, so high that the huge cross on its summit glows like a spark in the morning light, and shines like a star in the evening sky, when the rest of the pile is enveloped in darkness. So Love, here, is surrounded by the other graces, and divides the honours with them; but they will have felt the wrap of night, and of darkness when *it* will shine, luminous, against the sky of eternity."

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR TOPICS

By Rev. H. Elvet Lewis

Feb. 1.—*A Day of Decision* (*Christian Endeavour Day*) (Acts ii. 12-21, 37-42)

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, in one of the last articles—if not the last of all—which he wrote, dwells on the decline of the consciousness of sin, due, he considered, to the fact that the Scriptural doctrine of the Atonement is not now proclaimed as it used to be. Had we "the wisdom and courage of Paul to preach that doctrine as he preached it, we would do more to awaken the sense of sin than through any possible effort to frighten men by describing the effects of sin in mediæval terms."

When Charles G. Finney had come to see clearly that Christ's work was a finished work, he had, without being aware of it, stopped in the street just where the inward voice had arrested him. "After some little time the question seemed to be put, 'Will you accept it now, to-day?' I replied, 'Yes; I will accept it to-day, or I will die in the attempt!'"

Feb. 8.—*Christ the Great Teacher* (John iii. 1-10; vii. 45-53)

The teaching of Christ is of unapproached originality, and gives proof of the profoundest wisdom, says W. H. Furness, in this: "It distinguishes the essential from the accidental, the lasting from the temporary.

The primal truths that shine aloft like stars

from the earth-born exhalations which, seeming to be at the same elevation and to shine with the same brightness, are continually mistaken for heavenly lights, but are only earth-born exhalations still."

The scribes and Pharisees, remarks Chrysostom, were ever with Christ: they read the Scriptures, they beheld His miracles, and yet were nothing profited, but harmed rather. The officers were "subdued by one single sermon, and they who had gone forth to bind Him, came back bound themselves by wonder." Are there not yet many who have been a long time in the school of Christ, and have not seen and felt His glory? while others, just entering—because they are awake to heavenly truth—hear but a few words, as it were, and say, "Never man spake thus"?

Feb. 15.—*Drink and Defeat* (1 Kings xx. 10-21)

It comes out clearly in Rowntree and Sherwell's "Temperance Problem and Social Reform" that no less than 14 per cent. of the entire poverty of the United Kingdon can be *directly traced* to drink. And the conclusions of the Special Commissioner of the United States Labour Department is quoted: "The danger resident in these huge liquor bills reaches beyond misery and moral degradation. Civilisation itself is menaced by this growing economic waste." National intemperance involves national defeat.

Nor is the individual defeat any less disastrous, when "the pleasing poison" of "the baneful cup"—

The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Character'd in the face.

Feb. 22.—*Church Extension* (Acts xi. 19-27)

To love Christ without desiring and helping to extend His Church is impossible. "To see another province added to His empire is to partake in our little degree of the travail of His soul, which brings Him His one satisfaction." Dr. Parker remarks: "Christianity never stops at one place as a final point. Having showed its light, sounded its trumpet, offered its hospitality, it says, 'I must preach the Gospel to other lands also.'"

In Church extension we see the ministry of the evangelist as well as the teacher—the one who plants, and the one who waters. Many an extension has been arrested, and perhaps utterly marred, by the non-appearance of Barnabas. A great movement owes as much to those made by it as to those who made it. To cut a fresh path through the tangled wood is good; but it is equally good to keep it open, and make it still more passable.

Dr. Parker's Bible

To the Editor of The British Monthly

Sir,—I have in my hands the Bible which Dr. Parker used habitually during his later years. It is marked on the first page, "The Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., with John Rylands' kind regards, June, 1868," and bears the note—"Commenced to use this Bible in the study on August 4th, 1868; my ministry in Cavendish was resumed after my annual vacation on Sunday, August 10th, 1868." There follows: "Commenced my Sunday ministry in Poultry on September 19th, 1869, and my Thursday ministry in the same place on 23rd September, 1869." Dr. Parker had almost a passion for destroying letters and memoranda of every kind, yet he liked to go back to the past. I never knew a more faithful keeper of anniversaries, sad or glad. It was almost a snare to him, for as life goes on there is more sadness than gladness in anniversaries. Yet he was quite content to have only his own memory wherewith to recall them. He needed no letter, no entry in a journal, no token of affection The consequence is that he has left nothing whereby a record of his life can be constructed. The biographer can find no material. Sometimes he seemed to regret this; and yet I doubt if the regret was very deeply founded, for he went on with the work of destruction to the last. However, in this Bible he has pasted a few letters and memoranda that pleased him. I find his tickets of invitation to the funerals of Lord Tennyson, Mr. Gladstone, and Bishop Creighton. There are also two cheques sent for charitable purposes by Mr. Toole and Father Stanton. He has crossed them, and written upon them, "Bank of Love; not negotiable." It is touching to see that most of the letters preserved are from dignitaries of the Church of England, a proof, if proof were needed, of how eagerly the strongest Nonconformists would respond, and do respond, to any token of good-will. At the end of the Bible there is a page which runs as follows:—

The following ministers have preached in the City Temple:

Rev. Dr. Lindsay Alexander, Edinburgh.
" " Stoughton, Kensington.
" " Allon, Islington.
" " Donald Fraser, Marylebone.
" " Robert Halley.
" Samuel Minton (Church of England).
" Dr. Wilkes, of Montreal.
" Thomas Jones, Swansea.
" Joshua C. Harrison, Camden Town.
" Alexander Thomson, M.A., Manchester.
" Dr. Mullens, Missionary Society.
" " Patton, New Haven, Connecticut.
" " Cuyler, Brooklyn.
" " David Thomas, Stockwell.
" " Enoch Mellor, Halifax.
" " Paterson.
" " J. H. James.
" " Gervase Smith.
" W. O. Simpson.
" Fred Greeves.
" Hugh Stowell Brown.
" Dr. S. Newth.
" " W. Graham.
" Edward White.
" J. Guinness Rogers.
" Dr. Cairns.
" Henry Ward Beecher.
" Dr. Talmage.

The Bible is a small convenient quarto, and, as I can testify, it was Dr. Parker's constant companion. His method of preparation was his own. He read in his Bible till he found a text that suited him, and very often he marked the texts. Then he began thinking of it. In early days he used to turn up commentaries, but not latterly. To the last he liked to talk of the texts he had in view. He had them in his mind when he was being read to. Dr. Parker very seldom read a book. He would be read to for six hours a day, and often when he liked a book he would have it read to him a second time. He would by-and-by have three or four leading thoughts and illustrations clear in his mind, and that was quite enough for him. There are a good many characteristic marginal notes and markings some of which I may give. Among the texts are these:—

Ezekiel xi. 13: "Pelatiah the son of Benaiah died." The awful power of evil. The process should have been the contrary.

Ezekiel xi. 16: "A little sanctuary."

Ezekiel xii. 16: "I will leave a few men."

Ezekiel xii. 22: "The days are prolonged, and every vision faileth."

Ezekiel xii. 23: "The days are at hand, and the effect of every vision."

Ezekiel xiii. 2: "Out of their own hearts."

Ezekiel xiii. 4: "O Israel, thy prophets are like the foxes in the deserts."

Ezekiel xvi. 47: "But as if that were a very little thing, thou wast corrupted more than they in all thy ways." Supremacy in evil.

Ezekiel xvii. 24: "And all the trees of the field shall know that I the Lord have brought down the high tree, have exalted the low tree, have dried up the green tree, and have made the dry tree to flourish." God in all rearrangements.

Ezekiel xxiii. 23: "Desirable young men."

Ezekiel xxiii. 42: "Men of the common sort."

Ezekiel xxvii. 11: "They have made thy beauty perfect."

Ezekiel xlii. 20: "Make a separation between the sanctuary and the profane place."

Ezekiel xlviii. 8: "And the sanctuary shall be in the midst of it." Radiation.

Daniel iv. 26: "Thy kingdom shall be sure unto thee, after that thou shalt have known that the heavens do rule." Some men come to religion through a hard process.

Daniel vii. 18: "For ever, even for ever and ever."

Daniel x. 1: "The thing was true, but the time appointed was long." The spiritual conquest of the world.

Daniel x. 19: "When he had spoken unto me, I was strengthened."

Daniel x. 21: "There is none that holdeth with me in these things, but Michael your prince." Alone, yet the greatest was with him. Quality, not quantity.

Amos ii. 9: "Yet I destroyed his fruit from above, and his roots from beneath." The completeness of Divine destruction.

Amos viii. 5: "When will the new moon be gone, that we may sell corn?" Restraints upon bad men.

Matthew vi. 6: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." I believe Jesus.

Matthew xii. 44: "He findeth it empty, swept, and garnished." Empty explains all.

Matthew xxvi. 24: "As it is written of him." His pre-biography.

Matthew xxvi. 58: "To see the end."

Mark xiv. 35: "And He went forward a little." Alone.

Mark xv. 35: "Behold He calleth Elias." Misunderstood to the last.

Luke iv. 40: "Now when the sun was setting." Another sun rising.

Luke viii. 40: "They were all waiting for Him."

Luke xiii. 17: "All the glorious things that were done by Him."

Luke xviii. 36: "He asked what it meant." We can at least do this.

Luke xxii. 41: "And He was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast." Alone!

Luke xxiv. 1: "Bringing the spices which they had prepared." And they had been distinctly told He would rise.

John iv. 42: "We have heard Him ourselves."

Such are a few gleanings. There are many others, but those who desire more, and I think there are many preachers to whom such help is welcome, will find it in Dr. Parker's Pulpit Bible.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

Claudius Clear.

An African Colony in Wales

TO the uninformed the last place on earth in which one would expect to find youths and young girls from the West Coast of Africa would be a small town in North Wales. Yet in such a place there exists an Institution, founded, not to elevate the African negro, but, far better, to teach him how to elevate himself; and which aims for its future results at the Christianising and civilising of Africa through the African.

The scene of this interesting experiment, Colwyn Bay, is a picturesque and health-giving spot near the far-famed Vale of Clwyd. Nature, through all her changeable moods, only heightens the contrast between this Welsh village and the interior of Africa, with its climate notoriously fatal to human beings, pestilential swamps, dangerous jungles, and acres of mud that poison the air for miles round. Here, there is a simple, quiet people; there, tribes whose one object seems to be to exterminate each other.

In the past, and even now, many Christian men have left their homes and the comforts of civilisation to dwell among these savages, to endure untold hardships, incessant work, and the certain sequel of wasting malarial fever, which either permanently undermined their constitutions, and necessitated their return to England invalided, or provided them with a martyr's grave, far away from kith and kin.

The outlook seemed hopeless, and permanent good results, on account of the waste of human life and strength, impossible. On one hand were thousands living in utter savagery; on the other, a handful of men, weak from constant ill-health, and depressed by the malarial climate, attempting to fight against the ignorance and superstition of ages.

So, some eighteen years ago, thought a Welsh missionary on the Congo, when, sick almost unto death, he lay watching two little African lads whom he had redeemed from slavery, and who were his devoted nurses and attendants. The solution of the problem struck him suddenly. "The best missionaries for Africa are Africans; why not train converts in England, and send them out fitted to teach others as they have been taught?"

To save his life, Mr. Hughes determined to return to this country. The boys, to whose care and devotion, humanly speaking, he owed his life, absolutely refused to leave their white friend, so he took them with him to his home at Colwyn Bay, and the little Africans, thriving in its balmy air, and quickly adapting themselves to their new life, became the pioneer students of the African College.

The practical benefits of the new venture may quickly be realised by taking into consideration the cost of sending a white missionary to Africa. The cost of outfit amounts to £60 or £100, passage, generally, £30, annual maintenance and work £500; this apart from his education. Then a great deal of valuable time is wasted in acquiring the language of the district to which he is sent, and in getting on friendly terms with the natives; while often, even at this initial stage, further progress is stopped by illness. The white is never seen at his best in Equatorial Africa. Missionaries and traders are classed in the same category. The latter supply the natives with spirits, and sell them worthless goods at exorbitant prices. "Is that Christianity?" asks the savage. "No, it is not," replies the missionary. "Then teach your white brother first to do what is right, before you come to teach us," is the pertinent reply.

Promising African converts can journey second class from Africa to the College and back for nothing, except in a few cases. Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co., the well-known Liverpool steamship firm, kindly bring over students to their port free; the St. Tudno Steamship Co. do the same from Liverpool to Llandudno, if required; and a philanthropic cab-proprietor transports them from the pier at Llandudno to the College door at Colwyn Bay, also free.

The cost of five years' maintenance, scholastic and technical training is only £125 each student. During his first year in this country the best part of the time is spent in the schoolroom, where he is taught English mostly. The second year he selects a trade to which he is apprenticed, such as that of a carpenter, blacksmith, mason, bricklayer, wheelwright, tailor, or printer. Some go in for medicine, and one or two have taken up photography.

When his term is finished, the student is furnished with the tools of his trade, a simple but ample outfit of clothes, and sent back to his native land. Proof against the climate, conversant with the language of the people, acquainted with their ways, he is able at once to take a dignified position, and to teach while supporting himself, the very fact of being a skilled handicraftsman giving him great influence among his fellows.

The African Institute is now *un fait accompli*, and only requires additional funds to extend its good work, and to open its doors to hundreds of promising applicants, and to start a similar institution for girls.

Students come from all parts of Africa—the Congo, Old Calabar, Cameroons, New Calabar, Liberia, Sierra Leone, etc., districts representing some 3,000 miles of the coast, about 600 different languages. The scheme counts among its ardent patrons the King of the Belgians, Lord Tredegar, Sir Samuel Lewis, K.C.M.G., Sir Henry M. Stanley, Sir Alfred Jones, K.C.M.G., of Liverpool, and Prince Ademuyiwa, of West Africa.

Happier faces you will not find anywhere than in the classrooms of the Institute, and, like the Welsh, the Africans love music. One student, when the writer admired a quaint lyre out of which he got wonderful effects, offered to make one, and he did so, most ingeniously, out of umbrella wires beaten flat. The wires are strung with beads, and fastened in the centre with narrow strips of oxhide on to a little box. The instrument is tuned by pushing the wires backwards and forwards.

One notable fact about their technical training, and one which proves the sympathy that is felt with Mr. Hughes's scheme, is that no apprenticeship fee is ever asked or accepted, so that one of the most important items of expenditure is provided for through the generosity of outsiders.

The eagerness of young Africans to avail themselves of every opportunity for self-improvement, their persistency, the faith based on the belief that if what is desired is good it will in some way be granted, are very touching.

Sir Samuel Lewis, the first African knighted by our late Queen, is an enthusiast as to the good that can be done by training Africans in England, and he advocates the extension of the scheme so as to admit of more students being received, and the same advantages being offered to African girls also. If funds can be raised, this will be done at once. Only two girls have been trained at Colwyn Bay. One was sent over and partly paid for by her father.

Prince Ademuyiwa Hastrope visited the College about two years ago. The Prince has founded two mission stations in the interior of Lagos, and supports native teachers for both. He is also a very eloquent preacher.

Three local committees have been formed on the Gold Coast to help the work of the Institute, and three students have just arrived from that district. Another boy of the Pessa tribe was brought over by the Rev. R. L. Stewart, an African, who, up to the age of nineteen, was himself a slave. He has founded a training-school at Monrovia, Liberia, on similar lines.

Dr. J. A. Abayomi Cole is another recent visitor to the Institute, and one of its most zealous upholders. He is of Mahommedan parentage, and a doctor with a large practice in Sierra Leone, where he supports himself and his family. He is founder of the Gospel Banner Mission, which he carries on without support from any Church or Society. The workers are mostly native Christians.

The African Institute has already caused a revolution in mission work. Now, instead of white people collecting money to send missionaries to Africa, the Africans contribute funds for sending their young people to be trained in this country. All contributions and communications should be sent to the Director, W. Hughes, African Institute, Colwyn Bay.

The Grey Glove

BY RITA RICHMOND

"YOU have had a pleasant holiday, then? It has seemed as good a time to you as it has to me," said Mark Arkwright slowly, looking away towards the radiance of the sunset west, where the sky lay like a painter's palette bedabbled with great splashes of green and gold and crimson upon the far horizon line.

Mary Willis brought her gaze back half absently, back from the long stretch of red-brown moors, with their swelling purple breasts upheaved towards the sky, and their heather-covered boulders of scarred grey rock, rising like rugged features on the moor's dark face.

"A good time?" she echoed, a smile growing in eyes that were half dazzled by the glow of wondrous colour and breaking in the curves of pensive lips. "What is it to have had a good time?" said Mary Willis, deliberating the question musingly, as she laid the basket of ferns she carried on the topmost bar of the white gate against which she and her companion leant, and folded her hands loosely over them. "Is it to come away upon a holiday feeling jaded and listless, out of touch with the joy of life, with morbid forebodings of the future, and a sick impatience of one's work and one's fellow-workers, and then is it to find that the joy of life can glow again like a faded rose refreshed with water, that the grey of the sky is due to one's own colour-blindness, and that it is blue, not grey at all? Tell me, is this having had a good time or is it not?"

"And yet it has been very quiet for you here," said the other, pressing one of the ferns in the basket lightly into place.

Miss Willis laughed softly.

"Quiet?—yes. Do I not hear the comments of all my women-friends come back to town with their sunburnt faces and their laughter and their chatter. 'What, no golf course?—no cycling roads? What *have* you done with yourself these six weeks, Mary Willis?' What have I done indeed? I do not know. I only know"—glancing down with a look half-humorous, half-wistful, at the curled green fronds in the basket—"I only know that to-morrow I shall probably be planting these wild woodland things in my narrow window-box, overlooking a rush of cabs and cars and noisy people, and trying to pretend I have brought a memento of the summer back with me, when, after all, I know very well they will only be little green ghosts of a time that was far too pleasant to be anything but short. Well! well! little green ghosts though you be, I'll risk you haunting my window-box," said Miss Willis, suddenly laying her cheek caressingly down on the soft, damp greenery.

She had been round each shady dell and emerald bank beside the burns, giving farewell to all the familiar spots where she had spent her pleasant holiday.

Forget-me-nots had peeped at her with wet, blue eyes from watery nooks; the little streams had called her back and back again. It had been a long business saying good-bye to all these woodland things, and now, at the end of the day, she stood here with the companion of most of these pleasant rambles, trying to realise the fact that within a few short hours the train would have borne her far from sight of all these dear familiar spots, far from sound of the calling of the burns, trying to realise that the little summer comedy, sweet as *As You Like It* in its woodland wanderings, with all the summer world around and sky above for stage and roof, had come to an end, and that for epilogue, what else might there be but a "Good-bye to you, friend; we have had a pleasant time together."

They had been such good friends, these two, since ever that meeting six short weeks ago. They had found a sympathy in books, in art, in life itself, and the joy of life born out of mutual glances warm and kindly, of pleasant talk, and pleasanter silences under the glamour of hay-scented and moonlit summer nights—the joy of life had come very close to these very good friends in this pleasant summer holiday.

And now the end had come, and with the woman was the vision of dull and lonely lodgings with only the little green ghosts in the window-box to remind her of all that had been.

With the man, Mark Arkwright's eyes, fixed on the face beside him, were visioning things that he dared not speak nor dream of, and as he looked at her now he seemed all at once to see this woman as he had not seen her during all these weeks that were past.

He had fancied that the spell of mutual sympathy, the fact that they had looked on men and things from the same plane, that their "point of sight" had been one and the same—he had fancied that these things had been the basis of that friendship, which, in secret, Mark Arkwright called by another name than friendship. Now suddenly, on this last evening, he became conscious of the new attraction which had subtly been added, during these weeks, in pale cheeks slowly incardined by the touch of the sweet, keen air, in eyes grown clear and bright as well as thoughtful, in lips more deeply pink, and with a surprising conviction it came upon him that, after all, 'twas the turn of her cheek and chin, the soft blue-greyness of her eye, the ripple of hair against her ear, that made it hardest, perhaps, to end this holiday play of theirs with a clasp of the hand and "Goodbye to you, friend!"

And that so it must end Mark Arkwright was sternly impressing on himself, as they stood there together in the dusk, for, though a woman's part of the matrimonial bargain may consist only of her heart held out in her hand, a man in honour feels bound to offer his upon a silver salver.

Mark Arkwright had no silver salver on which to offer his, and so illogically concluded that no bread at all was better than the loaf of love minus its platter.

He had threshed the question out so thoroughly in the long watches of the night before, and convinced himself so surely of the honourableness of his purpose that it had almost seemed easy in the clear, cold dawn-light to hold his determination fast. Now, in the dusk of the autumn evening, with the woman beside him, he found he had left out of his reckoning the soft blue-greyness of her eyes, the curve of cheek and chin, the ripple of her hair against her ear, and he found they counted—counted so strongly that his purpose almost went down before them, and his longing and his love sprang up riotously and claimed their rights imperiously.

Once again he fought the battle, and fought as he had not done in the dawn, for as they stood there in the silence, with the scent of autumn fields around them, and the glamour of dusk over the hushed earth, Mary Willis looked up at him, and their eyes met for one breathless, spellbound moment, laden with all the memories of all the sweetness of these past six weeks, the eyes of the woman unconsciously questioning, the eyes of the man longing, wavering—refusing ere they fell apart.

Suddenly Mary Willis shivered. The hue of rose and gold had faded from the sky; a chill breeze rose slowly like a sleepy sigh from the heaving breasts of the moor.

"It grows cold; we had best be getting on," she said quietly, lifting her basket of ferns from the gate.

The other drew a long breath and straightened his broad shoulders. He had conquered, and his face was white and set with victory, his hand shook as he unfastened the latch of the gate to let her pass through, and then in silence, like two dumb persons, they paced a long stretch of the white track over the heather, with but one thought predominant in both minds—that this road they were treading together might reach on just so for ever. A futile wish, for the station was not so far off now, the next rise in the moor must show the signals on the railway-line, and yet—and yet not a word, of all the precious words that both would vainly long for many to-morrows after this, could either speak. And when at last Mark Arkwright forced the silence, all he found to say was:

"Town will be very pleasant just now, everybody hurrying and bustling back to work. Your holiday will soon be forgotten," said he, with well-simulated cheerfulness.

"Yes—soon forgotten!" replied Miss Willis, acquiescing in the lie as cheerfully as he had suggested it, the while she clenched her hands at her side in a sort of despairing clutch after her oozing self-control. She would not show she cared, an he did not—she would not.

Then, suddenly, the action of her hands reminded her she had on no gloves; she had best put them on, too, ere she reached the civilisation of the railway-station.

Mechanically she felt in her pockets for them, first in her dress, then her jacket; and then, when she had done this, she stood quite still in the middle of the road looking up at Mark, and—

"Oh!" she said anxiously, "do you know—do you know—I have left my gloves behind me on Mrs. Burton's parlour-table?"

"What!" said Mark, standing still also, but more to contemplate the face upturned to his than because he regarded the matter seriously. "That's a pity! Can't I go back and get them?"

"There is no time. I should miss my train, and there is not another till to-morrow morning."

The other whistled, and stroked his brown beard meditatively, then—

"Well, I suppose you'll have to go without them," he said, lightly smiling down at her.

"Go to town without my gloves? In the train? I couldn't!" said Miss Willis, amazedly regarding him.

"Do you mean to say——?"

"I can't go without my gloves," said Miss Willis obstinately, sitting down suddenly on a large heather-covered boulder by the roadside. "Fancy!" looking up at him reproachfully—"fancy! What would you think of meeting a lady you knew on a railway-platform without gloves?"

Mark laughed.

"I thought you would have had too much of the advanced woman in you to mind such trifles," he said.

"Maybe there's too much of the old-fashioned one in me to go up to town without gloves."

He laughed again, looking down at the pretty, obstinate face. Where was the intellectual equal of these last six weeks' companionship—where the comrade of superior mind? Gone without a trace, leaving behind only this pretty, foolish woman, who nevertheless seemed dearer in this moment of folly than ever before.

"I say, you know, you'll miss the train," he said, after a moment's silence, spent in realising how fervently he wished she might.

"I can't help it," replied Miss Willis hopelessly, almost tearfully regarding her small, sunburnt hands.

"And I don't see how I can," began the other, looking round him vaguely as though there might be an odd chance of a pair of gloves lying about on the heather.

Then suddenly he started; his brown cheek grew duskily red, his eye embarrassed. He had remembered something which made the situation even a little more difficult than it was. For a moment he hesitated. Should he allow her to miss the train?—should he? The next moment he had swept temptation aside.

"You won't go without gloves?" he said quietly.

"I can't!"—distressedly.

"Then," said Mark, putting his hand into his breast-pocket, "will these do?" and held out to her a soiled and shabby little pair of grey gloves.

Miss Willis stared at them with wide, astonished eyes, recognising an old pair of her own she had used in her fern hunting. She had lost them a week ago.

"Why," she said, "these are mine! Where did you——?"

He looked at her, a lie ready framed on his lips—"that he had found them—had meant to return them"; and instead, as she stared up at him with softly puzzled eyes, the bald, bare truth slipped the leash of his tongue, of his will and—

"I stole them!" said Mark Arkwright, and heard the words, himself astounded. "Anything of yours is dear to me; I meant them for a keepsake. I have no right to say such things: I am only a village schoolmaster; I have my way to make. I had no right even to keep these." He glanced from the gloves to her face apologetically.

But the joy in Mary Willis's heart had welled up and broken in a wave of happiness in her wet eyes and on her smiling lips.

"Oh!" she cried vehemently, springing to her feet, "you had!—you had!"

Then she paused, fearful of the gladness in her voice, of what he would guess in it.

But she paused too late. From the light that leapt to his eyes, from the reckless way he threw her cloak and wraps in a heap upon the heather, she knew she had paused too late. The joy in her voice had wiped out Mark Arkwright's "honourable purpose" as a sponge will a sum on a slate.

"Mary," he said hurriedly, "I have little to offer you save my heart. Dare I ask you to risk your chance of a better future with some wealthier wooer? Will you?"

"Will I exchange paste diamonds for precious real stones? Will I exchange broken lamps for new? Would you?" she said softly.

The long brown stretch of moor lay so still about these two figures, it looked as though it listened, and the heather-bells lifted little pink ears to hear what next might be coming as Mark Arkwright made one swift step forward with outstretched arms.

"Then, my dear, will you wait?" was all he said.

"I shouldn't have done anything else, supposing you had never asked me, but wait for you all my life," whispered Mary Willis, looking up at him with shining eyes.

And then the heather-bells tinkled among themselves almost as though they had been wedding-bells.

Born Again

BY THE LATE REV. PROFESSOR A. B. DAVIDSON, D.D., LL.D.

AH, the fatal continuity of our life! the torturing fury called the mind! Born again! Surely, it is only then that what we really are appears; and it every day appears the more. The more we become little children, the more shall we seem to ourselves to be the old men—the strong, sinful, adult, hardened men—stout-hearted and far from righteousness. But there is one eye to which we shall seem different, one that will see us to be little children; there is one omniscient, all-embracing memory that will quite forget the past—God's eye, and God's memory. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," born again, a little child, entering the kingdom. To God's eye, being one with His Son, we shall be all that His Son was; and if we are His, all those words said on Him will, in God's esteem, be said of us. Even that which was said of His birth will be true, in God's thought, of ours: "The holy thing that shall be born shall be called the Son of God." And those words, said of Him, shall be repeated of us, to indicate God's complacency and delight in us, when we go out into the world: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The old man whom men remember and we abhor, God sees transformed into the image of His Son. "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." To God we are other; in Christ we are other. In Him we find refuge from ourselves.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Dr. Joseph Parker

I.—THE STORY OF HIS CAREER

In one of the high, coloured windows near the pulpit at the City Temple there is the figure of an angel with a gleaming sword. To the sorrowing company who gathered round Dr. Parker's empty pulpit on Sunday, November 30, it seemed that the sword had descended, that the angel's arm had struck, lightning swift, one deadly blow. The last weeks of 1902 were a time of mourning and heart-searching in all the Churches: the Methodists had lost their gallant leader, Hugh Price Hughes—"from spur to plume a star of chivalry"; Christmas week was saddened by the death of the venerable Primate of the Church of England; but the heaviest bereavement, the most enduring sorrow, was that which united all Christian men round the grave of Joseph Parker. The greatest English preacher of our generation passed away at his house in Hampstead on Friday evening, November 28, after long and severe suffering. Had he lived till next April, he would have completed his seventy-third year.

From the emptiness and solitude of his beautiful home, Dr. Parker loved in his old age to escape into the world of memory to

> Ponder on the entire past,
> Laid together thus at last,
> While the twilight helps to fuse
> The first fresh with the faded hues.

His thoughts went back to the early Hexham days, to the father and mother for whom he cherished so true a reverence. He recalled the sturdy figure of the old stonemason, his sloe-black eyes, his fist of iron, his hatred of falsehood, his passionate love of prayer. The great preacher came of an heroic Northumbrian stock, a race of hardy North Country men, men whose characters were hewn from the granite rock. The father of Dr. Parker has sometimes been compared to the father of Thomas Carlyle, who was also a working mason. Liberal politicians assembled and Nonconformist ministers gathered round the hospitable hearth at Hexham. The boy's mind early turned to great and grave subjects, to the social and religious future of England and the warfare between Labour and Capital. The tenderer side of life idealised itself for him in the sweet and gracious mother who taught him to pray without ceasing. She was of a gentle and retiring disposition, simple in her faith, and not without a trace of superstition. "From a child," writes Dr. Parker, "I 'felt after' God. I expected Him, I tarried for Him as for One with whom I had an appointment. I have never lost that feeling of expectancy and nearness." In his memorial sermon Mr. Jowett mentioned that Dr. Parker wrote not long ago from Chamonix: "From my earliest recollections I have found supreme delight in prayer—prayer in the large sense that implies intimate communion with God. From a child my chief joy was in ardent communion with the Eternal Spirit."

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London
REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

The Parker family lived first in the Market Place and later on removed to the higher part of Battle Hill. A companion who used to play with Joseph when they were children, speaks of him as attracting attention by his large head, covered with abundant brown hair, by his expressive countenance and queer ways. He often teased his playmates by asking them puzzling questions, and when they eagerly enquired the answer, he would walk away with a twinkle in his eye and leave them in their bewilderment. His favourite game was marbles, and all through life he was proud to recall the fact that he was known as the champion marble player. "To this day," he once remarked, "I cannot see boys playing at marbles without feeling a strong wish to join them." Once he went fishing in the Tyne, but was unlucky enough to slip into the water and narrowly escaped drowning. His school life was not altogether happy. He describes his first schoolmaster as the counterpart of the infamous Squeers of Dotheboys Hall. "For sheer cruelty there never was such a man. All day long he was thrashing one boy or another, and the heavier the hazel stick the better the tyrant liked it." We read with amazement in these days of the frightful cruelties which were judicially inflicted for slight offences little more than two hundred years ago, under James II.—of the burning of Elizabeth Gaunt, of the scourging of unhappy wretches from Newgate to Tyburn, of witch

burnings, and the horrors of the thumbscrew and the boot. We read and ask how it is possible that within two hundred years so complete a revulsion has taken place in national sentiment with regard to cruelty. In no department has this revulsion been more conspicuous than in the field of education. Schoolmasters like the "Old Whacker" of Hexham flourished in all parts of England a hundred years ago, and these villains held their heads high among their neighbours, and were often, like Dr. Parker's teacher, church officials. Fortunately, better men succeeded, and Joseph Parker's third master was a man of wide culture, under whom he studied Greek and Latin. It was decided that the boy should follow his father's trade when he reached the age of fourteen, but this arrangement soon came to an abrupt close. He hated manual work, and was convinced "That God Almighty never intended Joseph Parker to spend his life in carrying lime or building houses." As he was growing up differences arose in the Independent Church of which his father was a deacon. The new minister, the Rev. James Frame, did not please some of the members, and the Parkers, amongst others, joined the Wesleyans. To the close of his life Mr. Frame had an affectionate remembrance of the remarkable boy who was one of his Sunday-school teachers. He described him as modest and unassuming, of a retiring disposition, meditative, and loving solitude. In his early teens the lad became ambitious to preach the Gospel. He borrowed books from the Mechanics' Institute, and eagerly read all the literature he could obtain. His favourite works were Zimmermann on Solitude and Borrow's "Bible in Spain." He taught himself shorthand, and kept up this accomplishment through life. He committed to memory the speeches of Charles James Fox, and used to declaim them as he walked up and down the quiet roads near Hexham. He was always a lover of oratory, and was in the habit of reading aloud the speeches of the great Irish politicians. He learned by heart the Fifth Book of "Paradise Lost," and could also repeat large portions of the Bible.

His First Sermon

Dr. Parker was in his eighteenth year when he preached his first sermon. It was in June, 1848, at a village four miles from Hexham. He was already accustomed to address boys' meetings, and was quite a leader amongst his companions. On reaching the village green, where a group of rustics had assembled, he had no intention whatever of speaking. But the idea of doing so overpoweringly seized him. Standing bolt upright on the cross beams of the saw pit, he read as his text these words: "It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the Day of Judgment, than for you." "I did not spare the iniquities of the age," he wrote. "I loosed all the thunders I could command and delivered my soul with audacious frankness. Neither thought nor word had I prepared. I simply knew that the age was corrupt, and, taking the hundred rustics as representatives of the total iniquity, I hurled upon them the thunderbolts of outraged Heaven." His second sermon was again preached in the country and the open air. Standing under a hedge, thick with roses, the young preacher again chose one of the most terrible words of Scripture: "If I whet My glittering sword, and Mine hand take hold on judgment; I will render vengeance to Mine enemies, and will reward them that hate Me." After his third sermon, which was delivered in the evening twilight at a wheelwright's door, the villagers crowded round him, imploring him to come again. That invitation he regarded ever afterwards as his call to the ministry. He preached in all the villages round his home and was everywhere received with delight. Sometimes he walked and sometimes rode to his appointments, and accepted such humble entertainment as the country folk could offer.

Photo by J. Pattison Gibson, Hexham

DR. PARKER'S BIRTHPLACE IS THE BRICK HOUSE WITH THE PROJECTING LAMP
IT HAS NOW BEEN PULLED DOWN

One of the companions of his Hexham days, the Rev. Nevison Loraine, now Vicar of St. Paul's, Chiswick, has lately given a graphic account of his intercourse with Joseph Parker: "It was just in my very early youth, when the difficulties and conflicts of thought and the deeper convictions of religion were taking hold of my life, I joined a debating society, and there I found Joseph Parker, prominent, eager, vigorous, a wrestler—from his youth up—fluent of speech, quick in retort, able. Our lines of thought were often very different, and we fell very often into sharp conflict; but we were specially, somehow, drawn together. We began to meet together in the evenings in our own respective houses, to tell about books and things as we saw them, and of the young hopes that shone before our lives. We went out for early morning walks—we were both early risers, very early. We went out sometimes as the day began to break, and before the sun struck the

eastern hills. I remember so well giving him a latchkey—for nobody was astir so early as he would come—that he might find his way into my room, and if I were not ready, to wait for me, that we might go out together. I can remember so well, just as if it were only yesterday, often waking up startled to find standing over my bedside Joseph Parker, calling me from my heavy slumber, for I read late, though I rose early. Springing up and dressing, we then went off together, to walk and talk, along the pleasant Tyneside, and up the slopes of the Northumbrian hills. There we saw visions and dreamed dreams. For his outlook was already a very wide one, and his ambitions were already high. At that time he was a Wesleyan Methodist, and a candidate for the ministry."

THE EARLIEST PHOTO OF DR. JOSEPH PARKER

At the age of nineteen Joseph Parker took over the day school from one of his former masters. He christened it Ebenezer, and it is related that the prospectus he issued to parents concluded with the startling words: "The conductor of Ebenezer Seminary does not undertake to supply his pupils with brains."

Dr. Parker's First Wife

A home which Joseph Parker often visited was that of William Nesbitt, farmer, of Horsley-on-Tyne, a village ten miles from Hexham. Mr. Nesbitt was a deacon of Horsley Congregational Church, and he and his wife looked with a friendly eye on the courtship between their daughter Annie and the gifted young preacher. Dr. Parker has described this part of his life in "Tyne Chylde." Ann Nesbitt was a gentle, domesticated, and religious girl, and long after the days in the old farmhouse at Horsley her husband wrote: "Annie, the soul I loved; the girl who saved me and made me a man." The wedding took place in the Congregational Church, Hexham, in November, 1851, when the bridegroom was in his twenty-second year. The young couple lived together in perfect happiness for twelve years, when Mrs. Parker passed away at Manchester. When, in 1899, Horsley Congregational Church was rebuilt, Dr. Parker presented a beautiful stained glass window, bearing an inscription to the memory of Ann Nesbitt.

First Visit to London

A very important letter was that which Joseph Parker addressed, at the age of twenty-two, to Dr. John Campbell, pastor of Whitefield's Tabernacle, Moorfields, and editor of the *British Banner*, an important religious paper of the period. He gave Dr. Campbell an outline of his life, expressed his aspirations towards the ministry, and asked for advice as to the future. Dr. Campbell promptly answered that he himself had an opening for just such a young man as his correspondent, and offered to place Joseph Parker in his pulpit for three Sundays and to give him three guineas a week towards his expenses. No wonder that the young man felt for the moment that "all things were going round and round"; not even his own pen could adequately describe the hopes, the dreams, and the imaginings with which he set out for London. "Those lights, so many and fair," never shone before a more eager aspirant. Some day, perhaps, a great painter will picture for us the first arrival of Joseph Parker in the city of his

A RARE PORTRAIT OF DR. PARKER'S FIRST WIFE

future fame. On his twenty-second birthday he stood in Whitefield's Tabernacle, face to face with its redoubtable pastor. He found the great man kind and genial, but was alarmed when Dr. Campbell, on hearing his text for the evening, suggested that he should change the order of the topics. Dr. Campbell fully appreciated his young assistant's genius, and some time afterwards said to Mr. Parker, of Hexham: "You may be proud of your son. Give him ten years, and he will put his enemies to the gate."

While in London Dr. Parker attended a course of lectures at University College, London, on Mental and Moral Philosophy, by Dr. John Hoppus. Writing in December, 1901, to the Rev. A. F. Douglas, of Ancroft, one of his fellow-students, Dr. Parker said:

"I do not know when I have received a more interesting letter than yours, as it relates to very early days and very bold prognostications. I remember dear old Hoppus well, and his bewildering lectures on Aristotle, and on Kant on the Pure Reason. What nonsense these learned men do talk! I have my University lectures in shorthand now, and I often confuse my memory and my general outlook upon life by reading the phonographic scribble. Remember, it is about forty-eight years since these things were done."

It is interesting to remember that Dr. Hoppus was a Bible-class teacher in Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road.

DR. PARKER AND ONE OF HIS LITTLE FRIENDS

Banbury

During his assistantship at Whitefield's Tabernacle, Mr. Parker became known as a preacher of exceptional powers, and the Congregational Church of Banbury invited him to its pastorate. He was ordained at Banbury on November 8, 1853. His salary was £130 a year, and his house rent amounted to 6*s.* a week. "I told the deacons," he said, "that I did not know what I could do with so much money. They persuaded me to try. I tried, and I always had a cup of tea for a friend."

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DR. PARKER'S FIRST WIFE

On every summer Sunday Mr. Parker preached in a large field known as the Bear Garden. There the local roughs congregated, and they did their utmost to put the daring preacher down. Every time he passed along the street he was liable to be hooted by little knots of people. Once the roughest of the gang rushed at the cart on which he was speaking, and threatened to roll him down the hill. He went on as if nothing had happened, and in the end the Christian cause triumphed. An event of his Banbury ministry was the building of a new chapel. The old one seated four hundred; the new one, six hundred. It was opened by Dr. R. W. Dale. After a four years' residence at Banbury Dr. Parker wrote: "I could boast of a chapel, a vestry, and a commodious schoolroom. What could any man desire more? To have all this at twenty-six years of age seemed to me all that heart could possibly wish for. A very happy life is the life of a country pastor. Its enjoyment is not to be measured by its wealth, but by its freedom, its fresh air, its

leisure for study, and its remoteness from those exciting circumstances which constitute the peculiarity of life in the manufacturing districts." At Banbury occurred Dr. Parker's famous public discussion with the leader of the Secularist party, Mr. George Jacob Holyoake. The most important work Dr. Parker published at Banbury was "Helps to Truth Seekers; or, Christianity and Scepticism." This was published in 1857, and in one year it ran through three editions.

Call to Manchester

During his Banbury pastorate Mr. Parker received no fewer than seven calls to change his sphere of labour. The last was from Cavendish Street, Manchester, one of the most important Independent Churches in the North of England. He preached there on two Sundays, but was surprised at his cold reception. He was the guest of a millionaire provision merchant, who never uttered a word of sympathy or appreciation regarding the services. When the two Sundays were over, Mr. Parker was told that the Rev. Samuel Martin, of Westminster, was unable to preach on the following Sunday, as he had promised to do. The deacons asked whether the Banbury minister would remain and preach the Sunday-school anniversary sermons. "It was a cold atmosphere," Dr. Parker says. "Every man seemed to be looking at me over the top of a money-bag. Some of the people seemed to be paralysed or stupefied. Altogether the experience was unique and memorable. What was my surprise on the last Monday morning of my visit to hear the millionaire provision merchant say: 'You must have noticed that your ministry has produced a deep impression upon our people.' I replied in effect that I had observed nothing of the kind, and that I was utterly dissatisfied with the reception that had been accorded to me, and inclined never to set my foot in their Gothic sepulchre again." A few weeks later a telegram came informing him that a deputation from the Church would wait on him on a certain day. The telegram created a flutter in the little home rented at £20 a year, for to the provincial imagination of the master and mistress every Manchester man was a cotton lord and every cotton lord a formidable personage. With no aid but that of an inexperienced servant, Mrs. Parker set to work in the kitchen, and by the time the deputation arrived the dinner was cooked and the hostess ready for her visitors. The Manchester friends stated their case like men of business, and Mr. Parker briefly replied that a chapel had been built for him at Banbury, that a debt remained of £700, and that until that debt was paid he felt himself bound in honour to stand by his people. The deputation withdrew, more eager than ever to secure him, and when they reported to a Church meeting at Manchester the result of their interview, it was at once agreed to pay off the Banbury debt of £700 and renew the call. In seventeen days the sum of £900 was raised, and Mr. Parker was freed from the honourable scruples which had dictated his refusal. In a letter, which is memorable as coming from a young man of twenty-eight, he claimed complete freedom of action, and urged that, as a pastor, he could not visit for the sake of visiting, though at all times he would be ready to obey the calls of the sick and dying. As regards the work of the deacons, he said: "I believe the office of a deacon is purely secular—that is, the deacon's business is to 'serve tables.' With secular duties the deacon's office begins and ends. Believing this to be a scriptural view, I hold it most tenaciously." Mr. Parker's ministry at Cavendish Street began on July 25, 1858. The building is seated for 1,700 people, and the church, with its noble spire, was then regarded as the chief Nonconformist sanctuary of the town. The place was soon crowded to overflowing, and the week evening services became celebrated over the whole city. Some of Dr. Parker's most important books—"Church Questions," "Hidden Springs," "Wednesday Evenings at Cavendish Chapel," "Ecce Deus," "The Paraclete," and "Springfield Abbey"—were published in

DR. PARKER AND HIS BANBURY DEACONS, THE LATE MESSRS. CRICKETT, WADKINS, AND WALFORD

his Manchester days. In 1862 Mr. Parker received the degree of D.D. from the University of Chicago. Never, surely, was academical honour more wisely bestowed. In 1863 a dark shadow fell upon his life. Mrs. Parker, whose health had been failing since the Banbury days, became seriously ill, and after a long period of weakness she was taken from him. To the close of his life he cherished her in tender recollection, gladly acknowledging that the success of his early ministry was owing in no slight degree to her devoted affection.

PORTRAIT OF DR. PARKER TAKEN JUST BEFORE HE LEFT MANCHESTER

The City Temple

It was in October, 1867, that a deputation from the Poultry Chapel, London, approached Dr. Parker, and invited him to come to the City, sell the Poultry, and with the proceeds erect another great church. After making enquiries, he declined the invitation. His own deacons, to whom he had submitted the London letter, sent him a very interesting communication on the subject of the call. They pointed out that his removal would be a calamity to the Church and the denomination, in view especially of the great position which he now occupied in the North of England, and his steadily increasing influence among Congregationalists generally. A meeting of his Manchester friends was held, at which John Rylands, the millionaire, made a thrilling speech. A resolution in the sense of the deacons' letter was carried enthusiastically. In June, 1868, he completed his tenth year of ministry at Cavendish Street, and on that occasion his friends presented him with a cheque for seven hundred guineas, accompanied by an illuminated address. A year later the invitation from the Poultry was renewed, and a formal call was presented, signed by every one of the deacons. Dr. Parker now decided that the time had come for him to leave, and the wisest of his Manchester friends did not feel they had a right to detain him longer. On May 19, 1873, Dr. Thomas Binney laid the memorial stone of the City Temple.

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London

DR. PARKER AS HE WAS DURING HIS FIRST YEARS AT THE CITY TEMPLE

Dr. Parker's second marriage had taken place while he was still at Manchester. On a preaching mission to Sunderland he had been the guest of Mr. Andrew Common, J.P., one of the most influential Nonconformists in the North of England. Mr. Common's eldest daughter, Emma, a beautiful girl of eighteen, won his warmest affections, and they were married by the Rev. James Parsons, of York, in the Grange Congregational Church, Sunderland. The wedding was attended by six deacons from the Manchester Church, whose good wishes were abundantly fulfilled in the happy married life of their pastor and his bride. For thirty-four years Mrs. Parker was the sunshine of her husband's home and the faithful helper of all his public work. To strangers who visited the City Temple she was scarcely less interesting than her distinguished husband. "Can you point out Mrs. Parker?" was the question which the country visitor invariably asked of his neighbour in the pew. Her radiant personality added a joy to the service of the sanctuary. The gloomiest and most apathetic worshipper felt the influence of her happy spirit. She loved beauty in Art and in Nature—the loveliness of costume, the harmony of sound, the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, the pink glow of an Alpine sunset. Mrs. Parker was indeed one of the most remarkable women of her time. When she travelled with her husband in Switzerland, the guests in hotel drawing-rooms would gather round her and listen, spellbound to her

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London

DR. PARKER IN 1874

recitations and her singing. At Alpine villages, far amongst the snows, the keepers of little shops would tell customers months after her visit of the beautiful English lady who had bought their jewels and their wood carvings with so liberal a hand.

While the City Temple was building, Dr. Parker preached in the Cannon Street Hotel and Exeter Hall. The site of the Poultry Chapel was sold for £50,000 to the London Joint Stock Bank, and the site on which the City Temple now stands was purchased from the Corporation for £25,000. The City Temple was opened in May, 1874, a red-letter day in the history of London. Dr. Parker entered gallantly on his difficult task. Could he gather together on the one day of the week when the City is empty a congregation large enough to fill that vast auditorium? From the first it was evident that he had not attempted a too daring enterprise. The great building was crowded at the opening, when the Lord Mayor attended in state, accompanied by many civic dignitaries. The pulpit had been presented by the Court of Common Council, and many noted magistrates have during the past thirty years shown an affectionate interest in the fortunes of the City Temple. The first sermon in the new pulpit was preached by the Rev. Dr. Lindsay Alexander, of Edinburgh, and the second by Dr. Stoughton. Dr. Parker's own first sermon in the building was preached on Thursday, May 21, 1874, when his subject was, "The Ark of the Testimony." From that time onwards his life was bound up with the City Temple. His genius was proved by the immediate success of his Thursday morning service. The attendance from the beginning was large, and it steadily increased to the end. It was on a Thursday that Dr. Parker stood for the last time in his pulpit, and on that occasion the galleries had to be thrown open to make room for the eager multitude. On many Thursdays the entire building has been full in area and galleries. A national celebration or a national calamity, a striking incident in the preacher's own personal life, his return after a lengthened absence, and, most notable of all, his resumption of his ministry in October of last year, sufficed to crowd the City Temple on a working-day. Many pages of this magazine might be filled by an account of Dr. Parker's London ministry, but its chief features are too well known to require description.

Photo by Barrauds, Ltd., 263, Oxford Street, W.
DR. PARKER IN 1888

Amongst the happiest holidays of his life were his four visits to America, where he won the admiration of a whole continent by his lectures and sermons. It has been suggested by one of his friends that America realised his greatness almost sooner than his own country.

Dr. Parker's Semi-Jubilee

Dr. Parker's semi-jubilee at the City Temple was celebrated with much rejoicing. A crowd of ministers of the various denominations were present. Amongst the audience sat Dr. Booth, Secretary of the Baptist Union, and Principal Cave. The pulpit was almost hidden on one side by a large red screen, behind which was Dr. Parker's portrait by Mr. Gibb. At the other side was the tablet presented by Mr. Bull, one of the deacons. Dr. Clifford was one of the ministers in the pulpit. I well remember the tremendous ovation when Dr. and Mrs. Parker entered. Mrs. Parker, wearing a becoming white lace bonnet, carried a lovely bouquet of summer flowers. The interest of the evening began with the presentation by Dr. Newth of the picture and an album containing over seven hundred names. Mr. Gibb had shown Dr. Parker sitting in an armchair in a stately and dignified pose. Mr. Chapman, one of the oldest members, presented his minister with a cheque for a thousand pounds, contributed by grateful friends. Principal Vaughan Pryce gave a set of pulpit notes from the ladies of the congregation. He remarked, amidst laughter, that Dr. Parker liked the solemnity of his appearance in the pulpit to symbolise the gravity of his work. The gift to Mrs. Parker was a magnificent diamond brooch. In acknowledging the present to his wife, Dr. Parker said, "But for her I should never have been here." To his brother-ministers he said: "Do not leave the denomination to which you belong because of what you have seen here. There is no room in any other Church for me. Your Churches will be what you make them. Fix your love upon the Cross, seek daily for the ever-nearing vision, and you will find the little frets disappear."

One of the best speeches on that happy evening was made by Mr. Price Hughes, who said that every Methodist who came to London hurried to the City Temple. I remember that on that occasion Mr. Hughes thanked Dr. Parker for his protest against the "Erastianism" of Lord Rosebery. "The Church," he said, "is not a horse

EARLY PORTRAIT OF MRS. PARKER

that can be bought and sold." One is glad to know that these eminent ministers lived to rejoice in the fact that Lord Rosebery had abandoned his connection with the Turf, and to welcome the great statesman amongst their hearers.

Dr. Berry's address was, perhaps, the most eloquent on the crowded programme. He said that in the history of the Christian pulpit there had been nothing equal to Dr. Parker's Thursday service. Immense industry as well as vast genius had been needed for its success. It is sad indeed to think that three of the speakers of that night—Dr. Parker, Dr. Berry, and Mr. Price Hughes—have been called from the service of the Church on earth.

Dr. Parker's pulpit jubilee was celebrated in June, 1898, when Dr. Robertson Nicoll took the chair at the Thursday service. Amongst other speakers were the Rev. Dr. Mackennal, the Rev. Alfred Rowland, Dr. Monro Gibson, Principal Vaughan Price, Dr. Guinness Rogers, and Dr. Adamson.

Dr. Parker's Great Sorrow

This joyful celebration was followed within a few months by the heaviest bereavement of Dr. Parker's life. In the autumn of 1898 Mrs. Parker's graceful presence was missing from the seat in the choir gallery. Throughout her married life she had enjoyed perfect health, but on Saturday, November 12, it became necessary for her to undergo a critical operation. Almost the first words she uttered on returning to consciousness were, "You will preach to-morrow?" Dr. Parker answered, "If you wish it." He made a great effort and preached at both services. A bulletin fixed on the door stated that the operation had been successful, but that the patient was naturally weak, and it added the word "hopeful." For more than a month the reports indicated satisfactory progress, but at the beginning of the year there came a change. On Friday, January 20, Dr. Parker wrote a private note: "I have no hope of preaching on Sunday and Thursday. The doctors have abandoned all hope of saving the life of my wife." Six days afterwards she entered into rest, and it is not too much to say that for the survivor this bereavement was a mortal blow. A noted preacher said at the City Temple after his death: "Dr. Parker has been dying slowly for the last three years." The funeral took place on a cold January morning at Hampstead cemetery. The only wreath lowered into the grave was that placed on the coffin by Dr. Parker. On a card attached to it were the words, "Emma, heart of my heart, life of my life! She is not here: she is risen." The brief service closed with the singing of Mrs. Parker's favourite hymn, "Beyond the smiling and the weeping." On the following Thursday Dr. Parker, at the earnest entreaty of his relatives, returned to his pulpit. The galleries on that day were almost as full as on Sundays. It was a strange, sorrowful service, beginning with the indescribably solemn reading of the verses from Job xiv.: "The waters wear the stones: Thou washest away the things which grow out of the dust of the earth; and Thou destroyest the hope of man." Scattered words from the prayer come back to mind: "We have often said that Thou art very pitiful and of tender mercy, and if we cannot say it now it is because this is the hour and the power of darkness. But Thou wilt bruise the enemy's head, Thou wilt give us a chance again. Thou wilt send Thy healing balm, Thou wilt give us the comforting thought, the inspiring memory." In the end the great preacher spoke of his own resolve, and the audience heard his words with subdued and reverent thankfulness. He had decided to go on with his ministry. "There are two courses open to me: the one is of old age—withered, hopeless, embittered old age; the other is of youth, with sanctified, renewed energy. I cannot sing the Doxology to-day, but to-morrow I may sing the Doxology in another place. 'Hope thou in God; I shall yet praise Him.'"

II.—AN ADDED APPRECIATION

FRIENDS and disciples have rendered such full and varied tribute to the memory of Dr. Parker that anything further may seem the mere superfluity of repetition. Yet, as most of the tributes came (as was fit) from fellow-workers in the ministry, both south and north of the Tweed, it may not be inappropriate in one who is not a minister to add his note of appreciation and gratitude. My personal acquaintance with Dr. Parker extended over four short years only. It chanced that my novel "The Minister of State" attracted his attention, and immediately on reading it he sent me a gracious message, with an invitation to visit him. I went, and experienced that

Photo by Elliott & Fry

DR. PARKER

charming courtesy which made him so delightful a host and companion. Later I had many marks, alike public and private, of his kindness. Of these I may not speak here, and I refer to them solely to illustrate his eager and alert, one might almost say his vehement, interest in the things about him. Some good men are content to drowse supinely within their castle walls, happy if only the walls be strong. Dr. Parker gave the impression of being for ever on the battlements; and the enemy had frequent proof of the strength of his bow and the keenness of his arrows.

MRS. PARKER AS A GIRL

A MANCHESTER PORTRAIT OF DR. PARKER

To know a man, you must meet him off the stage of action, when the armour is momentarily laid aside. Public appearances, being deliberate and designed for effect, must in the nature of things have something of the histrionic. Dr. Parker's pulpit manner and mannerisms did not always charm or attract. There were times when he seemed to be too potently regal, too scathing, too furious. In private it was delightful to watch our thundering Jove unbend in dewy pity or playful humour; to note his quick sympathy with a humanity weaker or less fortunate than himself, and his readiness to help. "Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live" was an appeal never made in vain to his great heart.

As a student of men, I have sometimes tried to discover the secret of Dr. Parker's power. Primarily, of course, it lay in force and independence of intellect. He was a Nonconformist in the Emersonian as well as in the ecclesiastical sense. "Give your people brainy sermons," Beecher once counselled a gathering of young ministers. Dr. Parker's sermons were always brainy. Yet intellect alone would not have achieved his unique success. Behind the intellect was character, which a great man has called destiny. In Dr. Parker I prefer to call it personality. During recent years, at least, it was his puissant and splendid personality which made the City Temple a shrine to pilgrims from all lands. Intellect engineered, character consecrated, both working together built the Metropolitan Cathedral of English Nonconformity which to-day stands in the midst of our seething London—his visible, inalienable monument.

Photo by Barraud, Ltd., 263, Oxford Street, W.

DR. AND MRS. PARKER IN 1888

Will the reader pardon me for a momentary deviation into the method, but not the spirit, of criticism? His distinguished brethren in the Church, experts in the art in which he excelled, have borne weighty testimony to Dr. Parker's greatness as a preacher, and we know how young ministers flocked to hear him for instruction in pulpit oratory. After visits to the City Temple I have occasionally asked myself how he would endure dispassionate comparison with the great preachers of the past? So far as my reading of pulpit literature qualifies me to judge, he appears to stand alone, alike in merits and defects. His was not the flowing suavity of Jeremy Taylor, nor the mental urbanity, the subtle and sometimes dangerous urbanity, of Newman, though, as Dr. Nicoll tells us, he was for years a student of Newman's sermons. He had not the torrential rush of Chalmers, which carried huge congregations off their feet; neither had he the apostolic fire of Edward Irving, a fire which possibly goes with a strain of insanity. I very much doubt whether he could have faced and subdued hostile audiences, as Beecher again and again faced and subdued them on the question of slavery—a feat accomplished by sheer eloquence. The gift of homely illustration, which made Spurgeon irresistible with the masses, was not his in any striking measure. Again, he had not the stellar radiance of John Caird, nor the academic polish of Liddon, nor the beaming geniality of Norman MacLeod. What, then, had he? One may answer, in a sentence,

that he had the superb qualities and attributes which a whole generation has associated with the City Temple—a tremendous explosive force, a withering irony, a humour that was as a surgeon's lance, a moral intrepidity that never stayed to calculate the cost of an onset, an aggressive zest for life in all its variety, and withal a delicious, cooing tenderness, a touch as of balm in the finger-tips. To the last hour of his ministry he was vitally alive; herein, I think, lay the secret of his influence.

He was perpetually fresh because his intellectual curiosity was insatiable. This fact was at times oddly illustrated. Dr. Nicoll has mentioned the famous preacher's ambitions in fiction and journalism, and has said, with perfect justice, that "he did not work hard enough and long enough either at fiction or at journalism to achieve any real success." Even if Dr. Parker possessed the creative imagination, he had not patience for the architectonics of the novel. He could dictate a sermon while dressing after a bath; a novel, dealing, however inadequately, with the complexities of life and character, cannot be produced in that manner. But what I wish especially to remark is Dr. Parker's ardent interest in fiction when chance brought him into contact with a practitioner of the art. How did one manage one's story? Did one see the end from the beginning? How did the characters affect the evolution of the plot, and the plot the evolution of character? One marvelled at his eagerness, but, marvelling, understood at least one reason for his long-continued popularity.

I must hasten on. When he returned to the City Temple after his illness of last spring, I attended a Thursday service to add my welcome to the thousands he had received. Looking up as he appeared in the pulpit, I saw with a shock of pain that he was doomed. There was, however, no abatement of power in the sermon. Afterwards, while talking in his private room, I said something about the courage shown in his address. He had criticised exalted personages, and evoked rounds of applause. I

A CANADIAN PORTRAIT OF DR. PARKER

shall never forget his look and tone as he answered, with upturned face, "I am going to meet the Master soon, and I would not have Him upbraid me for cowardice." At a reference to his health, he drew his hand painfully across his chest, remarking, "It is there." The giant was very weary. Nevertheless, he added, with something of his old brightness, "The doctors tell me it is only functional, not organic." We were quite close, and, gazing into his eyes as he spoke, I seemed already to see in them the dark shadow. I was, therefore, not unprepared for the announcement which came a few weeks later that he had broken down again.

The end of all came on Thursday, December 4. A mighty and notable congregation filled the Temple. But below the place where he had so often stood forth in his power were the coffin and the memorial flowers. It was hard to believe that inside that oak casket Dr. Parker lay unresponsive. A deep hush fell on all hearts; for a moment it seemed that even the roaring Babylon itself held its breath in awe. Then when the impressive service was ended—when Dr. Nicoll had delivered his beautiful and touching address, when the last hymn was over, the last anthem chanted, the last prayer said—the coffin was borne silently down the aisle, as on that noiseless, ever-rolling stream of time of which but a few minutes before we had sung. Dr. Parker was leaving the City Temple, never to return. All eyes were upon that slowly moving object, and when it disappeared heads bowed instinctively.

One may reverently part with Dr. Parker in the farewell words of Renan addressed to Tourgenief: "Farewell, then, great and dear friend. What is to journey from us is but dust; what in you was deathless, your spiritual image, will abide with us." Even so.

JOHN A. STEUART.

AN EARLY CANADIAN PORTRAIT OF MRS. PARKER

III.—DR. PARKER'S DIARY

April 9, 1902.—On April 9, 1902, I completed my seventy-second year. I think I will now begin an irregular diary. I have begun many diaries, and left them in an absurdly incomplete form. I begin this journal by thanking God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost for mercies infinite and inexpressible. I have drunk the full cup of life's trouble, and yet amid all the bitterness there has been a subtle taste of sweetness more than earthly. I set up my Ebenezer, and no man shall interrupt my song of praise.

A CANADIAN PORTRAIT OF MRS. PARKER

April 14.—I have just heard of the sudden death of the Rev. W. M. Statham, Rector of Iver Heath, Uxbridge. All his life long Mr. Statham was subject to bondage through fear of dying, and behold, he was struck down in a moment and carried up into heaven as by a whirlwind. How true it is that it is the unexpected which happens. I want to die, and yet something within me gives me the assurance that I have yet my greatest work to do. A man commits suicide in the fullest sense of the term when he quenches his instincts and seeks ignoble retirement.

April 20.—Preached twice to-day. Told the people in the evening that many men were not so much infidels as they fancied themselves to be. Many people have the right notions, but put into the wrong places. In a small way, I said, there is no greater discomfort than for a man to have the wrong boots on the wrong feet. A man may say, These are my views, these are my convictions, these are the truths I have been brought up to avow and respect, and yet, somehow, there is something wrong about them. In reality there is nothing wrong about the views; they are like the boots, right in themselves, but placed on the wrong feet. Let any man try to put the right boot on the left foot, or the left boot on the right foot, and then let him tell me if he feels quite comfortable. Even in little things there are great laws.

IV.—THINGS I HAVE HEARD DR. PARKER SAY

April 14, 1902.—He described a cold-blooded and mechanically regulated man as a "living temperance hotel."

He described some sermons as "expectorations rather than compositions."

I never knew him make any substantial corrections in his dictation, though I have taken down almost volumes of notes. He always contended that dictation was not to be compared with studied composition. When he wrote for *The Times*, he wrote every word with his own hand; when he wrote for other journals, he availed himself of shorthand and typewriting. Dr. Parker could never be troubled, as he said, with a regulation typewriter—that is to say, with a man who came at a certain hour, worked for so many hours, and went away at a certain hour. For years I was his shorthand writer and typist, and as I lived in his house I was always at his call.

It is quite possible for a man to be so deeply wrong as to be very nearly right. This is not paradoxical; I hold it to be philosophical. When a man is hesitantly right or wrong, there is no marked trend in his opinions. When Peter blasphemed, he was never so near true penitence. He might have blasphemed less and have missed the great agony and joy of repentance. The next thing after "uttermost" may be the very centre of heaven and truth. I have great hope, therefore, of great sinners, great heretics, great earnestness whether rightly or wrongly directed. I think it is of the nature of exaggeration to adopt what it repudiates.

"Not worthy to be compared"—that is what I say when an attempt is made to put Christianity amongst the comparative religions. I hold Christianity to be a distinct revelation. Mohammedanism, Confucianism, Buddhism, and the like are religions that stand within the same sphere, and may be regarded as in this respect or that as good or better or best. But when Christianity is the subject talked of, there can be, in my opinion, no useful attempt made at comparison. One rushlight may be compared with another but no rushlight can be compared with the sun.

I am more and more afraid lest the Christian ministry, should become what is called "a profession." Professionalism is but another form of priestism. By some process or other a minister is turned into a man who has a certain intimacy with truth which common men are supposed to be unable to acquire. That is the fundamental idea of sacerdotalism and angry hatred. If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His; it follows, then, that to have the spirit of Christ is to be really a member of the Divine family. The spirit of Christ is not a piece of scholarship. The pedant has no right to superior airs over the humblest believer. We are not even to boast of "knowledge" as a spiritual acquirement: it may be only

AN EARLY CANADIAN PORTRAIT OF MRS. PARKER

THE REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London

MRS. PARKER

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London

an infinite vanity; it gives no real authority in the kingdom of God.

A minister once said, "The idea of a man teaching a Testament which he cannot read!" He made merry over this idea; it seemed to him so absurd. His reference was to the Greek Testament, and his argument was that if a man could not read that Testament he could not expound it. That may be perfectly true. The fact is, we do not expound the Greek Testament in expounding the Gospel. That is to say, we expound something infinitely beyond literal forms, mechanical syntax, grammatical modes. I hold that the Gospel is not a question of grammar at all, but of a certain kind of spiritual meaning which is made clear to the soul by the special action of the Holy Ghost. The great impression produced by Gospel preaching should be this: "How knoweth this man these things, seeing he hath never learned letters?" This is a "knowledge" which cannot be taught. "Letters" is not a word which can stretch itself over the whole meaning of Gospel light and Gospel love. Christianity has had to suffer many things from grammar, good as well as bad. A man may take all the degrees of all the Universities and yet know absolutely nothing about the spiritual genius of things. It is quite possible to be a Doctor of formal Divinity without having any spiritual knowledge of God and His Son. The man who has this spiritual knowledge need not sneer at the man who has only literal knowledge; a man who has literal knowledge only must not venture into the criticism of spiritual character. Blessed is the man who knows the letter thoroughly and yet subordinates it to the consecration of the spirit.

Photo by Elliott & Fry

MRS. PARKER

For many years I was not fortunate in my study—that is, in the sense of having a really good room in which to work. Many ministers would have taken what is commonly called the drawing-room, but somehow or other that show place I was never able to appropriate. My study at Banbury was a little room at the back of the house, and was not more than about eight feet square. I decorated the walls of that palatial place with portraits cut out of the *Evangelical Magazine*, which I nailed to a large deal board and hung up on the principal wall with red cord. It was wonderful, though, how much work I did even in that small place. I did not seem to need much help beyond my Bible and my stationery. At Banbury I wrote a prize essay for which I received £75, and I also wrote "Helps to Truth Seekers," which enjoyed a very considerable circulation. At Manchester I had a really decent study on the sunny side of the house, looking over quite a number of fields and a number of orchards which blossomed beautifully in the springtime. There I wrote "Ecce Deus," "The Paraclete," "Springdale Abbey," and two or three smaller things. I could never rest long in any other room but the study, and, with the exception of Banbury, think I never had a study that was not well supplied with a sofa. I have now the sofa which I had at Manchester, quite a noble piece of furniture, something like eight feet long by three feet wide. I do not know that the Prime Minister of England was better off in the sofa way than I was. My first house in London was No. 31, Highbury Quadrant. This overlooked very large and well-planted grounds, and an old-fashioned residence of quite a mediæval kind. This house and its ten acres of ground belonged to three people who could not agree as to its disposal, so whilst they were litigating about it in the Court of Chancery, I took it at a rental which made it one of the cheapest houses I ever occupied. From Highbury we went to Hampstead, to a neat little house which my wife described as "the gemmiest little thing I ever saw." In this house we entertained Henry Ward Beecher and his wife for six weeks; and there also we entertained Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Sir Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and quite a large number of occasional visitors. From Daleham Gardens, Hampstead, we went to 14, Lyndhurst Gardens, not more than five minutes away from the first house. There I have had a most comfortable and restful study. I have never had what is called a great library, though I have had the advantage of the Rylands Library at the City Temple. Mr. John Rylands, of Manchester, gave me £500 to furnish the library. That sum bought everything within the four walls, even the window-curtains, the carpet, the marble mantelpiece, the fire-irons, the chairs, writing-table, mahogany bookcases, and, in short, the whole contents of the

room. What with my own books at home and the books belonging to the pastor's library, for I mean the library at the City Temple to be the foundation of a pastor's library for ever, I have never lacked a good supply of useful books.

I have always been struck, as I have frequently remarked, with the generosity of the people who have constituted my respective charges at Banbury, at Manchester, and in London. At Banbury they gave me a purse containing £25, and on leaving the town they presented us with a solid silver tea-service, a massive skeleton clock, and many little souvenirs specially valued on account of the sentiment which they represented. At Manchester they presented us with the "Encyclopædia Britannica," bound in calf, and enriched with a special inscription, a massive centre-piece for the table, and most handsome side-dishes. To my great disappointment, and especially to the disappointment of my wife, the centre-piece and the side-dishes were electro-plated, though they were most massive and handsome. My wife and I never could bear anything electro-plated. Whatever we have bought, we have always managed to buy in sterling silver. Both of us literally hated electro-plate. But the wisdom of our friends was shown very strikingly by the fact that not long after the presentation burglars entered the house, stole every silver spoon and all the silver fruit-knives, and applied some kind of test to the testimonial in electro-plate, and finding that it was only electro-plate, the burglars left the booty on the table. At Manchester later on many subscribers presented me with an illuminated address together with a purse of 700 guineas. Towards the building of the City Temple many Lancashire friends contributed liberally; for example: Mr. Rylands, £100; Mr. Halsey, £100; Mr. Henry Lee, £100; Mr. James Sidebottom, £100; and others followed with less amounts, but not with less generosity of spirit. As for London, I do not know where the list of presentations would end. Mr. Walter Bull presented a handsome marble tablet in the vestibule of the City Temple. Many friends combined in a gift of a marble bust sculptured by Mr. Birch, A.R.A.; also a magnificent painting in oils by Mr. Robert Gibb, R.S.A. On the occasion of our silver wedding we were presented with almost everything in solid silver that belongs to the adornment of the table. On another occasion I was presented with a cheque for £1,000, and to my wife was given a very valuable diamond pendant. All these gifts marked special occasions; but when we come to what may be called interstitial presentations, their name is legion and their value even in money very great. In this way we have been much encouraged in our public work, and for this and for similar reasons our affections have been drawn out towards the people continually and abundantly. I should be a most ungrateful man if I did not remember expressions of love and sympathy which keep the heart for ever young. Congregationalists may be able to harass their pastors, but they are also able to support and encourage them in the most practical ways. Two total distinct pictures of Congregationalism may be painted, each of which would be true to fact, neither of which would be quite complete without the other.

V.—POSTHUMOUS WRITINGS OF DR. PARKER

[Dr. Parker had written the following chapter on John Pulsford, apparently intending to include it in his Autobiography.—Ed. *B. M.*]

John Pulsford

John Pulsford, as a name, may be said to be "unknown yet well known." His mystical vein of thinking, his intense and concentrated spirituality of mind and character, are sufficient to account for his being "unknown" to the great majority of church-goers, and to people who care more for anecdotes than for prophecies, and who offer their worthless incense at the altars of so-called "popular preachers." On the other hand, the very characteristics which deprived Dr. Pulsford of vulgar and transient popularity secured for him a very special renown amongst the persons who live and move and have their being in God. John Pulsford's father was a Baptist minister who did a most conspicuous work as a zealous evangelist. John himself was, in the first instance, a Baptist, a student of the Baptist College at Stepney, now of Regent's Park. Nothing could be more unlike the final John Pulsford than that he should belong to any special ecclesiastical camp or sect. For many years he regarded with perfect indifference Church distinctions, which are supposed to have a good deal to do with popular orthodoxy and propriety. As a matter of fact, however, John Pulsford

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London

DR. PARKER AT HIS DESK

Photo by Russell & Sons, London

DRAWING-ROOM AT "TYNEHOME," DR. PARKER'S HAMPSTEAD HOUSE

began public life as a Baptist minister in Southampton in 1841. At this time he was twenty-six years of age, having been born at Torrington, in Devonshire, on April 29, 1815. Mr. Pulsford did not long remain at Southampton, yet long enough to engrave his memory very deeply in the recollection and heart of its foremost spiritual thinkers. In 1843 John Pulsford settled in a pastorate at Hull. His doing so was an illustration of one of those ironies which constantly perplex and falsify our own estimate of personal likes and dislikes, for, curiously enough, he said as a student, "If there is any place in the world I would not like to go to, it is Hull." Yet in that very Hull he worked out a happy pastorate of something less than twenty years' duration! During his residence in Hull Mr. Pulsford terminated his official connection with the Baptist communion. A very curious circumstance occurred during the Hull period. From a sketch published of him many years ago it appears that Mr. Pulsford was waited upon by a group of ministers forming an association in the town, the leader of which read a paper drawn up and signed by nearly all, solemnly cutting Mr. Pulsford off from fraternal communion. This was really not to be wondered at, considering the personal sublimity represented on the one side and the kind of orthodoxy represented on the other. From that sketch I take one significant extract: "In Hull there was living and ministering at the same time as Mr. Pulsford another minister who had obtained a measure of eminence. A friend asked John Pulsford if he ever met him or knew him. 'I meet him in the street,' said John, 'sometimes, but he has never spoken to me. He is always studying astronomy by looking up, or botany by looking down; he never sees me!'" One cannot but wonder where those illustrious excommunicators are now! A man is not bound to perpetuate the memory of his persecutors, and it ought to be part of a biographer's duty not to mark his pages with their forgotten names. It is, however, satisfactory to know that some who opposed or expelled him came, after due caution and enquiry, to approach him with their admiration and confidence, a circumstance upon which I have seen Dr. Pulsford again and again significantly smile. A certain kind of smile is the best commentary. It was not Dr. Pulsford's nature to harbour resentful feelings, as I can testify by personal knowledge of his treatment of men who were not, intellectually, worthy to unloose his shoe-latchet.

In 1856 John Pulsford made his appearance as an author. In that year he published his well-known book "Quiet Hours." That book drew a new public to Mr. Pulsford's pulpit. Of course the book was condemned by those who represent the ignorant and contracted side of an otherwise noble orthodoxy. An attack was made upon the book by a vulgar reviewer who professed to be the champion, though he was only what T. T. Lynch humorously called "the king rat," of doctrinal correctness. When advised to make some reply to the unworthy attack, Mr. Pulsford smiled and said, "I suppose the reviewer has only written as duty and conviction impelled him." The nobility of the author thus made still more ridiculous the pitiable and groundless assumptions of the reviewer.

In 1863 John Pulsford was called to Offord Road Chapel, in the north of London. At Offord Road, where he excited much attention and secured the confidence of many affectionate and loyal friends, he remained until 1867. In 1867 Dr. Pulsford succeeded his brother William, by one remove, as minister of Albany Street Church, Edinburgh. William Pulsford remained at Albany Street some eight years, and his brother John remained nineteen. During his ministry at Albany Street I went in one Sunday morning, hardly knowing who John Pulsford was. He had not read his first lesson until he awakened my interest. During the prayer I could not but feel that I was being lifted up towards the very throne of God: the passion, the tenderness, and sympathy of that prayer, often rising into vehemence, I have no desire to forget. Then came the sermon, on the subject of the wedding feast at Cana in Galilee. In my own study I ventured to tell the venerable preacher that when I heard him upon that theme I felt that no two sentences of the discourse seem to have any connection with each other, and yet throughout the whole para-

phrase and adaptation of the idyll I was not only entranced but edified.

In 1878 Dr. Pulsford lost all the money he had in the world by the failure of the Glasgow Bank. Every book he had in his library practically came to the hammer. When a friend sympathised with him, he quietly replied, "Yes, the treasure is lost, but the inheritance remains." Dr. Pulsford's faith was too strongly founded upon the living Rock to be shaken even by the most violent accident. In a crisis so trying Dr. Pulsford's doctrines were put to the severest test, and never did they show the slightest inclination to give way under the agonising stress. In life and in death Dr. Pulsford found his fortress and his home in the eternal Fatherhood of God. After knowing Dr. Pulsford it became quite possible to understand how Enoch "walked with God," and how Abraham became "the friend" of the Almighty. The ground-tone of Dr. Pulsford's life was not only serious, it was intensely, and at times overwhelmingly, solemn. He stood in the very presence of God. All things great and small were charged with Divine message and challenge. The little child was an embodied angel, and old age was the beginning of youth. Dr. Pulsford did not talk the common language of the Church. To those who live in formularies and ordinances and literal compliances, Dr. Pulsford must have appeared to be nothing less than a perplexing and bewildering conundrum. When he was accosted in the street the very second sentence he uttered would have relation to the mystery of Divine energy and the holy sacrament of human love. He was already in "the holy city," not only hearing the spirits of the blest, but communing with them and endeavouring piously, but not always successfully, to bring the Ineffable within the limits of human utterance. Whenever he took any refreshment with us we always looked forward to the "blessing" which he would invoke on the food. It was not mere "Grace before meat": it was a sacramental occasion; it was an apostolic "breaking of bread." Dr. Pulsford must not on this account be regarded as unsocial or indisposed to enjoy the simple pleasures of home and family life. On the contrary, none could be more tender and sympathetic, and none could enter with keener appreciation into whatever gave delight to the youngest lives. Dr. Pulsford's smile was often like a sunbeam, and a touch of his hand had in it all the significance and security of a trusted and efficient love. Still, it remains centrally true that Dr. Pulsford, when left to himself, held time and space, with all their contents, with a very loose hand, for he in every way seemed to say plainly, "I seek a country out of sight." All nature interested him only in the degree in which he could make it a medium through which he could see its very soul and hear its very music. Not that John Pulsford merely spiritualised the things that were above and about him; nothing could be further from the habit and intention of his mind. He felt that the Divine Being was at once infolded and unfolded by all the energies and outworkings of what we call nature. So Divine was his love that he saw the good that lurked under all evil, and through the very treachery of Judas Iscariot he saw the peculiar something which led Jesus to make him one of the Twelve. To those who did not realise his standpoint it was almost absurd to hear Dr. Pulsford rank himself with Iscariots and Magdalenes and malefactors. To himself he was in very deed "the chief of sinners." Fortunate for him that he had not to judge himself! He would then have been the only criminal in the universe. How sincere was all this can only be known to those who companied with him in the closest intimacy. This it was my privilege to do year after year, and I unhesitatingly testify that a more sincere, unaffected, limpid soul I never knew.

A tender and beautiful friend was John Pulsford, whom we were accustomed, in our house, to address as "St. John the Divine." He was always our table chaplain. We did not, as I have said, call upon him merely to "ask an blessing"; I always said, "Now let us be quiet until Dr. Pulsford offers a little prayer." And what a prayer it was! What a mystic dream! What a vision of God!

Photo by Fradelle & Young, 283, Regent Street, W.
MRS. PARKER IN HER STUDIO

Men are irritated in different ways. It was Dr. Pulsford's way to be irritated by merely mechanical preaching and merely mechanical outlines of sermons. "I do not want to walk with that man," said he. "Why not, Doctor?" "Because he will always insist upon telling me his texts and how he treated them, and that I cannot bear." The text would have been so differently handled by himself! Ceasing to be only a form of words, it would have become a fragrant flower from heaven, or a message breathed softly from the heart Divine!

Hampstead has never been quite the same to me, or to mine, since Dr. Pulsford left it. He used to be so near, and it was so easy to look in upon him and hear

some mystic word. And a few doors south of his house was a still hoarier veteran—Dr. Samuel Davidson, once a reputed heretic, but at last quite behind the times, because so many had come round to his way of thinking and gone miles before him. Men became popular through the very methods which, for a time, reduced him to poverty and isolation. John Pulsford did not think along the lines of verbal criticism. He told me, in many a happy walk, that he did not care how many men had written the book of Isaiah, because he valued it for its contents rather than for its signature. The Higher Criticism, as that term is generally understood, had no interest for John Pulsford He lived in thought, not in dates—in truth, not in alphabets. Every man in his own way. A good deal can be said for both views; but if I can only have the one without the other, I elect the spiritual sympathy, the Witness of the Spirit, rather than the cast-iron mood and tense.

Taken by Miss Spicer at "Belair"

ONE OF THE LAST SNAPSHOTS OF DR. PARKER

[Dr. Parker had prepared the following chapter on his first wife for inclusion in a new edition of his Autobiography.—ED. *B. M.*]

I DO not know where I can more fitly insert a note respecting my first sermon, and matters thereto more or less related. In the early editions of this Autobiography no reference is made to this section of my early life, simply because it had been treated with considerable fulness in other of my works, notably in "Tyne Chylde," "Tyne Folk," and "Studies in Texts." Those who wish to know many domestic particulars should read "Tyne Chylde" (published by Hodder & Stoughton), and those who wish to have a careful account of the circumstances which made up the environment and atmosphere of my child-life should read "Tyne Folk" (published by Allenson).

My first sermon was delivered so long ago as June, 1848. I well remember the sunny afternoon, and the village green, and the saw-pit on which I stood, and the eager-looking villagers. Surely it was but yesterday; it must be the calendar that is wrong! In spirit I am now in the green field where my public ministry began without intending to begin. The afternoon was calm—not a leaf did more than nod to the summer breeze; the cattle chewed the cud in the adjacent fields with quite Sabbatic serenity. Hence the almost paralysis with which I recall the incredible fact that I broke like a sudden thunderstorm on that rural calm with the text:

It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the judgment, than for you.—LUKE x. 14.

In accompanying my friends to the place of meeting the idea of preaching did not occur to my mind. I went out a hearer; I came back a preacher. To my own consciousness I was carried away by the Spirit, and then and there made a medium of judgment and doom. My subject certainly did not correspond with the environment: in relation to that environment it was not only an encroachment, it was a violence and an outrage; for it seemed to smite as with lightning the benediction which involved us in light and peace and spiritual music. Yet it could not be helped. It has always been my way to follow my uppermost thought, and to reply on the spot to the most clamorous appeal. I have seldom been able to avail myself of the comfort and real utility of delay. The action has often been extemporaneous, and it is of the Lord's mercy that in many instances it has not consumed me. My second text was in the same doomful strain:

If I whet My glittering sword, and Mine hand take hold on judgment; I will render vengeance to Mine enemies, and will reward them that hate Me.—DEUT. xxxii. 41.

Photo by Russell & Sons, London

BUST OF DR. PARKER

That discourse also was preached on a summer afternoon, and under a hedge thick with wild roses. I can recall the fragrance of flowers and the singing of birds; yet by some unaccountable contrariety of feeling I plucked the Divine sword from its sheath, and waved it, as if with fury, over the heads of as inoffensive a congregation as ever ploughed the land or reaped its crops. Even at that remote time I must have had a passion of my own; for one of my youthful admirers sent me a little poem, addressed to myself, which opens with these congenial lines:

Ardent, enthusiastic youth,
Fit herald of the glorious truth
That God for man has died.

So even in that first rude way of mine some good must have been done by the

Spirit that has not scrupled to employ even rams' horns for the announcement of Divine doom. Recollections of my own impetuosity, I may indeed say violence, have always enabled me to take a kindly view of the least controlled ways of young beginners like myself. I do not like a beginner to be too staid. Young trees should grow a good deal of wood. Heaven knows they will have pruning enough by-and-by, and not always by expert hands or the most refined instruments

And who was the youthful admirer who described me as "Ardent, enthusiastic youth?" It was Ann Nesbitt, of Horsley Hills, in the county of Northumberland. A most interesting paper read before the Newcastle Antiquarian Society contains a paragraph which may help me here. Referring to a prolonged and serious theological and legal contention about the property of the little village chapel, we read:

"The senior deacon, Mr. William Nesbitt, appears by the correspondence to have stuck well and ably to the lawyers, and to him every credit is due. His daughters were members of the congregation, one of them (Ann) subsequently becoming the wife of Joseph Parker, of Hexham, then a rising young minister, now the well-known Dr. Parker of the City Temple. Mrs. Parker, a hymnist of no mean merit, died in the prime of life."

For some twelve years we lived together in the deepest happiness. Ann Nesbitt had indeed, like her noble and Cæsar-like father, no ordinary poetic instinct. I could quote many proofs of this, but only one will I give, as it throws some light on our household life. What the acrostic says of me I could say with deeper emphasis of her tender, gentle, all-comforting soul.

J-oined together: O Belov'd
O-urs has prov'd a blissful plight;
S-everance alone is sorrow,
E-very other grief is light.
P-riceless treasure sure is mine,
H-aving all that heart of thine!
P-earls and Gems let others covet;
A-ll I wish in thee I find:
R-ivers of Affection—Patience—
K-indness—none can know how kind.
E-ver may God's benison
R-est thy honoured head upon.

In due time I sought and found admission into the regular ministry amongst the Independents, but before doing so, I entered upon a relation which happily affected my whole future life. So long ago, that I seem to be reviving a dream! But dreams may be amongst the sweetest realities of life, and therefore they must not be forgotten as phantoms without meaning. Come again, then, O happy dream of happy youth!

I remember the old farmhouse well, although it must be nearly fifty years since I first saw the dear old place. Square, stone-built, with a neat little garden on two sides, and a farmyard on the third, it stood in a very large and beautiful pasture, which looked comfortable enough in the summer-time, bright with millions of buttercups and daisies, and sleek cattle enjoying its fatness. The sweet old homestead always has a summer look in my memory. I

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London

DR. PARKER IN HIS GARDEN

remember how the warm sun used to bathe the window of my snug little chamber; and the little chamber itself, with its ancient mahogany, its snowy dimity, its blue-and-white ware, its quaint pictures, and its low roof, I must remember for ever. Sweet old home! My heart aches when I think of it—yet to think of it is one of my tenderest joys. I often close my eyes and call up the whole scene. The fine old man, the father, with honest look, a forehead high and white, a nose Roman in its form and dignity, and a mouth sweet and gentle in a rare degree; then the good old mother—a veritable Mrs. Poyser in many ways—always busy, one baking succeeding another, her dairy work, her chickens and ducklings, her brushings and cleansings, all claiming her attention, not as drudgery, but as work she took a pleasure in. Then the daughter, Annie by name, the soul I loved, the girl that saved me, and made me a man. Ah me! my heart throbs quickly when I think of her. She was always to be young, and I was always to offer her all my love, and life was to open before us broadly and sunnily, and by-and-by we were to keep the old folks, when working days were done. How still, how sweetly peaceful, the old house was on summer afternoons, as Annie and I sat on the doorstep looking into the garden, and listening to the birds without and the slow ticking of the long-cased clock within! Father was away in the "far field," mother was hidden in the dairy, doing her work most cheerily, and all the servants were "helping with the hay." Now—so far off!—I catch the odour of the new-cut hay, and I see the mother's meaning look as she brought each of us a cup of milk, and upbraided us for wasting our time and running the danger of a sunstroke. I knew she liked us to be just as we were and where we were, and that she was planning some mother's surprise in the way of baking for the afternoon tea. All her wonders, nearly, came out in that direction. The creaming being satisfactory, and the butter turning out well, Annie's mother gave thanks by making a cake of special excellence for our afternoon entertainment. Despise such proofs of life who may; I treasure them, and thank God for the good woman who did "what she could." Would God she were living now! I would see that she had the best seat at my fireside; and if I could find out what she liked most, she should have it, for the sake of the kindness she showed me when I went a-wooing to her sweet Annie. Nothing did the mother do to spoil that wooing; no unkind word did she ever speak; no thorn did she ever place near the rose: she called us both very silly, and wondered how we could go on so, and, putting a corner of her apron to her kind eyes, she hoped we would always be happy. And the father was just as good. I recall his nightly prayers in the large farm kitchen as distinctly as if I had heard them but a week ago. Long, solemn, and most minute were those prayers, so long that the ploughmen were asleep when they were ended, and so solemn that the Day of Judgment might have been at hand. And the Sundays, can they ever be forgotten? The little old church on the hillside, the parson who never pretended to the dignity or the trouble of a thought, and the wheezy organ that could boast of nothing but immemorial age! Then the Sunday nights, when I had to tell all the town news and all the town tales I knew. To see the rustic surprise was something not soon to be forgotten. The good old mother was glad that she lived in the country, "where such things never happened," and the solemn father lifted his hands in wonder to hear what could be done in towns. Tame enough all this, no doubt; yet to me a very tender memory. In many a day-dream I go back to that old farmhouse, and think of it as home. The father and the mother are still there; so is Annie; the sun still shines on the grey slate roof; Gyp still welcomes me with a cordial bark and much wagging of his shaggy tail; and all things are where they stood a lifetime ago. So much for the dream. Alas for the fact! The house is standing, but it is full of strangers. The old man and his wife lie in the quiet churchyard; and Annie—where is she? Has she grown old along with me? Would the kind God ever divide lives so intermixed as ours? Let me dream again, and see if I can find one like Annie amongst all the angels that will shine upon me in vision.

On November 15, 1851, Ann Nesbitt and I became husband and wife, and so we lived until September, 1863. Our life was a life of peace, and of more than peace, as that term is usually understood, as will appear from the acrostic written by her gentle and industrious hand. Never was the grace, or the virtue, of prudence more beautifully realised. Ann Nesbitt never said an unwise word. With the congregation at Banbury and with the congregation at Manchester she was a universal favourite. Under the blessing of God my ministry in both spheres owes all its best success to her patient and most formative—may I not say her most educative and encouraging?—service in our home life. This testimony I do most lovingly and gratefully bear after the lapse of a lifetime.

The Poetic Way*

BY THE LATE DR. PARKER

"*Thou shalt go to thy fathers.*"—GEN. xv. 15.

IT is the Lord who is speaking. The Lord is speaking to Abram; the Lord is speaking about a great future. Without the future the present is pithless, fruit with the juice taken out. We live in the future; without it we should wither and die. But there is a present. Abram hears about the future, and the Lord says to him that he shall not personally be in that future: "Thou shalt go to thy fathers." How the message is softened! It is a message, and a message of darkness, and of visible removal and extinction; but there is a family tone in it, there is a great domestic music under the whole communication. God could have said to Him, "Thou shalt die; thou shalt be removed; thou shalt perish from the eyes of men." That would not have been the poetic way. God is poesy; God is the Poet—that is to say, he is the Creator, and creation is poetry, making, fashioning, shaping, and embodying in fit words fit thoughts.

Let us contemplate the poetic way, God's way of telling us things that would be very hard to hear if they were told baldly and roughly. See how God calls the angel of poesy to speak the prose of fact. "Thou shalt go to thy fathers." Then it will not be a going in any dreary and depleting sense; it will be at the other end a coming. That is precisely the idea which God intended to convey. Look at

* Preached at the City Temple, Thursday morning, November 8, 1900.

the other end of the going, and you will see a door open and a light shining and a face that gathers up the beauty of the ages looking through the open door and beaming like a great welcome. How otherwise the message could have been conveyed, in what blunt terms, with what austerity? Who fails to gather up into his face an expression of dejection and despair when he communicates to a friend the fact that it is a case of dissolution? The communicating friend lowers his voice, shades his eyes, and speaks of death, breaks the news to the soul that knows well enough what is going to happen. When the Lord undertakes to break the news to Abram, it would seem to be news carried up to the point of music. "Abram, thou shalt be carried to thy fathers." As who should say, "They are all waiting for thee, they do not seem complete without thee; they are looking out for Abram, and thou shalt be taken to them; thou shalt even go to them"—as if the man had recovered his strength for one final effort, and had gone forth like a soldier to meet the waiting host. God is always telling us things in a poetic way, but we are so literal and so foolish that we do not believe Him until He tells us bluntly that we are going to die. We understand common, rough, vulgar ways, but the delicacies of Divine communication, the exquisite music of a Divine revelation, our ears are too full of noise, the uproar of the streets, to let the music through. You have noticed the euphony of the Bible, the musical way of telling things; even the prose is breezy, as if it would be musical if it could. There

Photo by Elliott & Fry, London

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF DR. PARKER

is a prose that is difficult to distinguish from poetry; it is not formal poetry, but it is the very soul of poetry, and we may hear it all day long if we like, and be made glad by it, so glad that we shall not see the descending darkness of the night.

This is not a solitary instance of euphony or musical cadence and speech; it belongs to the genius of the book, or, in other words, to the genius of Divine revelation. The men who companied with God caught His style. Said one, a venerable man whose heart was one big bruise, who had been brought in from knavery, deceit, and manifold lying, so that he might see the better things, and catch the infection of the high society—said he to his sons, "Thou shalt yet bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave." That is the kind of poetry that Divine grace works in a man's speech; it gives him the ideal view of things, and gravens sorrow into a kind of imaged angel. He did not say, "You will kill me; you will break my heart; you will cruelly use me." All these terms would have been common and perfectly appropriate; but he conveys the thought without calling in the roughness of the clothing. "Why," said he, in effect, "I am not the man I used to be; a very little touch would put me over the brink." If this thing that ye propose should happen, I shall be brought down, and my grey hairs will be brought down with sorrow to the grave. Oh that miracle of destiny! oh that shaft that pierces the heart without making any noise! This is the Bible way. Observe, the sorrow is there, the great possible distress is already, as if in the very vision of the people, becoming a visible fact; yet how delicately it is touched! Oh for that delicate, artistic, Divinely artistic way! It would help the pulpit to a nobler standing, it would invest the forsaken altar with a new and ineffable charm. We may be doing awful things without fully realising what we are doing. When we hurt a parent, we may be taking ten years off his life; when we speak an unkind work to a friend, we may have put his next birthday off for five years. There is such a way of spoiling things; there is such an evil genius of giving a kiss and taking the blessing out of it. We ourselves know what this is; we say, "It was not only the thing spoken, but the way in which it was spoken. It was not that the thing itself was of any great pecuniary value, but it was given with such a charm of manner, with such evident sympathy and masonry of heart, that the gift was multiplied sevenfold. That is precisely the idea which I am endeavouring to discover in the Bible. We have it in our own speech; we got it out of the Bible; consciously or unconsciously, it is one of the unacknowledged miracles of the Divine Spirit, and I want to show what it will all come to in the long run. How difficult it is to break evil news, to speak to a heart already overloaded! Who can touch a wound without hurting it? Only Jesus, and those who are scholars of that Master. David wanted news, but hardly knew how to ask for it; yet he must ask, his heart was in this sacred business, and his heart could not be kept silent. So he said, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" The king knew the answer before he received it. The countenance of Cushi was itself a speech. Cushi, the poet, for the moment answered, "The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is." He did not need to elaborate, there was no occasion for paraphrase. What a way of, as we should say, breaking the news! And the king received it as a poet; he was much moved, he went up to the chamber over the gate and wept, and as he wept, thus he said: "O my son Absalom, my son! My son Absalom, would God I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son!" This is the delicacy of the Bible, this is the Divine touch. Might not we as ministers, parents, teachers, have got nearer to the hearts with which we have had to deal if our manner had been more poetical, ideal, more exquisite and dainty in its whole tone and application? Perhaps we might have saved that man if we had spoken to him more persuasively. Did I not hinder the Gospel when I denounced the sin instead of magnifying the mercy! Ought I not to have foreborne the rude threatening until I had stated the case to the accused soul? Should I not have begun with the mercy? Is it not true, as Tennyson says, "He showed me all the sin, for He showed me all the mercy"? I will bethink me about this. I may have been wrong; I ought perhaps to have been more gentle and delicate in my communication to the sinner; I should have begun mayhap at some other point; the blame must be mine; the man might have been saved; I lectured him when I ought to have persuaded him.

Then said Job (x. 21), "Before I go whence I shall not return." What a fine sense of distance! what a perception of perspective! He does not say, "Before I die; before I am crushed like a mother or driven away by the wind like some withered leaf," but "Before I go whence I shall not return." How much can be conveyed by a tone! Mark you, Job does not put death away, but he takes hold of it in a fashion quite Biblical. The grave is there, but he brings flowers and strews them all over, and almost creates the enquiry, "Where is the grave?" It may be for the time flowered out of existence; it may be so beflowered as to be a kind of spring garden. That is the right way. And there was a tomb—where? In the garden. I would rather say the tomb was in the garden than say only, the tomb. There is a flower of language, there is a botany of speech, there is a way of bringing in all the plants and so planting them that we shall not see the grave.

Yet I must call attention to the terrible frankness of the Bible. When it wants to be frank, no book can compare with it. "The rich man died, and lifted up his eyes in hell"—where there are no flowers, no singing birds, no hint of spring. Jesus could be very terrible. "Whited sepulchres!" said he—"hypocrites!" And he skinned them with a scorching sneer. So the preacher must sometimes be like his book, but always his deliverance must be tempered by the reflection and the most solemn conviction that he condemns himself before he condemns others. The preacher has to use the word hell; the preacher has to expose and denounce hypocrisy; the preacher has to take the visor off the face of insincerity, but always with that singular way that carries with it its own suggestion and application, which shows that he is only reading his own heart when he is telling other men to repent and be saved. The Apostle Paul, who can teach us and the whole Church throughout all the ages, expressed this thought in his own graphic way. "Knowing the terror," said he, "we persuade." This is an exquisite combination of two thoughts. "Knowing the terror of the Lord, we persuade men." Not that we rebuke and reproach them, not that we stand up as superior persons and ask them to become as good as we are—nothing can be further from the spirit of the Gospel; but knowing judgment, retribution, everlasting punishment, we persuade men to avoid evil and to come away from the gathering judgment-fires. Who has the genius of persuasion? Let him thank God. Who can make the Gospel most musical in all its deliverances without taking out of it its stern aspect and claim of righteousness? Hail him as beautiful feet standing on the mountains proclaiming and offering peace. We must endeavour as Churches to organise, if the

expression may be allowed, the great gift of persuasiveness. We can do so much judging by not judging. Oh the fine art, the delicate guile, the Divine equipment! We may convert a man from the error of his way by assuring him that we expect better things from him, that we look to him for an example, and that we are perfectly sure whatever he did in certain civil and social ways he did through a moment's forgetfulness and not of set, hard purpose. Sometimes a man rises to expectation; Zaccheus did. Jesus made a man of him by one word of encouragement; He turned him from the little, mean, selfish creature, and set him up a son of Abraham. What great work we might have done in that direction. Everybody outside the house of Zaccheus was hooting and howling; they murmured that Jesus, who professed the beauty of God, had gone to be guest with a man who was a sinner, and they filled the air with their complaints and rebukes. And when Jesus heard the people call Zaccheus "a man that was a sinner," Jesus turned and said, "This day is salvation come to this house, forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham." Then the man's heart was opened, and his fists were unclenched, and his wealth was allowed to pour out to the poor, to the wronged, and to the friendless.

How did Jesus Christ describe His own mission? Jesus described His mission in the same delicate and poetic way. "Forasmuch as the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost"; and in being lost it still retained its preciousness. The jewel was not depleted of its gold or its living stone of fire by being lost. Because it is such a stone, go find it. If it were a worthless stone, take no heed of it. Worthless stones are better lost. But the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost, being so precious, so almost necessary to the completeness of Heaven. There is one poor lost lamb, shepherd; go and find it. It is a lamb, it belongs to a history of gentleness and usefulness and duty; go, fare thee well for to-night, return not except thou bring the lamb back. That is the Gospel. Do not go to a man and tell him that he is an unpardonable sinner and a guilty wretch. That may be perfectly true, and he will see the truth of it by-and-by; we see some things more clearly after conversion. But go and say, "You have lost your road, have you not? You are going in search of something you cannot find; you yourself are lost. I have been lost; I once needed a friend to take me back again from the silent desert and rocky places. Now, if I could show you the way back, I should indeed be honoured." To take back a lost jewel is a reward; the very action is its own compensation. Now, if you are at all under a sense of loss, I can tell you how I was saved; if you would like to hear that story, I can tell you all about the case. Let me, at all events, relate the facts as they occurred in my own experience, and who knows but that in relating those facts you may have a sense of being recovered. What say you? How did Jesus Christ address the people that were round about Him? Did He say, "You are as wicked as you possibly can be; you have insulted God; you have offended Heaven; you have outraged the very spirit of righteousness"? All that would have been true; but Jesus Christ said, "All ye that labour and are heavy laden." No man was unaware of the meaning of those tender words. Every man is heavy laden, every man carries a great sorrow, almost too much for him sometimes, in his heart; and we all labour, where we might sing and rejoice. What an introduction to a great offer! Jesus Christ did not describe the people in terms that brought shame to their cheeks; He said in effect, "This is a weary world, and every man has his own grief, every spirit has its own wound and its own bitterness. Now, if any of you feel yourselves to be weary and heavy laden, if you will come to Me, I will give you rest." It was not only a Gospel, it was a way of preaching the Gospel; it was a great gift of the Divine heart; it implied all that you mean by stern and austere statement of actual, moral fact. Sometimes it is better to imply the thing than roughly to state it; the rough statement may come afterwards when we are better able to bear it; yea, we ourselves, in proportion as our best nature is touched, will be our own severest accusers. It is better that the sinner should come to God and say, "How long didst Thou bear with me! Now that I have tasted of Thy grace, I wonder that Thou didst suspend Thy judgment one moment. Oh! so vile was I, I wonder Thou didst not set Thy foot upon me and crush me out of existence. Thou art a God of mercy. I see my sin since I have been lovingly and penitently at the Cross." Jesus Christ did not ignore the sinfulness of sin; Jesus Christ calls men to repentance. Jesus Christ knew the fire of God, and His own name, being fully translated, may bear such enlarged cognomen as, "The wrath of the Lamb." God has come to us in all gentleness; He tells us that He planted a vineyard, and was disappointed by the poor fruitage; He tells us that He has stretched out His arms all the day long; He says He is wearying to see us home again. He represented Himself as a man whose son had come back in such a destitute condition, but that the man coming back hardly got half his prayer out of his muffled throat until His new garments were upon him, and the jewel flashed on his fingers. It hath pleased God to put Himself under all these pictures and parables, so that we may get some kind of apprehension of His real qualities of love; at the same time, He has not hidden from us that He has been badly treated, worse than the ox or the ass has treated his proprietor and his owner in any and every sense. Sometimes He has been moved to great wrathfulness of expression. He says, "If My hand take hold of judgment, if I whet My glittering sword——" We have had the judgment—that is always present, it is never to be ignored; only the Apostle was able to use the terror as an instrument or inspiration of persuasion.

Now, this same rule applies all through and through life. If you are going to teach that boy of yours to be a good scholar, do not be telling him time after time during every day that he is a dunce. If you are going to persuade your boy to remain at home, and be better in some of his habits, do not lecture him, do not hector him, but by some subtle spiritual way get round about him, and pour into his whole life a godly influence, and show him how loving you are. Your heart is bruised, and you could denounce the boy highly, and you could denounce him righteously, and every severe word you use would be the right word. But there is another way—another way—another way.

CONCESSIONS TO CHRIST.—"It is certainly possible to utter this sentiment with regard to Christ, 'Thou art a teacher come from God'; and yet go no further. The thought or science that speaks thus is apt to keep him, like any other subject, outside of it. The chief office of science, with regard to all other things, is to define them, to put its mark of classification upon them, to catalogue them, and have done with them. And thus it deals with Christ; it calls Him a teacher come from God. All things come from God. Many are teachers, some higher, some lower. Of the teachers that come from God, He is the highest, the most perfect example that has or will come. And having thus defined Him, exhausted Him, science has no time to lose, and starts away on other and newer explorations."

The Blindness of Madge Tyndall

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

CHAPTER V

REVIVING HOPES

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
SHAKESPEARE.

JOHN SLEEMAN waited a whole week before he showed himself to Madge. She heard, of course, that he was in Bexmouth. She heard the day after his arrival when she came back from her walk; she learnt, too, that her father had invited him up to dinner, and that he had excused himself for a few days. Madge was duly grateful for these trifling considerations. John Sleeman went up considerably in her estimation. He had more refinement than she had credited him with. She blamed herself for not thinking better of him in days gone by. He was not so well educated, nor so clever, nor so handsome, nor so young as Dr. Studley; but a good solid character was worth a great deal. Indeed, it was worth everything. Mere showy accomplishments might be very atttactive, but unless they were backed up by moral qualities they were only so much tinsel. In this light John Sleeman looked well. Everybody had a good word to say of him. He was steady, industrious, honest, persevering. By dint of his own exertions he had earned wealth and position. And when he came back to his native town he did not put on airs and look scorn on the humble folks he had known in the years gone by. He was just as natural as when he was a nobody.

"He ain't got not waun bit ov pride," said Jacob Wherry one afternoon, as he leaned against the wall of the jetty, enjoying the warm sunshine—"not waun bit. Why, when he met me yesterday he just pulled off his glove to shake hands with me as if I was the Dook of Portugal."

"Ay, that's 'im to a T," observed Dan'l Udy. "He ain't like none of they furreners an' up-country chaps, which you never do knaw when you've got 'em. As I do say, Squire Sleeman is waun of our oan; we do knaw 'im."

"Iss, Dan'l, that's true," remarked Israel Beer. "They up-country fellas be as slippery as eels—if you catch 'em you caan't howld 'em. Look at that doctor chap as played fast an' loose with the Curate's maid."

"Look at 'im," said Dan'l, with quiet scorn. "I'd like to have the chance—I'd like to duck him this blessed minit."

"My friend, you're not likely to get the chance," said Jacob patronisingly. "He's took a berth as ship's doctor in one of they big ships as sails to Austrailia."

"Are you sure?" asked two or three voices.

"Sartin. A friend of mine saw him on board. Oh! he's clever, though he be so mean."

"He'll come to some bad end, you mark my words," said Dan'l solemnly. "But as I do say, it was a lucky squeak for Miss Madge; an' p'r'aps there'll be a chance for the Squire now."

"Well, I don't know," Jacob observed sagely. "Maidens be terrible wilful things—terrible wilful; and when they do take on they be terrible blind, too. Now they do say that Miss Madge caan't see no good in Squire Sleeman no road."

"So I've heerd," Israel interposed. "She must be terrible near-sighted."

"In matters of them sort she's as blind as a bat," said Dan'l, with energy. "But she's had a eye-opener lately, perhaps she'll see different now."

"The Squire 'es one as grows on you," remarked Caleb Blight, at this point. "The more you do knaw 'im the more you do like 'im. He ain't as smart set up like as Dr. Studley——"

"No, but he's got the quality," thundered Dan'l.

"That's what I was goin' to say," said Caleb, "and when the Curate's maid gets to know 'im proper, she'll see they qualities which she's blind to now."

"It's to be hoped so, anyhow," Israel chimed in, "for the Squire 'es very free wi' his money when he do come down; but if he was to marry a up-country wife, Bexmouth wouldn't see much more of 'im."

This sentiment was generally approved, and then the little group dispersed. But the blindness of Madge Tyndall to the excellencies of Squire Sleeman came up again and again for discussion, not only among the fishermen, but among their wives and among the tradespeople as well.

The little dinner which the Curate gave passed off very pleasantly. John Sleeman was just a shade quieter than usual, but, on the whole, reserve became him better than speech. He was politely attentive to Madge, but no more. Most of his conversation he addressed to his host, with an occasional remark to Madge or her mother. The Curate looked a little distressed. He was afraid that the Squire's love for his daughter had died out, in which case the hope that had begun to revive again in his heart of late was once more doomed to disappointment. Madge, however, looked relieved; she had anticipated the dinner with many misgivings. To be compelled to talk to John Sleeman was always an annoyance to her, and so, naturally, she was grateful that he relieved her of the necessity.

The gentlemen had a long conversation over their cigars, and, to the Curate, a deeply interesting one. John Sleeman talked much more freely when the ladies were out of the way. He was even led on to talk about himself—about his prospects and enterprises—during which he dropped a few sentences in a casual way that gave the Curate's heart quite a flutter, and made him doubly anxious to regard him in the light of a son.

But a fresh difficulty now presented itself. It really seemed—judging by the Squire's conduct—that he had ceased to care for his daughter. He had been in Bexmouth a week, and to-night was the first time he had spoken to her. Nor was his greeting remarkable for its warmth. Indeed, he seemed quite indifferent. He was just polite at dinner as any stranger might be, and even now manifested no desire to adjourn to the drawing-room.

The Curate grew hot and cold by turns. He felt that a great deal was at stake. For twenty years he had struggled with constantly increasing poverty. For twenty years he had hoped for preferment in vain. He was growing old and grey in the service of the Church, and to be still only a curate was very disappointing. In only one way could he see deliverance—a union between John Sleeman and Madge would change the whole complexion of his life. Sleeman was rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and was as influential as he was rich. But if Sleeman no longer cared for Madge—why, then all his hopes were at an end.

He ordered his last bottle of port to be brought up from the small cellar. It cost him a pang, for, as far as he could see, it would be long before he could fill its place again. But he was bound to get at the truth if possible, and the Squire always talked more freely when under the genial influence of wine.

Sleeman drained his glass at a gulp and laid it down; the Curate only sipped his. He was at a loss how to begin a conversation that would lead up to what he desired, and yet he could not afford to let such a favourable opportunity pass.

Time, however, was passing, and after a preliminary cough, and a vigorous poke at the fire, he said, in a would-be careless way, "My daughter Madge still looks pale. Don't you think so, Mr. Sleeman?"

"Well, really," was the reply, "I could not help thinking at dinner how well she looks."

"Perhaps she was a little excited," the Curate said. "Your presence would naturally account for that."

"Do you think so? No, don't flatter me. I believe she is quite indifferent."

"Oh, nonsense!" was the half-joking reply. "A stranger would say the indifference was on your side."

"Really!"

"I am quite serious. You seem to have got over your passion."

"Then let me assure you it is not so. I am more deeply in love with your daughter than ever; I thought to-night she looked perfectly lovely."

"She's a very beautiful girl," the Curate said, with a distant look in his eyes, for visions of ease and preferment loomed

suddenly before him, and the narrow and barely furnished room in which they sat melted for the moment into thin air.

"Do you think there is any hope for me?" Sleeman asked, at length, in very humble tones. "I know I am not exactly young, nor have I the *style* of those young fellows who have had early advantages. I have only a true honest heart to offer."

The Curate's eyes grew moist. The man's simple honesty and sincerity touched him. Apart from his wealth, he liked Sleeman as a man. There was something so transparent about him—so genuinely honest, so free from cant.

"If you still love my daughter," the Curate answered, "I see no present reason why you may not win her. I need not tell you what pleasure it would give me to see her your wife."

"It is very good of you to say so," Sleeman answered simply. "And yet I doubt if ever she will get to care for me."

"Of course, that remains to be proved," the Curate answered. "Anyhow, there is no one else now to take her attention, and after her recent experience she is not likely to be carried away by mere appearances again."

"And that tells in my favour, you think?"

"I mean no reflection," the Curate answered hastily. "I simply wanted to point out that after such an experience, real excellencies are bound to tell."

"But you would not advise me to be in a hurry?"

"No! don't be precipitate. You have begun exceedingly well. If she thinks at first that you don't care, it may be the better for you. Now let us join them in the drawing-room."

The rest of the evening proved somewhat tame. Madge was not altogether at her ease. She did her best to be agreeable, but only with indifferent success. For several days she had been trying to think well of Mr. Sleeman, and even now she could but admit to herself that he had behaved exceedingly well. Neither by word or look or tone had he obtruded himself upon her notice, and yet, notwithstanding this, she could not help feeling that the nearer he came the less she liked him, and only when he was a long way off could she see any excellencies in him at all.

ONCE SHE HAD TAKEN HIS HAND TO STEADY HERSELF UP A NARROW PATH

John Sleeman took his departure early, promising to drop in again in a few days. The Curate went with him to the door. Madge gave a sigh of relief, and dropped into an easy-chair with a book. Mr. Tyndall came back and sat for a long time staring into the fire. He did not see the fire, however; he saw through it and beyond it. What his guest had told him during the evening wove itself into a beautiful picture, in which a large and ivied rectory occupied the foreground, with a stately church behind.

He shifted his eyes at length, and turned to his wife. "I think I haven't told you, my dear," he began—he called her

"my dear" more from force of habit than anything else—"that Mr. Sleeman is negotiating for the purchase of a large estate in Wiltshire."

"No, love," she answered meekly, looking up at him with languid interest.

"It is so. I forget how many thousand acres it contains; but by all accounts it is a most delightful place. And a curious thing about it is that if he gets it, he will have two very valuable livings in his gift."

"Oh, how nice, Scott!" his wife answered, while Madge pretended to go on with her reading.

"He's a most remarkable man," Mr. Tyndall continued, as though speaking to himself. "His grasp of detail is amazing. He's chairman now of nine wealthy companies which he has promoted, besides being a merchant and shipowner, and I am told he stands a good chance of being the Sheriff of London next year."

"How remarkable, love!" observed his wife.

"Yes, it is remarkable; and yet he's as humble and simple-minded as if he were only the possessor of a hundred pounds."

Madge turned the leaves of her book with unnecessary ostentation. She could not help feeling that the information vouchsafed had been more for her benefit than her mother's, and she was pained that her father should so openly betray his motive. She took no notice, however, of anything that was said. Her downcast eyes betrayed nothing, and by-and-by, when the conversation drifted into commonplace channels, she rose quietly and left the room.

CHAPTER VI

REFLECTIONS

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
The memory of the past will stay
And half our joys renew.

MOORE.

DURING the next three weeks Mr. Sleeman called to see the Curate half a dozen times. Twice he met Madge when she was out for her morning's walk, and rambled with her along the beach and over the cliffs; and once she had taken his hand to steady herself up a narrow path, and had thanked him very sweetly for his assistance. Mr. Sleeman felt comforted and hopeful. Madge was freer with him than she had ever been, and they had discussed the weather and other interesting matters without any embarrassment at all. He found it very difficult to keep back the words that were trembling on his lips; for had he not loved Madge ever since she was a little girl, and had he not made a vow that, sooner or later, she should be his wife? Yet he knew that if he were over-hasty he might spoil his chance. Madge would not be in the humour yet for any fresh love-making. He must wait until the wound in her heart had fully healed. In another three months he would come down to Bexmouth again, by which time she would, perhaps, be in the humour to listen to him.

It was hard to wait and keep silent. Not so hard, perhaps, as for some men; for he was not of the passionate sort. Moreover, he had trained himself to patience and endurance. He had not made his way in the world by precipitate action; he had known how to bide his time. He had known many a man fail because he could not play a waiting game. Chances were constantly spoiled through too hasty action. And he was not going to destroy his hope, if he knew it, by being in too great a hurry. Still, in spite of everything, it *was* trying to have to wait so long. But his chance was better now than it ever had been. Dr. Studley was out of the way, and out of the way in a sense that made his course a great deal more easy. She would not be cherishing the memory of her lost lover, and weeping over his photograph, and indulging in a lot of foolish sentiment. That was a comfort. Her idol had been shattered, not embalmed, and so there was a chance for a new idol to be placed on the old pedestal; and if that new idol was not himself, it should not be for the want of persevering effort. In the forty-one years of his busy life he had overcome many greater difficulties, and he was not going to be disheartened, even if the way was not altogether smooth at the first. He knew that his age was against him, and that he had nothing to boast of in the matter of looks; but his reputation in Bexmouth was of the highest, while money was not an unimportant factor even in the affairs of love.

By the end of the month he was in excellent spirits. In comparison with what she had been, Madge was positively friendly, and he quite anticipated that, when next he came down, every difficulty would be removed out of the way. He knew that the Curate was enthusiastically on his side, and he would have great influence with his daughter. Once let the idea take root, and it was bound to grow.

Mr. Tyndall did not name the matter to Madge till a fortnight later. He felt that it would be wise to proceed cautiously. He might not have spoken when he did had not a favourable opportunity been furnished by the receipt of a newspaper from Mr. Sleeman, containing a full report of a speech he had made at a vestry meeting.

Mr. Tyndall passed it to Madge, and asked her what she thought of it.

"It reads very well," Madge replied, "but, of course, it is of no interest to us here."

"No, of course not, except in so far as Mr. Sleeman being a Bexmouth man, we feel proud of his influence and position."

"I suppose he has been very successful," Madge said indifferently.

"No doubt he has, and what is more, he deserves it. There is nothing showy about him, but he's genuine gold. By-the-bye, has he been paying you attention again?"

"No, father. He has been civil, that is all."

"You think, then, he has got over his old passion for you."

"I hope so."

"Why hope so, Madge? He could lift you into a position of affluence at once. He could give you a beautiful home; and I am sure he would sacrifice anything to make you happy."

"Has he been talking to you again?"

"Once only, Madge, when he came here to dinner."

"And you told him his suit would be hopeless?"

"No, my child; how could I? You had passed through such an experience that I thought it possible that genuine worth might now appeal to you."

"What do I know about worth?" she answered petulantly. "All men are good till they are proved otherwise."

"John Sleeman is not an adventurer, Madge," the Curate said seriously. "He has established his reputation."

"It may be so, father, but he is nothing to me and never can be."

"Why never can be? Think better of it."

"I do not love him, father. Is not that enough?"

"No, my child. What young people call love is often mere sentiment—a passing emotion that ends with the decay of physical charms. The love that lasts comes slowly, grows out of kinship, is built on respect, and crowned with reverence."

"For Mr. Sleeman I have neither reverence nor respect," she answered, with averted eyes.

"Ah! Madge, your blindness is pitiful," the Curate answered sadly. "You will not look, and none are so blind as those who refuse to see."

"I do not know," she answered. "Money blinds some people very effectually."

"Do not despise money, Madge. It needs a strong love to endure poverty. I have had my share, and would fain save you from a similar struggle."

She turned upon him a startled expression, and then relapsed into silence. There was something in his words and tones that puzzled her. What did he mean? He had married for love: did he regret it? Then her thoughts instantly flew to her mother, a poor, weak, characterless woman; whose beauty faded early, and whose intellectual resources gave out with the honeymoon. She felt herself grow hot all over. It was as though she had possessed herself of a secret by unlawful means.

Her father did not speak again, and soon after Madge retired, leaving him alone with his thoughts. He pulled up his chair before the fire as soon as she had gone, and stared for a long time into its glowing depths. The past came back to him very vividly. He had been fascinated by a doll-like face, with dimpled cheeks, and pink and white complexion. His friends wanted him to marry Maud Rostrevor, a dashing, quick-witted young lady of ancient family and ample fortune. But he had preferred the languishing, mild-eyed Dora Lane, though

Gold Medal, Health Exhibition, London.
Highest Award, Adelaide, 1887.

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FOR INFANTS
CHILDREN & INVALIDS.
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Most delicious, nutritive, and digestible.

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GENUINE JAPANESE 4 FOLD DRAUGHT SCREEN.

Covered all over in strong Cambric, and beautifully decorated with real Japanese hand-painted work. Lovely screens, fit for any room.
Shades of ground: Ivory, Pea, Shrimp, Blue, Canary.
Metal-mounted Wood Frames with shaped Tops. 2 Sizes.
5 ft. High, 4 Fold .. **13/11** | 5 ft. 8 in. High, 4 Fold .. **15/9**
Charming goods. Photos on request. Packed and Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in United Kingdom at above prices.

The best value in an Artistic Screen ever offered.

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New and Second-hand Churches, Chapels, and School-Rooms. Every description of Church, Chapel, and School Fittings, Seats, Pulpits, Lecterns, Desks, Forms, etc., made by the latest improved Machinery; also Cottages, Stables, Coach-houses, Farm Buildings, Sheds for Manufacturing Purposes. Several Buildings always on view, and 50 tons of Iron kept in stock. Plans, designs, and estimates free on application. Buildings shipped and erected in any part of the World.

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South African Branch—Iron Building and Joinery Works, POINT ROAD, DURBAN, NATAL.

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YEARS' SUCCESS
AS
THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping-Cough, Hoarseness, &c.,
HAS MADE
Owbridge's Lung Tonic
AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY TO EVERYBODY.

Important Notice:

SUBSTITUTION.—*There are so many imitations of this successful, and therefore popular, remedy that it is of the utmost importance you should use the word "OWBRIDGE" when buying Lung Tonic, and TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.*

Prepared by
W. T. OWBRIDGE, M.P.S., Chemist, Hull
Sold everywhere in bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s.

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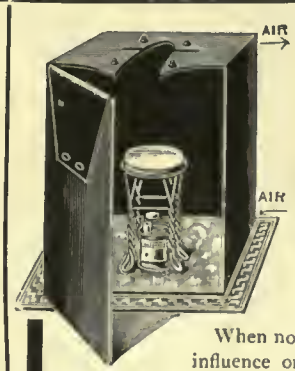

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A PURIFIED BODY

When no change of temperature or weather can influence our physical condition, and our bodies are proof against contagion, then we are in health. A little consideration of the resources of the Turkish Bath will convince any reasonable mind of its wonderful power to secure that most desirable of all physical attainments, a Purified Body, which insures freedom from all disease, a clear, buoyant brain, and perfect vitality.

This condition makes Life worth Living.

With a Premier Folding Bath Cabinet you can enjoy the luxury of Turkish, Vapour, and Medicated Baths in the privacy of your own home even better than in Turkish Bath Rooms. The advantages are many. The pleasure great. **Absolute safety.**

The cost is but 1½d. per Bath.

The patented features which make the "Premier" perfection are owned and controlled by us. Without them no cabinet can be satisfactory. We guarantee perfect satisfaction. We sell on trial. Prices **30/-, 50/-, 70/-,** or on the "**Times**" unique system of easy payments.

Write for our new handsome illustrated booklet, No. **20**, and mention BRITISH MONTHLY. It tells why Turkish Baths are the most important factors in personal Hygiene, and why the "Premier" Cabinet should be your choice.

PREMIER TURKISH BATH CO.
(*Dept.* 20), 119, *Regent Street, London, W.*

she had neither fortune nor influence. He was desperately in love then, and full of romantic notions. He believed that a cottage would be as good as a mansion if it had love to glorify it, that poverty would be sweet with love to sanctify it, and labour and struggle only rest, with one dear face always near. So he had married Dora, and his friends had called him a fool. That was twenty years ago, and he had kept to his cottage, and his poverty and the one face had been near him all the while; but his friends observed that he had grown cynical with advancing years, and that all romance had departed from him.

To-day, as he stared into the fire, he thought not only of himself, but of Tom Graham, who led Maud Rostrevor to the altar a year after he had married Dora. Tom was a young fellow of no great abilities, and yet he was Dean of Grilchester now, while he, Scott Tyndall, who had been considered at college one of the best men of his year, was still a curate in the little fishing town of Bexmouth. A year before he had been in London, and one fine afternoon he had strolled out into Hyde Park, and sat down on one of the chairs to watch the wealth and rank and nobility of the great city drive past. And among the rest, behind a splendid pair of bays, rolled his old friend Tom Graham and his handsome wife. Yes, at forty she was no doubt a handsome woman. When she was young she was not nearly so pretty as Dora. But now—well, she had had no care or worry. Life had gone smoothly with her. She was well preserved, while Dora—poor Dora!—had been crushed by poverty and anxiety and hard work. Tom was looking well, too. There was a satisfied smile upon his face, and he carried about him an air of prosperity, as well he might. Tom had married for position, and he for love. Well, well; life was a strange problem, and no one could forecast its success or failure.

He did not stay for the carriage to pass him a second time. He would not like Tom to see him. He felt very shabby in presence of so much wealth and display; he would be more at ease away from it all. Yet the picture lingered long in his memory. It came back again to him to-day. No one had ever heard him hint that he had made a mistake. Perhaps he was as happy as Tom Graham. Still, it was hard to be always poor; to see one's wife old and faded before her time; to have no prospect of anything better in the future.

He roused himself after awhile, and stirred the fire. "I wish Madge would look at things from a more rational standpoint," he mused. "Sleeman will do nothing for me unless he gets Madge. Of course she does not care for him now; but what of that? Tom Graham cared nothing for Maud Rostrevor when he married her, but he's fond enough of her now. Any man could like such a handsome woman, especially with all that money at her back. And Madge would get to like Sleeman in time; there's nothing to hinder it. I must get her to see it if possible."

But as a diplomatist Mr. Tyndall was a decided failure. Madge would have thought more of Mr. Sleeman if her father had said less about him; cared more for him if he had not been so extraordinarily good. She grew tired of hearing about his virtues, and would have been more drawn to him if he had been a little less of a saint and a little more of the other thing. Her father was not observant enough to see that he was helping to prevent the very object he had in view. He fancied that he was exceedingly diplomatic, that he was acting with great discretion, and did not know that he was so absolutely transparent that Madge could read him like a book.

At times she felt almost angry with him. Like most other people, she had an element of stubbornness in her nature, and resented doing the thing that was forced upon her, which, had she been left alone, she might have done readily enough; but there were other times when her father's careworn face struck pity to her heart, and she would debate with herself whether or no she ought to sacrifice herself for his gain. If she would, she could change the whole complexion of his life; she could lift him out of the region of want and care in which he had dwelt so long; she could give him such a home as, all his life, he had pined for; she could make the education of the younger children a matter of comparative ease; she could give her brother Gus his heart's desire, and send him to Cambridge when the time came. And why should she not do these things?

It was true she did not love Squire Sleeman, but what of that? She did not suppose she would ever love again. If she ever married at all, where could she find a more worthy man? Moreover, she knew very well, that unless she married soon, she would have to go out into the world and earn her own living. He father could not keep her always. As the children grew older, the pinch of poverty became daily more keen, and it would be cruel of her to depend upon him any longer than she could help.

The outlook was not a pleasant one from any standpoint. To go out as a governess, or as a mother's help, to drag out weary, sunless years as a dependent, to grow old and helpless, to be left without friends or means of earning a livelihood—that was a prospect from which, very naturally, she shrank with dismay. The other alternative was to marry, and to marry without love. Ah! if she had never known Frank Studley, never felt the thrill of his kiss upon her brow, never looked upon his handsome face, never pictured that happy life by his side, a loveless marriage might not seem so terrible.

And yet, elderly people talked sometimes as though love were not everything, or even the most important thing. Her father had married for love, and he did not seem particularly happy. Care and poverty had crushed all the sentiment out of his life, and left him cold and not a little cynical.

Perhaps, after all, the best thing she could do would be to marry Mr. Sleeman. He was good man, everybody said; and though she would not be happy herself, she would help to make other people happy, and that, in the abstract, looked a more noble thing to do. Happiness was a question that would have to be left out of the account, whatever choice she made. Whether she married or remained single, it would be all the same. Clearly, her duty was not to think of herself, but to consider how best she could help other people.

(*To be continued.*)

The Home Department

Result of the Christmas Quotation Competition

A LARGE number competed this month, and the task of reading, criticising, and selecting has been no light one. Though, on the whole, the majority of the quotations sent in did not show any very keen discriminating faculty, some were excellent, and those that were good were so nearly of equal merit, the difficulty of selection was increased, and I am obliged to give three prizes, two being equally deserving of the second prize.

The best selection is that sent by the—

REV. W. H. EVANS,
Llansaintffraid, Oswestry,

for the following lovely verses from Tennyson's "In Memoriam":

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snow possessed the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve.

The time admits not flowers or leaves
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass
To darken on the rolling brine
That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
Arrange the board and brim the glass;

Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat;
Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things ev'n as he were by.

To the Uncrippled Reader.

CHILD CRIPPLES abound. There are probably 8,000 in London alone. There are 6,300 boys and girls of this class registered on the books of the Ragged School Union's Cripple Mission. At the Office, 32, John Street, W.C., you can learn full particulars of every case.

RAGGED SCHOOL UNION is a sweet-sounding name in the ears of Child Cripples and their friends. It means clothing, shoes, invalid chairs, surgical instruments, holiday homes, industrial training, situations, with regular visits from kindly friends.

I WISH you had time or opportunity to sift one case. A pretty, bright-eyed girl, one of a family of ten, slipped on the flags when seven, injured her spine, is now eighteen, and in those eleven years has been only one day from her home in the Tottenham Marshes.

PATIENT, gentle, but helpless; but better off than this little boy who has lain nine years flat on a spinal carriage; or that meek-eyed little girl of five, strapped to a board all the day long, even when at Margate Holiday Home.

PARLOUR is another glad name for the child cripples who meet weekly in 50 halls in London for play and song and kindly talk. At Mile End 150 meet, and twelve of these lie flat while the others romp.

LOVE is the animating motive of more than 1,000 voluntary superintendents and visitors among whom the 6,300 child cripples are divided. Love draws out sympathy, time, effort, and money.

EVERY healthy person must be uncomfortable who does not help the Child Cripples' Mission by prayers, by clothes, by toys, or by money gifts, and some by personal service.

SECRETARY of that Mission is Mr. John Kirk, 32, John Street, W.C. Send help while it is cold and wet. They give twice who give quickly.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL UNION issues an interesting Monthly Magazine, In His Name, beautifully illustrated, ane full of particulars of the varied work done by The Children's Cripple Mission. It will be sent free to you on receipt of a post card at 32, John Street, London, W.C. Sunday School Superintendents and Teachers, Christian Endeavour Branches, Guilds, and similar Societies should ask for the little pamphlets about cripples sent free for distribution. It is a very happy, Christlike form of service, especially the Crutch and Kindness League.

THE CRIPPLES WE HAVE ALWAYS WITH US.

One of the second prizes has been awarded to—

MR. E. RACE,
North Road, Wingate, Durham,

for another quotation from the same poem:

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind.
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish'd no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again.

But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll'd me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

The other second prize to—

MR. J. W. SULSTON,
13, Grove Hill, S. Woodford, Essex,

for the following lines from the introduction to the sixth canto of "Marmion," by Sir Walter Scott:

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still;
* * * * *
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night;
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung.
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.
* * * * *
All hail'd with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as to the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

Almost equally deserving of a prize is Mr. A. Jacka's quotation from Charles Kingsley's "Christmas Day":

How will it dawn, the coming Christmas Day? . . .
A northern Christmas, such as painters love,
And kinsfolk, shaking hands but once a year,
And dames who tell old legends by the fire?
Red sun, blue sky, white snow, and pearled ice,
Keen ringing air, which sets the blood on fire,
And makes the old man merry with the young,
Through the short sunshine, through the longer night?
Or southern Christmas, dark and dank with mist,
And heavy with the scent of steaming leaves,
And rosebuds mouldering on the dripping porch;
One twilight, without rise or set of sun,
Till beetles drone along the hollow lane,
And round the leafless hawthorns, flitting bats
Hawk the pale moths of winter?
Yet come
In whatsoever garb, or gay, or sad,
Come fair, come foul, 'twill still be Christmas Day.

Several competitors quoted from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," but the most suitable selections are the two I have quoted. Two other competitors, Mr. G. Blanchard and the Rev. G. W. Turner, were very near the prize with selections from Scott's "Marmion." A charming sonnet by Mathilde Blind was sent by Mrs. Pearce. I wish I had room to print it; also "Christmas Eve," by Christina Rossetti, sent by Frances Stevens.

In place of the second prize mentioned in the last number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, to each of the second-prize winners will be forwarded a copy of that delightful story "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage-Patch," by A. C. Hegan.

New Competition

I am making something of a departure this month in the subject for competition. I want all of my readers to send me in an Acrostic on the name THE BRITISH MONTHLY.

As usual, two prizes will be awarded for the two cleverest acrostics. The first will be a copy of the presentation edition of Dr. James Stalker's deeply interesting work "Imago Christi," beautifully bound in calf and morocco; the second, a copy of "A Preacher's Life, an Autobiography and an Album," by the late Dr. Joseph Parker, a book which at this time possesses a peculiar interest.

The name and address of the sender, and whether Mr. Mrs., or Miss, must be written on each competition paper. Please use one side of the paper only. All acrostics must reach me on or before February 2. Address: "Anstice," BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Notice

THE BRITISH MONTHLY is published on the 20th of the month preceding that which it is dated. The number for February will be obtainable on January 20. Competitors will therefore have time to prepare their contributions.

Answers to Correspondents

J. H. H.—Your paper reached me too late; the competition was closed. I am sorry your copy of THE BRITISH MONTHLY was so delayed. If you often have trouble in that way, will you write to the publishers about it? Thank you for your kind words about "The Home Department," and your good wishes for 1903.

MISS C. (Edinburgh).—Thank you for your two notes. The first one did not reach me until after we had gone to press last month.

MRS. V. STOTT AND OTHERS.—The numbers of THE BRITISH MONTHLY about which you enquired have been disposed of, with the exception of the last four numbers of 1902. These my correspondent is ready to part with, but she cannot pay the postage of them. Another correspondent writes to say he has twenty-four numbers, with plates, that he is willing to sell. He does not mention his terms. To any one desiring it I will forward his name and address on receipt of an addressed and stamped envelope.

E. C. SANDWITH.—I am pleased you liked your book. Another copy of the one you had set your heart on may be offered as a prize soon.

EVELINE.—An answer to your query was crowded out last month. The lines you enquired for are by Jean Ingelow, and come in a poem entitled "A Parson's Letter to a Young Poet," in the first of a series called "Letters on Life and Morning." The rest of the verse is as follows:

What need to look behind thee and to sigh?
When God left speaking He went on before
To draw men after, following up and on;
And thy heart fails because thy feet are slow;
Thou think'st of Him as one that will not wait.
A Father and not wait! He waited long
For us, and yet perchance He thinks not long
And will not count the time. There are no dates
In His fine leisure.

G. H. T.—Thank you for your good wishes. I much regret that you are again disappointed. May I suggest that you should not "chop up" your chosen poets so much? You have done it overmuch both in this and in the one you decided not to send. Of course, to some extent it is allowable, but it is hardly allowable to make a hundred and fifty word quotation in a great measure from single words and sentences scattered through a long poem.

J. W. S.—I am very glad to welcome you as a new competitor. You see there is no need for me to tell you here how

The HEALTH of a Manly MAN

Why will not man INSIST UPON HAVING IT when it is so easy to get and keep? Some people wander helplessly for years suffering from every known disease, when a Hot Air or Vapour Bath taken once a week would give them a purified body, freeing them and giving a clear buoyant brain and perfect vitality.

Business as well as social life of to-day is one of strain and effort, and the struggle for existence in competition makes life a fight day in and day out, in which care of the body, nerves, and blood is more or less neglected. People wonder what is wrong with them. No person can stand such unnatural conditions unless they counteract them by the regular use of the Hot Air Bath, which causes regularity of body in spite of irregularity of habits. A person who feels bad should embrace Nature's mode of cure and open up the seven million pores of the skin with the **CENTURY THERMAL BATH**, thereby driving out all poisons, rendering a condition which makes life worth living. All this can be done at a cost of 1½d. per bath, and the giving up of one evening a week to the luxurious, restful pleasure of a Turkish-Russian bath in your own room.

THE CENTURY BATH CABINET is the only perfectly Safe Cabinet, with the patented four-flap top, that admits of regulated temperature—80 to 200 degrees. It has a most perfect Heat Generator for use Inside or Outside the Cabinet. Sold on 30 days' trial, at prices to suit all, 25s. to £6 15s., Cabinet complete. If after testing, it is proved not to be all that we claim, money refunded.

With each Cabinet a 100-page book is supplied Free. This gives over 50 formulas for Medicated Baths. We publish valuable books—"Health, Strength, Hygiene," etc., and send same Free on request, also list of users, medical men and others.

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MILK-CHOCOLATE BISCUITS.

A delicious novelty. Sold in Small Tins and Packets.

GLASGOW & LONDON. *Sample post free on application.*

The Deaf Hear.

Deaf persons need no longer despair. Out of the mass of failures has come a genuine success. Head noises can be cured and the deaf made to hear so effectively that they wonder if they really were deaf. Particulars of a startling discovery, based upon the science of vibration, that will assist all persons suffering from deafness, fully described, free to all.

The Murray Company are in sole possession of a marvellous home method that does what all other devices and treatments have been trying to do. This method has completely revolutionised the treatment for deafness, on account of bearing directly on the three causes producing deafness which were heretofore ignored by physicians. This new invention is the simplest, safest, and the surest means to a complete cure. It is a home treatment that anyone can easily follow. The Company want it understood that this method is different entirely from all others; they do not claim this treatment will cure those who are so unfortunate as to have been born deaf, but to those who have once heard and lost their hearing through illness or disease, they offer a remedy which they believe has not been and will not be equalled.

FREE By sending your name and address to The MURRAY COMPANY, 1, CENTURY HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W., you will receive free a full description of this remarkable method which will enable you to restore your hearing at a very slight expense. The description is posted to you free, and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can obtain relief. It will pay you to write to day. Don't neglect to do so.

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SEND YOUR ADDRESS for Peach's Illustrated Catalogue and Buyer's Guide for 1903. The most complete List of Lace Goods issued. Exceptional Value in all Departments. WRITE TO-DAY

LACE CURTAINS | GUIPURE D'ART | ROLLER BLINDS | CAPES | COLLARETTES | LADIES' AND GENTS
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POPULAR PARCEL, 21/- Carriage Paid. **DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS.**

Lot No. 336 contains:—1 pair Rich Artistic Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide, 2 pairs alike Handsome Dining-room Curtains, choice old lace design, 3½ yds. long, 60 in. wide, 1 pair neat Floral Pattern Bedroom Curtains, 3 yds. long, 50 in. wide, 1 pair new fashionable Sash Curtains, 1 Table Centre, renaissance design, 1 Set of Duchesse Toilet Covers, one 42 in. long, and five smaller. Ecru if desired. The Lot sent Carriage Paid for **21/-**. Customers throughout the Empire testify to the reliable worth, Marvellous Value and Durability. First Prize Medals: Toronto 1897; Chicago, 1893.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE, therefore BEST.

ENTIRELY FREE FROM DRUGS, ALKALI, OR ANY FOREIGN SUBSTANCE.

Refreshing, Nourishing, Invigorating.

The Editor of "THE LANCET," June 16, 1900, says:—

"We are glad to find that Messrs. Cadbury draw attention to the fact that there are strong grounds for objection to the addition to cocoa of certain foreign substances. This resource is quite unnecessary, and, indeed, pernicious, especially having regard to the fact that cocoa alone is an excellent food as well as a stimulant, having a salutary action upon the nerve centres."

A SAFE REMEDY

FOR ALL

SKIN & BLOOD DISEASES

Clarke's Blood Mixture, the World-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer, is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Eczema, Scurvy, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Skin and Blood Diseases, Boils, Pimples, Blotches, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real Specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

Clarke's Blood Mixture has stood the test for 30 years, and thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures have been received from all parts of the world.

It is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world, price **2s. 9d.** per bottle, and in cases containing six times the quantity, price **11s.,** sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases.

BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES.

ALCOHOL & DRUG HABITS

THE HUTTON-DIXON HOME CURE.

Warranted purely vegetable, free from Narcotics, containing no Quinine, Cinchona (bark), or similar drugs, but a high-class, up-to-date **Physical Home Treatment,** which necessitates no hypodermic injections, and no loss of time from business. It can be taken privately with an

Absolute Certainty of a Permanent Cure.

Immediate effect of this treatment is calm, restful sleep, steady nerves, clear brain, and removal of all desire for alcoholic drink, or drugs of any kind.

The Sunday Strand Magazine, in an article on the Cure of the Drink and Drug Crave, says:—"*As to the success of this treatment there does not appear to be room for doubt. It seems in every case to do what is claimed for it—viz., to thoroughly and speedily cure the drunkard of his inordinate craving, and to restore him to health and vigour.*"

Particulars and testimonials, signed by well-known people, may be obtained from

Mr. A. H. DIXON, 37, Silverdale, Sydenham, Kent.

RUN NO RISK

KEATING'S LOZENGES CURE

THE WORST COUGH

near your selection "came to the top." Thanks for your good wishes.

M. E. S.—Thanks for your good wishes. Perhaps some of my readers can tell you who is the author of John Bright's favourite hymn, which begins:

> The earth was dark—its guilty gaze
> Saw not o'er heaven the splendours blaze
> That told the shepherds He was born.

NODDFA.—I have read your lines with interest. Your thought is good, but you have not expressed yourself with sufficient lucidity.

F. W.—Thank you for your kind words about THE BRITISH MONTHLY and this Department. I hope I shall often have contributions from you. Yes; I did notice the printer's error you mention, and regretted it.

J. P. W.—I hope to use your suggestion later on. It would be rather late for it now, as the results of the competition could not appear until the March number. You will have plenty of time to prepare the contribution I shall certainly expect from you.

E. McL. D.—I hope now you have begun you will go on sending me contributions. The "Ballade" was too long for the competition, and not quite good enough or suitable. It is distinctly clever, but here and there are some very obvious flaws, to which you will, I feel sure, not mind my drawing your attention. In the last line but one of the first verse the last two words jar a good deal. "Uncommon nice" is neither grammatical nor in keeping with the form or the wording of the rest of the Ballade. "Pig-tailed beau" is hardly correct either, is it? Thank you for your seasonable wishes.

A CORRESPONDENT has composed and sent me an acrostic on my name, which has pleased me so much I must quote it here, and at the same time thank her for her kind letter. It was this acrostic which suggested the new competition.

ACROSTIC

> A nother year is dawning—may it bring
> N aught that could grieve thee, but in place
> S hine with the glories of God's grace.
> T hou, hid beneath His ever-sheltering wing.
> I n darkest days throughout the year
> C omes the sweet promise, full of cheer,
> E mmanuel, God with us, Man yet King.

MRS. Y.—Thank you for your pretty card. It is very encouraging to meet with so many good wishes and kind thoughts as I have through this happy season. I am pleased you liked your prize so much.

ANSTICE.

Anstice will be pleased to hear from correspondents and answer any questions they may care to ask connected with the Home Department.

The Children's Corner

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

The first prize in the Bible Places Competition is awarded to—

GLADYS E. WILLIAMS (aged 16),
Midwales House, Llanidloes,
Montgomery;

the second prize to—

H. R. HOWARD (aged 10),
96, Tyrwhitt Road, St. John's,
London.

Consolation prizes are awarded to—

GERTRUDE BURGESS (aged 16),
"Chesterford," Dunstable Road,
Luton, Beds;

and—

W. E. A. CLAYTON,
Church Street, Magherafelt,
Co. Derry.

VERY HIGHLY COMMENDED
(Not in Order of Merit).

Jack Dakers, E. Boothe, Ellen F. Weiham, Kenneth Monroe, Ernest Wilson, David Blair, Gwendoline Johns, J.

B. Warnock, R. S. Paterson, Elsie Hickox, Elsie Barratt, Eugénie Engvall, Percy Park, Florence Parsons, Charles Cruickshank, Herbert Batten, E. Hawke, Ethel M. Aikman, Ernest Dakers, Hugh Mumford, Ethel Hope Kemp, Edith V. Engvall, Ada Jeffrey, L. E. Engleburth, Cyril R. Pengelly, Minnie Allpress, Chrissie Pridmore, Gladys Mary Codd, Mary B. Rogers, M. Moir, John Henry Morris, Lily Donaldson, Gertrude L. Snelling, William M. Strathearn, Ella Chisholm, Annie L. Brindle, Charles Douglas, Stanley Brown, Dorothy Duggleby, William D. Hunter, D. M. Brown, Alice Weatherhead and Muriel Weatherhead, K. Radford, T. Hamilton, J. Macauley, J. D. Brindle, Ella Carr, Willie Carr, Gertie Dannatt.

The correct solutions were—

(1) Sychar *or* Machir.
(2) Samaria.
(3) Tyre *or* Myra.
(4) Gadara.
(5) Ararat, *or* Adadah, *or* Arabah.
(6) Jerusalem.

A very great many of you sent in absolutely correct solutions, and I fear you may, some of you, be disappointed in not winning the prize; but every paper stood on its own merits, and, taken as a whole, the prize papers were the best. To be mentioned in the Commended list means that you have done very well indeed.

Some of you send me very interesting letters. Here is one from Peggy and Polly Lawson, who live in Churton:

DEAR AUNT MATTY,

You might think by our names that we were sisters, but we are in reality cousins, and we live together. It is just about a year since Peggy came to live with Polly, and we do have such fun. We sleep together, and sometimes we have feasts, consisting of biscuits and apples before we go to sleep. My favourite study is arithmetic, and I am specially fond of fractions. I am Peggy who writes this. Polly is helping me. Polly's favourite study is dictation.

Your loving nieces,
PEGGY and POLLY LAWSON
(aged 11).

Donald Nicholas is very pleased with the prize he won some time ago. He sends me his name printed in silver letters on silver, at the bottom of his note.

Stanley and David Brown send me pretty postcards of Helensburgh, and William Hunter sends such a nice one of Elgin. Thank you all very much, and also thanks to those who have sent me Christmas cards and good wishes. When you all read this you will feel Christmas is a long time ago I expect.

Gertrude Snelling tells me her pussy's name is Tom, and "he caught two mice yesterday."

I thank Ethel Kemp for her letter. She says her favourite lessons are English and Latin. I have been to the town where you live, Ethel, and feel sure it must be cold and stormy in winter.

Jack Dakers says he had a very jolly Christmas; he stayed up till twelve o'clock. I am glad Ernest Dakers liked the competition, and hope he will try the one this month.

I was particularly pleased with Muriel and Alice Weatherhead's papers, and am sure they took great pains.

William Strathearn and Dorothy Duggleby also sent specially good papers. I only wish I had space to comment on all the work separately.

Florence J. Morrell sends the following letter:

DEAR AUNT MATTY,

I have been to a very nice party. It was called "Great Men." Every one went as a great man. My eldest sister went as Robert Burns; she wore a picture of a policeman on fire. I went as Marconi, with the drawing of an eye pinned on my frock, and a mark on the eye. I thought I would like to tell you about it.

I remain, your affectionate niece,
FLORENCE G. MORRELL.

You must write again soon, Florence. I am always glad to hear f om you all.

AUNT MATTY.

The National Waifs' Association
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FIELD OF OPERATIONS. — One hundred and two branches of the Homes (65 in London, 37 in the Provinces) are continuously engaged in the task of rescuing, upbringing, and training the inmates. These are Cosmopolitan, not merely Metropolitan Institutions; two admissions out of three come from outside London; 2,500 Children are Boarded Out in 184 Rural Centres.

METHODS.—The Society is unique in the fact that Children are not merely admitted on application at the doors, but are sought for by skilled agents in likely quarters among the slums and alleys of our great cities and towns all over the Kingdom.

EXTENT.—In 1901, 2,892 Waifs were freely admitted, and 7,887 were educated and maintained. Nine admissions take place every 24 hours. Over 6,200 are to-day under the care of the Association. 1,208 of the little inmates are Sick, Ailing, Helpless, Afflicted, or Incurable. (These include the Blind, Deaf and Dumb, Deformed, Maimed, and Infants.) 47,951 Orphan Waifs have already been rescued by the Homes. 27,000 of these have been sent to Sea or placed in Situations in Great Britain.

EMIGRATION.—A System of organised emigration to Canada has been carried on by the Homes for 20 years. During that time 13,657 trained Boys and Girls have been successfully placed out beyond the Seas. Not one in 50 of these has failed. 1,053 young Emigrants have been sent abroad this year alone.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS.—During the last two years 5,771 Boys and Girls have been freely admitted. If all the admissions in the same time by all other existing societies were totalled, the aggregate would be much less than one-half th s number. The total admissions, for example, of free cases by the next largest Society (Church Waifs) dealing with the same class average under 400 annually, as compared with a yearly average of nearly 3,000 ENTIRELY FREE admissions by this Association.

RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLES. — This National Incorporated Association is the UNOFFICIAL WAIFS' SOCIETY of all the Churches. It is conducted on the broadest Christian basis consistent with loyalty to the truths of the Gospel. There is a Church of England section and a Nonconformist section, EVERY CHILD BEING BROUGHT UP IN THE RELIGION OF ITS PARENTS. In particular, it is entitled to the aid of every Minister of Religion in the Kingdom, for there are few districts throughout the country from which it has not freely admitted a child or children to its unconditional benefits. For example, of the 2,892 Waifs or Orphans freshly admitted during 1901, no fewer than 1,973 WERE RECEIVED FREELY ON THE APPLICATION OF THE CLERGY AND NONCONFORMIST MINISTERS OF VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

FUNDS.—There is no endowment. The whole work is dependent on Voluntary Contributions. £16 will maintain one child for twelve months; £10 will emigrate a Boy or Girl. £200 is required every day for food alone. Our Bank Account is now heavily overdrawn.

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(2) A Carpenter
(3) An Eloquent Man
(4) A Man with Four Daughters
(5) A Certain Orator
(6) Herod's Daughter
(7) James's Brother
(8) Elijah's Successor
(9) Aaron's Brother

Send in your solutions before February 2 to "Aunt Matty," BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London, giving name, age, and address.

Valentine

IT was the morning of Valentine's Day, and mother always gave Robin and Frank presents on Valentine's Day. She was such a kind mother.

Robin and Frank, who were twins, and ten years old, came down to the breakfast-room with a skip and a jump.

"*Oh!*" said Robin, with a long breath of disappointment, "there's nothing on our plates."

"Mother *can't* have forgotten," said Frank hopefully.

They stood by the fire to wait for mother's coming down. Presently they heard her light step, and they ran to the door.

"Good morning, mother. Oh, I say!"

Mother was holding in her arms a little pup, such a beauty, with a funny rough coat and two blinky brown eyes.

"It's a present to both of you," said mother, smiling. "I got it from Uncle Robert, and I thought you would like it for your Valentine."

"We'll call it Valentine," said the boys together. "Thanks *awfully*, mother—thanks very much, we mean."

Breakfast was rather an interrupted meal. Every now and then the boys fed Valentine, who ran about the room sniffing and barking.

"We must take him for a walk every day," Robin said, gulping down his coffee. "Come along, Frank. We can walk him to school, and tie him up there for the morning."

There was great excitement over this idea, and presently the trio started. Frank had Valentine's leash in his hand and dragged the puppy along. They marched proudly into the playground, and found a nice place for Valentine to stay by the fire in the cloak-room.

"It will be very dull for him there," said Robin to an admiring friend.

"I should take him into the French class for the first hour," advised the friend.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Robin and Frank at once.

So Valentine, who had suddenly become good and quiet, was smuggled up to the big class-room, to the immense excitement of all the scholars, who were waved off by the fortunate owners.

Monsieur Philippe was their French teacher. He was small, with an absurd little black beard and moustache, and he was always very strict.

Robin did not know his verb. When he stood up to say it, Valentine was tugging violently at the leash under the desk.

"Ten-*ir*," said Monsieur Philippe. "Je tiens."

"Je tiens," repeated Robin, in confusion—"ie tiens, tu—tu—— Oh, you stupid!"

Valentine had got loose, and ran up the room to the master's desk, barking loudly.

Monsieur Philippe stared at the small puppy till Robin and Frank thought his eyes would really and truly drop out.

"Hold! Catch eem—catch eem!"

There was a wild scuffle. Every boy tumbled out of his place, and Valentine was soon caught and presented, kicking and whining, to Monsieur Philippe. The boys were silent, expecting a storm of passion. The French master stood with the dog in his arms. Robin and Frank felt very uncomfortable.

To every one's surprise Monsieur patted Valentine.

"Dere little ting," he said. "I once a dog like eem had—vair like eem. But, Robin, you should not eem to school bring."

"But I couldn't leave him downstairs, Monsieur. He is such a dere little ting," said Robin apologetically.

Every one laughed then, and Monsieur laughed too. So Robin and Frank were not punished, and I may say that Valentine sometimes attended the French class afterwards.

Things Worth Noting

PURE CANE SUGAR.—It is well known that beet sugar has not the sweetening power, pound for pound, possessed by cane sugar, and impure sugar is beyond question ruinous to the delicate coatings of the stomach. Fortunately a definite move has been made recently in the encouragement of the cane sugar industry. We have recently seen samples of cane sugar, made by Messrs. Crosfield, Ltd., of Liverpool, who are now sending out their sugars in small packages (and syrups in tins) to ensure that the consumer obtains what is asked for, and it will now be the fault of the public if they, to avoid a little trouble, do not have Pure Cane Sugar, refined in England, on their table instead of the Foreign Beetroot Sugar with which the country is swamped for the benefit of the foreigner to the detriment of our own people.

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WINTER UNDERCLOTHING.—We have had some samples sent to us of the "Hendawick" underclothing, and can recommend the garments to those who like good woollen underclothing that will not shrink up if washed properly, and will not irritate the most sensitive skin. This latter point is a great one in favour of the "Hendawick" goods, which are made, by the way, by Messrs. James Henderson & Co., of Hawick. The garments appeared to be very well made of good wool, properly shaped, and finished off nicely. The "Hendawick" underclothing is of various kinds—silk and wool for those who do not mind paying a good price for the highest quality; llama wool for those who like a strong, durable garment of all wool, and practically unshrinkable; cashmere wool for those who like underclothing very soft and warm, yet very light; and Veloa wool, which is a speciality of the firm. Readers of THE BRITISH MONTHLY can obtain a full price list of the "Hendawick" underwear gratis and post free from Messrs. James Henderson & Co., Hawick.

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The British Monthly

An Illustrated Record of Religious Life and Work

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NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, 27, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

The Editor will be glad to receive interesting photographs, with short accompanying paragraphs, from the readers of the magazine. Every effort will be made to return unused contributions when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed; but the Editor cannot be responsible for the return of manuscripts or photographs which are sent to him. Contributions for the next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, *to be published on* MARCH 20, *should reach the Editor by* MARCH 2 *at latest.*

Illustrated Notes

The next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be published on* MARCH 20, *and should be on sale at all Newsagents' and Booksellers' on that date. The Publishers will be greatly obliged if readers who have any difficulty in securing copies of* THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be good enough to communicate with them.*

EXACTLY two months after the death of Hugh Price Hughes London lost another great Christian worker in Quintin Hogg. The son of Sir James Weir Hogg, Chairman of the East India Company, he had the prospect of inheriting vast wealth, but scarcely had he left Eton when he determined to devote himself to the working lads of London. Friends have told how, when scarcely twenty, he might be seen, disguised in a shoeblack's outfit, conversing with ragged lads in nooks and corners of the great city. He made himself a practical shoeblack, but when work was over he would gather his companions around him, and, by the light of a solitary candle stuck in the neck of a bottle, would read to them from the Bible the story of the Saviour. Gradually he collected the nucleus of his Polytechnic membership. The boys of his Bible class met at first in a little room off the Strand, but in the early eighties Mr. Hogg acquired the Polytechnic, on which he expended more than a quarter of a million pounds out of his private fortune. He cared for his boys like a father, and had an eye for every detail of their comfort. Dr. Lunn has mentioned that on wet mornings he would send off his lads to the kitchen fire to dry their soaking garments. On the very last night of his life he observed a boy, who was poorly clad, passing out of the Polytechnic doors. "Where is your great-coat?" said Mr. Hogg; "this is a bitter night." The boy confessed that he did not possess a great-coat. Mr. Hogg immediately arranged that one should be purchased for him. His entire life was devoted to the work of the Polytechnic. He was the uncle of Lord Tweedmouth and Lady Aberdeen, and his family connections would have opened to him the highest society in London; but he spent almost every evening of the week in his little private room at the Polytechnic, talking to his boys and helping them through the difficulties of their careers. Like Mr. Price Hughes, he passed away in the prime of his days, but his memory will endure through the new century in the lives of those for whom his own life was given.

ONE of the most remarkable religious events of February was the great Methodist meeting at the Aquarium. As our readers are aware, the leaders of the Wesleyan Methodist Church have now entered on possession of the old Aquarium buildings. The premises will be taken down, and on the site will rise a magnificent Wesleyan Church House. The new building will be the centre of the

Photo by Elliott & Fry THE LATE MR. QUINTIN HOGG

religious, educational, and philanthropic work of Methodism. This great project owes much to the energy of Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P. He thought from the first that the Million Guineas Fund, the raising of which has been the most magnificent Christian effort of the new century, should not be scattered upon a multitude of denominational objects, but that one great building should remain for ever as its monument. Nearly 7,000 people assembled in the large hall of the Aquarium on the evening of Monday, February 2. Mr. Perks was supported on the platform by nearly all the leaders of Methodism, lay and clerical, and by several members of Parliament. The most striking feature of the occasion was the singing of famous Methodist hymns. Congratulation was the keynote of the speeches, and amidst the intense rejoicing of ministers and people the beloved memory of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes was not forgotten. But for his marvellous work in London there would have been no Church House at Westminster. When the idea was originally mooted, Christian workers were curious to know whether Mr. Hughes would continue in St. James's Hall, or give his services to the new Church House, while a few sanguine people, confident in his complete recovery, trusted that he might for years to come divide his energies between the two. Amidst all the eloquent words spoken at the Aquarium meeting, the most impressive were those simple sentences in which the President of the Conference paid his tribute to the soldier-saint who has passed from ever from the scene of his work and warfare.

Photo by Elliott & Fry
THE LATE DEAN HOWELL

THE VERY REV. DAVID HOWELL, Dean of St. David's, passed away on Thursday, January 15. Almost to the last the great Welsh preacher was keenly interested in missionary and evangelistic effort. Within a few days of his death he wrote to his friend the Rev. W. H. Griffith Thomas, of St. Paul's, Portman Square, asking for impressions of Dr. Torrey's mission. The Dean did his utmost to promote harmonious relations between Churchmen and Nonconformists in Wales. He himself was the son of a Calvinistic Methodist deacon, and the brother-in-law of the late Dr. Saunders, of Swansea. One of his daughters has just been married to a nephew of the Rev. Arnold Thomas, of Bristol. Dean Howell, who preached with equal force and eloquence in Welsh and English, used his utmost influence to persuade the Welsh landlords to study the language of the Principality.

Photo by Russell & Son
A NEW PORTRAIT OF DR. GORE, BISHOP OF WORCESTER

WE give a picture of a memorial which has been erected in Newington Cemetery, Edinburgh, to the late Mr. John Molyneaux, who was for many years trade manager of the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland. Mr. Molyneaux was for long an active worker and highly esteemed office-bearer in St. George's United Free Church, Edinburgh, and the memorial has been erected, as a token of respect, by friends in the congregation. The text, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," which forms part of the superscription on the monument, was suggested by Dr. Whyte, who, in a pulpit reference, took these words as the key-note of Mr. Molyneaux's life.

SIR WILLIAM TURNER, Professor of Anatomy, was pre-eminently the man to succeed Sir William Muir in the Principalship of Edinburgh University, and the great enthusiasm which his appointment has evoked in academic circles is not surprising. Sir William has reached his exalted position by sheer force of supreme

intellect and character—surely two indispensable qualifications in the Head of a great university. His eminence as a man of science, his ability as an organiser and administrator, and his long and distinguished connection with Edinburgh University, as well as his unrivalled knowledge of its affairs, gave Sir William claims which could not be passed over. Then he is extremely popular with the students—no professor more so. The new Principal is an Englishman (although he has Scottish blood in his veins): a noteworthy fact, as his four predecessors—Dr. Lee, Sir David Brewster, Sir Alexander Grant, and Sir William Muir, under all of whom he served—were Scotsmen. Sir William is now the oldest Professor in the University. Almost fifty years ago he removed to Edinburgh, having been chosen by Professor Goodsir to be his senior demonstrator in anatomy—a post which was filled so well that in 1867, when the great surgeon died, Turner was appointed his successor in the Chair of Anatomy. Since then Sir William's career has been a prolonged success. Honours and distinctions have been showered upon him, and to-day he stands forth the foremost of living anatomists. The new Principal has done much to further the interests of the University, apart altogether from his work as Professor of Anatomy. The inestimable services he rendered in connection with the erection of the new Medical School will not soon be forgotten. It was upon his shoulders, too, that a large part of the work fell, when the scheme for the M'Ewan Hall was being carried through. Sir William received his Knighthood from Queen Victoria in 1886, and in 1901 he was made a K.C.B. His eldest son, Mr. Aldren Turner, is a well-known and rising specialist in London.

MEMORIAL TO THE LATE MR. JOHN MOLYNEAUX

Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh

SIR WILLIAM TURNER

The New Principal of Edinburgh University

"Crinoline" Church, Portsmouth, has had an interesting history. Originally a circus in a slum district of the north part of Portsmouth, it fell into the hands of an Evangelical section of the Church of England in 1857, and was duly consecrated and used for Divine service under the name of the "Circus Church." It was, however, more popularly known as the "Crinoline" Church, from its resemblance to the craze in the ladies' fashion then prevalent. The "Circus" Church "caught on," and soon became too small for its congregation, and a more substantial and permanent edifice was erected. The now popular "Crinoline" was then removed to the new and more fashionable neighbourhood of Southsea, and was rechristened the Church of St. Bartholomew, by which name it was known for several years. It was eventually purchased by the Admiralty, and once again removed, this time to Eastney, where it became the garrison church of the Royal Marine Artillery. This familiar wooden structure will shortly be demolished, as a modern stone church is about to be erected for the Blue Marines at Eastney.

"CRINOLINE" CHURCH, EASTNEY, NEAR PORTSMOUTH

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander, after concluding their very successful

DR. TORREY

mission at Mildmay Hall, have been welcomed with the utmost cordiality in Edinburgh. Over 70,000 leaflets were distributed through the city, and prayer meetings for the success of their work were largely attended. On Monday, February 2, the evangelists were publicly welcomed in the Synod Hall at a crowded gathering, over which Professor A. R. Simpson presided. Amongst those on the platform were Dr. Russell, the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, Principal Rainy, Dr. Whyte, and other well-known ministers, besides many influential laymen. It is greatly to be hoped that when Dr. Torrey returns to London in the autumn he may be able to secure Exeter Hall, or some more central building than Mildmay. He is in many respects a worthy successor of the late Mr. Moody.

MR. ALEXANDER

He is an earnest and impressive speaker, and his addresses are free from claptrap, bombast, and frivolity. He has the happy art of interesting his hearers, but jokes from an evangelist's platform he would regard as in the highest degree irreverent and unbecoming. His colleague, Mr. Alexander, helps efficiently with the music, and now that a hymnbook has been provided he is likely to repeat the wonderful success of Mr. Sankey in Scotland.

The Rev. John Barlow began his ministry at Streatham Hill Congregational Church, London, the other Sunday under promising circumstances. He has succeeded the Rev. J. P. Gledstone, who has become widely known by his delightful biography of George Whitefield. The Church at Streatham Hill has been without a pastor for nearly two years; but now that Mr. Barlow has been happily settled, the members are looking forward with eager expectancy to a revival of spiritual life in their midst. Mr. Barlow is a young man who has already given unmistakable proof that he is endowed with many of those qualities which

Photo by W. H. Midwinter, Bristol

REV. JOHN BARLOW

make for a successful ministry. Born in Shropshire in 1870, he, curiously enough, was brought up in the Wesleyan Church. He preached his first sermon at the age of sixteen, and four years later entered Didsbury College, Manchester, as a student for the Wesleyan ministry. After the usual three years' course, he was put on the President's list, and sent to supply at Rochdale, afterwards to Haslingden, and subsequently to Grange, where he stayed three years. After spending five years in the Wesleyan ministry, Mr. Barlow resigned, and accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of Clifton Down Congregational Church, Bristol, his reason for making the change being that he felt he would do more good in a settled than in an itinerating ministry. The results of Mr. Barlow's first Congregational pastorate have abundantly justified the step, the membership and congregation at Clifton Down having more than doubled during his ministry. And there is every prospect of an equally fruitful pastorate at Streatham Hill.

MR. JOSEPH RANK

THE Wesleyan Twentieth Century Fund has been brought within sight of the goal by Mr. Joseph Rank's magnificent donation of ten thousand guineas. Mr. Rank is one of the largest contributors in a Church rich in liberal givers. The remarkable gift he has just given is not the first. At the Burslem Conference, in 1900, he announced that he would give ten thousand guineas to the Fund, in addition to the seven thousand already contributed by him, if fourteen others would give ninety thousand guineas between them. He went on to say that he would also give the final ten thousand guineas to complete the fund. It is not quite certain, however, which of the promises is represented by the present sum, as the condition involved in the first promise has never been entirely fulfilled.

Mr. Rank, who is a native of Hull, is now in the prime of life. He owns one of the largest miller's businesses in the kingdom, and is one of the foremost citizens of the seaport town. Mr. Rank comes of a Methodist family. His parents were members of the Beverley Road Chapel, Hull, and he himself joined the Church at an early age. Throughout his life he has been an energetic worker in all departments of religious work, and has held many offices in the Churches at Kingston and Queen's Road, Hull. At the present time he is a Sunday-school superintendent in connection with the latter Church. Mr. Rank is greatly respected in Hull for his high Christian character.

OF late the United Free Church of Scotland has suffered rather heavily by the death of not a few of its wealthiest and most generous supporters. The latest addition to a list which has swollen to regrettable dimensions is Mr. James Stevenson, LL.D., of Largs. The death of Dr. Stevenson, it is not too much to say, is one of the most severe losses that could have befallen the Free Church, for throughout many years he was one of her most loyal and devoted sons, giving of his abundance with a lavish hand on behalf of her work both at home and abroad. There is scarcely a cause in connection with the Church which does not owe a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. Stevenson for pecuniary support, and few churches have been erected in the denomination during the past generation in any part of the country to which he has not been a contributor. He was deeply interested in the welfare of the Glasgow College, and gave very largely to its better equipment. The lectureship in the College so long held by the late Professor Henry Drummond was founded by Dr. Stevenson, and by his additional munificence became a fully-endowed Chair of Science. His interest in Central Africa, and especially in the Livingstonia Mission, was very keen and practical, proving at once his business capacity and his evangelical zeal. The Stevenson Road in South-Eastern Africa is a great business memorial of his generous interest in the Dark Continent. He was a large contributor to the funds of the Livingstonia Mission, and was closely allied with Lord Overtoun in conducting it. Dr. Stevenson had a great belief in the sagacity of Lord Overtoun and the care with which his lordship examined applications for pecuniary assistance, and in his general contributions to the Church it was his custom to follow unhesitatingly the lead of that nobleman. Dr. Stevenson has left the huge sum of £50,000 to the United Free Church.

THE early promise of Mr. Campbell's Thursday services at the City Temple has been more than fulfilled. February found the whole church crowded. Even in the galleries

Photo by John Fergus, Largs

THE LATE MR. JAMES STEVENSON, LL.D., OF LARGS

every seat was occupied, and the gangways were blocked. On the first Thursday of the month Mr. Campbell took as his subject "Christianity and the Present Social Order," and on the second "Supposing Christ were only a Man." Following Dr. Parker's example, he keeps strictly to time, though most of his hearers are only too anxious for him to speak at length. "Go on!" was the tempting cry, as he drew to the close of his able discussion of the problem of the unemployed. "No, I won't; if I did you would cease to trust me about Thursday morning," he replied. Mr. Campbell showed deep sympathy with the unfortunate Londoners who were willing but unable to work, though he owned that no doubt there were humbugs in the processions which paraded the streets. He thought the State, which up to a certain point was responsible for the physical and moral well-being of its members, ought to come to their aid. It interfered in some ways. The whole community was vaccinated whether it liked it or not, and education was not left to individual initiative. "You have no right," exclaimed Mr. Campbell in an eloquent passage, "to bring up your citizen and then leave him to sink or swim."

Dr. Frew, of St. Ninian's South United Free Church, Stirling, can lay claim to the proud distinction of being the oldest minister in Scotland. He seems to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth. Dr. Frew is now in his ninetieth year, but his eye is not dim, nor his natural force abated. He possesses, for his years, a great deal of bodily and mental vigour, and is still quite equal to conducting a service of an hour and a half's duration. Dr. Frew began his ministry in 1835, eight years before the Disruption, and twelve years before the union of the Secession and Relief Churches which gave birth to the United Presbyterian Church. Perhaps even more remarkable is the fact that he has been pastor of the same flock throughout his sixty-eight years' ministry, and at the same time has served in three different denominations, Relief, United Presbyterian, and United Free—a record which is without parallel. Dr. Frew is a Moderator of thirty-five years' standing, having been elected to the chair of the United Presbyterian Synod so long ago as 1868. It is difficult to realise the fact that this venerable minister was a schoolboy when George III. was on the throne, and was preaching the Gospel in the reign of William IV. from the same pulpit that he occupies (at least occasionally) at the present time.

Photo by Crowe & Rodgers, Stirling
REV. DR. FREW, OF ST. NINIAN'S UNITED FREE CHURCH, STIRLING.

Prize Award to Amateur Photographers

The **First Prize of One Guinea** is this month awarded to—

Mr. William Pool,
34, Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh,

for the photo of "Muirhouse."

The **Second Prize of Half a Guinea** is awarded to—

Mr. R. P. Denham,
Rossville, Festing Grove, Southsea,

for "The Crinoline Church."

We hope to receive many photographs with accompanying paragraphs for our April Competition. The latest date for sending in is March 2. Prizes of **One Guinea** and **Half a Guinea** will be awarded as before; and **Five Shillings** will be paid for each of the other photographs by our readers which appears in the April Number.

Mrs. Wiseman, who has for many years held the post of honorary secretary of the Women's Auxiliary of the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society, has just been cordially welcomed home after a tour of inspection of some of the Missions of the Church. No living woman has done greater service to the cause of foreign missions than Mrs. Wiseman. She is the widow of the Rev. Luke H. Wiseman, who was President of the Wesleyan Conference in 1872, and a noted preacher in his day. She came into close contact with the Wesleyan Missionary Society when her husband was appointed one of the general secretaries of the Society in 1868, an office he held at the time of his death. Mrs. Wiseman, by her enthusiasm and administrative and organising ability, has done invaluable service in bringing the Women's Auxiliary to its present position of influence and success.

As we go to press we learn with regret of the death of Mr. Abraham Phillips, who is reported to be the oldest Nonconformist. Mr. Phillips passed away at Buckenham, Norfolk, in his ninety-seventh year. He joined Kenninghall Baptist Church seventy-seven years ago, and retained unbroken membership until his death, a record which is probably without precedent among the Free Churches.

Making Partial Amends*

BY THE LATE DR. PARKER

"*If they continue in faith and charity and holiness with sobriety.*"—1 TIM. ii. 15.

THE context is curious but interesting. Paul is speaking about the place of woman in the Church. For himself, he said, "But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence." His argument seems to be poor: "For Adam was first formed, then Eve." It is thin as logic. "And Adam was not deceived"—is that so?—"but the woman being deceived was in the transgression." She ought to learn from that fact, Paul thinks; she ought to refresh her memory when she is at all tempted to overstep certain bounds and limits. "Notwithstanding she shall be saved in childbearing, if they continue in faith and charity and holiness with sobriety"—with self-control, and with that beautifullest of all beauties and that almost supreme impossibility, self-effacement. "Childbearing" should be child-training: this has nothing to do with birth; it has everything to do with education, development. It is so translated everywhere else; there can be no doubt whatever about that being the true translation. In child-nurture, in child-training, in trying to undo in her own child and in every child what she did—poor creature!—in her own soul, Eve had her chance, every woman has her opportunity. Let us suppose that it is the woman that was sunk in the first transgression; there is a sweet, Divine, thrilling promise given her that she may at all events show what she would do if she could—that is to say, that she would gladly undo what she has herself done by nourishing and cherishing and training and educating all the little lives that come within her touch. It is quite true that that which is done cannot be undone; but we can live and work as if we would undo it if we could. God finds us toiling at that impossibility, and He rewards us with loving approbation. Mark the great condition: "If they continue." That is a weary word; no clock can tick out all the solemn monotony of its meaning. "He that continueth unto the end shall be saved." "In patient continuance," keeping the thread up, still weaving it and lengthening it and strengthening it and never desisting from it. Oh that weary spinning-wheel! When shall my thread be done?

So much for the contextual criticism. Now, the first thing we find in this text is a policy which should set us thinking about the possibilities of things. Can I get back with some large full sponge and rub out what I did in my teens? No. Then what can I do? I can take the sponge and show that I would do it if I could, and that my inability to do it is my daily vexation and daily burning self-reproach. That will put you into a right temper for being taught. Your disposition being so inclined, who knows what may happen? Would I, if I could, go back into my boyhood and give again the marbles that I won by false playing? The boy is dead. That does not touch the question. The question is not that boy, but you, this grown boy. Can you say, "Yes, I would I could see that boy again, and I would tell him exactly what I did, and how much I took, and I would restore it fourfold"? Are you talking honestly? "Yes, in the sight and fear of God, I am talking honestly," is your reply. Very well, you never can restore what you took; but you can act as if you would, and not academically, but you can make up so far as is possible to some living creature that wherein you fell short at the time to which you refer. The arrears standing against you are many; the arrears standing against me are not to be counted; we are all in one condemnation. We are not to spend our time in whining about what we did not do or did do fifty years ago, but we are so to use our recollection as to turn every reminiscence into an inspiration. That is the policy of the first part of this text. Our lapses should be our inspirations. We should then have suggestion enough and initiative to go on with. Oh to think of what we did and cannot undo! And yet God gives us a chance in child-training to make up, or appear as if we would really make up, the lapses and the sins of other days.

Let us hear some one who will turn this meditation into a soliloquy. "I was," says the soliloquist, "very thoughtless in my boyhood. I was not so kind to the old folks as I ought to have been; I was very thoughtless sometimes. I did not consider their feelings; I considered my own desires and inclinations. They are gone, are these dear old folks—dead in the body, but living in accusing memory. I cannot go back to them; they are beyond my worthless patronage: have I then no chance in life?" Whilst the soliloquist so interrogates himself the great Gospel answer comes to him and says, Help the people that are round about you; help some dear old creature now in need of a little sunshine and a little music. If you don't know where that poor creature lives, find out. We must never allow people to whine themselves out of their obligations and tell us what they would do if they only knew. It is a lie. We can soon know. That is our opportunity—to endeavour to make amends, as it were, for early neglect, for almost forgotten unfilial deeds, by being, so to say, a child to some other parents, making that parent's lot a little easier, sweeter, and not so hard to endure. Do not understand that you can really make up for the past, but you can seem as if you would do it, and you can do all that lies in your power, and having done it all, then say, "I owe even this poor attempt, not to my own sense of righteousness, but to the working within me of the mystery of the Divine grace."

This is part of God's providential ministry. In effect He says: "I was with you for a time. You had no opportunity of doing good to Me when I was amongst you, as it were bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh; but here is one of the least of My brethren, and he has no water; here is a poor woman, part of the motherhood of the universe, and she would be glad if you could give her some help by the way. The Recording Angel will set it all down. He is the angel of detail: he does not lump things into indistinguishable masses; he puts down the particulars, even a cup of cold water. You lost your chance when you were quite a youth; the great shadow came and enveloped what ought to have been an object of almost adoration. That chance is gone for ever; but here remains an opportunity to you, and you can be saved in child-training: pluck this little cradle, mother-made, off the river, and you will find in it your chance to be father, mother, to some small Moses. Never let us sink into the knavery of saying that we would do a good many things if we only knew. We can find out enough to begin with. That is our start and our inspiration. If any soul says, "I would do good if I only knew where," he is a living lie.

* Sermon preached at the City Temple, Sunday morning, October 21, 1900

The soliloquist continues his monologue, saying, "I squandered away my golden moments. I thought nothing of my opportunities. I was an indolent, thoughtless dog, and I suppose there is no chance now." To the soliloquist I would say, "That is your error; whilst there is life there is opportunity. You can help some other child to make the best of his dawning life—you do not know what that child may become. You should be father to the fatherless; there should be no orphanhood where you are; there should radiate out of you a grand sense of fatherhood and benevolence and helpfulness, so that those who have long been desolate might lift up their heads in your presence and hail the unknown king. You can be saved in child-nurturing; you can bring back childhood in some degree where it has been lost, and you can bring childhood where it has never yet been realised. Some children are born orphans; some children are born drunk; some children are born without hope. There is our chance, there is the Christian's opportunity—always to be in the way if needed; always to be out of the way when applauded.

How then are we to deal with our errors? We cannot go back and cleanse the past. That is true; but God can do so—that is the especial provision of the Gospel of grace. We are helpless as to yesterday, but God is not helpless. We have, by His grace, to put ourselves into a right relation to Him, and then, in obedience to His will and in response to His challenge and invitation, we can, as it were, undo that awful deed. God can pluck out the nail and leave the wound so that no one can find it. It must, therefore, be in Him and through Him and by the deep mystery of His grace that we go back to make that right which we made wrong in the garden at the Devil's seductive bidding.

So much, therefore, for the policy, being able in some sense to undo the past by doing more and more according to our present opportunity. If this policy were followed, we should need no special appeals, no calling out for special donations; the donations would be so numerous and so lavish that we should have to call upon God for a new inventive faculty to find out means for expending the incalculable wealth. It is painfully sad to see persons engaged, as it were, in knocking other people up in order to tempt them to patronise the Cross. "We are making a special effort." I hope not! There is no need of any special effort. Distrust special efforts; they point to hypocrisies and lies perpetrated, uttered, in the unholy past. There should be one continuous, healthy, happy effort, which would be no effort at all, but just giving the soul fresh air and chance of doing its duty to the Lord. Some persons, I think, cannot do without special efforts, special funds, special arrangements, special programmes. I can, by the grace of God, do without them all. I want you to be in the same state of spiritual heat, fervour, enthusiasm, holding nothing but by the hands of stewardship, whether it be money or time or service, the one thing in life being the service of Christ, other things being the mere etceteras, piled up under the vague term of sundries. When that day comes we shall have all we want, and the Lord will be enthroned above the riches of His redeemed creation.

Secondly, the grammar of the text contains its theology; and that theology not formal, mechanical, something that you almost instinctively dread, but the very love of God. There is a little word not translated into English in the Authorised Version in this text, "She shall be saved in the childbearing." What should we do without that positive, glorious definite article? In the instance before us it has fuller force than it can have in the English. This is a consummation of birth; this is nothing less than the Incarnation, the Child promised in Genesis. The seed sown in Genesis waves in a golden harvest over all the landscapes of history. The woman was deceived, but it is through her that the world shall receive its Saviour. There we come suddenly, as it were, upon the great opportunity of making up for the past, making amends for earliest faults. For this Child, of woman born, of God begotten, this Child shall save the world. Blessed be God for the Child Jesus! We have had enough of the man Adam. When history began, so to say, with a man, it went down, rushed down; when it rebegan with the Child, the helpless, speechless Babe, it began in a way that God meant to end in victory, in redemption, in Heaven. We cannot get rid of the Incarnation. We may dispute it as a dogma, but we must come upon it as an experience and a fact. There is always a Presence we cannot quite account for. In man or woman or child we suddenly meet God. If man knew how much God there is in him, what a different man he would be! He knows all the beast that he carries; but he dimly recognises and calls it ghostly the divinity that throbs within him. How is it that we always give way to the lower rather than struggle and strive after the higher? It is simply because it is easier to go down hill than to go up hill; it is easier to gratify ourselves than to deny ourselves. That is the reason. The Devil has the easiest work in the world. He simply says, "Throw yourself down; make yourself a loaf out of the stone that is at your foot." And men love to follow the easy-going Devil. He says, "You can take more—take it. I am not a disciplinary god. You do not want to put yourself to such extremity of suffering and service; then by no means put yourself so. Sit down; let down your head, and you will find a feathery pillow ready to receive it." He does the easy work, but my Saviour, my sweet Jesus, came to seek and to save that which was lost.

Thirdly, here is the condition upon which all great mercies and promises are held: "If they continue in faith and charity and holiness with sobriety"—if they continue to build; if they continue to edify themselves; if they continue in a great constructive and beneficent work. Not if they sit still and say they can make nothing of it, they cannot by any possibility understand it, for one preacher says one thing and another preacher says another thing, and they really think they will be obliged to give up. You would not chatter so if the question were a wedge of gold; you would watch for it, seek for it, strive for it, hold it, and hold on for it. But when it becomes a question of the true worship and the true service, then we do not know what is what, we renounce all pretension to understand hidden mysteries. There is one mystery that is not hidden. It will be enough for us to wait and see what we can make of it. Its great, sweet, eternal name is Love.

There is a story told of Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen. It is not certain that it is true; but it deserves to be true, so characteristic is it of the man, of him of whom one said he could never look on Erskine without thinking of God. The story goes that once Erskine was walking alone on some Scottish mountains, and passed a lonely shepherd. As they met, Erskine looked on him, and said simply, "Do you know the Father?" and the two were soon separated for their different paths. Years passed, and once again those two met on the same lonely hills. Each one was a few years older. Certain changes were on them; but as the shepherd glanced at Erskine, he recognised the grave, gentle questioner of former years. And these were the shepherd's words, "I know the Father now"; and again the two were gone.

The Rev. Dr. Walter C. Smith: Poet-Preacher

DR. Walter Smith, of the Free High Kirk, Edinburgh, is one of Scotland's "Grand Old Men." His countrymen are proud of him. There are thousands, settled in all lands, to whom his preaching and his books have been an inspiration, and it is a matter for sincere congratulation that his health has been such that he has been able to revise and prepare for the press the collected edition of his poetical works which was published recently. The volume is interesting in itself, but it is also interesting because of the personality of the author, and it is with this latter we propose to deal here. It breathes of that spirit of sincerity, and of that dislike of shams and pretence of every kind, which are leading characteristics of Dr. Smith. Yet there is geniality withal. A lover of truth, he is very patient with the seeker after truth. His heart is big. But because it is so big he has a contempt for little things. There is a world of significance in his allusion to young Blavick, in "North Country Folks":

Other folk call him clever, but I should say, only smart—
I call a man smart when his head does not feel the want of a heart,
And works best when it has laid the conscience high on the shelf,
Regarding not God or man, and caring for none but himself.

Walter Chalmers Smith was born in Aberdeen, December 5, 1824, and received his early education at the Grammar School of that city, an old and famous institution. The headmaster then was Melvin, a great Latinist and a great teacher, who is still remembered affectionately by his pupil. When in the fourth class Walter Smith, who was a brilliant scholar, gained a good bursary, and thereupon ("Like a young fool," Dr. Smith has remarked regretfully, in alluding to it), instead of going into the fifth class, he went straight to the University, entering Marischal College at the age of thirteen. Four years later he graduated, thus carrying off his degree of M.A. at the age of seventeen!

In 1842 Dr. Smith removed to Edinburgh, and here he attended some classes at the University. But he did so only irregularly. Most of his time was occupied in teaching, and he also began to develop his literary talents, and was an occasional contributor to the pages of *Tait's Magazine*.

In the great event which moved Scotland to its depths in 1843 Dr. Smith took a profound personal interest. He was deeply impressed by the Disruption. Standing at the head of North Hanover Street, he witnessed, with emotion, the procession of ministers and elders as they passed on their way from St. Andrew's Church to Canonmills. All his sympathies were with the infant Free Church, and he endeavoured several times to obtain admission to the meetings at Canonmills, but owing to the great crowd was unsuccessful. Both before and subsequent to the Disruption he attended Dr. Thomas Guthrie's Church, and the inspiration which he drew from Dr. Guthrie, as well as from Dr. Chalmers, had some effect at least in leading him to enter the ministry of the Free Church. It has sometimes been said that the spectacle which he witnessed in North Hanover Street on the day of the Disruption led Dr. Smith, there and then, to resolve that he would become a minister. No doubt a resolution taken in such circumstances appeals to our dramatic instincts. But, as a matter of fact, no such resolution was made on that occasion, and for another couple of years Dr. Smith continued his teaching and his writing. Gradually, however, there grew up in his mind a desire to become a minister of the Free Church, until, at last, the determination was made, and about the end of 1845 he entered the New College, Edinburgh.

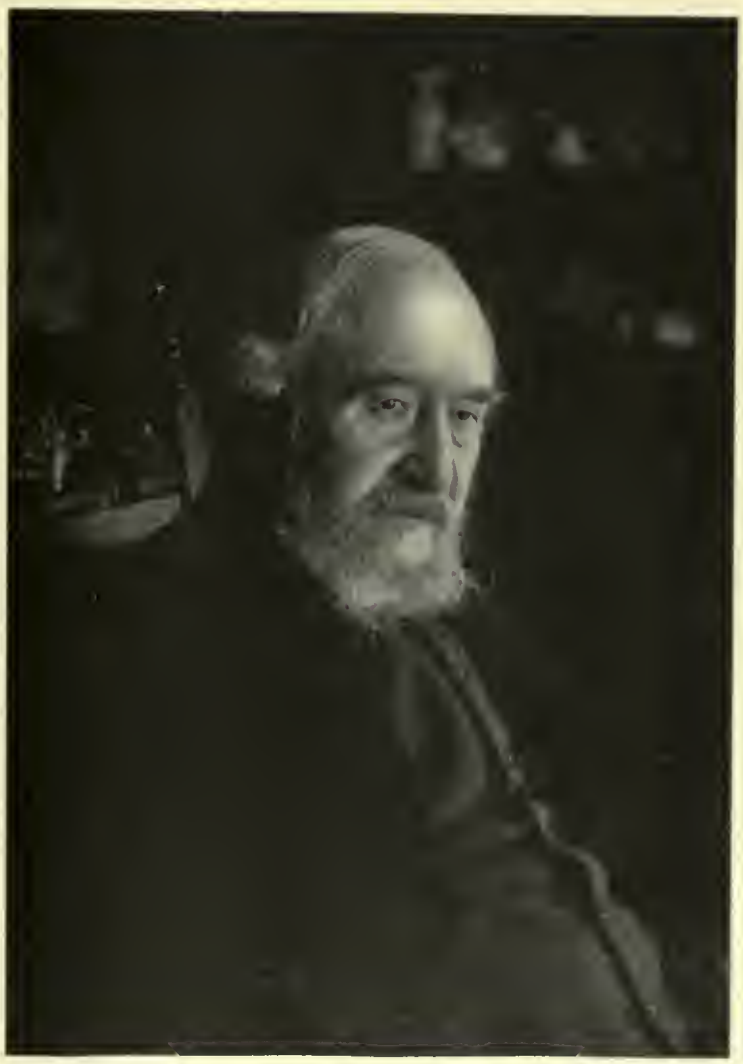


Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh
THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE REV. WALTER CHALMERS SMITH, D.D., LL.D.,
Taken in his home at Kinbuck, near Dunblane

On Christmas Day, 1850, Dr. Smith was ordained minister of what was then a Scotch Free Church, in Chadwell Street, off Middleton Square, London. It was originally an Independent Chapel, but, fired by enthusiasm for the leaders and the principles of the Disruption, the members associated their congregation with the Free Church of Scotland. They have now gone back, however to their former condition, and the Chapel is again Independent. Circumstances were such as to render it difficult for Dr. Smith to make headway, and he did not remain long. "It was a small charge," he is said to have remarked, "and it did not grow larger, so I resigned, and returned to Scotland." But he did not return alone, for in London he met the lady who became his wife, and in London he was married.

Just before his marriage he had received a call from the Free Church congregation of the parish of Orwell, in

Kinross-shire, and in 1853 he removed from the busy metropolis to the little country town of Milnathort. Here he had a good country congregation. It had been one of the old Anti-Burgher churches ("Auld Lichts"), but by the time Dr. Smith became minister it was connected with the Free Church. To this day Dr. Smith cherishes kindly remembrances of the quiet parish on the shores of Loch Leven, and of the people who formed his congregation there. Many of these were handloom weavers, who were maintaining a hard and hopeless struggle against adverse circumstances, and maintaining it with great courage. They were in many respects a superior class of men—men of high principles, devout and God-fearing. The pathos of their position appealed to the sympathy of Dr. Smith, and their high character and strong religious convictions also made a deep impression on him. They, on the other hand, and, indeed, the whole congregation, conceived a great admiration and love for their young minister; and Dr. Smith has often looked back upon the five years he spent in the quiet little parish of Orwell as among the happiest of his life. It is not without significance that he gave the name of "Orwell" to the house at Kinbuck which he now occupies.

DR. SMITH WHEN MINISTER OF ORWELL CHURCH

While living at Milnathort Dr. Smith, over the penname of "Orwell," contributed to *Good Words*, *Macmillan's*, and other magazines, and it may, in a sense, be said to have been here that he laid the foundation of his literary reputation. It was no secret that "Orwell" was the clever young Free Church minister who, even in the retired parish in which his lot had been cast, was also attracting attention as a gifted preacher. That he should be called to a wider and more prominent sphere of labour was inevitable. In 1858 he was translated to the Free Roxburgh Church, in Edinburgh, and for the next four years his life was spent in the Scottish capital. His congregation was a large one, chiefly composed of members belonging to the working classes, and ere long it was still larger. Indeed, the church became filled to overflowing. Dr. Smith got on well with his people, and was much beloved by them. Notwithstanding the many claims upon his time he managed to continue his literary pursuits, and, in 1861, his first book, "The Bishop's Walk," was published under his by then familiar pen-name of "Orwell." Although it is far from being one of the best of his poetical works, its originality and the richness of thought it displayed won a large measure of public favour. Its object, avowedly, was to place Archbishop Leighton before the reader in a somewhat different light from that in which he is generally regarded in Scotland. "About as beautiful a spirit as ever lighted on this earth—an angel whom we entertained quite unawares, and certainly not with an angel's entertainment." Such is Dr. Smith's description of Leighton in the preface to "The Bishop's Walk." There is much that is characteristic of him in this early work. Take, for example, his caustic allusion to the "charity which thinketh no evil." "That sort of charity," said Dr. Smith, with too much truth unfortunately, although happily less than formerly, "is in Scotland generally viewed with suspicion; it is certainly no longer reckoned among the cardinal virtues. . . . For here, as soon as any one begins to talk much of charity, it is commonly thought he is to turn an Anglican, or a Socinian, or something or other which he should not be." The key to most of Dr. Smith's preaching, as well as to the more important of his poetical works, will be found in the sentence, "When will men learn that we can be drawn to God only with 'cords of love.'"

In the summer of 1862 the Free Tron Kirk, Glasgow, became vacant by the resignation of the Rev. William Traill, M.A., who, four years before, had succeeded Dr. Buchanan, the well-known Free Church leader and historian of "The Ten Years' Conflict." The way in which Dr. Smith came to be invited to the pastorate was a little remarkable. Deputations had been appointed to hear various ministers, and to report, but the name of the minister of the Free Roxburgh Church, Edinburgh, was not on the list. However, a deputation was sent to Edinburgh to hear a certain country minister who was to be preaching in the city that day. After hearing him, at a forenoon service, the members of this deputation were unanimously and decidedly of opinion that "he wouldn't do." Whereupon one of them suggested that, seeing nothing further could be done that day, they might go in the afternoon to the Free Roxburgh Church, the minister of which had attained some note as a poet. The suggestion was adopted, but it is very doubtful whether any idea of Dr. Smith's being a likely minister for their Church crossed their minds. They were, however, entranced by his sermon, and they went back to Glasgow with a report so favourable that another deputation was sent. This deputation also reported in glowing terms, with the result that the congregation almost unanimously presented a call to Dr. Smith.

The call was accepted, and on December 4, 1862, Dr. Smith was inducted to his new charge. For nearly fourteen years he ministered with great acceptance to an attached congregation. These fourteen years may be said to cover the most strenuous portion of Dr. Smith's life, and it was, and is, a matter for surprise that he managed to overtake and to discharge with conspicuous ability and success the multifarious duties which devolved upon him, for he not only performed the pastoral and pulpit work in connection with his Church, but also took a very active and prominent part in the public life of the city. And in addition he found time for the exercise of his literary genius.

It was a big congregation to which Dr. Smith went, and it became still bigger. There were in his time about 1,100 communicants, and the church, which was seated to accommodate 1,200 persons, was crowded; in fact, there

were not sittings for all who wanted them. Associated with the congregation were several prominent citizens, although, on the whole, it was not a wealthy congregation. Indeed, Dr. Smith was at times twitted by his ministerial brethren about the comparatively small collections, looking to the large congregation, and at an annual meeting of the members he alluded jocularly to this, observing that when he looked at their heads he thought they must have "more brains than siller." Taking into account the circumstances of the bulk of the members, the congregation was really a liberal one. When Dr. Smith became minister his stipend, inclusive of a grant from the Sustentation Fund, was £550; but two or three years afterwards a few of the wealthier members got it raised to £650, they contributing the additional £100. Sir William Collins and Lady Collins were members of the Free Tron Kirk, and entertained a deep affection for Dr. Smith. Professor Veitch and Mrs. Veitch were also members of the congregation, and personal friends of its minister. Mr. Graham, M.P. for the city, was often in the church with Sir William Collins; Principal Caird and Mrs. Caird were occasional hearers; and Principal Rainy's father, although an elder in St. John's, went frequently in the afternoon to hear Dr. Smith, sometimes taking his daughter with him. As a preacher Dr. Smith occupied a foremost place in Glasgow. He was one of the pulpit "lions."

But it was not only his pulpit gifts which endeared him to his congregation, although unquestionably they were very proud of the fame of their poet-preacher. He was also assiduous in his pastoral work. But for the kindness of some of his people it would have been physically impossible for him to have undertaken this, for his parish covered virtually the whole city. The members came from every part of Glasgow, and even from the surrounding country. To enable him to go about among them, a carriage was placed at his disposal. It was not actually his own carriage, but it was at his disposal at any hour he chose to ask for it. He was a welcome visitor in the homes of his people, and won their hearts by his kindness, and his sympathy for them in all their trials and difficulties. Looking back over those twenty-six years since Dr. Smith left Glasgow, there are still members of the Free Tron Kirk who love to dwell on the profit derived from his ministry. "It was not only Dr. Smith's preaching," said one prominent member of the Session to me, in referring to his old minister, "but also his loving, sympathetic heart and forbearing conduct which still fills me with admiration of him." "We can *never* forget Dr. Smith," is the testimony of others. It is a notable fact that a great number of young men coming into Glasgow joined his Church, among them being numerous students. These, of course, were off as soon as their studies were finished. Sometimes Dr. Smith granted as many as 100 communicants' certificates in the course of a year; and many men, among them men of note, will be found in all our big cities in Scotland and England who "sat under" Dr. Smith in Glasgow.

Dr. Smith took a profound interest in mission work, and during his ministry of the Free Tron the congregation selected the rising suburb of Springburn as a sphere of mission operations. The Rev. George Hanson, M.A., was appointed missionary, and, aided by an enthusiastic band of workers from the Tron, began services in a hall of the Caledonian Railway Works. Thereafter the present church hall was built, and later the erection of Sighthill Free Church was proceeded with. The new church was opened by Dr. Smith on Sunday, September 8, 1872. This Church, which Dr. Smith was thus instrumental in planting, has since been the means of starting another. By 1888 the membership had increased to almost 1,000, and the Presbytery agreed to allow a new Church to be planted in Springburn. This latter is now a flourishing congregation, under the Rev. B. J. Davidson, B.D. The work begun by Dr. Smith and his office-bearers has thus grown into two large and prosperous congregations. "He can say, like Jacob," remarked Mr. Hanson, "'With my staff I crossed this Jordan, and now I am become two bands.'" But Dr. Smith is not likely to say anything of the sort. He is too unassuming, ever ready to give credit to others rather than to take it to himself. Speaking of the Sighthill Church, he observed, on one occasion, that but for the ingenuity of one elder of the Free Tron, and the liberality of another, it would not have been built. "He ought to have added his own name," said one of his office-bearers, "and indeed to have placed it first, for he contributed freely both of his labours and his means."

DR. SMITH DURING THE PERIOD OF HIS GLASGOW MINISTRY

As already indicated, Dr. Smith took an active part in public life in Glasgow. He was prominent in movements connected with education, and was a member of the first School Board. He was also a Director of Hutcheson's Hospital, and took a profound interest in religious and philanthropic agencies of all kinds. His services were given, and given freely, on behalf of every good cause. After the death of Dr. Norman Macleod, in 1872, much of the public work which had been done by the famous minister of the Barony fell upon the shoulders of Dr. Smith. When Dr. Buchanan died, in 1875, his place in public life was also taken, to a large extent, by the minister of the Free Tron Kirk. Not, however, his place in the Presbytery or in the Church Courts. Dr. Smith has, in his time, played many parts, but never that of an ecclesiastic. In this connection it may be noted that, on one occasion, he described himself with absolute accuracy as "one who never framed an overture, never tabled a motion, never presided over a committee, rarely even made a speech, and that only when he could not help it."

It was while he was in Glasgow that "Olrig Grange," the principal work with which his name is usually associated, made its appearance. It was published in 1872, and bore to be "Edited by Hermann Kunst, Philol. Professor." There was a good deal of curiosity as to the identity of "Hermann Kunst"; but, on the other hand, there was no real attempt to make a secret of it, and it soon became known that the author of "Olrig Grange" was the minister of the Free Tron Kirk of Glasgow. The "Photographs in Verse . . . of Folks who are Living—Next Door to us All," attracted a good deal of attention, and the success of the work may be estimated from the fact that it ran through four editions.

Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh
DR. SMITH AS MINISTER OF THE FREE HIGH CHURCH, EDINBURGH

In March, 1876, Dr. Smith received a call to the Free High Kirk, Edinburgh, the church associated with the name of the Rev. William Arnot. His Glasgow congregation and many of his friends in the western city, pressed him to remain with them; but, greatly to their regret, he accepted the call. His new charge afforded him a respite, to some extent, from the heavy labours in Glasgow. Not that he either grudged the work or felt unequal to it, but he did not care that his whole life should be spent in the busy round in which he had become entangled. What weighed most with him, however, was the condition of his wife's health. She was not well in Glasgow, and Dr. Smith fondly hoped that a change to Edinburgh might have good results. But four years after removing to Edinburgh Mrs. Smith passed away.

Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh
DR. SMITH IN HIS ROBES AS MODERATOR OF THE JUBILEE ASSEMBLY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND (1893)

In many respects Dr. Smith's Edinburgh congregation differed greatly from that of the Glasgow Free Tron. It was chiefly composed of the professional class. The minister of the Free High Kirk attracted many men of culture and eminence, and, as elsewhere, he had a very devoted congregation. A number of young men attending college came to his church, among others Mr. J. M. Barrie, who, in "An Edinburgh Eleven," bears testimony to the great influence which Dr. Smith exercised over young men. Dr. Garden Blaikie has also borne testimony to this. Old as well as young, however, felt that influence; and among his congregation Dr. Smith numbered Professor John Stuart Blackie, with whose name that of Dr. Blaikie used to be frequently confused.

In writing of Dr. Cameron Lees recently, I had occasion to refer to the arrangement made between him and Dr. Smith for carrying on mission work in the High Street. Dr. Smith had known Dr. Cameron Lees in Paisley, and the two held each other in mutual esteem. It was a pleasure for them to co-operate. At that time the mission in connection with the Free High Kirk was in the Advocate's Close, in the High Street, but they had to remove, and went to the Lawnmarket. It was a particularly difficult mission to work, but much good was done. One of the difficulties was that it was virtually impossible to get the people, even after their lives had become changed, to go to church. Persons from the slums in the High Street and Lawnmarket felt out of place in the High Kirk. They would not go, indeed. So Dr. Smith got up communion seasons for them in their own hall, and baptised their children there.

By the time he had reached his threescore years and ten, Dr. Smith began to feel the necessity for rest;

and about the end of 1894 he gave up his active work in connection with his congregation. His request for a colleague and successor was readily, although regretfully, granted by the Presbytery and a grateful congregation, and the Rev. R. S. Simpson, M.A., was chosen—a cultured young preacher who maintains the traditions of the Free High Kirk.

During the period of his second residence in Edinburgh Dr. Smith's literary output was larger than at any previous time. In addition to "Olrig Grange," there had appeared, while he was in Glasgow, his volume entitled "Borland Hall." After he came to Edinburgh he published "Hilda among the Broken Gods" (1878); "Raban; or, Life Splinters" (1880); "North-Country Folk" (1883); "Kildrostan" (1884); "Thoughts and Fancies for Sunday Evenings" (1887); and "A Heretic" (1890). Space, however, absolutely forbids any detailed reference to these and other volumes which have come from Dr. Smith's pen.

Of his books, Dr. Smith's favourites are "Olrig Grange" and "Hilda." Evidently his own opinion coincides with that of his readers, for "Hilda" has run through three editions, while "Olrig Grange," as already stated, has run through four. "Raban," however, has also run through three editions, and some of the others have passed into a second edition. Dr. Smith has had, in the course of his life, many complimentary letters from eminent men (among others Mr. Gladstone), but this is one of the subjects on which he is never inclined to talk. His innate modesty shrinks from anything which might have even the semblance of boasting.

His genius and his worth have not been without recognition. The University of Glasgow bestowed upon him the honorary degree of D.D.; his *alma mater* that of LL.D.; and the University of Edinburgh also conferred upon him the latter degree. In 1893 the General Assembly of the Free Church, by acclamation, bestowed on him the highest honour in its power—that of Moderator. The honour was the greater in that he was called to occupy the Moderator's Chair during the sitting of the Jubilee Assembly of the Free Church. In a beautiful passage in the address which he delivered on the occasion of his election, he described Presbyterian reunion as "one of my favourite dreams." And as a step in that direction, the union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches was warmly welomed by the senior minister of the Free High Kirk, although he was unable to take part in the public rejoicings.

Happily, his health is now much better, and the friends who visited him recently on the occasion of the seventy-eighth anniversary of his birthday found him remarkably well, genial as of yore, and full of interest in all that is going on in the world, although cut off from active participation in its affairs. In his quiet retreat a few miles north of "The Bishop's Walk," at Dunblane Cathedral his life passes placidly and pleasantly. Hardly even the echoes of outside strife penetrate. Amid his pets—his dogs and other animals—he moves about, loving and beloved. And in the evening of his busy days there reaches him, even in this remote retreat, tokens of the esteem and affection which he won amidst the storm and stress of earlier life. He looks back on his work with the feeling that it was to him pleasant work. Others testify that to them it was profitable.

A. Ireland Robertson.

A Self-Chosen Path

BY EGLANTON THORNE

I dare not choose my lot;
  I would not, if I might;
Choose Thou for me, my God,
  So shall I walk aright.

WINIFRED HARVEY shut her hymn-book and tried at the same time to close her ears to the words which the rest of the congregation were singing. The hymn seemed to her quite unsuitable for public worship. The sermon which followed, based upon the text "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths," was little more to her taste. As she listened reluctantly, with downcast eyes, her mind was silently protesting against the preacher's conclusions. One had surely a right to do what one liked with one's life.

When the service was over, one friend after another came forward to greet the tall, graceful girl, so neatly yet tastefully attired, who stood by her brothers in the long pew against the wall of the church.

"So you really go to-morrow morning," said one. "I wonder how you will like your hospital work."

"I expect to like it very much," was Winifred's reply.

"Ah! you are so brave, so strong-minded," said the other. "Now, I should be simply terrified at the idea of undertaking such responsibilities. And they tell me you will be trained as a nurse with a view to going out to India as a missionary."

"That is my ambition," said the girl proudly. "I shall be be very disappointed if that is not the result."

"How noble of you! How self-sacrificing!" said her friend as she passed on, and a smile of gratification came to Winifred's face.

"How is your mother, Winifred?" asked an elderly lady, halting beside the pew.

"She is much as usual, thank you, Mrs. Cole," Winifred replied. "Her cough troubles her. You know she can never venture out of an evening at this time of year."

"And you are going to leave her! I wonder that you can. She will miss you so much."

"Oh! I don't know; she has the boys," said Winifred calmly. "Of course it is a trial to leave her; but one must not think of that when one has a vocation."

"The greater trial is your mother's, I think," said the lady. "I am old-fashioned in my notions, and it seems to me that an only daughter's vocation is at home."

Winifred's face flushed.

"My mother does not agree with you," she said coldly. "She would not for the world hinder me from pursuing the duty to which I feel called."

The lady said no more, but the curious smile that passed over her face as she moved away made Winifred uncomfortable.

The minister was the last to bid Winifred Harvey good-bye. He was a man of rather more than thirty years of age, who for nearly two years had presided over the church of which till his death Winifred's father had been the pastor. He was still unmarried, and devoted all his time and energy to the service of Christ. Winifred was conscious of an inward tremor as she saw him approaching. She had felt so sure that he would approve her action; but she had had no opportunity of speaking to him of her somewhat hastily formed plans, for he had but just returned from his autumn holiday.

There was a searching, penetrative quality in Herbert Falconer's glance. Winifred's eyes fell beneath it.

"Miss Harvey," he said, "can it be true what I have heard—that you are leaving home to-morrow for a long time?"

"Yes, it is true, Mr. Falconer," said Winifred, with a swift return of self-assurance. "You do not know—I have never found courage to tell you—that it is the great desire of my heart to be a missionary in India. And now, as the first step towards that end, I am about to undergo a course of training as a nurse in a hospital. I am so glad to be able to do so, and I am sure you will sympathise with me."

But Mr. Falconer's expression was dubious.

"But your mother," he said slowly—"how can she possibly spare you?"

"Oh! mother will be able to manage without me," said the girl lightly. "She will have the boys to keep her company."

"But they cannot fill the place of an only daughter," he said, "and younger brothers need a sister's influence. I hope you are quite sure, Miss Harvey, that you are right in taking this step."

"Mr. Falconer, you surprise me! Surely the claims of Christ should come before everything else!"

"Certainly," he said; "but those claims can never conflict with home duties. He may call us to renounce our personal desires and ambitions, but not the rights of those we love. Our duties to them lie within the Christian life."

"If every one thought so, we should have no missionaries," said Winifred, her dark eyes flashing from sudden irritation. "Oh! Mr. Falconer, have you forgotten the missionary meeting we had in June, and all that Mrs. Gibson told us about the women in India? Surely they have a claim upon me!"

"Your mother's claim comes first, I think," he said gently.

"She does not say so," said Winifred. "Mother is too unselfish to wish to keep me at home when others need me. She never thinks of herself."

"I am sure of that," he said warmly, "and there is the more need that you should think of her. But forgive me, Miss Harvey. I do not wish to damp your ardour, only I would have you quite sure that God is guiding you in this matter. It is when we choose our own paths that our lives go wrong. But if you are really off to-morrow, I wish you good-bye with every wish for your happiness and usefulness."

Winifred scarcely knew how she responded. She was so mortified that tears had risen in her eyes. She had expected very different words from Herbert Falconer. Others could appreciate her devotion, but he, it seemed, could not. And she had felt so sure of his approval! It was what she most craved.

Then, as she walked homeward, certain words he had spoken in the sermon repeated themselves in her mind, and she knew that she had chosen her own path and had not sought the guidance of God. But it was too late now to change her plan, she told herself, even had she wished to do so.

On the following day Winifred left her home in a pleasant seaside town and began her probation in a London hospital. The new life proved far harder and less interesting than she had anticipated, while it taxed her strength severely. It was accompanied by humiliating experiences. At Seaborough Winifred had been a person of some social importance. As a minister's daughter she had received a flattering amount of attention and commanded a little circle of admirers heartily interested in her sayings and doings. In the large city hospital she was merely one of a number of probationers, some of whom were quicker and more clever than herself. No one had time to pay special attention to her, except the ward sister, whose duty it was to see that she did her work properly, and this strict overseer never failed to reprove the least shortcoming. It seemed to Winifred sometimes that she found fault for the sake of finding fault.

Happily there was grit in Winifred's character, and she worked on bravely, in spite of a depressing sense that she was less fit for the work than she had deemed herself, and a heart-sick longing for the comfort and rest of her own home. She did not go home for Christmas, but remained at her post all through the winter. Then, in the bitter weather which set in at the end of March, she fell a victim to influenza.

The attack was a severe one, but she made light of it in writing home. She knew that her mother could not come to her, but how she longed for her in the prostration which ensued when the fever was gone! How gladly she would have exchanged the bare little ward for her pretty bedroom at home! Her recovery was tedious, and when she went back to her work it was only to break down again.

"Come to me to-morrow at my house in Cavendish Square," one of the physicians said to her; and the result of the interview was that he told her, kindly, yet decidedly, that he feared she must give up the idea of being a nurse.

"It is certain," he said, "that you must have complete rest for at least twelve months."

Tears sprang to Winifred's eyes. For a moment she could not speak.

"Tell me, my dear," said the kind-hearted, fatherly man, "does my dictum place you in a very difficult position? Have you no home to which you can go?"

"Oh yes, indeed," faltered Winifred, "I have a home with my mother at Seaborough, and she will only be too delighted to welcome me back."

"Then I wonder that you ever left that home," said the doctor. "What could have been the inducement?"

"I wanted to be of some use in the world," said Winifred. "I meant to go to India as a missionary when my training was complete."

"How I wish you had consulted me before you made your plans!" he said. "I could have told you that your constitution will never stand the climate of India. You must abandon that idea, I am afraid."

Winifred went away humbled and conscience-stricken. The path she had chosen was not the one God would have her follow, and He had barred the way.

Winifred wrote to her mother that night, and on the following day travelled to Seaborough. She had almost reached the town when, as the train halted at a little station adjoining it, Herbert Falconer stepped into the carriage. He showed no great surprise at seeing Winifred, but was evidently pleased.

"I am very glad you are going home," he said, before Winifred could give any explanation. "It will do your mother good to see you. It was quite time you came."

"I have come because I have been ill, and the doctor has ordered me rest," Winifred said. "But what do you mean about mother? She is much as usual, is she not?"

He looked at her with a troubled air. "I am afraid you will see an alteration in her," he remarked. "This cold spring has tried her very much."

"But she has never complained in her letters," Winifred said.

"Perhaps not, but——" he began, and hesitated. "Anyhow, I am sure that it is a good thing for her that you have come. The boys do not know how to take care of her."

A few minutes later they were at Seaborough, and on the platform were "the boys," looking out for their sister.

As she went home with them Winifred reflected with some soreness of heart that Mr. Falconer had not shown the least concern on hearing of her own ill-health.

As they entered the house her mother was not at hand to welcome her.

"She'll be in the drawing-room," Hugh said, and thither Winifred hastened. She opened the door, and beheld her mother lying, closely wrapped, on a couch by the fire. A cry broke from Winifred. Her mother's face was white and wasted; she looked appallingly ill. She smiled on her daughter and made an eager attempt to rise; but her very eagerness revealed her extreme weakness.

"Oh, mother, mother, you have been ill and I did not know it!" cried Winifred, as she advanced and threw her arms about her mother. "Oh! why did you not send for me?"

"Not ill exactly, darling—only the usual thing. This terrible east wind has aggravated my cough—that is all. But oh! how good it is to see you again!" And in her weakness Mrs. Harvey broke down and began to sob.

Winnie sobbed too. "You ought to have sent for me, mother!" she cried between her sobs.

"Oh no, dear—that was not necessary," replied Mrs. Harvey. "I knew you were absorbed in your work and would not care to come away. But now you have been suffering, my darling. Indeed you look quite pale and thin."

"Oh! that is nothing," said Winifred. "I am all right now. Tell me about yourself, mother. What did the doctor say?"

"Oh! he wanted to send me abroad, Winnie—to the south of France," replied her mother. "Mr. Falconer said he would look after the boys—there was plenty of room for them in his big house; but I felt it was impossible for me to go alone, and I knew you would not like to leave the hospital."

"I would have come, if you had told me, mother," said Winifred. "Oh! I feel now that I was very, very wrong to leave you. I can never forgive myself. But is it too late? Why should we not start next week for the Riviera? May is often a cold month in England."

Mrs. Harvey shook her head. She felt far too weak and depressed to contemplate such a journey; and as she looked at her mother's pale, attenuated features, Winifred asked herself in despair if it were not too late.

Happily the joy of her daughter's return and her tender, loving devotion wrought an improvement in Mrs. Harvey's health. On the plea that Winifred herself needed a thorough change, she was induced to accompany her abroad. A summer passed amid the mountains of Switzerland and a winter on the sunny Riviera prolonged her life. After this it was necessary for Mrs. Harvey to pass the colder part of each year abroad. The frequent changes seemed to break up Winifred's life; but she never grumbled. She had learned her lesson. She no longer sought to shape a career for herself, but was content to take from the hand of God the task of each day as it came. It was wonderful how many opportunities for usefulness were given to her. She even became somewhat of a missionary during her sojourns abroad, though no society claimed her as its agent, and no flattering voices recognised her endeavours.

In the fifth winter of their exile Mrs. Harvey passed away, and was laid to rest by the blue sea below the olive-clad hills of San Remo. A few weeks later Herbert Falconer came and took Winifred back to make her home once more in the Manse at Seaborough—not now as a daughter, but as the minister's wife. In her new sphere she found means of serving the women of India, though she never travelled to the East.

Archbishop Davidson's Presbyterian Ancestry

On February 11, 1869, Archbishop Tait, with Dean Stanley by his side, was presiding over a meeting of the Ritual Commission in the Jerusalem Chamber at Westminster. It so happened that on that day a search was being made in the adjoining Abbey for the tomb of King James I. of England. When the meeting was about to terminate, a messenger entered the Chamber, and whispered to Dean Stanley the good news that the coffin of Scotland's sixth James had been discovered in one of the vaults under Henry VII.'s Chapel. Instantly the Commissioners hurried to the spot. As they drew near the Dean beckoned them to keep in the rear of the Primate, adding the remark: "It is fitting that our first Scottish Archbishop should lead the way into the tomb of our first Scottish King." After an interval of twenty years Scotland has again had the honour of furnishing an occupant for the chair of St. Augustine.

It is a most remarkable fact, and one which Anglicans may possibly find perplexing, that within half a century the Church of England has had two Primates whose ancestors lived and died within the Presbyterian fold. Archbishop Tait's family was connected with the Church of Scotland for two generations, and he himself was baptised by a Presbyterian minister; while Archbishop Davidson's gave at least four sons to the Presbyterian ministry, whose joint labours extended over a period of about one hundred and twenty years. It may, therefore, reasonably be affirmed that the greatest prize in the Episcopal Church has twice fallen within a short space of time to men who owe much to the sturdy Presbyterianism of their ancestors.

Photo by Elliott & Fry

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

The great-grandfather of the new Archbishop was the Rev. Thomas Randall, a noted minister of the Church of Scotland, who married Mary, only daughter of the Rev. T. Davidson, of Whitekirk and Dundee. He became minister of Inchture parish, Perthshire, which in 1769 he exchanged for the more important charge of the East Church, Stirling, where a tablet is erected to his memory, and also to that of Mrs. Randall, who was a sister of Mr. William Davidson, of Muirhouse, Davidson's Mains, near Edinburgh. Mr. Randall's family consisted of three sons and two daughters. One of the sons, Thomas Randall, the Archbishop's grandfather, following in his father's footsteps, entered the ministry and rose to great distinction in the Scottish Church, as will be shown presently. In 1794 he succeeded to the estate of Muirhouse, and by his uncle's dying wish he took the name and arms of Davidson. Thus the old name of Randall disappeared until revived in the person of Dr. Thomas Randall Davidson's grandson, the new Archbishop of Canterbury.

The Primate's grandfather deserves more than a passing notice, both on account of his high position in the Church of Scotland, and his beneficent work among the poor of Edinburgh. Fortunately materials for this purpose are not so scanty as one might have expected, for in "Kay's Edinburgh Portraits," a little-known work nowadays (although it is undeserving of such a fate), there is a brief but graphic sketch which affords a tolerably clear conception of what manner of man Dr. Davidson was. Born in the manse of Inchture, of which parish he was in after-life to become minister, like his father before him, Dr. Davidson as a young man travelled much abroad. He made a long stay in Holland, and it was while there, oddly enough, that he was licensed to preach, his first sermon being delivered at Amsterdam. Returning to this country, he became, as already stated, minister of his father's old parish. From thence he was translated to the Outer High Church, Glasgow; later to Lady Yester's parish, Edinburgh; and finally to the Tolbooth parish, in the same city, where he faithfully laboured for over forty years.

Though neither a theologian nor yet a brilliant preacher, Dr. Davidson unquestionably exercised an influence which was widely felt both in the Church of Scotland and in the city where his lot was cast for so many years. It was in his beautiful character, adorned with all the Christian graces, and not in any conspicuous mental attainments, that the secret of his power lay. He was noted as an earnest preacher and a devoted pastor, and was adored by his people. Of a singularly winsome nature, he seemed to shed a ray of

Photo by Russell & Sons, Southsea
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND MRS. DAVIDSON

sunlight wherever he went, and all classes of the citizens, irrespective of creed, spoke well of the kind-hearted minister of the Tolbooth Church. In "Kay's Portraits" we read: "Dr. Davidson was a sound, practical, zealous preacher, and much as he was esteemed in the pulpit, was no less respected by his congregation and all who knew him for those domestic and private excellences which so much endear their possessor to society." Dr. Davidson's discourses attracted large congregations, and if he did not "shine" in the pulpit as Blair, Principal Robertson, and "Jupiter" Carlyle of Inveresk did, yet his preaching won its way to the hearts of the people, and possibly was productive of more good than the cold, dispassionate sermons of the "Moderates," which, in the opinion of John Wesley, no mean authority, "were no more likely to awaken one soul than an Italian opera." The mother of Sir Walter Scott, when her own minister, Dr. Erskine, of Greyfriars, was absent from his pulpit, was, it is interesting to recall, in the habit of attending the Tolbooth kirk and enjoying the ministrations of Dr. Davidson. How deep and abiding was the impression made by this worthy ancestor of the Archbishop is clearly shown by the glowing tributes paid to his memory, long after his death, by men who had come under his benign influence in their youth. For example, Dr. Chalmers, in one of his greatest speeches in the General Assembly of 1840, referred to "that venerable Christian patriarch, Dr. Davidson, of Edinburgh, whose heavenward aspirations, whose very looks of love and grace celestial, apart from language, altogether bespoke the presence of a man who felt himself at the gates of his blissful and everlasting home."

Dr. Davidson was a liberal giver to the public charities of Edinburgh, and the poor of the city had not a kinder friend than the genial minister of the Tolbooth Kirk, who, with princely generosity, was in the habit of giving a tenth part of an income which was not over-burdensome for their behoof.

In 1827 Dr. Davidson died, full of years, at Muirhouse. By his second wife, who, by the way, was a sister of Lord Cockburn, he had several children. Henry Davidson, the fourth son, who became a partner in a well-known firm of timber merchants in Leith, succeeded to the estate of Muirhouse some years after the death of his father. In 1845 he married Henrietta, third daughter of John Campbell Swinton, of Kimmerghame, Berwickshire, by whom he had four children—three sons and one daughter. Randall Thomas Davidson, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, is the eldest son.

With two archbishops and one bishop all of Presbyterian lineage now on the Episcopal bench, one almost imagines that the dream of good Archbishop Leighton of a comprehensive union of the best elements in Episcopacy and Presbytery is going to be realised after all. Charles II.'s prelate succeeded only in being misunderstood by both sides. Is there a better fate in store for the prelate of the twentieth century who may dream a similar dream?

W. Forbes Gray.

MUIRHOUSE, MIDLOTHIAN, THE ARCHBISHOP'S EARLY HOME

When the North Wind Blows

BY W. SCOTT KING

Author of "Behind the Granite Gateway," etc.

I

WITH the skirts of their tiny white frocks fastened behind them with a huge safety-pin, their little pink legs and feet bare and tingling, in one hand a miniature bucket and in the other a spade, the twin children of the officer commanding the fort played upon the sandy beach. They had been brought here two years before in the strong arms of their devoted Ayah when their father had returned from foreign service to take command of the wild northern fort at Landbury Head. The place accorded well both with the requirements of his children and with the desires, or no-desires, of their father.

Colonel Strange had known the experience but too common in the history of Anglo-India. Being commissioned out to Bengal several years before as a lieutenant, the lonely exile of his hill station had thrown him into the almost hourly company of his superior officer's daughter, a slim girl some eight years younger than himself. They rode out together along the tangled forest paths, talked together in the hot rooms where the punka vainly strove to fan the hot atmosphere into breeze, and in the cool of those delectable evenings upon the verandah they sipped coffee and talked of home beyond the seas. So love was born!

A few years later the old General died, and Lieutenant Strange was appointed to the vacant command.

"Now you will be my wife, won't you?" he had pleaded; and only the immovable Hindoo servant, squatting silent and dreaming on the mat upon the verandah steps, caught the sweet word of acquiescence. And so they were married in the little military church, and for three radiant years the life of Colonel Strange was all that an exile Englishman could wish. His twin girls cooed in their ayah's dusky arms, while their mother lay in the long verandah chair and clapped her hands to them and called them soft, loving baby-names.

But the dream was not to endure. Crueller than the striped man-eater who strides the jungle paths by night, more subtle than the poison of the languorous crimson forest-flowers, more deadly than the hate of the silent, brooding natives who haunted the frontier lines of the settlement is the fever—the merciless jungle-sickness that creeps with so deadly a tread along the veins of the white man and the white man's wife. One day the flag in the centre of the wide parade-ground flapped idly at half-mast, and all the silent encampment knew that the gracious, lovely lady of their commander was dead. This was Colonel Strange's romance, the story of the going out of the light of his life, and the explanation of his recall to England with his two little motherless girls.

Some men surmount sorrow and live to be glad again. Not so Colonel Strange. "Give me some quiet command," he had written home. "I have no further ambition, but simply desire a sheltered place where I can bring up my little ones under my own eye." So Landbury Fort had been assigned to him. And yet he was ill-content. Hour after hour, by day and by night, he would stand upon the headland by the tall flag-staff and look out to sea. Far, far away, somewhere behind that floating light and the shimmer of the moon, lay the land of the East—the dreamy, poetic, tragic East—and the grave of his sweet girl-wife. Then the wind would spring up, the out-blowing North wind, fluttering the flag over his head. And the heart of the man leaped up with it, and he longed to trim his sails before it and go out and out to the far-away hill station and to the little cemetery under the forest trees where he had laid for ever the hopes and ambitions of his youth.

And the twins, with their little skirts pinned behind them, waded knee-deep into the spray, then ran laughing back to the outstretched arms of their black nurse.

They could talk now quite fluently, though part of their childish vocabulary was English and part the language of the mystic land of their birth. And from her seat beneath the rock upon which the old fort was built their devoted nurse listened to them and pondered upon what they said. They were different, very different, were these foster-children of hers, she concluded. One was her mother's child, gentle of disposition and home-loving, a child of ease and comfort, a child for the fireside and the simple domestic things of life. True she ran out with her sister to meet the tumbling spray, but this was her willingness to please and to do what others wished. Her own preference was for the dry sand and the protecting nearness of her nurse. She loved to listen to tales of her mother, told in the cooing voice of the old Hindoo woman. And when that cooing voice said, "Mummy not love the foreign land; mummy wanted to come home," the child would look up wistfully and agree, "I love home too! Poor mummy away over the sea—wicked sea!"

But her sister was not so. Her dark, short hair and firm mouth brought back to remembrance the silent commander of the fort. Her spirit was adventurous; she revelled in the windy days and the boisterous seas, and many a scare did she give her faithful guardian by her reckless baby adventures. Now it was a half-submerged boulder stone that she challenged her sister to reach before she did. Now it was a climb, or rather a scramble, up to the flag-staff and back that she summoned her to, like a captain rallying his fainting troops.

"You daren't, that's why!" How often she said this, tossing her strong little head and curling her baby lips!

"Where does the wind come from, Nana?"

Both children were seated at their Ayah's feet, for a moment still.

"The wind, Missy Evelyn? God send the wind from over the land."

"Is it coming from behind the fort?" Evelyn enquired.

"Yes, from far, far behind the big guns and the houses."

"And where is it going to?"

"Oh! over the sea."

"To mummy?"

"Yes, over the sea to mummy."

Evelyn sprang to her little feet and spread out her little arms like tiny sails.

"Wind! wind!" she cried, "take me with you over the sea, sea, sea, to mummy."

"Father says there are lots of winds, Nana," said the girl at the Hindoo woman's feet, "and he calls them names and writes them down in a big book. What's the name of this wind, Nana?"

For a moment the old woman was perplexed. The name of the wind! What did the child mean?

"Who wants to know the name of the wind, eh?" Colonel Strange stood before them. Both children sprang to capture his hands, with a cry of delight.

"This wind, daddy dear, what's its name?"

The Colonel looked out towards the sea, then down into the gentle face of the child in whose eyes shone the light of eyes that he had known.

"They call it the North wind, little one, and it goes blowing, blowing, blowing right over the big guns up there and then away and away."

Evelyn clapped her hands. "I love the North wind, daddy, but Elaine doesn't. She likes the wind that blows this way," moving her hand in explanation.

"The South wind," said her father, smiling. "And why do you love the South wind, my little one?"

Elaine twisted her father's hand till he cried out "Gently, my love—gently," then she answered, "Because—because—well, you see, it comes home—doesn't it daddy?—like we did in the big ship, and I like to come home. I don't want to be blown and blown away from you and Nana, and that's what the wind Evelyn likes wants to do. It just wants to blow us away from here, I know it does. You don't like the nasty North wind, do you, daddy?"

The Colonel's eyes grew misty. Did he?—did he love the outward wind? Far away, in the land beyond the waters, lay a lonely little grave. Yes, it was the North wind he loved—the wind that "wants to blow us away," as his little Elaine put it.

On their way back to the fort to lunch Evelyn slipped her hand into her father's and whispered, "You love *my* wind, don't you, daddy? I know you do; I saw it in your eyes."

And Colonel Strange squeezed the little hand of the child that had guessed the secret of his heart, but he said nothing.

II

Delicious nights were rare upon the grey old headland of Landbury Fort, but if ever it was visited by an atmosphere and mood entitled to be called Eastern, it was that night.

Up and down the high path beneath the high flag-staff the two were slowly pacing, his erect, military figure splendidly balanced by her equally erect though more graceful and supple form.

"Of course I am weary of it," she was saying. "I have been weary to death of it ever since I can remember. I cannot understand Elaine's absurd love for quiet—dulness it seems to me. But you couldn't get her and father to leave it for worlds."

"Elaine is not like you, Evelyn," responded the young man at her side; "you were made for opposite things in this world. If you two were rolled into one, now, you'd make a perfect Ulysses. Half of him loved to wander about the world and half of him wanted to go home and see Penelope, you remember. There! you didn't know I was such a classical scholar, now did you?"

Evelyn lifted her eyes seaward, where on the moonlit waters the ghastly hulls of moving ships could be discerned in the shimmering offing—some outward bound, others coming home.

"There we are, then, Captain Long, Elaine and I. Do you see us? I'm the one farthest out and going farther. This is Elaine, this—liner, I think—coming round the point." And the girl, laughing, turned her face towards him.

The hour and the place and, most of all, the girl by his side upon the dreamy headland were irresistible. "I wish I were on board that outward liner," whispered the young man.

Colonel Strange sat in the small room which was dignified by the name of the library. Three years had elapsed since he had retired from the command of Landbury Fort, yet still he remained in its near neighbourhood. The place had not only become home to him—as home-like as any place in England ever would—but his exclusive life since he had returned to England had so separated him from his few relatives that there was no other locality to offer him any attractions.

And his two girls were still with him. Since the days when they had asked him questions on the headland about the North and the South winds little had happened in their outward lives, except the work of the strengthening and beautifying years upon their then childish figures. He was now the father of the two most admired daughters of the station.

"But they are very different from each other," he would often say to himself—"very different. They little knew, the dear tiny things, what they were saying; but Evelyn is still the lover of the North wind, which makes me anxious about her, and Elaine loves the South more than ever. My dear Elaine! I should have no home at all without her, and yet——" And Evelyn's North wind sang in memory in his ears.

"Father!" Elaine opened the library door.

"Yes, my love?"

"Are you busy? Do I disturb you?"

The old soldier smiled. "You cannot disturb a half-pay officer, child. I shall never be disturbed again, I am afraid."

Elaine went towards the window whose blind was yet up and looked out towards the flag-staff. To and fro she observed the dark, tall figures passing, and her heart heaved in pain.

"Father!"

"Well!"

"I don't want to worry you, but I am not very happy."

"You! Why, I thought you South-winders, you home-lovers, were always happy. What's up?"

"Evelyn," replied the girl shortly.

"Ah!—the North wind." And the Colonel drew his daughter to his knee. "And what makes you unhappy about Evelyn, dearest?" he asked tenderly, though more than half aware of what answer he would receive.

"We are so opposite, father, you know, Evelyn and I. Evelyn is always wanting something she hasn't got, something more exciting, more—what shall I say?—more adventurous. She complains of this place being uninteresting and our life monotonous. And——"

"I know," said her father; "go on."

"Well, I am afraid she may do something silly."

Fears are always worse when we find that others possess them as well as ourselves. Old Colonel Strange became alarmed.

"Tell me fully all you fear," he said earnestly.

"Well," began Elaine, "she's always talking of the North wind calling her. What she means I don't quite know. But have you noticed how much time she spends with Captain Long?"

"Long is not the society I should approve of for her at all," said the Colonel, more decidedly than was his wont. "I shall speak to Evelyn."

"I don't mean that I think she loves him, father, dear; but he seems to appeal to her in some curious way—he's always telling her what he intends to do, and all the wild, exciting life he will have when he goes to India next year. And Evelyn encourages him. I heard her say the other night, 'You are a happy man, Captain; you are free to live the life you want to.' And I think she meant that she was not. Come to the window a minute."

Together they stood in the darkening room, and looked towards the weather-beaten flag-staff.

"It is they!" whispered Elaine.

"I see them," replied her father. "Poor Evelyn!"

That night, when the girls retired to the room in which they slept, Elaine felt that an oppressive and rebellious mood was upon her sister. This she set out to relieve.

What pitiful mistakes the well-meaning comforter in life so often makes! How easy it is to say the wrong thing when so earnestly desirous of saying the right!

"What a glorious evening it has been," remarked Evelyn, throwing herself in her dressing-gown into a low chair."

"Very! I went down after tea and saw the boats come in," replied her sister. "What a pretty sight it is, though we have seen it hundreds of times. I should love to be a fisherman's wife, just for the pleasure of receiving my husband safe home again to me every night, wouldn't you?"

Evelyn laughed.

"There's nothing for them to come home for that I can see, except huts smelling of fish and heaps of dirty children. I wonder, when they are far out at sea, they don't yield to the temptation to sail right away and see something, and never come home again. But there! you always hugged the shore, Elaine, didn't you?"

When the candles were put out Elaine lay awake listening to the soft sighing of the South wind around the house—the wind she loved, the domestic wind, which brings the fishermen back from the sea to their waiting wives. Down in the library the lamp still burned.

What ought he to do with this child of the North wind that God had entrusted to his care? Much of the deepest heart of him went with her in her longing for the lands beyond the seas, but for a very different reason. She desired life, and colour, and excitement. He would spread his sails to that outward-blowing breeze to seek not life, but death—the grave wherein he had buried the glory and the hope of his youth.

"Poor Evelyn! But I shall speak to Long."

III

And the North wind blew over the lands and behind the old fort and out across the ocean, and it filled the sails of the ship and the heart of the girl alike. She gloried in its rattle among the rigging. She laughed as she felt the throb of the oaken timbers beneath her. "At last I have got what I have wanted all my life," she said to the young man beside her, and he bent his head and kissed her where she stood.

A month later that restless wind blew again, and again it filled the sails of the good ship and the heart—the broken heart—of the grey-haired half-pay officer on the deck. "I have got at last what I have wanted every day for twenty

years," he murmured to himself; "but I never thought it would come in this way! My poor, darling child!"

In the small sitting-room which looked out upon the road to the village Elaine was sitting by her untasted breakfast. The postman had called and brought her two letters, one bearing the postmark of Calcutta, and the other a place whose name she had never heard or seen before. The one from the unknown place she read first. It was a pitiful letter indeed. It told of the double quest of an old man—an old man who went across the seas to the sacred land of his heart, though not to visit the shrine of his first love so much as to seek and bring home again a truant daughter. But while the latter quest had been unsuccessful, the former had fulfilled itself. "I have been to the dear old hill station, my dearest, and to the little cemetery behind the settlement. I found it, though they have let the grass grow over it. Do you remember?—of course you do not remember your mother, Elaine. But you are so like her." Elaine turned the page. "No, I have not found her. They arrived at Calcutta a week before me, but where they went to I cannot yet discover. But we must hope. One day, when your South wind blows and the boats come in, I shall trust to bring her back. Good-bye, my little girl."

Elaine opened the second letter.

"You were right, dearest, and I was wrong—the North wind is a cruel wind, as I have found out already. I would give worlds to be sitting with you now, on the cliff beneath the flag-staff, watching the boats come in. And perhaps some day I shall again. But, Elaine, think of me still—will you?—when the North wind blows."

And so from that day Elaine became a watcher. Day after day she sat beneath the flag-staff, and strained her eyes to sea. Far on the horizon the stately liners went and came, outward bound, homeward bound, and she prayed for the coming of the two she loved. It seemed to her that now the wind was always in the North—blowing, blowing, blowing over the sea and away to the land of the East. And her distrust and fear of it grew. Had it not blown her father away? Had it not blown away Evelyn—Evelyn the gay-hearted, the adventurous, the wanderer? Well might she fear it. One letter came with each month's regularity—only one. And it always told the same tale—no news! Then the one letter ceased. The liners with the mails passed along the horizon lines, but her bags contained nothing for the watcher by the flag-staff. And then there came to Elaine the great temptation of her life—she was wooed by the bold North wind. "Go with me," it seemed to say in her ears day after day, as it whistled over Landbury Fort—"go with me, submit to me; give up your old love of my rival South wind, and I will take you out and out, and away to Evelyn and your father."

Should she yield? Ought she to listen to the North wind? "You are right, the south wind is best," Evelyn had written in her one and only letter, and surely Evelyn knew.

So Elaine hardened her heart to the North wind, and in return it almost blew her over the edge of the cliff as she stood with her hand shading her eyes and waiting.

"No," she said resolutely, "I won't go. I will stay and keep home ready for them when they come, for they will want it."

IV

"Once more," said the old half-pay officer, when he was released from the hold of the fell jungle fever—"I'll go and see it once more, and then go home to Elaine. I shall give it up; I shall never find her. My poor Evelyn!"

Moving aside the thick bushes, he came to the little rough mound. Flowers!—who could have laid flowers there? Did any one else care for that lonely grave? He stooped down to examine them, and so did not observe the pushing aside of the bushes till she was beside him.

"Father!"

And so the South wind blew again, and carried the good ship homewards. As it crossed the front of the old fort at Landbury Head Elaine saw it, but she did not know what passengers it carried. "Perhaps to-day," she said as usual, as she set the easy-chair by the fire and another chair near it with soft cushions and a footstool—"perhaps to-day they will come. I wonder where the wind is?"

Darkness came on, and she drew down the blinds and shut out the flag-staff and the sea.

"Not to-day; then perhaps to-morrow."

But before she could turn and light the lamp, they came.

"By your mother's grave, far up in the hill country," explained the old officer. "Fancy my meeting her there! How happy *she* would have been to think that we made it our meeting-place."

On through the dark hours they talked, and though the North wind blew at the windows its charm was ended. None heeded it.

"I felt sure you would both come some day," said Elaine, kneeling between them on the hearth-rug. "You see, my home-instinct hasn't betrayed me, has it? I love the South wind now more than ever."

* * * * *

Old Landbury Fort still fronts the sea, and the flag still flutters at its staff-head. But old Colonel Strange has gone to a land where the wife of his youth is again with him, and Evelyn and Elaine are seen on the cliffs no more. But those who knew their story, in England and in India, have not forgotten them. Back into memory they come, the old officer and his strangely different children, when the boats put out to sea and the North wind blows.

Wanted: A Living Church

BY REV. ALEX. MACLAREN, D.D.

I CANNOT help thinking there is an enormous increase of worldliness in the world, and an enormous decrease of unworldliness in the Church, as compared with what it was in my early years. I am not blind to the great advancement, and thankfully recognise that we have advanced on the position that our fathers and grandfathers occupied; but I fail to see in our existing communities—and in this indictment I venture to include all the Evangelical Churches—I fail to see the depth of fervour, the distinctiveness, that used to mark Christian people. It is for the good that of late years Christian men and Christian Churches have been so largely drawn into the current of national life, far more than they used to be; but, like every other good thing, it has its counterbalancing evil side, and whilst the Church is more and more finding entrance into all the various relations of civil and public life, I am afraid that the distinctively Church life is not what it used to be. No man can look at the present attitude of the mass of the English and Scottish people to Evangelical religion without feeling that in the alienation, and not in the antagonism, of this mass of people lies our great danger, and the thing which the Church has to grapple with. This stolid indifference of the masses is to be met, not by improving ceremonialism, not by learned demonstrations and apologetics—all these things go clean over the heads of the people who never come within the sound of Christian teaching—but by a living Church. I wish—I cannot but wish—that in all our Churches there was more relative importance given to what has enormously more importance given to it in the New Testament than in our modern teaching of Christianity—namely, the conception of the Christian life as a life *in* Christ. I believe there is nothing more wanted by all our communions than that they should come to the understanding how, with majestic slowness, down through the ages the truths concerning Father, Son, and Holy Spirit have been incorporated in the consciousness and presented in the creeds of the Christian Church. The mission of the Church is now, it seems to me, to express in clear language and to assimilate by earnest faith the truth concerning the Divine Spirit. Then you will get a living Church, not by mere orthodox belief about an atonement, not by correct ecclesiastical politics, nor by priests duly ordained administering the Sacraments: you will get it by nothing but by clinging to and abiding in Jesus Christ.

Helps for Sunday-School Teachers and Christian Endeavourers

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS

By Rev. J. Ossian Davies

March 1.—*Paul and Apollos* (Acts xviii. 24 and xix. 6)

Apollos was a son of thunder, and mighty in the Scriptures—not mighty in the *Psalms* only, but in the *whole Book*. And no man can be mighty in the Scriptures unless he enters by the gate of Genesis, and leaves by the gate of Revelation. And yet this Jewish Boanerges was not *omniscient*, for he needed further instruction in the way of God. Man is ever a learner, and he will never reach his Omega.

And who were Apollos's teachers? A working man and his wife, Priscilla and Aquila by name. We all need one another. The tent-maker can be of service to the university man. Aquila admired the orator's fervour, and yet he saw his defects; but instead of pointing them out publicly, he kindly took the man to his home, and expounded the way of God more perfectly. It was beautifully done. What a blessing it is to have an Aquila on our list of friends—a man who takes us gently aside, and tells us our faults in the spirit of love!

And we cannot help admiring Apollos's readiness to accept instruction from his mental inferiors. Great souls are always modest. He took in his lessons, not with the arrogance of a judge, but with the docility of a disciple.

March 8.—*Paul at Ephesus* (Acts xix. 13-20)

Ephesus was a great centre of the occult arts, and under the shadow of the Temple of Diana magic and necromancy thrived marvellously. The city was full of marvel-mongers, and some who ought to know better looked upon Christianity itself as a sort of magic. Many of the exorcists—the seven sons of Sceva among them—made an unwarrantable use of the name of Jesus; but the evil spirit turned upon them and said, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?" Satan had some regard for Jesus and Paul; but for religious pretenders he had none.

We must never use the name of Jesus for a low, mercenary purpose. These exorcists cared nothing for Christ; they only used Him as a counter with which to play their avaricious game. If we use our religion as a rocking-horse, we shall rue it.

What a glorious bonfire! They brought all their books of magic together, and burned them. And we are certain of this—that they gave more light in that fire than they had ever done before! This burning proved that their repentance was genuine. They might have *sold* the books, but they *burned* them. And they burned them *openly*, in the sight of all. And we sorely need a bonfire of bad books in Britain to-day.

March 15.—*The Riot at Ephesus* (Acts xix. 29-40)

After the bonfire a town riot! The Gospel creates a stir wherever it is fearlessly preached. Unless we rouse the ire of Demetrius our preaching lacks point and force. Demetrius felt that Paul's preaching injured his business as a shrine-maker, and he would have none of it. Of course he believed in *reform*; but the reforms must not reduce his weekly takings!

At last the town clerk arrived—a calm, clear-headed man—and the Riot Act was read. "Do nothing rashly," said he. What a delightful bit of advice! "Go home quietly. Great is Diana, and this wandering Jew can do her no harm. To create an uproar in the streets is against the law, and it may bring you into trouble. Go home in peace." What a blessing if every city had a town clerk like Ephesus—calm, and sane, and strong, and impartial!

March 22.—*Paul's Message to the Ephesians* (Eph. ii. 1-10)

"You who were *dead*." All men who are out of Christ are dead—not physically and mentally, but spiritually. It is not non-existence, but wrong existence. All who obey the volitions of the flesh, and reject the Saviour, are children of wrath, and dead unto God. But in verse 5 we see what sinful man may become by grace. We may be quickened together with Christ, and raised up together with Him, and made to sit together in heavenly places in Him. All these blessings become ours through vital union with Christ. And no life that is not piritual is worth living. Sir Walter Scott once said, "*Sat est vixisse*" (It is enough to have lived). But it all depends on the quality of the life. A life that has no living Christ at the core of it is a living death.

March 29.—*Review of the Quarter's Lessons.*

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR TOPICS

By Rev. H. Elvet Lewis

March 1.—*Christ's Teaching about Blessedness* (Matt. v. 1-12)

Blessedness, in Christ's teaching, is all from *within*. To be poor in spirit is the way of attaining true kingship; to have hunger and thirst for righteousness is to make room for God's fulness; to be pure in heart is to have a sky that is always blue; to be persecuted for Christ's sake is to be driven into the shining ranks of prophets.

To the best within—and to that only—comes the best from without:

> A life of beauty lends to all it sees
> The beauty of its thought;
> And fairest forms and sweetest harmonies
> Make glad its way, unsought.

March 8.—*Christ's Teaching about Righteousness* (Matt. v. 17-20, 38-42)

Righteousness, in Christ's view, must be progressive; it must be neither narrow nor stagnant. The ideal is lofty and large; but it is for eternity as well as time. The ideal was lived out by the Teacher Himself; "and in our best moments," says Bishop Gore, "we do really recognise that what is most worth having in the world is the character of Christ."

"Except your righteousness shall *exceed*." The true disciple of Christ asks not, how much? but, how much more? When he has measured the first mile, he sees and hails the second mile. "Most failures," wrote James Smetham, "lie in not going on long enough."

March 15.—*Christ's Teaching about Trust* (Matt. vi. 19-34)

Trust is mere superstition until the kingdom of God and His righteousness is placed first among first things. Confidence joined to idleness means disaster; trust and worldliness lead into the outer darkness. But to be well within the kingdom of God is to be in the realm of sure things, in the fatherland of trust.

Anxious care, remarks Dr. Maclaren, is no better than "some passing shower of rain, that softens an inch of the hard-baked surface of the soil, and has nothing to do with fructifying the seed that lies feet below the reach of its useless moisture." But to have trust in God is to possess hidden springs of refreshing, perennially cool and always available.

March 22.—*Christ's Teaching about Judging Others* (Matt. vii. 1-5, 15-20)

Christ would have us be tolerant, without becoming indifferent; discriminative, but not critical. We are not to take thistles for figs, or treat wolves as though they were sheep: in this respect we are to exercise spiritual judgment. But to judge spiritually, we must also take things as they might be, and not only as they are; and so make the best of the worst. The last word of judgment should bring in the first word of love.

In the culture of the holy heart discernment grows equally with charity. It is at first hard to know the corrupt tree; but the spiritual sense becomes keener and surer, as it feeds on what is good. "The genuine light of God cannot be hid: as at sea it is said that a cloud may be mistaken for land, yet no experienced eye ever took land for a cloud."

March 29.—*An Evening with African Missions* (Ps. lxviii. 29-31; Acts viii. 26-39)

Moffat and Livingstone have each supplied us with a permanent motto for Africa: the first with—"We need more faith in the Bank of Heaven"; and the second with—"The end of the geographical fact is but the beginning of the missionary enterprise." And the latter should include "the end" of the commercial and of the political "fact." Now, more than ever, is Africa's missionary hour.

When Vanderkemp was asked to use his influence for supplying the colonists with forced labour, he replied, "My commission is to preach the Gospel to every creature, and I will preach the Gospel to every one who chooses to hear me. God has sent me, not to put chains upon the legs of Hottentots and Kaffirs, but to preach liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound."

The Rev. C. Silvester Horne, M.A.

THE year 1902 was full of triumphs for Mr. Horne. At the meetings of the Congregational Union he shone, as his great namesake Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine, shone at the Council of Trent. The venerable French and Spanish bishops deferred to the genius of their young colleague of thirty-seven, calling him, with involuntary reverence, "our father"; and at Glasgow it was Mr. Horne, the youngest leader, who guided the assembly in its Education policy. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, and Leicester he conquered vast audiences by the magic of his oratory. He understands better than any speaker of his years, with the possible exception of Mr. Lloyd George, how to quicken slow blood, kindle light in dull eyes, and bring the flood-tide of enthusiasm sweeping into all the creeks and inlets of the spirit. In his highest flights there is a touch of that rapturous eloquence which, like the rushing, mighty wind, fills all the house where men are gathered, and lifts the most common-place nature above itself. He unites those physical and mental gifts which in all ages have most commended the orator. His youthful appearance, grace and winsomeness of gesture, attractive delivery, and clear, well-modulated voice delight every company that hears him. Nor is his appeal to the emotions merely. There are favourite speakers whose one endeavour is to play upon the feelings, and whose utterances, despite the cloudy grandeur of a rhetoric "half darkness and half flame," stir no man's conscience and leave no permanent impress. Mr. Horne's speeches are as clear and logical as Mr. Chamberlain's, and may be heard and read with equal pleasure. His friends must sometimes regret that he has had no opportunity of making his mark in Parliament, and especially on the Liberal platform, where his fresh and sparkling eloquence would be a welcome contrast to the unreadable harangues of our elderly official statesmen. Wise brevity is one part of his secret. He never outstays a welcome. The cheer which follows a ringing peroration grows faint when perorations are multiplied. Some of his greatest triumphs have been won by five-minute speeches. He dashes like a Rupert into debate, and has driven off the foe while the average man would still be fumbling with his notes. He shares Dr. Parker's horror of those lengthened apologies with which some gifted and attractive men consume the time of their audiences. In the Education Conference at the Memorial Hall last April one at least of the numerous debaters described at length his own perplexities and the wearisome process by which he had been guided to that platform. Mr. Horne had not a thought for self.

Two qualities may be mentioned which especially endear him to the public. One is the boyish frankness with which he puts himself in touch with men of every class. He might choose for his own that favourite motto of Mr. Kipling: "I met a hundred men on the road to Delhi, and every one was my brother." To appreciate Mr. Horne's brotherliness, one should watch him address a crowd of fishermen on Cromer sands. The other quality is staunchness. He is slow to champion new causes, but stands by his cause to the last. He has scant mercy for shufflers, deserters, timorous souls "who pluck the grass to know where sits the wind." In some of his latest portraits there is an unexpected sternness of expression, and this also is characteristic of the man. His writings prove that he has long been a student of the great Nonconformist worthies, and he inherits their most virile qualities.

Photo by H. S. Mendelssohn
REV. CHARLES SILVESTER HORNE

Early Life in Shropshire

Charles Silvester Horne is a son of the Manse. He was born on April 15, 1865, at the village of Cuckfield, on the edge of the Sussex Downs. His father was Congregational minister of the Cuckfield Chapel, but his health gave way owing to the nervous strain of the pastorate, and he removed to Newport, in Shropshire, where he became editor of a weekly paper, *The Newport and Market Drayton Advertiser*—a position which he still retains. Mr. Horne was named after his great-uncle, Charles Silvester, a well-known lay member of the Congregational body who was closely identified with the work of Sunday schools.

Newport is a quiet little town with a population of about four thousand. Its chief educational advantages are to be obtained at the Haberdashers' Grammar School. Here Mr. Horne studied classics and mathematics under Mr. Thomas Collins, the headmaster, a Birmingham man, who, though an Anglican, was an intimate friend of Dr. Dale. Latin, Greek, and French were the subjects to which most pains were given; but Mr. Horne confesses that he did not care for school, and was regarded as something of an idler. In the field of athletics, on the other hand, he distinguished himself, and became captain of the football and cricket clubs. He rose to be head of the school, and secured several prizes. On Sundays he attended the little Congregational church, a square, plain building, with deep galleries, which holds about three hundred. While still at school he threw himself heartily into Christian work. His first sermon was preached, at the age of sixteen, in a little village not far from Newport. Standing at the front door of a farmhouse, with his audience gathered on either side, in the parlour and the kitchen, he preached from the words in which Elijah challenged the people of Israel, "If the Lord be God, follow Him." It is interesting to compare his first efforts with those of another boy-preacher who afterwards became celebrated throughout

the world. Mr. Horne's earliest addresses were less minatory than Joseph Parker's, but they were equally impressive to a rustic congregation. In the Shropshire lanes, as under the farmhouse porches and rose-hedges of Northumberland, men and women listened eagerly to the brilliant boy who, to their simple minds, seemed already an inspired apostle.

Mr. Horne early began the habit of writing out his sermons. He learned the rudiments of the speaker's art at the Mutual Improvement Society connected with his chapel. Exciting debates were held on such questions as the Legitimacy of War, the Pros and Cons of Smoking, or the Character of Mr. Gladstone. The young Congregationalists of Newport were nearly all Liberals, and, for the most part, supporters of Mr. Chamberlain's unauthorised programme. They swore by the three men of Birmingham—Bright, Dale, and Chamberlain.

Photo by H. S. Mendelssohn
MRS. HORNE AND HER LITTLE DAUGHTER MARGARET

Mr. Horne's father had been at Springhill with Dr. Dale, and retained his friendship through life. One of the most eventful Sundays in the boy's life was that on which he heard Dr. Dale for the first time, at the opening of a new church at West Bromwich. Seated on the table in the vestry, Dr. Dale questioned the son of his old fellow-student with regard to his call to the ministry. "Our great temptation," he said, "as ministers is not money, it is the temptation to get popularity by any means. Unless we see before us a crowded congregation we are apt to lose heart and hope." Many kind and encouraging words were spoken to the young aspirant, and from that day onwards Mr. Horne kept in close touch with Dr. Dale. In every crisis of his life he went to this second father for counsel, entering the familiar Birmingham study as David entered the tent in which the figure of Saul was half revealed and half concealed. The dimness in Dr. Dale's study was caused by the clouds of tobacco smoke which obscured the atmosphere.

Photo by Adolphus Tear, 42, Notting Hill Gate, W.
THE CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. HORNE

Another friend of Mr. Horne's early years was Dr. Paton, of Nottingham, who gave him advice about the ministry. "Do not be content to drive a donkey-cart," said Dr. Paton; "drive a coach and four." It was sensible and necessary advice, for quite as many young men spoil their lives from lack of ambition as from overweening self-confidence. Patient acquiescence in humble drudgery is no virtue in those who were not born to be drudges.

At Glasgow University

In the year 1882 Mr. Horne was drawing crowds to his tent-preaching in the Shropshire villages, but this work was closed by his removal to Glasgow University. He gained an open bursary, afterwards exchanged for a Dr. Williams's Bursary, and for four years he pursued his studies at Glasgow, graduating M.A. in 1886. The professors who influenced him most were Jebb and Caird. He can never forget the profound impression made upon the Greek class by Professor Jebb's wonderful translations of tragedy, while the masterly intellect of Edward Caird kept the minds of his students ever on the alert. Mr. Horne frequently heard Dr. John Caird at the University Chapel, and still thinks of him as the finest pulpit orator he has ever known. Mr. Horne associated himself with the Glasgow University Liberal Club. One of his fellow-members was Hugh Black, who was at that time a striving Socialist. In his earlier Midlothian campaigns Mr. Gladstone had visited Glasgow, and had captured the affections of the students. Politics were at white heat during Mr. Horne's career.

In the Rectorial elections Charles Horne and Hugh Black were in the forefront of the fray, and their red Glasgow gowns were often thickly smeared with tar. The

THE REV. CHARLES SILVESTER HORNE, M.A.

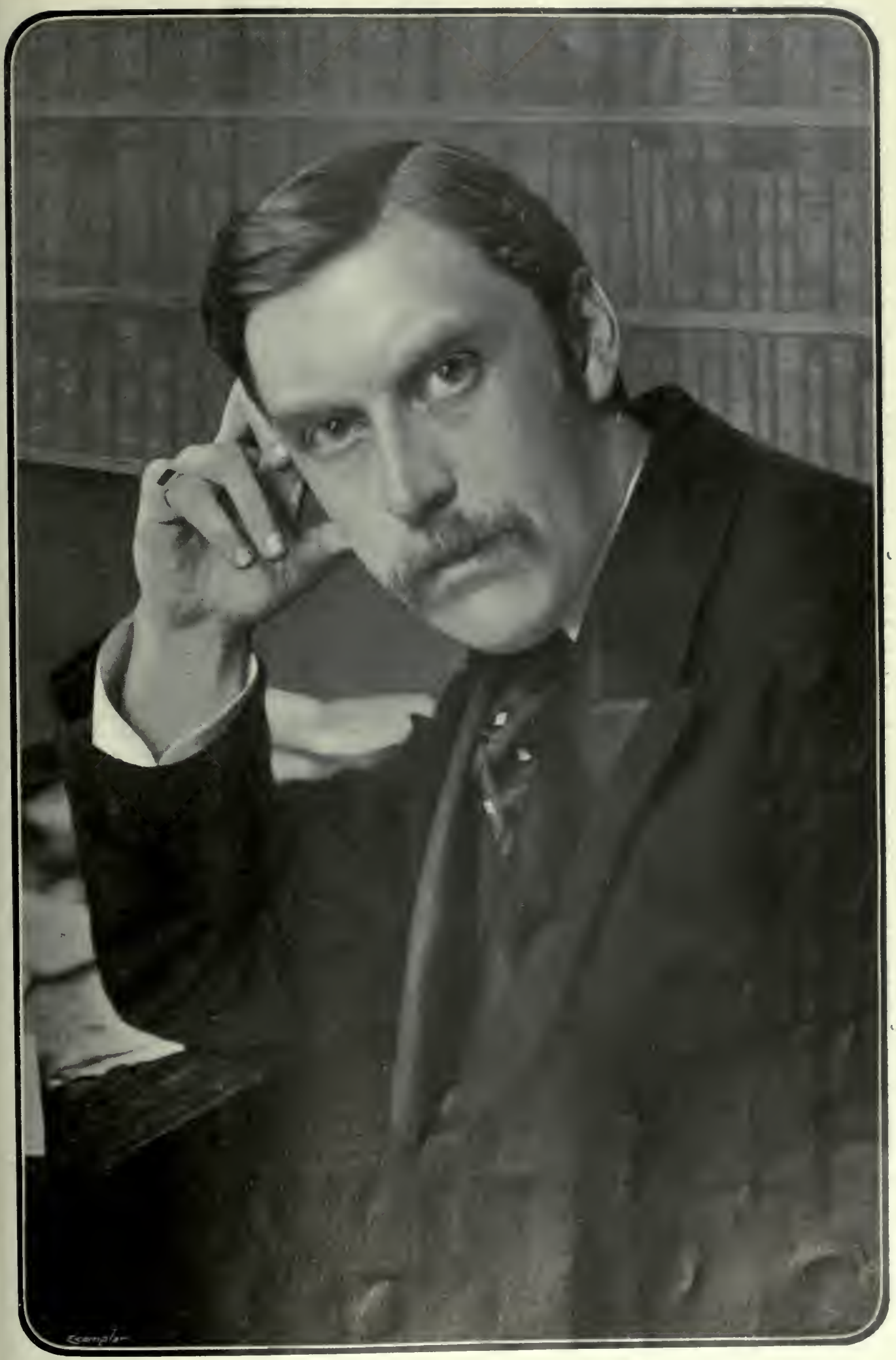


Photo by Ernest H. Mills

elections of John Bright and of Mr. Fawcett were triumphs for the Liberals. Mr. Horne became President of the University Debating Society, where he laughingly confesses that he often found the greatest difficulty in maintaining order. He also preached, as opportunity offered, in the mission-halls in poor quarters of the city.

Photo by Elliott & Fry
EARLY PORTRAIT OF MR. HORNE

Mansfield College

After leaving Glasgow he spent three years under Principal Fairbairn at Mansfield College, where he was one of the six original students. The others were Mr. Selbie (now of Cambridge), Mr. Joseland (of Amoy), Mr. Robinson, Mr. Wolfendale (now of Durham), and Mr. Norman Smith (the present Bursar of Mansfield). These fortunate six enjoyed close personal intercourse with Dr. Fairbairn, and also with such eminent leaders of the University as Dr. Hatch, Dr. Sanday, and Canon Cheyne. Dr. Edwin Hatch welcomed the Mansfield men with especial cordiality, and his influence was helpful to them all. The College at that period occupied temporary premises in the High Street, while the beautiful permanent building was rising. Mr. Horne was a frequent speaker at the Oxford Union, where he is still remembered. He had been at Mansfield only eighteen months when he preached his first sermon at Kensington as an occasional "supply." The Mansfield men were much in request in all parts of England, and the Kensington friends invited Mr. Horne several times before the idea of a settlement suggested itself.

The Story of Kensington Chapel

The history of Kensington Chapel is one of the most attractive in the annals of Nonconformity. It was fully dealt with by Dr. John Stoughton, one of its most eminent pastors, in his little book "Congregationalism in the Court Suburb." Dr. Stoughton traces the record to the early days of Hornton Street. The original founder of the "cause" was a pious coachman of George III. named Saunders, who played an important part in Kensington Church history. Saunders was a favourite with His Majesty, and used to put tracts in the pocket of the coach for his royal master to read on the way from London to Windsor. Far from resenting this freedom, the King encouraged Saunders to keep the pocket well supplied. The coachman was a Nonconformist, and gathered a little congregation, first at Windsor, and afterwards in Kensington. He and his friends met in a very humble dwelling for religious worship, and out of that grew the Dissenting Church in Hornton Street.

Photo by Adolphus Tear
MRS. HORNE

We Londoners of the twentieth century would hardly recognise the Kensington of George III. Hornton Street Chapel stood in the midst of rural surroundings. Dr. Stoughton well remembered the nightingales in Holland Park at the commencement of his ministry; the old Parish Church, which Bishop Blomfield pronounced the ugliest in the country, was still standing in Church Street, and, higher up, the Vicarage was encompassed by a small park. The Campden Hill neighbourhood contained a few aristocratic mansions, each surrounded by its own spacious garden and often by orchards, shrubberies, and wooded demesnes. The first pastor of Hornton Street was the Rev. John Lake, who afterwards joined the Church of England. The congregation has always had a partiality for youthful ministers. The Rev. John Clayton, who succeeded Mr. Lake, was only just of age when he accepted their invitation as his successor. John Leifchild came straight from Hoxton Academy. Dr. Leifchild began his ministry in 1808, and at the centenary of the chapel in 1893 there were still two members who had been in his Bible class. Dr. Robert Vaughan occupied the pulpit from 1824 to 1843, when Dr. Stoughton entered on his long and valuable ministry. In the little book he published for the centenary Mr. Horne writes of this eminent predecessor: "It is one of the special joys of our centenary services that Dr. Stoughton should still be able to come among us to celebrate the fiftieth year of his

THE LATE MR. CHARLES SILVESTER, AFTER WHOM MR. HORNE WAS NAMED

association with Kensington. He retired full of honours. His great qualities, alike of literary ability and personal character, won for him the unique distinction of being elected, by those most eminent in the various branches of our national life, to the membership of the Athenæum Club. We believe that almost alone of Nonconformist ministers he has been welcomed to this honour. But we are certainly right in saying that even more than such a mark of recognition by men distinguished in so many walks of life he has valued the simple love and loyalty of that Christian Church to which he gave himself with such unqualified devotion, and which owes so much of its present character and influence to the spiritual leadership of Dr. Stoughton."

We pass quickly over the names of Dr. Alexander Raleigh and Mr. Colmer Symes, and come to the year 1887, when the congregation made choice of its present pastor. Eighteen months of his Mansfield course were still to run, and the Rev. Edward White supplied the pulpit during the interval. It was Mr. White who introduced the simple and comprehensive forms of worship and prayer which are still in use at Kensington. On March 25, 1888, Mr. White and Mr. Horne were recognised at a meeting presided over by Dr. Stoughton. In the Easter holidays which followed Mr. Horne returned to his old home in Shropshire, and, in company with Mr. Wolfendale, his fellow-student at Mansfield, conducted an evangelistic mission. The second week of October, 1889, is memorable for the opening of Mansfield College, which took place on Monday, the 14th. On Thursday, the 17th, Mr. Horne was ordained. Mr. Edward White presided at the service, and instead of the usual discourse on the nature of the Christian Church, made a few remarks on the significance of the service. Mr. Horne's statement with regard to his own religious experience and the principles he held and hoped to preach was altogether of a unique character, delivered without notes and with much feeling. Dr. Horton offered the ordination prayer, Dr. Fairbairn gave the address to the pastor, and the Benediction was pronounced by Dr. Stoughton. On the following Sunday, October 20, Dr. Dale delivered the charge to the congregation. He dwelt upon the duty of the people to their new minister, whom they must help by preparation for public worship and by a receptive spirit in listening to his teaching. "It is the people," Dr. Dale said, "who are largely responsible for any want of intellectual vigour in the modern pulpit." He also entreated the congregation to help their minister in his pastoral work. "It is not right," Dr. Dale remarked, "that any Church member should suffer from a sense of isolation, and special care should be taken in great cities of the young men and women who have left homes in the country." Mr. Silvester Horne, himself in those days a "young man from the country," endeavoured from the first to make Kensington Chapel attractive to the young. They are heartily welcomed to a share in the common life, and are trained for Christian service. The Guilds connected with Allen Street are remarkably successful. The departments of cookery, ambulance, and physical drill have provided occupation and amusement for week-day evenings. Mr. Horne's very popular People's Lectures are largely addressed

Photo by Ernest H. Mills

MR. HORNE IN HIS STUDY

to the young, who have learned from him the history of the Free Churches in England and the inspiring records of the London Missionary Society. While the bright presence of their youthful minister brought new life to the young people's societies, the older members recognised in him a rare maturity of intellect. "I am old enough for him to be my grandson," said one esteemed member, "and he instructs me." It was said, indeed, when Mr. White and Mr. Horne were recognised together, that Kensington had secured the youngest old man and the oldest young man in the Congregational body.

MR. HORNE GOLFING

Mr. Horne was at first rather doubtful whether his true sphere lay in the West of London. His sympathies were with the working classes, and his personal inclinations would have led him to some poor and crowded district. Even after fourteen years in Kensington he remains undazzled by the wealth, the fashion, and the social charms of the Court suburb. He often regrets that there are few working people connected with Allen Street, and, close as are the bonds which unite him with his present congregation, he loves to escape from time to time from the haunts of the comfortable and prosperous classes, and to mingle with the children of the Lady Poverty. Mr. Horne would have been an ideal President for such a settlement as Oxford House.

On August 3, 1892, he was united in marriage to Miss Katharine Maria Cozens-Hardy, daughter of Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy, who was then a Q.C. and M.P. for the northern division of Norfolk. Dr. Fairbairn officiated at the wedding, assisted by the Rev. J. C. Harrison. Although the holiday season had begun, there was a large and fashionable congregation at Allen Street. Amongst those present were Mr. Colman, M.P., Mr. Stuart, M.P., Mr. Barran, M.P., Mr. and Mrs. Micklem, and many other well-known Congregationalists. As our photographs show, Mr. and Mrs. Horne have now five charming children, many of whose play-hours are spent on the beach at Sheringham, Norfolk, where Mrs. Horne's father has built a holiday home for his son-in-law. Amongst their neighbours on the Norfolk coast are Mr. Augustine Birrell and Dr. Barrett, of Norwich. At Norfolk political meetings Mr. Horne has long been known as an eloquent and convincing speaker. At election times he would drive with Mr. Cozens-Hardy from Letheringsett Hall to the villages in the constituency, and he did his part in building up the substantial majorities by which the future Judge was returned to the House of Commons. His happiest hours of leisure are spent on the deck of a wherry on the Broads. He knows the fisher-folk intimately, and often says that the Methodist working men of Norfolk compare favourably in intelligence and knowledge with the labouring classes in other parts of England. For generations they have been Liberals and Methodists, and they have a strength and independence of character and a keen political judgment which are unknown in districts where Toryism has for centuries reigned supreme. Golfing, cycling, sailing, and motoring are amongst the attractions of a Norfolk holiday, and Mr. Horne does not find it necessary to rush off to the Continent for every brief vacation. He has, however, travelled frequently in Switzerland and Italy. He visited Australia and New Zealand during a long voyage at the commencement of his ministry, and he went to America some years ago as a delegate to the International Congregational Council.

MR. HORNE IN CYCLING COSTUME

The Education Controversy

From the beginning of the great Education controversy Mr. Horne took a fearless and decided stand. On May 15 he declared at the Memorial Hall that the leaders might talk of compromise, but that the rank and file of the Free Churches would hear of no compromise until the Education Bill was withdrawn. The vehemence and passion with which this sentence was uttered aroused the greatest enthusiasm. It was evident at once that Mr. Horne was speaking for the Congregational Union as a whole. "Our history," he said, "shows that there are creeds we

will never sign, liberties we will never forfeit, and taxes we will never pay." He advised ministers to preach about the Bill, for religion was deeply involved, and it was with the religious issue that Free Churchmen were chiefly concerned. "We are sick and tired," he declared, "of the repeated attempts to purchase ecclesiastical ascendancy at the price of our religious freedom. The old question of the relations of the Church and State has again been raised, and, God helping us, we will not let it sink. If the spirit of Disestablishment begins again to live, I for one will thank God for the Education Bill. They claim ascendancy; we, as Congregationalists, challenge that ascendancy, and may God defend the right!" From the position taken up at the Memorial Hall Mr. Horne has never flinched or wavered. It was his brilliant speech at Glasgow which decided the action of the Congregational Union. The younger delegates had come to the meetings determined to declare for passive resistance, but through bungling management and long-drawn, ineffective speeches the great opportunity was nearly frittered away. Mr. Horne moved an amendment by which the Union adopted the words: "And if the Act is forced upon the nation, the Assembly is prepared to advise its members to refuse to pay the rates." The Government and the country, he said, were entitled to know that they had driven Nonconformists to their last line of defence. There should be no shadow of doubt in the minds of the people and the Government on the subject. Concession was impossible

Photo by Mendelssohn

REV. CHARLES SILVESTER HORNE, M.A.

and compromise could not be mentioned. "If active resistance was right in South Africa," Mr. Horne declared, "passive resistance is right here. We will so fight out this war that it shall never have to be fought out again." When the amendment was put, only six hands were held up in opposition. Controversial subjects have no place in our columns, but these great events in Mr. Horne's public career cannot be ignored. He is now recognised as the foremost platform speaker in the Congregational body, and, next to Dr. Clifford, in the Free Churches. Rumour has lately been busier than usual with his name. He was invited to Bradford and to Liverpool, but the invitations came when London was mourning the death of two of its foremost preachers, Dr. Parker and Mr. Hugh Price Hughes. The same influence which has led Mr. Meyer to resume the permanent charge of his Church in South London has guided Mr. Horne in his decision to remain at Kensington. As we go to press his name is still freely mentioned in connection with the Secretaryship of the Congregational Union which will shortly be vacant. The leaders of the London Union have set their hearts on securing him for one of their new central missions. Claremont Hall is prospering under the able guidance of Mr. Newland, but the Committee has good reason to believe that if Mr. Horne would take charge of a slum settlement, the eyes of all London, and indeed of all England, would speedily be fixed upon his work. These various invitations and rumours are a sufficient testimony to his rapidly growing fame. There is, in fact, no position in his own Church to which he would not be eagerly and thankfully welcomed. Some years ago it seemed as if the strain of a London pastorate might bear too heavily on a constitution which was never robust, and Mr. Horne was absent from his pulpit for a year. A life in the open air restored him to health and vigour, and, besides his regular work, he has lately completed a history of the Free Churches, which will be one of the most interesting publications of the spring.

Photo by Elliott & Fry
THE LATE DR. STOUGHTON

JANE T. STODDART.

A Dream

BY REV. PRINCIPAL FAIRBAIRN, D.D., LL.D.

ONCE in visions of the night a dream came to me. I seemed to see the great white throne, and Him that sat on it. His face was beautiful, beautiful as the King that had come from the land that is never far off. There before Him the spirits of the earth came, each in his turn to be judged according to his works.

There came an old man, beautiful in his age, crowned with grey hairs, a crown of glory. Silent had he been in good; blessed in his silence. His walk was known to the orphan; his way was known to the widow; and after him there followed through this troubled life a sweet balm that was a balm of mercy and healing wherever it fell. He came low bending, awed by the glory, to hear from the Master the sweet words: "Well done, good and faithful servant!" "What! knowest Thou me?" "Yea, thou art well known; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

And there came behind him a man mighty in speech. Great had he been in the arena of public affairs. He had condescended to honour God by word, by defending Him on platform and in Parliament; and thought that without his defence God had died in human faith—faith in Him had perished. He had built and endowed a church, and thought that his good deeds going far before him would make all Heaven when they beheld him feel reverent and awed. He came exalted, puffed up with his great condescendence to ask his reward. The Master said, "Thy character, thy actions, thine own piety, thine own inmost faith translated into holy deed—what of them? I know thee not."

And just behind him, from a bed where she had long lain weak and faint, came a maiden—one who had been so weak that she would have wished to live, only to know the joy of strength and service. Each day she had sought, wishing to find the great and gracious Saviour; and when she came mourning that she had done so little, the word that met her ear was the word: "Daughter, be of good cheer; be it unto thee not as thou hast done, but as thou wouldest."

And there, just after her, goes a man whose face was dark with many a passion, whose conscience was seared with many a crime, on whom drunkenness had set its fatal seal, on whose head the tears of his orphans had turned into coals of burning fire, after whom ascended the plaint of his widow—a prayer that could not bless; and as he stood there he said, "Oh, Master! I have been an ill-used man. I got strong passions, a bad and most depraved nature—a nature I could not control; and temptations came in my way; companions that enticed stood about me. I am a man to be pitied, ill-used of his Maker." But the same sweet voice said, "Ah! man, thy speech is not true. Thou hadst a will that was free; thou hadst a Gospel that was preached; thou hadst friends that prayed; thou oughtest to have been another man than thou art. To thine own place!"

Now, out of a home where a mother waited, expecting great joy from a firstborn child, there came a child that had lived but long enough to utter its final cry, and passed away into the great silence, leaving yearning unsatisfied in a mother's heart, and pain and vacancy that could not be still in a father's. But the Saviour took the child into His bosom, saying, "Suffer the little child to come unto Me, and forbid it not." And from a bed of suffering, of pain, of death, round which there stood sons and daughters in tears that would not be withheld, and a husband with an agony too deep for tears, too great for speech, a mother came, feeling as if Heaven with God there could hardly be reward for loss of what had been. As she came, the Saviour took from His bosom a child, and He laid it on the breast of the mother, and said, "Child, behold thy mother; mother, behold thy child! Let each make unto the other of Heaven a home."

And there, as the ages come and go, He sits unchanged, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, wielding in mercy, in grace, and yet in justice, the keys of hell and of death.

Forty Years of Honorary Service

THERE are many kinds of Home Missions. There is the slum branch of some prosperous Church; there is the local centre of an organisation like the London City Mission; there is the pet hobby of some refined lady with ample means; there is the barn-like edifice of the Ishmael who forsakes Methodists, Baptists, and the Brethren in turn.

And there is yet another kind—the man of self-denying spirit and Christian earnestness, who makes the conduct of an institutional Church among the poor his life-work. It is to this last class that the story belongs which in this sketch can only be roughly outlined. The view we give of the building will show that Costers' Hall is no jerry-built or insignificant structure. The premises, with the site, cost £10,000 when erected in 1881, and are worth considerably more to-day. They are not only entirely free from debt now, but they were practically so on the day they were first opened, which shows that twenty-two years ago Mr. W. J. Orsman had won the complete confidence of those who knew about his work. That date was the mid-period of his mission career, and though the years pass swiftly, bringing riper experience and fuller knowledge to bear upon slum problems, Mr. Orsman maintains his freshness and vigour. He displays a sort of perennial youth, because he loves young people and keeps in touch with their needs and aspirations.

Photo from Weston's Studio, 16 and 17, Poultry, Cheapside, E.C.
MR. W. J. ORSMAN

Perhaps, too, his love of music has something to do with everything bright about Costers' Hall. His first Christian service after conversion by hearing a sermon of Charles Haddon Spurgeon was in hastening from pitch to pitch in South London, gathering an audience by the songs of himself and friends, then leaving others to speak, while he passed to sing elsewhere. A Sunday evening service in Costers' Hall fills a really pleasant hour; and it is no wonder that the handsome room, holding five hundred people, is always full. The platform is occupied by a well-trained choir, a grand piano and a good organ lending instrumental charm.

This large hall is in constant use for adults' or children's meetings; but there is always good music, not merely the jingles of mission songs. There is also a small hall and classrooms turned to daily account by a variety of agencies, too long to detail here.

Last Christmas morning, for example, five hundred poor children, unconnected with Costers' Hall, and gathered from outlying corners of Hoxton, were seated quietly at half-past eleven awaiting events. Some, indeed, were unpunctual, for they and their parents went very late to bed on Christmas Eve or Christmas morning. The choir was present. Mr. Orsman opened a bag containing meat pie, mince pie, oranges, and slices of plum pudding and cake, all of the best quality, and explained that at the close of the short service each would receive a similar bag as they left. A friend spoke for ten minutes on the pleasure of giving, and all passed quietly out, save sixty of the very poorest, who were detained to receive tickets for Alderman Treloar's Children's Banquet in the Guildhall on December 31.

One hundred and twenty-five larger bags, containing several shillings' worth of grocery and flour, had been distributed to poor women earlier in the week. Various funds at Costers' Hall, used with discretion because his co-workers know the people intimately, lighten the burden on many a weary shoulder. I hardly know a prettier idea than spending the interest of a lady's gift of £2,050 for the purpose of adding 4s. a month to the small wage of a number of factory girls trying to live a respectable life. From such as these are the Bible classes and Christian Endeavour Societies recruited at Costers' Hall.

Variety lends charm to Mr. Orsman's work. In the summer I saw him leading a procession of seven hundred ragamuffins through mother-lined streets to the Great Eastern Railway Station, where a special train carried them to Loughton. Pearson's Fresh Air Fund found the cash, the Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society undertook the management, and three times in the summer Mr. Orsman found the recipients and was in control through the day.

Costers' Hall is affiliated to the Ragged School Union, and its leader is an integral part of the Union. He has long been an active and valued member of its Council, and for two years its chairman. Into no part of its varied work has he thrown himself with more energy than in its recent enterprise of reaching "drift" children—those outside all Sunday school and religious agencies—by lantern addresses and other means. The very first gathering was held at Costers' Hall, and the President of the Shaftesbury Society, the Marquess of Northampton, came specially to inaugurate the movement, and gave a capital address to the ragamuffins.

Mr. Orsman is essentially democratic, but he has had a tolerably large acquaintance with aristocrats. The Earl of Aberdeen has several times shown his interest in the Mission, and his predecessor, the Earl of Shaftesbury, was associated with Golden Lane and Costers Hall for more than twenty years. Was it not the costers who enrolled the noble Earl a member of their fraternity, and presented him with a sleek, well-groomed donkey? His diary records with what pleasure

he attended the Donkey Shows at the Crystal Palace and the People's Palace, when nearly two hundred men usually compete for prizes for the best-kept animals. On one occasion a man valued his donkey at £100, and said it was ninety-nine years old. When remonstrated with, he declared that he had had it thirty-one years, and it was old when he became the proprietor. The movement, still maintained by Mr. Orsman, has done much to promote a love of and greater care for animals.

Mr. Orsman's Christian Mission, High Street, Hoxton, London.

Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Orsman, pastor and Church member, were close friends, and the latter has a full budget of letters from the great divine, who on three occasions came to Golden Lane and Costers' Hall to preach. He often wrote of him in the *Sword and Trowel*, on one occasion saying:

> The utmost importance is to be attached to efforts like those put forth by our beloved friend and brother Mr. Orsman, who toiled all day in a hard-working department of the Civil Service, and then began a second day's work among the costermongers, and all for the love of his Lord. Such men shame us; especially they shame the race of Christian loungers, who go from meeting to meeting in search of pious dissipation, but never buckle down to hard work. All honour to the excavators of souls buried under accumulated mounds of ignorance and poverty. May such men be multiplied! He who pens these lines would cheerfully resign all the honours of a most popular ministry to have the singular grace of being counted worthy of the matchless glory of bringing the outcasts into the kingdom of Christ.

Mr. Orsman's personal history is of great interest. He was the child of Quaker father and Episcopalian mother; was trained by a relative in pronounced Calvinism; and at the age of seventeen (in 1855) he left his birthplace, Cambridge, resolved to reach the Crimea. A military friend sent him out to assist Florence Nightingale, and he remained till the war was over.

On his return he was offered a civil appontment, and went into the Post Office. There he laboured for thirty-three years, and on retiring in 1889 with a pension he was presented, at a farewell meeting of brother-employés, with a valuable travelling-bag and an address on vellum of a highly complimentary nature. Sir Arthur Blackwood, so long the Secretary of the Post Office, was an esteemed personal friend who frequently came to assist Mr. Orsman.

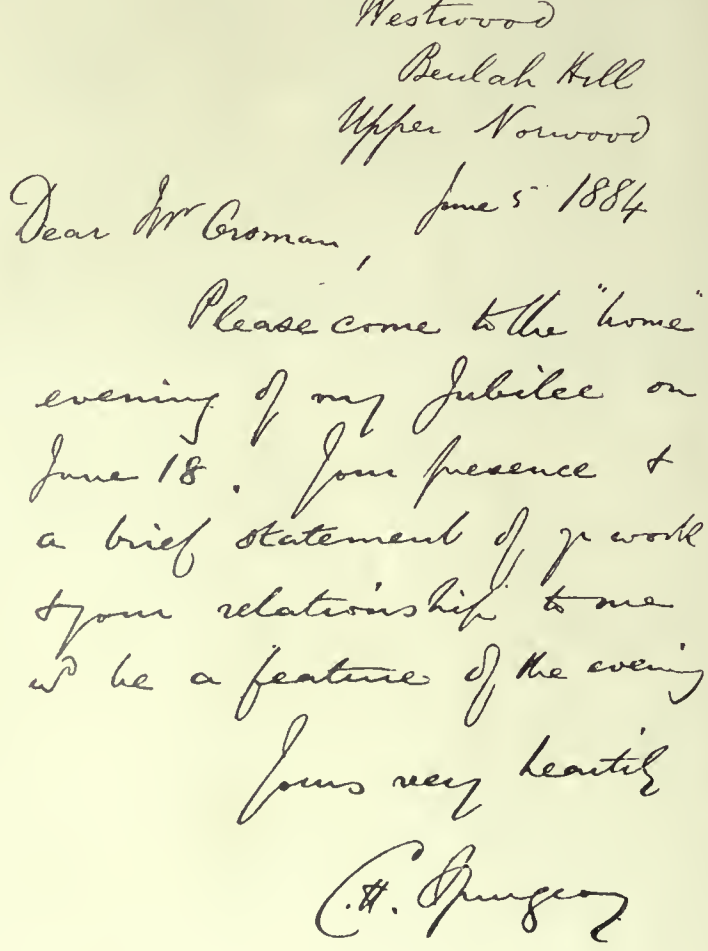
In that same year (1889) he was tempted to fill a vacancy for Haggerston on the newly formed London County Council, caused by the death of Mr. J. B. Firth. For two terms he was elected by large majorities, and threw himself with great zeal into onerous committee work. But in 1895 he retired, finding the claims of Costers' Hall and its manifold agencies enough for one man's strength.

But through the whole time—since as a young man of eighteen he began to sing and to speak, and finally to organise the Mission in Golden Lane, which in 1881 was transferred to Hoxton Street—he has laboured without fee or reward of any sort, save that of a good conscience and the appreciation of a whole district. Now he sees the second and third generations rising around him, while many he has aided are scattered all over the world. Who was it, I wonder, that placed a thousand pound note anonymously in a plain envelope for him to use in the new building as he wished?

Another lady gave him £2,500, which is invested, and the interest applied to sending members of the Mission or poor neighbours to convalescent and seaside homes. Costers' Hall has a regular Church of disciplined members, which numbers four hundred and nine, and they take great interest in the country holidays of the poor and of the child cripples. There is a Shaftesbury Memorial Fund of £270, the interest of which is given to costers, donkey shows, etc. The premises and funds are in the hands of trustees, the three remaining being Mr. Orsman, Mr. F. A. Bevan, and Mr. R. C. Morgan.

There is a Costers' Sick and Burial Society, with a standing balance of £1,800; a Hoxton Street Traders' Sick and Burial Society, with a balance of £816; and a Mutual Loan Society turning over £2,000 a year. Last year a Benevolent Fund spent £186 on sending children to the seaside, and sick, distress, and maternity cases; and twenty-three thousand poor children's breakfasts were provided.

All that is received from outsiders in the way of subscriptions for the Benevolent Fund is about £250 a year; but none is spent upon mere machinery, and if a larger sum were contributed, the area of usefulness in a very distressful district would be enlarged. Letters find Mr. Orsman at Costers' Hall, 242, Hoxton Street, N., or at his private address, Milton House, 130, Shacklewell Green, N.E. It ought to be mentioned that there are many devoted helpers in the Mission, and that Mr. Orsman's brother-in-law Mr. Collinson preaches every Sunday morning, Mr. Orsman usually taking the evening service.



Westwood
Beulah Hill
Upper Norwood
June 5th 1884

Dear Mr Orsman,

Please come to the "home" evening of my Jubilee on June 18. Your presence & a brief statement of yr work & your relationship to me wd be a feature of the evening

Yours very heartily

C. H. Spurgeon

While thoroughly Evangelical in tone, Mr. Orsman is tolerant and broadminded. This is partly due to a wide range of private studies pursued in his earliest Post Office days, rendering him familiar with French and German and much besides; partly, also, to constant travel on the Continent, even in Algiers, in Egypt, and in Palestine. Once or twice every year he goes abroad, and comes back with a fresh store of material and illustration for the benefit of his flock.

There is one thing about young people—they grow older; and Mr. Orsman has been so long conductor of his successful Mission that he sees a second generation growing around him. Those who once were boys and girls in his Sunday school are now married members of his Church, and their children, in turn, are attaching themselves to its juvenile branches. The dispersion of others carries memories of Costers' Hall into every continent, and forms an ever-widening circle of prayer for God's blessing on Costers' Hall.

John Stuart.

The Blindness of Madge Tyndall

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

A WEDDING party had assembled in the little church of Bexmouth to witness the marriage of Madge Tyndall, the Curate's daughter, to Dr. Studley. At the last minute the company learns with dismay that the bridegroom has mysteriously disappeared, leaving no trace behind him, except bad debts. Madge, who refused to believe the worst of her lover, thought he had been drowned, or had fallen over the cliffs at Bexmouth, until one day she overheard Jacob Wherry, a "character" in the town, tell her father that he had seen Dr. Studley with a young lady in London. The tale of treachery thus unfolded told disastrously on Madge's health, and for some time it looked as if her life was trembling in the balance. Gradually, however, she revived under the care of a tender-hearted doctor, whose cheery optimism brought fresh hope and courage into her sorrowing heart. There was one person in Bexmouth who rejoiced at Madge's returning strength. Squire Sleeman, who had sought her hand a year before, but was refused, thought his opportunity had again come, and he lost no time in making his intentions known. If John Sleeman "was not so well educated, nor so clever, nor so handsome, nor so young as Dr. Studley," he had, at all events, "a good solid character." Besides, he had amassed a fortune, and a curate in straitened circumstances was not slow to appreciate the advantages of a wealthy son-in-law. When the matter was first broached, Madge was disinclined to listen to her father's counsel to accept Sleeman, but after a time she was persuaded that her duty lay in marrying the Squire, and so improve the lot of her parents.

CHAPTER VII

TREACHERY

Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed.

ADDISON.

IT will now be necessary to retrace our steps to the time when our story opens. Though a good deal has been said about Frank Studley in the foregoing pages, he has never been properly introduced to the reader, and the time has now come when such an introduction should be given. We know not what opinion our readers may have formed of him. Appearances certainly have not been in his favour. If circumstantial evidence is to be relied upon, as well as the testimony of credible witnesses, then the sooner we dismiss him from our pages the better, and it is possible some of our readers may wonder we do not do so.

Appearances, however, as we have all discovered, are sometimes deceptive. And circumstantial evidence has done many an innocent man to death. In order to arrive at a proper estimate of Frank Studley's character, we will not say good-bye to him, as Madge did, at the garden gate, but will follow him as he made his way with light and swinging pace in the direction of his home.

"Two days more," he kept saying to himself, "and Madge will be mine for ever and ever." And so completely did she fill his thoughts and his heart, that he walked like one in a dream. No thought of evil disturbed him, no fear that anything might happen to prevent the consummation of his desire ever crossed his mind. Life with him had gone well and pleasantly in the main, and so he had never cultivated the habit of reckoning on possible contingencies. Moreover, he was in perfect health, and though he had not a relative, or even a very old friend, in Bexmouth, on the other hand he had not, as far as he was aware, a single enemy. Hence there was nothing to disturb the serenity of his mind or fling a single shadow across his path.

He had covered half the distance between the vicarage and his own house when two men met him and stopped suddenly in front of him.

"If you please, sir, be you Dr. Studley?" one of the men asked, in apparently anxious tones.

"Yes, that is my name," he answered. "Did you wish to see me?"

"Ay, we want you to come with us to Bexpoint, if you will. Joseph Cobbledick have met with a bad accident, and there ain't no time for delays if he's to be pulled through."

"A bad accident?" he questioned. "What is the nature of it?"

"Well, we hardly had time to enquire. He tumbled off the roof and stove in a rib or two, it's thought, and maybe broke his leg."

"But what was he doing on the roof in the dark?" Frank asked.

"Something had got wrong wi' the chimbley, wasn't it, mate? and he would go up to see what 'twas."

"Ay," the other man answered. "He jist got on to the ridge an' rowled over."

"And how did you get here? Did you walk?" Frank asked.

"No, sur; we rowed across the bay in a boat. It would 'a took us more'n an hour to walk round by Wintover bridge. The boat's down agin the jetty, sir, if you'll go back with us. We'll bring you safe home again when you've mended up Joseph."

"All right, I will go with you. But I must go to my house first for my instruments."

"Yes, sur, and my mate and I will go on to the boat and be a-waiting for you."

Ten minutes later the two men were sitting idly in their boat, in the shadow of the stone jetty, waiting for the Doctor. No one was about. The small quay was quite deserted. All the fishing-boats had gone out some hours previously, and would not be back again till morning. Across the bay the lights from the fishermen's cottages at Bexpoint shone fitfully, while far out at sea a red light had flashed more than once during the evening, though no one had seemed to notice it. The younger portion of Bexmouth was already in the land of dreams, and the older portion was getting ready to retire, the constant shifting of lights from the lower windows to the upper very clearly indicating this.

The boat in which the men sat rocked easily on the swell, and now and then grated against the jetty wall; but neither wind nor sea caused them any uneasiness. Indeed, the night could not possibly have been more favourable for their enterprise; though they both heartily wished that they had got safe to the end of it.

For several minutes they smoked in silence; then the elder of the two quietly remarked, "This is about as rum a game, Bill, as thou and I have ever had to play at."

"Ay, it's a cur'ous business," remarked the other. "But it ain't no consarn of ourn."

"No, likely not," reflectively. "An' yet if it ain't all fair and square it might git us into trouble."

"Oh! it's square eno', never you fear," Bill replied. "The Captain holds the Doctor's certificate; he showed it to me."

"Bogus, as like as not," was the reply.

"Now, Bob, what's put that into thy noddle?" Bill asked, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and leaning forward so as to get nearer his companion.

"Several things," Bob replied, after a pause. "The whole thing looks fishy to me. You remember what that bloke said about the weddin' coming off the day after to-morrow?"

"Well, I don't see what that's got to do wi' it."

"You don't? Do you think a gal could be courted by a fellow an' not find out he were off his chump? Why, man, the thing don't stand to reason nohow.

"Oh! I don't know 'bout that," Bill answered. "Folks as have got a slate off be amazin' cute sometimes. Anyhow, his relations thinks as 'ow he needs a long voyage to set him to rights."

"Ay, that's so, Bill; but atween you and me and the rudder, I don't lay no store upon what a man's relations do. I don't care two straws 'bout no bloomin' relation of mine. Folks's parents and childer may be square eno'; but when you gets beyond that, well, it's every one on 'em for hisself. I never knowd no relation yet that weren't a-sniggling for his own pocket, and would bury every uncle and aunt and cousin he had for 'arf-a-crown."

"Well, Bob, that may be so, or it mayn't be so; any road, it ain't our business. We've go to do what the Captain tell'd us, and what we are a-paid for doin'."

"That's so, mate, and I wish the chap 'ud come and let us git it done. He seems loiterin' a terrible long time."

"I hope he don't scent nothin'," the other replied, "for when one comes to think 'pon it, 'twere a clumsy kind o' story we told 'im."

"That's so. I wonder what's become o' the chap as put us up to the rig. Blow me if I didn't a'most forget the name of

the bridge an' the place across the bay there, an' the man as nearly got killed a-rollin' off the house-roof. But I wonder why that bloke as is a-managin' the thing keeps out o' sight."

"Reasons of his own, you may depend," Bill answered. "Being a native, he don't want to be mixed up in it, in case the thing should miss fire."

"Well, as far as I'm consarn'd I wouldn't care two straws if the thing did miss fire," Bob answered. "We've no orders to take him by force."

"But if we don't bring him back wi' us we gets no pay. There's that to be took into account. And I don't believe in takin' all this trouble for nothin'. Besides, Captain Bender'll make it 'ot for us if we fail, for you may depend he's set his mind on this job, and it's a-goin' to be done."

"And I were keen eno' on the job till I spoke to the young feller," Bob answered. "But blow me if I ain't rayther skeary on it now. There's more at the bottom o' this, Bill, than thou or I knows."

Bill took his pipe out of his mouth and spat over the side of the boat. "Bob," he said, "thou'rt a fool. We ain't a-goin' to hurt nobody. We're a-goin' to give the young gent a voyage for the benefit o' his 'ealth. His relatives be payin' the skipper 'andsome for lookin' arter him. The poor young man be off his chump and needs bracin' up."

"I may be a fool, Bill, but thou'rt a bigger," Bob interposed. "Thou knows well eno' that he's no more luny than thou art. The think is plain as dirt. He's goin' to marry a gal as his relations don't approve, an' they're goin' to stop it. That's the reason the skipper were so eager to hug this coast, and in sich a tearin' hurry. If he'd been two days later—well, he'd been too late."

"That's all thy guess," Bill said impatiently; "an' guessin' is nothin' to go by. Our business is to do what we're told. But hist! here he comes. Now for the camphor-bottle and the handkercher. The next move is a ticklish one."

A moment later a firm footstep sounded on the hard granite, and came nearer and nearer to the spot near which the boat lay. It was clear from the quick, fearless way in which the young Doctor walked that he had no thought of danger or treachery. To be summoned suddenly to Bexpoint was only an ordinary occurrence in the life of a Bexmouth doctor. The little hamlet was too small and too poor to make it worth the while of any medical man to live there. Hence, when a doctor was required, one of the Bexmouth practitioners was always sent for, and the easiest way of getting there was to pull across the bay in a boat. There was nothing, therefore, in the present case to awaken the ghost of a suspicion in his mind. Cobbledick was a common name in Bexpoint, and, though the accident was an unusual one, there was nothing in it to suggest any thought of treachery. Did not most accidents happen through people attempting more or less foolish things?

Frank Studley hurriedly entered his surgery after he left the two men, and lost no time in getting certain instruments together and putting them in a case. Then it occurred to him that, as it might be several hours before he returned, he had better take his usual supper, which he had no doubt his deaf old housekeeper had already laid out on the dining-room table for him.

Perhaps he took a little longer over the meal than he should have done under the circumstances. The house was quite still. His housekeeper had evidently gone to bed, and naturally he thought of the time, now so near, when he would no longer sit alone in the silent house; when Madge's dear presence would be with him, and her sweet smile would change the homely surroundings into a paradise.

In thinking of Madge he forgot Joseph Cobbledick with his fractured ribs and broken leg. Madge's kiss was still warm upon his lips, her "good-night, love" still rang in his ears. He could see her even now leaning over the garden gate. How loath he had been to tear himself away; and he was not to see her again till they met in the old church on the hillside, to be made man and wife.

Why did no shadow of coming events fall upon his heart? Why was there no angel to whisper in his ear a word of warning? Why was he allowed to walk without hindrance into the net that had been so cunningly spread for him? Alas! we all of us walk blindly, not knowing what a day or an hour may bring forth.

Putting on an extra thick overcoat, and turning the lights low, he stole quietly out of the house and snicked the door behind him. Above him the stars burned dimly, giving little or no light; the straggling street was quite deserted. One solitary figure stole out of a dark corner, and followed him as he made his way down to the jetty, keeping well in the background and walking so silently that he might have been in his stockinged feet. Frank heard no footstep, and so did not turn. Moreover, he was anxious to make up for lost time, and so hurried on with hasty strides. "Those men will think I am never coming," was the thought that passed through his mind as he neared the little quay.

"Ah! there is the boat," he said, as his footsteps echoed on the hard flags.

A few moments later he stood at the top of the stone steps that ran down the jetty side.

"Are you tired waiting, my men?" he said cheerfully.

"No, not for ourselves, sur," came the reply; "we was only thinking of poor Joseph."

"Oh well! we'll soon attend to him."

"Yes, sur; I hope so, sur. This way, sur."

"All right," and he commenced the descent. A moment later and the boat was rocking beneath him.

"Sit right down, sur," said the man called Bill, who was standing in the stern. "Now, Bob, push off."

In another moment the boat was gliding seawards. The end of the jetty was quickly passed, the wide swell of the open sea lifted the boat's prow pleasantly, the lights from Bexpoint could scarcely be seen, a red star gleamed for a moment on the horizon, and then Bill stole softly behind the Doctor, and with a handkerchief well sprinkled with chloroform tied it quickly over his mouth. There was scarcely a struggle, and Frank Studley lay unconscious in the bottom of the boat.

A solitary figure watched the boat from the end of the jetty till it disappeared in the darkness, then with an audible chuckle turned and vanished in the direction of the town.

CHAPTER VIII

The Mystery Deepens

My fate cries out
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Shakespeare.

When Frank Studley recovered consciousness, he found himself lying in a very narrow berth in a ship's cabin. This fact he did not realise in a moment. For several minutes, in fact, he stared round him in utter bewilderment, and wondered if he could be possibly awake, or if he were only dreaming. It hardly seemed possible that he could be awake, and in such a position, and yet a dream so vivid and real he never remembered to have had before. He tried to pinch himself, and discovered that he was lying in his clothes. He lifted his feet, and saw in the dim light of the lamp that he had his boots on. He raised his head, and in a moment lay back sick and faint.

"This is no dream," he said to himself at length, "but I must be surely out of my mind. I have no recollection of any sleep. Let me see, what do I remember last?" And he shut his eyes, and rubbed his hand across his forehead. But his brain refused to work. The effects of the chloroform had not yet worn away. It seemed as though the past months and years of his life had been blotted out. Of recent events he could remember nothing.

But as the minutes sped on, the present became painfully real. He could hear distinctly the swish of the water outside; could feel all too acutely the pitch and roll of the vessel; could catch the voices of the sailors on the deck; could mark all the details of the little cabin in which he found himself. But how he got there was a question that still baffled him. His present seemed to have no connection with the past. A portion of his life had clearly faded into oblivion. He raised his head again, but only for a moment. He was too dazed, too sick and exhausted to sit up.

"I must have gone mad," he said to himself, while the perspiration gathered in large beads upon his forehead. "I have had some illness, or met with some accident which has turned my brain. Good heavens! all this that I see and feel may be but the phantom of a diseased brain. What a fate!—what a fate!" And he shut his eyes and groaned aloud.

But the mists that beclouded his memory kept growing thinner all the while.

"I have not always been like this," he began to reflect. "When did this state of things begin? I have a feeling that I was all right yesterday, and happy. Where was I? Is there anything in this cabin that I can connect with it?"

And he opened his eyes again, and peered eagerly and anxiously round the room, but there was nothing to remind him of the past. Then suddenly he sat up and pressed his hands to his temples. He had caught a clue; and just as the points of a landscape come one after another into sight when the fog begins to roll away, so the past came back to him, point after point, till not a shadow remained anywhere.

"Now I see," he said, with a look of alarm in his eyes.

A few minutes later he heard a key grate in the lock; then the door was pushed slightly open, and a strange face appeared at the aperture.

"Come in," Frank said, trying to speak as unconcernedly as possible. And in answer the door was thrown wide open, and a man entered.

Frank took his measurement in a moment, and was not particularly impressed in his favour. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, muscular man, carrying no flesh to speak of, with a clean-shaved face, small eyes, low forehead, a heavy jaw, and intensely black hair.

"You are awake, I see," he said, in a fairly refined and well-modulated voice.

"Yes, I have been awake some time," Frank answered. "Would you mind telling me where I am?"

THERE WAS SCARCELY A STRUGGLE, AND FRANK STUDLEY LAY UNCONSCIOUS

"That story about Joseph Cobbledick was simply a ruse. I have been kidnapped, and in the most open fashion. I remember passing the head of the jetty, and then I became unconscious. That fellow stole up behind me, and tied a handkerchief over my mouth. I remember it now. And yet the mystery is almost as great as ever. In all human conduct we look for a motive, but I can see no motive in this. I have no enemies that I am aware of. It is to no one's interest to remove me from Bexmouth. No one can possibly be gainer. Why should two strange men, sailors or fishermen, take the trouble to entice me from home, and place me on board a strange ship? The thing is inexplicable. But I must get to the bottom of this—and at once."

And he staggered towards the cabin door and tried to open it, but found it was securely locked; and with a groan he returned again to his berth and lay down.

"With pleasure. You are on board the Australian clipper *Beagle*, bound for the port of Sydney. Is there any other question you would like to ask, or is there anything I can do for you?"

Frank gave a gasp, and his thoughts instantly flew back to Madge. What would she think? Would she get to know? Or would she imagine he had purposely deserted her? A more trying position he could not imagine, or one more completely shrouded in mystery. Yet he was resolved, if possible, to betray nothing of what he felt. He would keep cool, whatever happened.

"You are very kind," he said at length. "but I don't think I require anything."

"I think a biscuit and a glass of wine would do you good," said his visitor. "Let me fetch them."

"No, thank you," was the quick reply. "I am sufficiently

dazed already, and wine would only make me worse. But would you mind telling me who you are?"

"I will be glad to answer you any question I am able," was the friendly reply. "My name is Charles Spring. I have been engaged as your companion for the voyage."

"As my companion?"

"Yes."

"And by whom, pray?"

"By your parents."

"But I have no parents. So how can that be?"

"Oh well! that is a mere detail. They told me you would say that."

"Oh! I see, you are my keeper. You regard me as insane?"

"Not a bit of it," was the reply. "You are sane enough. But you had a bad illness some time ago, and it has affected your memory a little. You need toning up. By the end of the voyage I expect you will be as well as ever you were."

"Stuff and nonsense!" Frank replied impatiently, "I never had a bad illness in my life."

"Oh well! we will not argue the point," was the quiet reply.

"But you do not believe me, nevertheless?"

Charles Spring smiled amiably, showing two rows of exceedingly good teeth. "I think you are mistaken on one or two points," he said; "but that is neither here nor there."

Frank was about to protest that he was not mistaken, but thought better of it. If his companion honestly believed that he was off his head, or had lost his memory through illness, no mere protest would convince him to the contrary. His best course would be to quietly submit to the inevitable, and trust to the chapter of accidents for a way of escape.

"And my parents engaged you to look after me?" he questioned, after a long pause.

"Through an agent. I did not see them myself. I answered an advertisement in *The Times*, and was engaged. You see, I wish to be perfectly frank with you."

"Thank you. If we are to be companions on a long voyage, it is best we should understand each other. But I have been played a dastardly trick, and one that will not only give great pain to myself but to other people."

"I know nothing about that," was the reply. "I was told we should call and pick you up somewhere along this coast."

"Then you do not know that I have been kidnapped and drugged?"

"I won't say that. As you did not come on board at Southampton, I thought it possible some ruse would be adopted."

"And you approve of such methods?"

"No, I do not, as a general rule. Still, there may be exceptional cases when a little strategy is necesssary. But in your case I have been no party to it. When I boarded the *Beagle*, I did not know but that you would be there before me."

"The situation is an interesting one, certainly," Frank said bitterly. "Here am I a prisoner, without even a change of raiment, and supposed to be a lunatic."

"No, sir, you do yourself and friends an injustice. No one regards you as a lunatic, and as for your wardrobe, I am sure you will find that it has been well supplied."

Frank bit his lip and was silent. The more he probed the mystery the denser it got. It seemed incredible that any one should go to all this expense, and run a hundred risks into the bargain, simply for the purpose of playing a practical joke. Either he was mad or somebody else was mad.

"If you will not have anything to eat or drink," Spring said, breaking the awkward silence, "had you not better get your clothes off, and try to get a few hours' sleep?"

"A very good suggestion," was the reply. "The pitching of this vessel is getting to be unpleasant."

"I will see that the steward brings you a cup of hot coffee as soon as it is daylight," Spring answered, and then quietly stole out of the cabin, locking the door behind him.

It was a long time, however, before Frank got a wink of sleep. He tried his best, but the shy angel would not come. All the circumstances were so painful and mysterious that his brain was kept in a whirl. For himself he had no concern. Since personal violence did not appear to be a part of his captors' programme, he made his mind easy on that question. But the thought of Madge filled him with agony. What would she think? What would she do? Would she get to know before Wednesday morning? And if not, what terrible pain and humiliation that day would bring her!

And they had looked forward to that day with so much eagerness, and with so many fond anticipations! It was to be the day of all days, the crown and glory of all the rest; and now, through this inexplicable mystery, it would be dark to both of them. The minutes and hours, instead of bringing them nearer together, were drifting them farther and father apart, and he could send her no message, could offer no explanation; and even if fortune favoured him, many months must elapse before he could look upon her face again.

It was not at all surprising that he could not sleep. Sometime she would start up in a fright, feeling convinced that he was the subject of some strange hallucination. At other times he was half disposed to believe that he had lost his reason. He had heard and read of people losing all recollection of a portion of their lives through some accident or serious illness. Could it be possible that some such fate had befallen him? And he would painfully thread his way back, step by step, through all the years of his life to the days of his earliest childhood, till he had satisfied himself that no link in the chain was missing. Then his thoughts would take another direction. Who was this enemy that had robbed him of his love and his liberty, who had snatched the cup of happiness from him when it was close to his lips, and wickedly blighted his life when all its fair promise was about to be fulfilled?

Till now he did not know that he had an enemy. He had quarrelled with no one, done no man a wrong. There were some people he was not on as friendly terms with as others, but not one of them could he bring himself to imagine would do him an injury. One thing, however, was clear enough, whoever his captor was, he had plenty of money at his disposal. A voyage to Australia and back in charge of a keeper would mean very considerable expense. But though this view narrowed the question considerably, it threw no light upon it. He knew a number of rich men, some of them intimately, but they were not given to playing practical jokes of this kind. Indeed, he could not imagine any sane person who would act in such a way, while the plot was too carefully laid to be the work of any man not in his right mind. So hour after hour, like an imprisoned bird, he beat himself against the bars of his cage, but found no relief nor saw one glimmer of light. So the night wore away, till at length, just as the dawn was stealing up into the sky, he fell asleep from utter exhaustion.

(*To be continued*)

Preparing for the End

BY REV. J. H. JOWETT, M.A.

It is a most momentous conviction which is expressed in these words: "The end of all things is at hand." What kind of conduct will it determine, and to what kind of counsel will it lead? Here is an Apostle, deeply possessed by the solemn conviction that the great consummation is approaching, that the glorified Christ is returning, that the judgment is impending, and that "the end of all things is at hand." In the looming presence of so urgent and so commanding an event, how will the Apostle shape his message? What kind of counsel will he give to his readers? What manner of preparation will he constrain them to make? It matters little or nothing that the Apostle's anticipations of the Second Advent were premature, and that the stupendous consummation was delayed. For you and for me the

instructive and all-absorbing conjunction remains the same. Here is the Apostle Peter sharing with his fellow-Christians the expectation of an immediate end. The Judge is at the door! What will be the manner of their behaviour? If we knew that within a year or two the Master would reappear as the august and sovereign Judge, how ought we to pass the intervening days? We know from the letters of the Apostle Paul how the urgent expectancy influenced some of the early Christians. Some were thrown into panic. Others were despoiled of their spiritual collectedness by the invasion of unreasonable excitement. Others abandoned their ordinary employment, and lapsed into an indolence in which they might find more leisure to wait and watch for the King's appearing. And we know with what severity the Apostle denounced these perilous and irrational excesses. "Study to be quiet and to do your own business." "Be not shaken in mind." "We command that with quietness ye work and eat your own bread." "Let us watch and be sober." All this dangerous sensationalism was combated and subdued by the cool self-possession of this man's healthy and imperial mind.

And now here is the Apostle Peter confronted by the same prevailing and insidious inclinations. What will be the character of his message? Let us make the matter directly pertinent to our own condition, that we may appreciate the strong, cooling, controlling influence of the Apostle's counsel. For us, too, my brethren, "the end" may be at hand. Death looms on the not distant horizon. The King is at the gate. What shall be the nature of our preparations, and the character of our behaviour? "The end of all things is at hand; *be ye therefore of sound mind.*" Sound mind! Life is to be characterised by reasonableness and sanity. There is to be nothing morbid about our mental state, nothing melancholy or diseased. We are to be mentally "sound," emancipated from distraction and panic. We may enter into the content of the descriptive word by watching its usage in our common speech. We are familiar with the phrase "as sound as a bell," and the usage will act as part-interpreter of the Apostle's thought. "Sound as a bell!" There is no break in the metal, no severance in the elements; it holds together in compact and undivided unity. "Sound mind," "as sound as a bell"; no break in the mind, no division, no distraction, but a wonderful collectedness, issuing in the definite tone of clear and decisive purpose. We are also familiar with another application of the word, as in the usage "sound" and "unsound" meat, where the significance is indicative of health and disease. And this, too, may guide us into the content of the Apostle's thought, for when he counsels "sound-mindedness," he unquestionably refers to a mental condition which is freed from all morbidity, defilement, taint, and disease. "The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore of sound mind," delivered on the one hand from the mental distraction that destroys life's music, and on the other hand from the morbid depression which so frequently opens the gate for the invasion of death.

"*And be sober.*" That is the second note of the Apostle's counsel. "And be sober." It is a warning against all kinds of intoxication, but especially against the intoxication of excited and tumultuous emotion. There are stimulants other than those of intoxicating drinks; and there is a sensationalism to be found elsewhere than in carnal gratification. Excessive stimulants may be found in the revival meeting, and men may revel in intoxicated emotionalism even in the sanctuary. Men may "lose their heads" in many more ways than by the excessive imbibing of strong drink. "Be sober." Don't give way to any excitement which will make life grotesque and foolish! Beware of the sensationalism which is so often the minister of sin. "Be sober." It is an appeal for the culture and discipline of emotion. "Be sober *unto prayer*"; preserve that calmness of life which is consistent with steady aspiration and fruitful supplication; maintain a quiet "watching unto prayer." Here, then, are two of the features which characterise a life possessed by a healthy expectancy of the Lord's appearing —sound-mindedness and sobriety. We are to wait the coming of the King with mind and heart delivered from the distractions of panic, from the taint of corruption, and from a feverish sensationalism which is destructive of the higher ministries of fellowship and prayer.

And now the Apostle proceeds to add a third element to those already mentioned. "*Above all things being fervent in your love among yourselves.*" To "sound-mindedness" and "sobriety" he adds the ministry of "love." Now, the Apostle is at some pains to make it clear to us what is the quality of this love which should characterise the life which expects the King's appearing. In the first place, it is to be "fervent." Now, the significance of our English word "fervour" scarcely unveils to us the contents of the Apostle's mind. He did not so much suggest a love that is ardent as a love that is *tense.* This very word "tense" is almost the original word. The love has to be "tense," stretched out, extended to the utmost limit of a grand comprehensiveness. The New Testament recognises different types and qualities of love, and there is no counsel in which it is more abounding than just in this counsel to push back the boundaries of a circumscribed affection, so that it be characterised by a more spacious inclusiveness. There is love whose measure is that of an umbrella. There is love whose inclusiveness is that of a great marquee. And there is love whose comprehension is that of the immeasurable sky. The aim of the New Testament is the conversion of the umbrella into a tent, and the merging of the tent into the glorious canopy of the all-enfolding heavens. Therefore does the writer of this very letter, in a second letter which he has written, give this very suggestive counsel: "Add to brotherly love, love." Which just means this: make your love more tense; push back the walls of family love until they include the neighbour; again push back the walls until they include the stranger; again push back the walls until they comprehend the foe. The quality of our love is determined by its inclusiveness. At the one extreme there is self-love; at the other extreme there is philanthropy! What is the "tense," the stretch, of my love? What is its covering power? I do not wonder that the Apostle proceeds to indicate the magnificent "cover" afforded by a magnificent love. "*Love covereth a multitude of sins.*" Not the sins of the lover, but the sins of the loved! Love is willing to forget as well as to forgive! Love does not keep hinting at past failures and past revolts. Love is willing to hide them in a nameless grave. When a man, whose life has been stained and blackened by "a multitude of sins," turns over a new leaf, love will never hint at the old leaf, but will rather seek to cover it in deep and healing oblivion. Love is so busy unveiling the promises and allurements of the morrow, that she has little time, and still less desire, to stir up the choking dust on the blasted and desolate fields of yesterday. "Then drew near unto Him all the publicans and sinners." There's a "cover" for you! "And behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew . . . stood at His feet behind Him weeping." There's a "cover" for you! "The Son of Man is come to seek that which is lost." There's a "cover" for you! I do not wonder that the great evangelical prophet of the Old Testa-

ment, in heralding the advent of a Saviour, should proclaim Him as "a hiding place from the wind, a *covert* from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great well in a weary land." "Love covereth all things."

But we have not yet done with the Apostle's characterisation of the qualities of love. He adds a third word which confirms and enriches the other two. True love, "stretched-out" love, all-sheltering love, "*uses hospitality without grudging.*" True love is a splendid host, a veritable Gaius in the lavish entertainment which it offers to weary and footsore pilgrims. In the primitive Christian day, the Apostolic days, love opened the door and gave hospitality to the itinerant preachers as they went from place to place proclaiming the message of the Cross. Love opened the door to the persecuted refugees, driven from their homesteads because of their devotion to the Lord. There were many of them about, and the love-children were to keep an open door and a sharp look-out, and offer them welcome entertainment. Love is the very genius of hospitality; it opens the "hospice" in the stormy and perilous heights, and provides a travellers' rest. Wherever love is, the hospice may be found! "Love never faileth." And the gracious ministry is all discharged as graciously, "without murmuring!" There is no frown upon the face, no sense of "put-outness" in the attention. It is all done, as Matthew Henry says, "in a kind, easy, handsome manner," as though the host had been almost impatiently waiting for the privilege, and yearning for its speedy approach.

Now, brethren, the King is at the gate! Soon His hand will be upon the latch! How shall we prepare for Him? In sound-mindedness, in spiritual sobriety, and in a love which is ever striving after more and more spacious breadth of gracious and generous hospitality. How shall these dispositions express themselves? What shall be the medium of affection? What shall be the line of our ministry? The Apostle provides the answer: "*According as each hath received a gift.*" We must work through what we have received. "What hast thou that thou hast not received?" Our members, our senses, our mental aptitudes, our spiritual endowments! They are all the gifts of the King! We must use them all in the ministry of love. But beyond all these there is the mysterious and indescribable gift of our own individuality. We are each as unique in personality as we are each distinctive in face. Individuality is a unique gift, and is divinely purposed for unique service. We must reverently consecrate our individuality to the King's use, that it may become the minister of His own "*manifold grace*" and "*strength.*" In this subordination the individuality is preserved intact and unimpaired. Working through us, the Holy Ghost will—shall I say?—impinge upon the world in a somewhat different form than from the life of any of our fellows. If an electric current be led through a series of several different materials, its appearance in the outer world will vary with each wire. "In a platinum wire it may appear as light, in an iron one as heat, round a bar of soft iron as magnetic energy, led into a solution as a power that decomposes and recombines." So in many individualities are there "diversities of operations, but the one spirit." What we have to do is to take our individuality, "according as each hath received the gift," and so reverently consecrate it that "the manifold grace" may work a unique ministry.

Here, then, I conclude. I think that no one can be made to stumble by any narrowness and irrelevancy in the Apostle's counsel. His commandment is exceeding broad. How shall we prepare for the coming of the King? What can be more reasonable than the response I have attempted to expound? In sound-mindedness, in spiritual sobriety, in an affection which is ever seeking greater inclusiveness, and working through the distinctive gifts of the consecrated individual life. I tell you, if this be my condition, I shall not be afraid "at His coming." He may come in a moment, and very suddenly, in the noontide, or the midnight, or at the cock-crow: come when He may, I shall "love His appearing." Living calmly, in the atmosphere of affection, and in the mystic strength of consecration, I shall know Him as my friend. The present Bishop of Durham has told us of a beloved friend of his who narrated to him a strangely vivid dream which he had long, long years ago. Let me tell it in the Bishop's words: "Through the bedchamber window seemed to shine on a sudden an indescribable light; the dreamer seemed to run, to look; and there in the depths above were beheld three forms. One was unknown; one the Archangel; One—the Lord Jesus Christ. And at this most sudden sight that soul, the soul of one over whom, to my knowledge, the unutterable solemnities of the unseen are wont to brood with almost painful power, was instantaneously thrilled with a rapturous joy, . . . unspeakable and full of glory: 'My Saviour!—O my Saviour!'"

My brethren, I pray that when that light breaks upon us, not in the ministry of a dream, but in the veritable coming of the Lord, when for you and for me "the end of all things is at hand," may we have so brooded on the "solemnities," and so laboured in the gracious ministry of affection, that we too, "when He cometh," shall be "instantaneously thrilled with rapturous joy, unspeakable and full of glory. 'My Saviour!—O my Saviour!'"

MAKING A QUARREL.—"It takes two to make a quarrel," says the old proverb, and a quarrel simply cannot take place where one of the two refuses to be quarrelsome. You perhaps remember Kingsley's story of the two monks who lived together for many years in a cave, growing to love each other with an ever deeper and more tender love. Wearying at last of the monotonous tenor of their life, one of them suggested to the other that they should have a quarrel, as was the fashion in the world without. "But about what shall we quarrel?" asked the other. "Well," replied his companion, "we will take this stone and set it between us, and I will say, 'This stone is mine'; then you must answer, 'No; this stone is mine'; and so we will quarrel." So they placed the stone between them and began. "This stone is mine," said one. "I think the stone is mine," replied the other gently. "If the stone is thine, take it," replied the one who had proposed the quarrel. And there the dispute ended.

WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW.—Sorrow is often a means of richest blessing. "I never knew," said that eminent saint Samuel Rutherford—"I never knew by my nine years' preaching so much of Christ's love as He taught me in Aberdeen by six months' imprisonment." "Our heavenly Father," said Charles Berry in the last pastoral letter he ever wrote, "has led me through some very dark places since I went away, but I have found out the truth of what many good men have said. There are some things—the best things—that can only be seen when the lights of life are turned low, and the Light of God is left to shine alone."

PREMATURE DEATH.—"We might think John's death premature; he was only thirty when the messengers of death entered his cell. But perhaps no man's death is premature, at least so far as his fame and influence are concerned. For the very earliness of his death gives a touch of pathos to his history, and makes his memory more fascinating and absorbing; and men think of what he might have been; and so he becomes magnified in bulk and power.

"Good for Nought"

BY INA LEON CASSILIS

"*HE'LL* never be any good!" said the woman, looking with darkening brow at the poor hunchbacked cripple who was slowly and painfully making his way across the poultry-yard to the stile beyond. "There's Ned and Dick and Dan'l, sir, as fine, likely lads as ever stepped. It do seem 'ard that the last of 'em all should be like that; he'd better 'ave been dead, sir—he had!"

"Don't talk like that!" said the curate a little sternly. "You must not question God's purpose! That poor lad may have his place in the world, though you can't see it now."

Mrs. Severn looked a little ashamed, nevertheless she lifted her head a trifle higher. She did not like being taken to task by the new curate: he had only been in the parish a week, and here he was finding fault with *her*—one of the oldest and most respected of the inhabitants.

"There ain't much place for cripples," she said doggedly. "The others can work; but what can he do? Nigh on eighteen, though you wouldn't think it to look at him, and he'll never earn a penny as long as he lives."

The curate glanced round the comfortable kitchen. There was surely no grinding poverty here which might excuse the hard and narrow feelings of poor Walter Severn's mother; but "She always for money!" was the village verdict on the shrewd, careful woman, who exacted every penny due to her, but was never known to give. She was not actually unkind to Walter—he had all that the others had; but the tenderness most women feel for the afflicted one among their children, if any such unhappy being there be, was lacking in Barbara Severn. Every day, in a hundred ways, the cripple was made to feel that he was a burden rather than a joy: he was "of no account" as a money-making machine; he ate of bread he did not earn; he was not even handsome and "likely"—a credit to his mother. All her family had been strong and healthy; she herself had never ailed anything; she could not endure bodily weakness, ugliness, and incapacity. Walter was not, perhaps, particularly amiable. How should he be, under such conditions? Saints are not often bred in the atmosphere in which the unfortunate lad lived. He was sullen, morose, and solitary; and though his brothers were kind to him in a careless, selfish sort of way, he knew they would not miss him if he died, any more than his mother would; and they did not spare him reminders of the fact that, sooner or later, they would have to keep him. People of the small farmer class are not sensitive or refined, and sometimes are more cruel than they mean to be; but Walter had the super-sensitiveness of the afflicted, and every slight sank deep into his heart, and made him bitterly resentful.

The young curate set himself to win the poor lad's confidence; but for some time he met with no response. Walter was shy and suspicious, and met the curate's kindly advances in a manner which might well have discouraged any man; but "Patience, patience," Mr. Verner said to himself; "the dropping of water will wear away a stone."

He one day came upon the hunchback in a by-lane, and saw that the boy was poring over a book. Walter looked up, and touched his cap, but said nothing, nor even smiled. The curate paused.

"Fond of reading?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"May I see your book?"

Walter gave it silently. It was a torn and damaged copy of White's "History of Selborne."

"Why," said the curate, "do you like natural history—I mean all about birds and the things generally one sees in the country?"

"Yes, sir."

"You know a lot about them?"

"Something, I s'pose, sir."

"I daresay you can teach me a deal more than I know, Walter—you see, I am town bred; but if you like such books as this, I have a large stock—I will lend you any you care to read."

The cripple's eyes brightened. Here was his vulnerable spot.

"Would you, sir?" he said, with a kind of subdued eagerness. "I'd love to read them books, I would."

"Come up to my rooms this evening, Walter, will you? and you can choose which book you would like to begin upon."

"I'll come, sir; thank ye, sir."

His poor, drawn face beamed at the thought of the treasure upon which he might draw; and the curate went on his way rejoicing. Walter, with the secretiveness common enough to those shut out from their fellows as this lad was, had never revealed his love of reading and his communings with Nature—the unfailing friend and solace of the unfortunate. It was evident that even his family knew nothing of his tastes and pursuits; and the curate thanked God for what many would call the "chance" which discovered to him the means of getting on a friendly footing with the hunchback, perhaps of doing him permanent good by making him useful.

Walter came for the book, and though at first shy and nervous, presently expanded under the combined influence of the delights in store for him and Mr. Verner's kind manner and conversation. Even in this interview the curate succeeded in discovering that Walter was quite a naturalist in his small way. In his solitary rambles he had observed birds and plants, and probably knew more about such things—studying straight from the book of Nature—than many a learned scientist.

This was only the first of many talks between the priest and the crippled farmer's son, in which the former learned much that was hitherto sealed to him, and the latter's really fine character warmed and expanded in the sun of true sympathy. The hunchback, Mr. Verner further discovered, had an intelligence far superior to that of any of his brothers, and it seemed to the clergyman that the cripple might be of great use to him in a scheme he had for an evening club and lending library. He spoke about it one evening to Walter.

"What do you think," he asked, "of the chances of success?"

Walter opened his eyes wide. The idea of parson asking *his* opinion, whom no one had ever thought worthy of consulting in the smallest matter!

"I don't know, sir," he faltered. "I don't go among the lads."

"But you'll have some knowledge of their ways and opinions, Walter. You see, I am floundering a good deal here. The rector heartily supports my scheme, but can't undertake it himself; and I am not so well acquainted with country as with town people and ways."

In the end Walter was induced to give his views, and very shrewd and to the point some of them were, confirming the curate in his impression that the hunchback would prove a really valuable assistant. The Severns, and the village generally, did not fail to notice a marked change in Walter; "new parson had took up with him," with beneficial results to the cripple's temper; but it "didn't make him earn nothin'," his mother drily remarked, while his brothers, observing that he now always went to church—where, however, he betook himself to an obscure corner—sneeringly remarked that he had "turned pious, so's he'd get round parson." Walter was too much accustomed to sneers of one kind or another to pay any special attention to these new ones; and being happier in himself, they fell even the more harmless. But he thought himself dreaming when Mr. Verner one day proposed to him to assist in the club and lending library, to take charge of the books, games, and so on, and do various things which were indispensable, and ought to be in trustworthy hands.

"I, sir—I!" he gasped; "but I'm good for nought, sir—mother always said I was!"

"Your mother was mistaken, Walter," said the curate, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, "and you are mistaken. Every creature born into the world is good for something. You are not useless because you can't work hard like your brothers and other strong lads and earn money, though you may do the last in time."

Walter looked through blinding tears into the clergyman's face.

"You really think I *can* help, sir?"

"I'm sure of it; and I know that I can rely upon you."

So the hunchback was installed as assistant librarian, and very well and most conscientiously did he perform his duties, exciting the wonder of the village lads, who had quite made up their minds that Walter was "good for nought."

Mrs. Severn was pleased, in a way, to find that even her hunchback son was of some account, yet she was half jealous of him, too, that he should "take it out" of her other boys by being a better "scholard," and put in a position of trust by the parson. Then came in also her invariable standard of value:

"Ay, sir," she said one day to the young curate, "but, arter all, Walter don't *earn* nothink."

"Do you think," replied Mr. Verner, "that Walter's Maker and yours measures the value of the creatures He has made by the amount of money they can earn? If so, it will be a sorry day for you and yours when the final accounts are made up; for what are your earnings to the earnings of many others in even your small world? Your limbs are straight, Mrs. Severn, but your soul is deformed and crippled and ugly."

And he turned away and left her.

But Walter, the cripple, had found his place, and was happy.

The Home Department

Result of the Acrostic Competition

A large number have taken part in this latest competition, which seems to have been a popular one. Some excellent acrostics which were sent in failed because, though regarding the first letter of each line, they had otherwise no reference to the magazine at all.

The first prize I have pleasure in awarding to—

The Rev. W. H. Tomkins,
Yalding, near Maidstone,
Kent,

for the following :

The British Monthly

T hat ev'ry month may bring to your endeavour
H appy success and gladly given praise
E ach loyal reader wishes now and ever.

B right stories here are found, our hearts delighting.
R ich stores of wisdom here their wealth unfold,
I n every page an interest, inviting
T o reperusal both the young and old.
I tems for older folk, and for each child's mind
S ome simple stories and some kindly letters,
H ere in its columns all who read may find.

M any the pictures that enrich its pages
O f those who labour for the public good,
N or cease from serving till that toil assuages
T he common thirst for common brotherhood.
H ands greet us as we read, and we are strong,
L ives are encouraged by its cheery counsel
Y et still to wage the age-long war with wrong.

The second prize is awarded to—

Mr. D. Lamont,
7, Alexander Crescent,
Newcastle-on-Tyne,

for the following :

The British Monthly

T he British Monthly, freighted with life's lore,
H as friend of every creed on every shore :
E ach issue bears upon its varied pages

B rave words of wisdom from the world's best sages ;
R ecalls great preachers, who, though dead, yet speak ;
I nspires and nerves the halting and the weak ;
T ranscribes the thoughts and deeds of Christ's true men,
I mparts them to the world by "cam." and pen ;
S catters the doubts and fears of doubting hearts ;
H ails, helps, and heals Faith's sore, dismembered parts ;

M akes clear the path of life, that e'en fools may
O 'ertake the hours and reach the perfect day ;
N otes all things said and done at home, abroad,
T hat marks the triumph of the cause of God ;
H olds that the pen is mightier than the sword ;
L abours to draw all men by Love's sure cord
Y et nearer still to Christ, the Church's Lord.

The selection of the second-prize winner was a difficult matter, several being of nearly equal merit. Miss K. Anderson was the nearest perhaps with the following :

Acrostic

T he British Monthly we can show
H as charms alike for high or low :
E ver may it more prosperous grow !

B y it we come in touch with men
R enowned for preaching and the pen.
I t also shows by pictures true
T he faces of the honoured few.
I ts tales are healthy, sweet, and sound,
S ectarian spirit is not found—
H ere Churches meet on equal ground.

M any the photographs we view
O f places, and of people too.
N ew scenes, new thoughts, our minds employ.
T he competitions we enjoy.
" H ints for the Home " are clear and wise—
L essons of help for watchful eyes.
Y es, we The British Monthly prize.

Next in order of merit came Mr. A. Grix, Mrs. Yeo, Mr. E. M. Dynes, and Miss E. M. Hepworth. Mr. C. Davis, of Camborne, sent some excellent lines on "The Present Distress," but they were not entirely suited to the requirements of the competition. Mr. A. E. Clifford sent also some good martial verse.

New Competition

This competition ought to be particularly interesting to a large number of my readers, as I am sure the papers sent in will be to me. I want all to write a short paper about "The First Book that Made an Impression on Me." It does not matter what the age of the reader was at the time. The accounts must be genuine. If possible, say why the book made an impression, and what the impression was. The length must not exceed two hundred words.

Two prizes will be given for the two best papers. The first prize will be a set of the Uniform Edition, bound in red cloth, of Mr. J. M. Barrie's four books—"Auld Licht Idylls," "When a Man's Single," "A Window in Thrums," and "My Lady Nicotine" ; the second, a copy of that delightful book "Diversions of a Country Gentleman," by Sir George Douglas, Bart.

Please write on one side of the paper only, and put name and address, and whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, on the competition paper. All communications must be addressed to "Anstice," The British Monthly Office, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C., and must reach the office on or before March 1.

Notice

The British Monthly is published on the 20th of the month preceding that which it is dated. The number for March will be procurable on February 20. Competitors will therefore have time to prepare their contributions.

Some Delicious Cakes

Prince's Cake

Beat half a cupful of butter and a cupful of sugar to a cream ; add half a cupful of milk. Well sift together a cupful and a half of flour, a teaspoonful of baking powder, and a pinch of salt ; beat thoroughly with the sugar and butter and milk. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and stir in at the last minute a small teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Bake in a well-buttered tin in a moderately hot oven. When cool, cover with icing sugar, and add any ornaments preferred.

Honey Gingerbread

Mix together half a pound of flour and the same quantity of coarse brown sugar, and a quarter of a pound of butter well rubbed in ; then add half an ounce of powdered ginger, and mix well. Previously extract and strain the juice of a lemon ; add it to the mixture at this point. Mix all together with sufficient golden syrup to make it a thin paste. Well butter a tin, and roll the mixture on it until very thin. Bake until quite cooked, cut into strips before moving from the tin, and lightly roll each strip around your finger.

A Rice Cake

Beat a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream, add seven ounces of castor sugar and beat well together ; drop in four eggs, one at a time, and beat well after each one has been added. Beat for a good twenty minutes—on no account less ; then add very gradually a quarter of a pound of flour and the same quantity of ground rice, and beat for another ten minutes ; add half a teaspoonful of lemon essence. Butter a cake tin and line it with buttered paper, and bake in a gentle oven till thoroughly cooked.

Royal Tea Cakes

Two eggs, four ounces of fresh butter, eight ounces of sugar, eight ounces of flour, the grated rind of a lemon. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar and flour, then the grated rind of a lemon, stir in the eggs well beaten, and make into a paste stiff enough to roll out. Cut into rounds, and bake on floured tins for about twenty minutes.

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TOFFEE

Doctors Recommend it.

Delicious! Delicious!!

Purest of the Pure.

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Accept no Substitute.

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British Boots for British Weather.

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In Narrow, Medium, and Broad Toes.

Made from our celebrated *HORSE-SKIN.*

The late REVD. HUGH PRICE HUGHES wrote:—"The boots are beautifully made and equally comfortable."

We can fit you by post. Send outline of foot standing, or boot, with remittance.

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62, King William Street; 8, Holborn Viaduct; 28 & 29, St. Swithin's Lane; 106, London Wall, E.C.

"—and they got more

BOVRIL"

Reg SHS

28
YEARS' SUCCESS
AS
THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY FOR

Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Influenza, Whooping-Cough, Hoarseness, &c.,

HAS MADE

Owbridge's Lung Tonic

AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY TO EVERYBODY.

Important Notice:

SUBSTITUTION.—*There are so many imitations of this successful, and therefore popular, remedy that it is of the utmost importance you should use the word "OWBRIDGE" when buying Lung Tonic, and TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.*

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South African Branch—Iron Building and Joinery Works, POINT ROAD, DURBAN, NATAL.

Oaten Wafers

Beat a cup of fine sugar with a cup of butter and lard in equal quantities—half a cup of each; add a well-beaten egg and a cup of boiling water, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in a little water, a pinch of salt, and three cups of oatmeal; add enough flour to make a soft dough after all the other ingredients are mixed. Wait until the dough is cold before preparing it for the oven, then roll out very thin and bake in a hot oven.

Small Cherry Cakes

Mix two ounces of ground rice, six ounces of flour, and a teaspoonful of baking powder well together, taking special care that there are no lumps in the latter; then rub into this two ounces of fresh butter, and some candied cherries cut in halves. Beat up with the egg previously well beaten, and a little milk to make it moist enough. Place a half-cherry on the top of each little cake after it is placed in its little well-buttered tin, and bake in a gentle oven.

Answers to Correspondents

MINISTER'S WIFE.—If your daughter is not really fond of children, I think you would be acting very unwisely in sending her to the Norland, or any other Home of that sort. No girl who is not really fond of children should undertake the charge of them: it is a most irksome and trying life. Why do you not send her to a children's hospital, or an adults' hospital, to receive a training as a hospital nurse? I feel sure the life would suit her better; she seems far better suited to the bustling life in such a place, with the constant change and interests going on around all day long. I think the companionship would be good for her too. You should write to the Secretary for all particulars. If you prefer a children's hospital, write to the Great Ormond Street Hospital, or to the "Evelina" Hospital in Southwark, or the Home and Infirmary for Sick Children, Lower Sydenham, S.E.

RASP.—Have a coarse duster or flannel and a plate of salt. Wash the India matting over with clean water, then dip the duster into the salt and rub the matting well with it, the way of the straw, then thoroughly dry. Never use soap for washing this kind of matting, it turns it yellow.

HEPZIBAH.—It is really too soon to advise you as to the colour of your new gown; there has been no indication yet of what will be the favourites. Write to me again next month. Sow your antirrhinums in February or March, in pots or boxes in gentle heat, scarcely covering the seeds with earth. Cover with glass and paper till they germinate, prick out three inches apart, and plant outside in May twelve inches apart. Those with the striped leaves will have striped flowers.

BARBARA ALLEN.—The lines you are enquiring about occur in the first chapter of Thackeray's "Philip." The whole of the paragraph is as follows: "Better to be alone in the world and utterly friendless, than to have sham friends and no sympathy—ties of kindred which bind one, as it were, to the corpse of relationship, and oblige one to bear through life the weight and embraces of their lifeless, cold connection." If you have not read "Philip," I advise you to lose no time in doing so.

REV. G. W. T.—I am very glad to know the author of those beautiful lines you obtained the second prize for in the "Faith" competition. I am sure many of my readers will be pleased, too, to know that Mary Riley Smith wrote them, and to add her name to the verses in the number for March, 1902.

MARCIA.—I was sorry to hear you had been having so unpleasant an experience, and hope you are better—well enough, in fact, to join again in a competition. I am sure a paper from you on the new subject would be interesting. Apologies were unnecessary, but I was glad to hear from you.

MRS. S. P.—Thank you for your kindly appreciation. I am sorry you were not successful, but hope you will compete for one of the new prizes offered.

REV. W. G. MORGAN.—I did not receive any selection from you for the competition. The one you sent had never reached me. Had it done so, it would, I venture to think, have received due justice. I had no other exactly the same as the one that took the second prize.

Several correspondents have written to say that they have back numbers of THE BRITISH MONTHLY to dispose of. Their names and addresses I will forward on applicants sending me a stamped addressed envelope.

MISS E. M. (Arbroath) has Numbers 7 to 25 she is willing to part with. She also writes to know if any reader has the following numbers of *The Family Friend* to dispose of: January and May of 1872; January, March, April, and December of 1873, as she is anxious to obtain them.

MISS I. M. (Bedlington).—I have sent your name and address to one correspondent, and will do so again if I have further enquiries.

MISS E. F. (Saltburn).—I have already given your name and address, but I am afraid the supply has become greater than the demand.

EMILY.—You have no one to thank but yourself for the embarrassing position in which you are placed. You see probably that you have been acting a dishonourable part. I am afraid, though, you do not see that the most honest and best course now is to confess to each of the men to whom you have engaged yourself what you have done. That they should have come to the same place, have met, and become friends was of course a coincidence you could not have foreseen, but I fail to see that it is any excuse for your conduct. If you will take advice, you will tell them before they find you out for themselves; it will, at any rate, be making the best of a bad situation. It is no use for you to hope you can break it off with your second lover, and so settle the matter; it is bound to reach the ears of both of them sooner or later. At any moment, too, the two men may speak to each other of you. Your first fiancé may see your photograph in the possession of your second, and, if he did, would have every right to be seriously annoyed. Any of twenty things may happen, and any one of them would put you in the worst of lights in a man's eyes. I cannot help repeating you have behaved heartlessly.

MATER.—I know of more than one excellent recipe for potato soup. The following, I think, you will find very good, and quite simple to make, not to mention another charm in the eyes of housekeepers who have a large family to provide for on small means—its very small cost. Weigh a pound of potatoes in their skins, peel them, and cut them up; also peel and cut up a large onion (not Spanish). Put the potato and onion into a saucepan with an ounce of butter or dripping, and shake about until the fat is absorbed; then add a pint and a half of water and bring to the boil, and then let it simmer until the vegetables are thoroughly cooked. Pour through a colander, pressing the vegetables through with a wooden spoon. Season with pepper and salt, add a quarter of a pint of milk, and return to the saucepan. Let it warm, but not boil, or the milk will curdle; or the milk may be heated separately and added to the soup the last thing. The white portion of celery is an improvement, or, if that is not to be had, a little celery salt gives it a delicious flavour; but with the latter you must, of course, not use other salt as well—at least, only a very little, if required.

EMELINE.—Can any reader tell Emeline who wrote the lines:

Throw away Thy rod,
Throw away Thy wrath;
O my God,
Take the gentle path,

and where she can find the rest of the verse, or verses, if there are any?

SPRING-CLEAN.—I have heard that blinds, if not very dirty, can be cleaned very nicely by the following means: Take them down, and lay them along a large table; then rub them well, on each side, with a flannel dipped in powdered starch mixed to a cream. The lace and all may be treated in the same way. Roll up the blinds with the starch on them, and leave them for about twenty-four hours, when the starch, and the dirt with it, may be rubbed off with a piece of clean flannel.

ANSTICE.

Anstice will be pleased to hear from correspondents and answer any questions they may care to ask connected with the Home Department.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE, therefore BEST.

ENTIRELY FREE FROM DRUGS, ALKALI, OR ANY FOREIGN SUBSTANCE.

Refreshing, Nourishing, Invigorating.

The Editor of "THE LANCET," June 16, 1900, says:—

"We are glad to find that Messrs. Cadbury draw attention to the fact that there are strong grounds for objection to the addition to cocoa of certain foreign substances. This resource is quite unnecessary, and, indeed, pernicious, especially having regard to the fact that cocoa alone is an excellent food as well as a stimulant, having a salutary action upon the nerve centres."

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Lot No. 336 contains:—1 pair Rich Artistic Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yds. long, 2 yds. wide, 2 pairs alike Handsome Dining-room Curtains, choice old lace design, 3½ yds. long, 60 in. wide, 1 pair neat Floral Pattern Bedroom Curtains, 3 yds. long, 50 in. wide, 1 pair new fashionable Sash Curtains, 1 Table Centre, renaissance design, 1 Set of Duchesse Toilet Covers, one 45 in. long, and five smaller. Ecru if desired. The Lot sent Carriage Paid for 21/-. Customers throughout the Empire testify to the Reliable Worth, Marvellous Value and Durability. First Prize Medals: Toronto 1800; Chicago, 1893.

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The safest, cleanest, and most rapid remedy for Piles is AMEL JELLY. Prepared with harmless natural salts. Stops Bleeding, soothes and softens immediately. Leaves no stain. Money returned if no relief experienced within 24 hours. Post Free 1/1½, of AMEL, 142, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

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Clarke's Blood Mixture has stood the test for 30 years, and thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures have been received from all parts of the world.

It is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world, price **2s. 9d.** per bottle, and in cases containing six times the quantity, price **11s.,** sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases.

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DON'T COUGH *for* KEATING'S LOZENGES EASILY CURE THE WORST COUGH.
One gives relief. An increasing sale of over 80 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 13½d. tins everywhere.

Always used in Her Majesty's Households
NIXEY'S LEAD.
BLACK-BRILLIANT-BEAUTIFUL.

The Children's Corner

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

The first prize in the February Scripture Competition is awarded to—

NELLIE HESKETH (aged 12),
65, Brook Street,
Selby;

the second prize to—

MARY E. WILSON (aged 17),
Oakdale House,
Chester-le-Street,
Co. Durham.

VERY HIGHLY COMMENDED
(Not in Order of Merit)

Tom Curr (this paper was beautifully illuminated), Ernest Dakers, Gwendoline Johns, Jack Dakers, William Robert Maries, Ellen Florence William, Elsie Smallwood, William M. Strathearn, Ernest Wilson, Kenneth Dickinson, Maggie Southwell, R. S. Paterson, Gwen Roberts, Margaret Moir, Elsie Hickox, E. M. Hunter, Greville McDonald Polwarth, John Muir Hamilton, Violet Walker, Arthur Claude Walker, Dorothy M. Turner, Florence Edwards, W. D. Hunter, Bessie Maguire, F. G. Moore, Ella Curr, Nellie Curr, Nathaniel Haskins, Lilian Emily Engleburth, Dyce Taylor, Ethel Mary Back, Lily Maud Bristow, Katie Radford, Winnie Fisher, Beatrice Bull, Stanley Hoatson, Wilfrid H. Crook, Guy Wiehen. James G. Simpson, Dorothy Duggleby, May Loescher, W. E. A. Clayton, R. S. F. Cameron, Ethel Hope Kemp, Muriel Sanders, A. J. Coates, Bessie Coates, A. Stewart Taylor, Muriel Weatherhead, Edith Verna Engvall, Alice Weatherhead, Cordelia Rowlands, Lovel Mack, Alec Mack, Ella Lofts, Donald W. Vick, Gertrude L. Snelling, Barbara Sarah McLeod, Gwilym Shenton Edwards, Charles Cruickshank, Hilda Annie Wilcox.

Strangely enough I have two letters from little nieces about dolls this month. I am very pleased to print them:

MY DEAR AUNT MATTY,

It was my birthday the other day. I had a lovely party. I invited two of my little friends, Sissy Baxter and Lizzie Winter, to tea, with their dolls. I had a great deal to do, preparing for the party. I had to get all my twenty-five dolls ready. I had to brush their hair and tidy their dresses. Tea was lovely. We old ones had proper cups and plates, and beside us sat our dolls, with dolls' cups and saucers. Lizzie brought a lovely monkey doll she had given her at Christmas, but it did not behave nicely. We had such fun! I hope you will like my letter. We had sponge cake with icing on for tea.

Your loving little friend,
MARIAN MURRAY.

I liked your letter very much, Marian. Please write to me again soon. Here is another letter about dolls:

DEAR AUNT MATTY,

I am fourteen and I am very fond of dressing dolls. Mother says I will sew very nicely, she thinks, when I grow up: then I mean to make my own dresses. Now I make dolls' things. Perhaps some of your nieces might like to know how I dressed my best doll. It took a long time. I got a piece of green silk from mother's patch-bag and made a green dress, with a flounce at the edge of the skirt, and I trimmed the sleeves and neck with narrow white lace, and I made a lovely white silk cap with a pink rosette for her. I got some pink ribbon for a sash, and I think it looks very nice. Her name is Bertha. I still like dolls, though I am in my teens.

Yours truly,
JEANNIE WARD.

Bertha must look lovely, Jeannie. Has she got fair hair, and do you pin it up with dolls' hairpins?

"I have eight hundred stamps," writes Lionel Whistler. "Can any one tell me if it is safe to buy packets? The unused stamps may be forgeries, I think." Some packets are very good, I think, Lionel; but only those issued by good firms. Often packets in shops are not worth anything. Lionel specially collects German stamps, and has about forty. Can any one beat this?

T. H. Carrington sends me a poem which I gladly print, and I think it is very nice :

How lovely is the country
When the trees are frost and rime !
How lovely is the country
In winter time !

I never wish to live in town ;
And when I've money of my own
A house I'll build far, far away
In the woods, nor leave it for a day.

How lovely is the country
When summer is about !
How lovely is the country
When all the flowers are out !

I would enjoy the country air,
Enjoy the beauty everywhere,
And all the pleasures in it—
Enjoy them every minute !

I wonder how many of you agree with Tom ?

Marjory Esdale is very disheartened because she has never yet won a prize in our competitions. Well, Marjory, keep on trying, and you will do better and better, I believe.

AUNT MATTY.

Snow Competition

I want you to find out all the references to Snow in the Bible. You may also give lines from hymns where Snow is mentioned. For the best selections two lovely books will be given.

Please send in, with name, age, and address given clearly, to "Aunt Matty," 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., before March 2.

Little Ted

"I SHOULD like to win that prize," said Ted Halsey to his mother one evening when they were in the cosy drawing-room together ; "but of course I can't."

"Why not ?" said mother.

"Because I'm almost the youngest in the class, mother, and I've never been top yet."

"Never mind, work hard ; you may get it. Don't say you mean to win it, but just try quietly and steadily."

Little Ted nodded. The next morning he rose early, and with a stumpy pencil and large sheet of paper torn from an old exercise-book he made out a time-table :

Extra Work

Before breakfast . . .	One hour.
Lunch time	Half an hour.
After tea	Two hours.
= Three and a half hours extra work.	

He went to school that morning with an air of dignity. At the end of school he went up to Basil Broadwood, who was at the top of the French class, and said, "Are you working very hard, Broadwood, to gain the French prize ?"

"Yes, moderately, Little Ted."

Ted was always called "Little Ted" because he was so short, and looked more like ten than thirteen.

"I think I would like to get it," he said boldly.

Basil laughed. "Oh ! you do, do you ?" he said.

"I wish you would help me with that last verb, Broadwood ; I can't make out if there is a participle. Please do."

"Oh, bother ! Stay"—as Ted turned away disappointed—"where's the book ?"

Basil made everything very clear to Ted, and corrected several of his mistakes, and the little boy went home in the highest spirits.

"Father would be very proud if I got the prize, wouldn't he ?" Ted said that night. His father was a captain in the Navy, and at that time in Japan.

"Very proud. So try your best, Ted—your very best," mother said eagerly.

* * * * *

The examination day drew near. Basil was pretty sure of the prize. He noticed Ted's eager face was whiter than usual, but the little boy had worked his way up to second in the class.

National Waifs' Association

(DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES).

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*(2) Freely ADMITTED 3,501 fresh CASES in 1902, and maintained during the year 9,785 Children.

(3) NEVER DECLINES a Destitute Child, even if Sick, Afflicted, Incurable, or a Helpless Infant.

(4) IS FREELY ADMITTING 67 new cases every week from all over the Kingdom.

(5) SEARCHES FOR AND SEEKS OUT Necessitous Children in the Slums of all our Great Towns.

(6) EARNEST EFFORTS are unceasingly being made to bring all the Young Inmates to a personal knowledge of Christ.

(7) Gives to the offspring of CHURCH-PEOPLE, CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEACHING, and to the children of Nonconformists, Free Church Teaching.

(8) TOTAL ABSTINENCE is inculcated as a life-long duty.

(9) NO ELECTION ; NO WAITING LIST ; No Money Promise ; No Barriers on account of Age, Sex, Creed, Nationality, or Physical Health. Destitution is the only and essential qualification.

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"Is there any second prize, sir?" Basil enquired of the French master.

There was not.

Directly after school Ted rushed home, book in hand, to do the precious half-hour's work before the afternoon. Basil strolled after him whistling and thinking.

Next day the examination began at ten. Ted was there early. He seized his paper and began. He raised his head an hour afterwards as some one entered. It was Basil. Why had he been late?

"I only did five questions," said Basil, coming up to Ted after it was over, "so I've no chance."

"Why were you late, Broadwood?"

"It was stupid of me, wasn't it? I was lazy," Basil said carelessly.

It came to pass that the French prize was awarded to Little Ted.

Mr. and Mrs. Broadwood could not understand it. But Basil only said, "Oh! he's a clever little chap, and a good sort. I thought he would get it."

Ray's Disgrace

"I DON'T see how I can ever trust you again," said Mr. Burton, very sternly. He stood by his desk in the big schoolroom. No one was in the schoolroom except the master and the boy.

Ray said, "Well, sir, I'm sorry," in the faintest tone imaginable.

And Mr. Burton answered more sharply than before:

"Being sorry doesn't help matters."

What had happened was this. Ray had told a lie. When asked if he had done his Latin corrections, he had boldly answered "Yes," knowing that Mr. Burton scarcely ever looked at them. This time, however, the master, who had been reading an article on "Thoroughness" at home, had come to school in a thorough frame of mind, and had said, "Let me see them, Stacey"; and there were none to see.

Now, in most stories there is great excuse for the heroes, should they have done wrong. But there was no excuse for Ray; he had lied deliberately. He stood eyes down and hands nervously twisting themselves—*so* miserable.

"Look here, Stacey; I've noticed before you were not particular about telling the truth. Stay in for two hours and write out the lines I will set for you directly, and think yourself very lucky in getting off so easily. Oh, my boy," said Mr. Burton, more gently, "don't you see that it's a sin against God not to tell the truth. Think about it, Stacey—*think* of it."

He left the room after setting the lines and giving him a long, sad look.

Ray felt wretched. He had promised to get home early that afternoon, for his pretty cousins Dora and Maud were coming to tea. What would they think of his being absent? Stay, he could say he had *had* to go to football, and no one would find out.

He wrote out his lines mechanically, and it took him a long time, for these things are not done easily; and he went home slowly, ashamed of himself. "May I not tell any more lies, please," he said, looking up at the dark autumn sky—"please, God?"

It was hard to get in and meet Dora and Maud, dressed in hats and cloaks, just going off to the station.

"*Oh, Ray!*" they exclaimed, "just in time! Wherever have you been? And we brought our picture postcard collection specially for you to see, and now it's too late!"

"Ray," said his mother anxiously, "why couldn't you have got off football to-day? It was rather careless, dear. We waited tea more than a quarter of an hour."

"Don't forget your honour," sounded in Ray's ears. He said, with a tremendous effort and very crimson cheeks:

"I'm so sorry, Dora and Maud; I'm so sorry, mother. But I had done wrong, and had to stay in and write some lines."

It was really hard for Ray to get these words out.

The cousins stared a little and said good-bye. Ray ran upstairs—with what feeling? The best feeling of all to have—that he would, with God's help, try and conquer his fault.

This was not very long ago; but I believe he will succeed, in the strength of Jesus.

Things Worth Noting

A POPULAR HOUSE FOR PIANOS.—No home is complete without a piano, and nowadays it is possible to procure a good, serviceable instrument at a moderate price, so there is no reason why the homes of any but the most humble should be incomplete. A piano needs to be selected with great care however, as a poor one is not cheap at any price. Messrs. Jarrett & Goudge, of 135, Mare Street, Hackney, are a firm of piano manufacturers who supply the public direct at very moderate prices. Their instruments are thoroughly reliable, and can be had at prices ranging from £21 upwards. They publish a capital illustrated catalogue, which they offer to send post free to any address.

FASCINATING WORK FOR LADIES.—Messrs. J. Audley Sparrow & Co., of 20, Cheapside, London, have, by the introduction of an ingenious cushion, designated the "Taoro Teneriffe Lace Cushion," rendered the making of "Teneriffe" Wheel Lace quite easy and simple, and it is becoming a very fashionable pastime with ladies. The accompanying illustration gives a good idea of how the cushion is used. The usual toilsome withdrawal of the pins and replacement of them is entirely obviated, and to prevent the thread catching on the pin heads when using the needle, a guard ring is provided. No celluloid or other inflammable substance is used in the manufacture, and, indeed, for all practical purposes, the cushion may be considered indestructible. Messrs. J. Audley Sparrow are organising a prize competition for wheels made on their cushion, and you should write to them for particulars of it. Many valuable money prizes are offered, including one of £10 and two of £5, also one hundred consolation prizes of "Taoro" Cushions made of ebony and silver-plated fittings.

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No. 29. Vol. III. APRIL, 1903 SIXPENCE NET

NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, *27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

The Editor will be glad to receive interesting photographs, with short accompanying paragraphs, from the readers of the magazine. Every effort will be made to return unused contributions when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed; but the Editor cannot be responsible for the return of manuscripts or photographs which are sent to him. Contributions for the next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, *to be published on* APRIL 20, *should reach the Editor by* APRIL 1 *at latest.*

Illustrated Notes

The next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be published on* APRIL 20, *and should be on sale at all Newsagents' and Booksellers' on that date. The Publishers will be greatly obliged if readers who have any difficulty in securing copies of* THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be good enough to communicate with them.*

THE BRITISH MONTHLY for May, which will be published on April 20, will be a specially attractive number, containing contributions which will prove interesting to all classes of our readers. With the May number will be given away a beautifully engraved portrait of Dr. Horton, the well-known minister of Lyndhurst Road Church, Hampstead, who is Chairman of the Congregational Union for the current year. A handsome portrait of Dr. Horton will also appear on the cover of the magazine. Besides the usual features, the number will contain a full and entertaining account of the career of Mr. J. E. K. Studd, who has succeeded the late Mr. Quintin Hogg in the Presidency of the London Polytechnic. Mr. Studd, who, like his predecessor, is an old Etonian, has had an interesting career, and for eighteen years has toiled whole-heartedly for the progress of the famous institution of which he is now the head. Another notable feature will be a sketch of the career of Lord Overtoun, who of recent years has been so prominent in the religious life of Scotland. The contribution, which will constitute the most complete and authentic account of his lordship's career that has ever been published, will be greatly enhanced by a large, varied, and extremely fine collection of pictures.

THE LATE REV. R. McCHEYNE EDGAR, D.D.

THE death of Dr. McCheyne Edgar, of Dublin, was preceded by a long and trying illness, during which he struggled heroically to discharge his duties. He was one of the many able men who never quite do the work or reach the position for which they seem to be fitted. Dr. Edgar was an earnest student. His reading was very wide, and his books abound in quotations. All of them have a certain value, but none quite reaches the first rank. It seemed to outsiders that he should have been appointed to a theological chair in the Irish Presbyterian Church; but he was allowed to remain in the pulpit. There, in Adelaide Road Presbyterian Church, he did excellent work for many years, numbering in his congregation from time to time men of the first intellectual mark. He was most faithful in every detail of duty, and took special interest in the Presbyterian students attending Trinity College, Dublin. In his preaching he sometimes developed a fine and original vein of reflection. Dr. Edgar had great journalistic gifts, but his incisive pen sometimes made him enemies. He had the kindest of hearts, nevertheless, and will be much lamented.

BISHOP RYLE, who has been translated from Exeter to Winchester, is, as is well known, the son of the famous Evangelical leader. Bishop Ryle of Liverpool was an Evangelical of the Evangelicals, and to the end of his life strongly opposed to the Higher Criticism of the Bible. He was also incessantly at war with the Romanising tendencies in the Church of England. His son, though not identified with the High Church party, is as little identified with the Evangelicals. He is an excellent Hebrew scholar, and takes precisely the same attitude to the Higher Criticism as Canon Driver. He has condemned extreme practices in the Church of England, but neither in his preaching nor in his public addresses does he occupy the traditional position of Evangelical Protestants.

Bishop Jacob, who has been translated from Newcastle to St. Albans, is more distinctly High Church, and showed himself an assiduous and successful parish organiser. Bishop Lloyd, who goes from Thetford to Newcastle, is well known in the northern city, where he ministered for many years in the church which is now the Cathedral. Dr. Robertson, the Principal of King's College,

MRS. ALICE CALDWELL RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," whose new Novel "Lovey Mary" has just been issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton

who becomes Bishop of Exeter, is a New Testament scholar of distinct eminence, and as a theological tutor at Durham he won great popularity. All the four Bishops are able, moderate, judicious men.

The countless readers who have found delight in the pages of John Richard Green's "Short History of the English People" will be interested to learn that the great historian's labours as a clergyman in the East End of London are about to be fittingly commemorated. Mr. Green, as many of our readers are aware, had charge of Holy Trinity Church, situated in the most populous part of Hoxton, and the present incumbent, the Rev. J. Cartmel-Robinson, who occupies the very Vicarage where the famous History was begun, has suggested the erection of a Green Memorial Hall in the rear of the Vicarage. The wife of the historian has written Mr. Cartmel-Robinson heartily approving of the idea. "It is a very pleasant reflection to me," says Mrs. Green, "that there should be a memorial of Mr. Green in the place of his devoted labours, and I thank you for your thought of keeping his name remembered in the Hoxton streets." The cost of the John Richard Green Memorial Hall, which is urgently required for the Church organisations, particularly the Boys' Brigade, which is one of the largest and most successful in London, is estimated at £2,000, exclusive of the site, which the Vicar is giving. Only half of the amount has been raised so far, £250 of it by the Bishop of London. Here, then, is an excellent opportunity for admirers of the "Short History" paying their debt of gratitude. The parish of Hoxton, we may add, contains 7,800 souls, and is one of the most crowded, difficult, and discouraging parts of London. Mr. Cartmel-Robinson has been vicar over twelve years, and has had to restore the church and to buy a property for mission buildings. The most hopeful work within the parish depends for its progress on the erection of the new building.

Excellent progress is being made with the Central Missions scheme of the London Congregational Union. At the time of writing it is still uncertain whether the Rev. C. Silvester Horne will accept the invitation to take over the work at Whitefield's Tabernacle, Tottenham Court Road. Mr. Horne is being earnestly pressed by many friends to remain in Kensington, while opinion in influential circles turns to him as the new Secretary of the Congregational Union. Mr. Horne was actively occupied during February and March addressing meetings on the Education Act at important provincial centres. His speeches at Manchester and Birmingham confirm Mr. Campbell's remark that he is the most popular platform orator in the Congregational body. Whitefield's Tabernacle is burdened with a debt of £8,000, and on the departure of the late pastor, the Rev. G. A. Suttle, the deacons resolved to place their large, centrally situated buildings in the hands of the London Union. The work will be mainly amongst the business classes. The district is not so poor as that surrounding Claremont, and the poorest inhabitants are provided for to some extent by the West London Mission in Cleveland Hall. The Whitefield Memorial Church was formally and legally dissolved on Thursday, February 26.

Prize Award to Amateur Photographers

The **First Prize of One Guinea** is this month awarded to—

Mr. A. Hanley Smith,
78, Brunswick Street,
Manchester,

for the photo of "Gipsy Smith as a Sportsman."

The **Second Prize of Half a Guinea** is awarded to—

The Rev. J. H. Gwyther, B.A.,
New Brighton,

for the photo of "The Liverpool Congregational Ministers' Board."

THE PROPOSED JOHN RICHARD GREEN MEMORIAL HALL, HOLY TRINITY, HOXTON

The excellent photograph of the Liverpool Congregational Ministers' Board was taken by the Rev. J. H. Gwyther, B.A., of New Brighton. The party consists of the following (the names are given in the order in which the men are represented, beginning from the left): Revs. W. L. Roberts, L. Weaver, R. E. Long, B.A., R. G. Soper, B.A., James Knox, M.A., Thomas Hadfield, Mark Simon, J. C. Neil, M.A., B.D., Thomas Gasquoine, Luke Beaumont, H. Wilson, Thomas Dunlop, J. Mahood, Joshua Pedlar (Chairman for the year), W. S. Rowland, M.A., John Yonge, Matthew Stanley, Robert Veitch, M.A., W. J. Humberstone, G. E. Cheeseman, J. H. Ferguson, M.A., F. W. Nicholson, W. Thomas (Chairman for 1903), J. W. Clarke, A. Harding, E. G. King, W. Redman, A.T.S., and G. A. Brock, B.A. (Secretary). The Board meets on the Monday after the third Sunday in each of the winter months, October to April, at the Junior Reform Club, Stanley Street, Liverpool. Members introduce subjects for discussion in the order in which they join the Board. The subjects are usually those which are uppermost in the ministerial mind, and the debates often rise to a high level. The meetings are much enjoyed, and one of the things a minister most regrets on leaving the district is the fraternal gathering.

GIPSY SMITH AS A SPORTSMAN

Dr. Horton was warmly welcomed back to Lyndhurst Road, Hampstead, on the first Sunday of March. He has now almost entirely recovered from the prostrating effects of his severe attack of influenza, and hopes to carry out all the duties of his position as Chairman of the Congregational Union. Although he has now been more than twenty-one years at Hampstead, his preaching has lost nothing in freshness and power, and his congregations are as large as ever. Much visiting is required in order to keep in touch with a membership of over a thousand, and Dr. Horton spends more time than most ministers in this department of a pastor's duty. There is no doubt that the *Daily News* census will afford striking evidence that the most prosperous Churches in

THE LIVERPOOL CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS' BOARD

London Nonconformity are those whose ministers make a practice of frequent intercourse with their people.

The Rev. Alfred E. Garvie, who has been appointed Professor of Philosophy in New College and Hackney College, in succession to Professor Radford Thompson, has come prominently to the front of late. He has held pastorates at Macduff and Montrose. In the latter town he has taken a prominent part in public affairs. But he is best known as a theologian, and especially as an expositor of Ritschl. Professor Garvie occupies the Chair of the Scottish Congregational Union. He is a man of high linguistic and theological attainments, and may be classed as orthodox in theology. He is certainly a great accession to the theological professoriate of Nonconformity. The University of Glasgow has recently conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

Photo by A. Swan Watson, Edinburgh
REV. ALFRED E. GARVIE, D.D.

The Rev. Andrew Campbell, of Toondee, Santalia, upon whom the Senate of St. Andrews University has just conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity, is one of the most distinguished missionaries of the United Free Church of Scotland. Mr. Campbell, who is known to his friends in this country as the "Livingstone of India," is a self-made man. Educated at the Free Church School at Wilkeston, Midlothian, he began life as a mason in Edinburgh. Coming under deep religious conviction as the result of reading Dr. Bonar's "Way of Peace," he joined the Barclay Free Church, Edinburgh. There he made the acquaintance of one of the elders, Dr. Graham, a retired Indian medical officer and a warm friend of Indian missions, especially among the Santals, one of the aboriginal tribes inhabiting the hilly regions lying to the north-west of Calcutta. This acquaintanceship determined young Campbell's future career. On July 1, 1872, he sailed for India, having accepted an appointment as manager of an estate in Santalia, a post which afforded him opportunities for Christian work as well as for advancing the social welfare of the Santals by developing agricultural and industrial pursuits. For several years he heartily co-operated with the Church's missionaries, and at length, in 1878, he joined the mission. The spiritual success which atended his work was so great that the General Assembly sanctioned his ordination, which was carried out by the Free Presbytery of Calcutta in 1881.

REV. ANDREW CAMPBELL, D.D., OF SANTALIA

Mr. Campbell has gained a remarkable influence over the Santals. At intervals they gather in hundreds for the great hunt. In these hunts Mr. Campbell is able to keep pace with the natives, a feat which delights them so much that they call him "the great sahib who defied the sun." At the close of the day the chief gathers his followers together, and the missionary has an opportunity of telling them the way to salvation. Mr. Campbell was first stationed at Pachamba, but afterwards removed to Toondee, where he now labours. There he cleared the jungle and built the mission house almost entirely with his own hands. Despite his arduous missionary labours, Mr. Campbell has found time to do an enormous amount of translation work. He has published a dictionary in the Santal language, towards the cost of which the Indian Government, recognising its value, made a grant of money, and he is now busily engaged, along with others, in the translation of the

Bible into the native tongue. This devoted missionary possesses the only printing press in that part of India, and it is an interesting sight to see the Santals in the heart of the jungle being taught to work this agency of modern enlightenment. Mr. Campbell, who has now seen thirty years' service in a trying climate, has refused to take furlough during the last fourteen years, but the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church has sent an urgent message, and he is now on his way home.

St. Peter's, Walworth, of which the newly appointed Hon. Canon of Rochester Cathedral is Rector, was a prosperous church in the early part of the last century. Seat-rents at one time produced £600 a year, and offertories after charity sermons amounted to £60. But St. Peter's has "come down in the world." Now the district surrounding it has become one of the poorest and most crowded in the metropolis. When Canon Horsley began his work in the parish in 1894, the Sunday collections averaged twelve shillings. Canon Horsley came to Walworth from Holy Trinity, Woolwich, where in six years he had done much to improve the homes of the people, and previously he was for ten years Chaplain of H.M. Prison at Clerkenwell. Like his relative, Professor Sir Victor Horsley, F.R.S., who, by the way, takes much interest in St. Peter's, and recently headed the list of donations towards the expenses of cadets going to camp, Canon Horsley is a zealous Temperance advocate. He speaks on Nonconformist as well as on Church platforms, and never fails to take a share in carrying out any useful reform. The photograph which we give this month is by his sister-in-law, and is very characteristic. Not only his baby great-niece, who is represented with him, and his own large family of sons and daughters, but children of all degrees love and trust him. The Zoo in the churchyard of St. Peter's is a bond of sympathy between him and the boys, and not long ago Canon Horsley showed his sympathy with girls' pursuits by acting as judge in a cake-making competition which had been arranged by the local branch of the Young Abstainers' Union. He makes a picturesque figure in the big wooden pulpit at St. Peter's, as he stands with his left hand resting on the great Bible and his long beard flowing down over his white surplice.

REV. CANON HORSLEY AND HIS GREAT-NIECE

The Rev. R. J. Campbell was absent from the City Temple for the last fortnight of March. The extraordinary interest shown in his Thursday services culminated in the week after he had received the invitation to succeed Dr. Parker. There appeared to be a general expectation that Mr. Campbell would make some announcement, but his first public statement with reference to the call was naturally reserved for his congregation at Brighton. Amongst city men who have been accustomed for years to attend Dr. Parker's services, there has been some disappointment at the early crowding of the church during the past three months. Even the heads of firms, and still more their employés, cannot find time to get to the City Temple half an hour before the service, and when they arrive at 12 or 12.15 there is not even standing room. The congregation is in one sense much more representative of London churchgoers as a whole than ever in the old days, but the new conditions are hard on the business men whose luncheon hour is sharply limited. Dark threats of "turning out the women" were heard from the disappointed ones on recent Thursdays. It would, indeed, be a strange development in City Temple history if the Thursday service became a "Men's Own."

The Wesleyan Church at Haroldswick, Shetland, enjoys the distinction of being the most northerly place of worship in the United Kingdom. It was built at a cost of about £1,200 (including the manse), of which sum Dr. Waller subscribed £1,000. It is well attended, the chapel being nearly always filled, especially at the Sunday evening services. The present minister is the Rev. D. B. Stothard. The chapel is situated on the top of a low hill, between the villages of Haroldswick and Norwick. It is within two or three miles of the Scaw of Unst, the most northerly point of land in the kingdom.

The Rev. W. Bainbridge, who has been unanimously selected to fill the Presidential Chair of the British Christian Endeavour Union during the ensuing year, belongs to the

WESLEYAN CHURCH, HAROLDSWICK, UNST, SHETLAND

Methodist New Connexion. He is Superintendent of the Sunderland Circuit, and is known throughout his denomination as a popular and hard-working minister. To Mr. Bainbridge belongs the honour of founding the first Christian Endeavour Society in the Methodist New Connexion, and he held the secretaryship of this department for ten years. Mr. Bainbridge's nomination for the Presidency will, it is expected, be heartily confirmed by the National Convention in June.

Photo by Ernest C. Argall, Truro
REV. W. BAINBRIDGE

Readers of Harrison Ainsworth's "Lancashire Witches" will remember the village of Downham, and Ralph Assheton. Downham is one of the prettiest hamlets in England, and a rather interesting custom is still observed there. At the village church, on January 30 every year, a special sermon is preached, for which the occupant of the pulpit is paid £2. This sum of money was left two hundred years ago by Ralph Assheton, of Downham Hall, on condition that every year on the above-mentioned date a different preacher took for his text either Job xix. 25, 26, or Col. iii. 3, 4. For over two hundred years this condition has been observed, and as many preachers have earned twice as many sovereigns by expounding these texts. Old men living in the village remember hearing the same text preached from again and again, but always by a different minister.

Mr. Sankey's many friends in England have been deeply grieved to hear that he is threatened with loss of sight. His illness has taken the form of a nervous breakdown, the result of over-work. Mr. Sankey's last visit to London was paid in September, 1900. The meeting he addressed at Exeter Hall will long be remembered for the tremendous crush at the doors. Although the hall seats only three thousand, it was rumoured that twenty-five thousand, and even thirty thousand, tickets had been disposed of. Hours before the meeting the entrances were blocked. So desperate was the crowding at the doors that amongst the platform company considerable nervousness was felt, and all were glad when the meeting came to a safe and tranquil close. This occasion was used to celebrate the semi-jubilee of the London evangelistic choirs which were inaugurated by Mr. Sankey in 1875. Mr. Sankey seemed to be in excellent health, and it was noticed that his eyes were bright and his face well coloured. He wore spectacles, but only for reading. Next morning he said that he did not feel the slightest fatigue after his arduous exertions. Mr. Sankey's home has for some years been at Brooklyn, where he has for his neighbour the venerable Dr. Theodore Cuyler.

It is much to be hoped that Mr. Sankey may soon complete the Reminiscences on which he has been engaged for several years. The book is to contain accounts of his intercourse with Dr. Horatius Bonar, Dr. William Arnot, Professor Henry Drummond, and many other ministers who took part in the first great mission of the early seventies. Mr. Sankey noted on his last visit that many changes had taken place in London. He was amazed at the rapid increase of gigantic hotels and huge blocks of residential flats. He himself stayed in the Russell Hotel, which reminded him of the palatial structures of the great American cities. The longest journey Mr. Sankey has ever taken was to Palestine, where he and Mrs. Sankey spent several months.

DOWNHAM CHURCH

Helps for Sunday-School Teachers and Christian Endeavourers

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS

By Rev. J. Ossian Davies

April 5.—*Paul's Farewell to Ephesus* (Acts xx. 28-38)

Christianity is not dependent upon any one man. When the hour strikes, even a Paul must say "Good-bye." And what a model farewell-sermon this: (1) Take heed unto *yourselves*. No man can take heed to his neighbour who is unable to take heed to himself. You must be raised to raise; you must be blessed to bless; you must be saved to save. (2) Take heed unto the *flock*. Having begun with self, you must go out to others. Egoism must make way for altruism. The Christian is no self-centred monk lurking in his cell, but a philanthropist who goes about doing good to all men. Christianity is more than a Help-myself Society—it is also a Help-one-another Society. (3) Take heed unto the *wolves*—the heretics. Paul loved to call everything by its right name. He had *no* sympathy with a false liberalism, and he would never paint the gates of *Hades* with the colours of Heaven.

What a splendid Independent the Apostle was! He coveted no man's silver or gold, but worked for a living with his own hands. He loved the *flock*—the sheep, and not their fleece!

April 12.—*The Resurrection* (1 Cor. xv. 20, 21, 50-58)

The empty grave of Jesus was never so full as it is to-day. It literally overflows with blessed hope and almighty power and triumphant certainty. "But now *hath* Christ risen." He is more than a sweet memory, and His resurrection is more than a moral rising. A Christian scheme without the empty grave is not the Christianity of the New Testament; it is nothing but a hard code of ethics. If Jesus be no more alive than Paul or Peter, we are all living in a fool's paradise.

"But now *is* Christ risen from the dead." This is a *fact*, and no man can afford to fight with facts. Renan, in his "Vie de Jesus," goes no farther than the grave; but Paul goes far beyond the Frenchman—he goes *through* the grave, and *beyond* it, into the deathless kingdom where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. The resurrection is not only probable, but *certain*, and it is firmly established by many convergent proofs. The *mode* of the resurrection we understand not, but the *truth* of it we joyfully accept. A child once asked, "Father, have they put little Lucy in the cold ground?" "Yes, dear, in the cold ground that converts ugly seeds into beautiful flowers." The cemetery is a sleeping-place—a traveller's rest on the way to the Great Beyond.

April 19.—*The Law of Love* (Rom. xiii. 7-14)

John Randolph once said, "Mr. Speaker, I have found the philosopher's stone: it is this, 'Pay as you go.'" Owe no man anything *except love*. Pay this debt every day of your life; but never pay the last farthing of it. Be a debtor in this sense to your latest breath.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law." If we love our neighbours as ourselves, all debts will soon be paid. Set love at the heart of things, and every chaos will soon blossom into a cosmos.

"But put ye *on* the Lord Jesus;" or, in other words, "Put ye *in* the Lord Jesus." With Christ *in* us, as a mind in our mind and a heart in our heart, our life will be a walk in the light, and not a revel in the dark.

April 26.—*Paul's Journey to Jerusalem* (Acts xxi. 3-12)

"Like attracts like." When Paul entered a city, the first thing he did was to search for the disciples. The humblest saint was an object of affectionate interest to the Apostle.

There is an impression abroad that Paul was a hard, dry, logical man; but this farewell service at Tyre reveals him as a winsome, lovable, magnetic man. How the Tyrians clung to him, and knelt on the beach, and prayed for him, and with "eyes full of heart-break" watched his ship dip over the horizon!

When he arrived at Cæsarea, Agabus and others tried to prevent his going to Jerusalem. But they used the arguments of mistaken love. They tried to dissuade him because the path was rough; but the rough way is often the right way. The path to Calvary was rough; but it was right. Paul was man enough to resist the pleadings of his friends. "A curve is a line of beauty; but a straight line is the line of duty," and Paul went *straight!* He loved his friends well, but he loved duty better. And if a man is not ready to die for Christ, he is not ready to live for Him!

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR TOPICS

By Rev. H. Elvet Lewis

April 5.—*Christ's Teaching about Beneficence* (Matt. vi. 1-4; Mark xii. 41-44)

Goodness must be for its own sake. To do good for any purpose of show is to dim the light of the Holy Spirit shining within. "The soul which has cast off the fetters of earth, and returned to its state of dignity in which God created it, knows the relative value of all created things. . . . The brighter the glass, the more brilliantly the sun's rays sparkle in it; the purer the soul, the more is God glorified in her." Doing good to be seen of men darkens and dulls the glass hardened and dries up the heart.

"Jesus sat . . . and beheld *how*." Not only the amount, but the manner. He adds the manner to the amount—or subtracts it from it. "Much," with a loveless heart, came to less than nothing; "two mites," with a loving heart, came to be the greatest gift there that day.

April 12.—*Christ's Teaching about Immortality* (John xi. 17-27)

Christ gives no guarantee of immortality except His Father and Himself. God is "the God of the living"; "I am the Life"—that is all. We may consult the presentiments of the soul; we may watch the foregleams that seem to shine in the heights of Nature; but they are inconstant and uncertain compared with the sure word of Christ. If He *is* the Life, all life must be dear to Him. "His Name shall be in their foreheads" explains all.

Coleridge, having read Charles Tennyson Turner's sonnet "Supposed to be written by one on whom the Death of an Excellent Woman has forced the Conviction of a Future State," remarked, however much he approved the lines, that he was "too old, weak, and suffering," to have any ground of a resurrection to life but that which he breathed forth in the prayer, "Almighty Father, of Thy free, unmerited, yea, demerited, love and goodness, have mercy on me, Thy poor, infirm, sinful, and most miserable creature, for Christ's sake!"

April 19.—*Sanctifying the Sabbath* (Neh. xiii. 15-22)

Referring to Landseer's hunted stag in "The Sanctuary," resting among the peaceful, echoing evening hills and the lonely rush of the disturbed wild ducks from the water-flags into the amber air, an artist and writer added, "This is not seldom the feeling with which I escape from the howling pack of week-day cares."

Even in our best Sabbath-keeping, is there not too keen a sense of law and too feeble a sense of boon? God did not mean His day to shut us in, as if we were under guard; He meant it to be a door opened toward Heaven. Henry Vaughan has multiplied dear names and radiant phrases for "Sundays": "Heaven once a week;" "lamps that light man through his heap of dark days;" "God's walking hour"—

> A gleam of glory after six-days-showers!
>
> A clue
> That guides through erring hours; and in full story
> A taste of Heaven on earth.

What Sabbath is sanctified, unless it means all that to us

April 26.—*An Evening with Jewish Missions* (Rom. ix. 1-5; xi. 22-29)

"God is able": that is the surest hope of all missions, but peculiarly so of Jewish missions. The progress of the work seems discouragingly slow; and yet when it is remembered that Jewish converts during the last century—according to Pastor de la Roi, of Breslau—numbered altogether some 100,000, why should we lose faith?

Rabinowitch, when he broke with Talmudic religion, looked at first to Western culture for help, and then to a resettlement in Palestine. He visited the Holy Land, only to lose his last hope. He returned to South Russia, declaring, "The key to the Holy Land is in the hands of our Brother Jesus." The South-Russian Christian movement followed.

A Moslem Festival

Of all the many picturesque sights to be seen in the Holy City, there is none more curious or more thoroughly Eastern than that familiarly known to residents as the Nebi Moussa Procession. This is really a pilgrimage to the so-called Tomb of Moses, near Jericho, which is undertaken every year by crowds of Moslems, who come to Jerusalem from all parts of Palestine, and from other countries also, for the purpose.

For some days before the procession starts, which it always does upon a Friday, the city seems to wake up into new life and to breathe a little quicker in anticipation of the great holiday. Small companies of dark, sturdy-looking fellahîn, men and women, come into Jerusalem from the outlying districts such as Nablous, Gaza, and Hebron, bringing the flags of their towns and villages to swell the great procession. The people are dressed in their best, and some of the men carry long, old-fashioned guns, while others walk in front of the flags beating drums and cymbals. Every village and town sends up "its tale of men," with one or more flags; and though Arabs of an older generation speak regretfully of the good old days when the men of Jerusalem went out to meet each new arrival, foreigners think that the procession of to-day would be hard to surpass in interest and beauty.

WADI-KELT (VALLEY OF THE KELT)
Going down to Jericho. One of the roads to Nebi Moussa

The city is early astir on the great Friday; the women and children in their brightest attire go forth to secure good places from which to view the procession. Time is no object to the Eastern, who is most content to shut up the dark little house in the town, and sit under the trees in the fields outside the walls, eating and chattering the whole day long from early morning till sunset. By half-past twelve, when Europeans (full early, too) begin to arrive upon the scene, the whole route of the procession is crowded. Take up your position in the crowd an hour, two hours, before the procession is due; you will not be dull a single moment. For there is no crowd like an Eastern crowd, so picturesque, so unfailingly good-tempered and courteous.

Standing near the Latin Garden of Gethsemane, we get the best view possible. Directly opposite are the beautiful, battlemented walls of the city, crowded to-day with women, who, in their izzahs (a kind of sheet, worn out of doors) and rainbow-coloured parasols, lend a most attractive brightness to the scene. Indeed, women and children are everywhere to the fore to-day—on the tops of walls and houses, lining the roads on either side, chattering gaily and incessantly. To the right is St. Stephen's Gate, through which the procession will come, and on a high mound to the left of the Gate are stationed two cannon, which will be fired twenty-one times when the great Flag of Nebi Moussa leaves the Mosque, where prayers are first said.

The crowd begins to increase, carriages come down the steep hill from the city, the drivers shouting wildly to the people, who pursue their way calmly and take no notice. It is a wonder that no one is run over, for even little children stray about in the crowd, apparently alone; yet carriage accidents are peculiarly rare in Jerusalem.

The carriages draw up at the foot of the hill near the Tomb of the Virgin, and the occupants either get out and stroll about, or else remain inside, smoking, to view the scene from the shade. The horses of our carriage begin to fight with those near them; the driver pulls them farther away. Another carriage, heedlessly pursuing its way up an already crowded side-road, nearly runs over a man on a donkey, a Greek priest, and a couple of Turkish officers. The officers amiably retire from the crush; the Greek priest alone is put out, and he, having relieved his feelings by breaking a large white umbrella upon the driver's head, seems to recover his temper at once. We see him afterwards trying to shelter himself under the remnants of the umbrella. Men and boys with trays of melting sweets, cakes, and glasses of syrup and lemonade (well warmed by the sun), do a thriving trade; and so does the man with a load of rough wooden toys and paper windmills.

We prefer to stand in the crowd, and are fortunate enough to get near a soldier who is stationed there to keep order. True to the traditions of his kind, he constitutes himself the guardian of the foreigners, and will allow no one to stand in front, be it never so small a child. He refuses, moreover, to accept any present for his trouble. There is no pushing, no staring, no rudeness; nowhere are foreigners, and ladies especially, safer from all annoyance than near the much-abused Turkish soldier.

A puff of smoke and a loud crash! The first cannon has fired: the Flag has left the Mosque. All eyes are

turned towards St. Stephen's Gate, whence, after what seems a very long interval, emerge the first flags.

How can one describe this wonderful procession as it passes slowly along, with noise of shouting and singing, the beating of drums and clashing of cymbals? Men dance and leap, waving swords and sticks; one or two even swarm up on to the heads and shoulders of their companions and dance there. Every town and village of any importance has sent up its flags and its men—such bronzed, sturdy-looking men, not tall as a rule, but magnificently strong and muscular. The flags are of all colours, but chiefly of red, with borders and fringes to them, and texts from the Koran embroidered in Arabic writing in the centre. Many of them have votive handkerchiefs tied to the top of the staff by the women, in fulfilment of vows. Each procession goes by in its order, with a slight interval before the next one follows—a wise precaution which prevents quarrels and confusion.

With the Nablous flag comes an Indian dervish, his matted locks uncovered, his thin hands moving incessantly, his eyes fixed in a strange, unseeing stare. The absolute changelessness of his expression is rather terrible. We hail almost with relief the leaping, shouting dervishes, also from India, who come with the Hebron flags; yet these men, too, are rather dreadful, with sharp skewers through their lips and cheeks, mad for the time being with religious fanaticism.

More flags, more shouting enthusiasts, more flashing swords, and now the great Flag of Nebi Moussa draws in sight.

Before it comes the military band, playing a weird but not untuneful Turkish melody. As we are in the forefront of the crowd, we get the full benefit of the noise, which is deafening. A bugler, tired of the one monotonous note which seems to be his only share in the tune, removes the bugle from his lips and puffs at a cigarette instead. Next come the infantry (about 150 of them, four abreast), marching carelessly and raising clouds of dust; their uniforms and general appearance leave something to be desired, but they have nice open faces and bright, dark eyes, and their bayonets flash merrily in the sun.

After these the cavalry, as fine a set of men as one could see anywhere, sitting their horses with the inimitable ease of the Arab, who can ride almost before he can walk. The officers in most cases look rather bored. A new feature of the procession this year are ten men and an officer of the Camel Corps mounted on graceful camels, whose swinging step is very different from the lurching stride of the beast of burden with which Jerusalem is familiar. These men come from Beersheba, beyond Hebron, and create something of a sensation.

And now, immediately before the Flag, walks the head sheikh of the Mosque, bearing a curiously shaped iron mace upon a long staff; then the Flag itself, of beautiful green, with a heavy gold fringe and gold lettering. It is flanked on either side by the Flag of Nebi Daoud (Prophet David) and the Flag of Mohammed. These three great Flags are borne by members of the oldest Moslem families in Jerusalem—an hereditary privilege descending from father to eldest son. The bearers are mounted on horses. Behind the Flags ride the Mufti and the Sheikh of Nebi Moussa—old men of dignified and reverend appearance. The procession tails off into a motley crowd of townspeople and fellahin.

And all the time the cannon snap out at intervals the salute of twenty-one guns, like an angry dog demanding

THE MOSQUE OF EL AKSA

Formerly a Christian church, where prayers are said before the procession starts for Nebi Moussa

notice; but in the interest and tumult of the crowd their sound is unheeded, almost unheard.

The procession winds slowly up the steep, unshaded hill, past Gethsemane, to where, on the brow, are pitched two tents for the Pasha of Jerusalem and some of the chief effendiyeh (gentlemen). Here a brief halt is made for prayers; and then those who do not wish to go farther return to the city. The Flags of David and Mohammed are taken back to the Mosque; but the Flag of Nebi Moussa must always go down to Jericho, and be laid upon the Tomb of Moses.

We now return to our carriage (which manages somehow to extricate itself from the crush of carriages, horses, and people without mishap), and drive up as far as the turning to St. Stephen's Gate, where we draw up and wait to see the rest of the procession returning. We have an excellent view of it all again—once more admire the dancers, the dervishes, the cavalry, for it is impossible to weary of such a sight. We wait until the Pasha, with his escort of five outriders, has driven by, acknowledging with the same grave courtesy the salutes of high and low alike; then we give the word to our driver, and turn our backs regretfully upon the brilliant, fascinating throngs.

The procession reaches Nebi Moussa after dark. Here there is a large building with about fifty rooms, where as many as can be are put up; the rest of the people, and they are legion, camp near by in tents. The mosque containing the Tomb of Moses adjoins the house. It is however, only fair to say that the Moslems do not believe that it is the actual tomb; indeed, they hold the same story as we do of the death and burial of Moses. But, as a Moslem said to the writer, "The grave must be somewhere, and why not keep this place in commemoration?" The site owes its origin, it is believed, to a Greek monk who lived at the end of the eighteenth century, and who claimed that it had been revealed to him in a vision.

The Moslems keep high holiday down at Nebi Moussa. Two of the great families of Jerusalem provide between them the food, which is free to all; any traveller is entertained, and even Christians and foreigners are most heartily welcomed. This continues until the following Thursday, when the procession returns to Jeusalem with much the same observances, but with considerably less pomp.

The three great Flags of Moses, David, and Mohommed are kept in silver boxes in the Mosque, and the other flags are taken back to the towns and villages whence they came, there to remain until the following year.

Emily May.

Unexpected Light*

BY THE LATE DR. PARKER

"*At evening time it shall be light.*"—Zech. xiv. 7.

I DO not know the meaning of these words apocalyptically. Zechariah is one of the apocalyptic books of the holy volume. Ezekiel, Daniel, Zechariah, Revelation—these books are full of mystery, and the more you attempt to solve the mystery the more profoundly you are lost in it. But what beautiful words there are in the cloud, and what eyes of the soul has he who can see them and read them out to us, and make us rich with holy promise and hope! Let us take this text, by way of accommodation, for spiritual uses, and not for mean and worthless calculations as to times and seasons, about which no man has the slightest knowledge in the world.

"At evening time it shall be light." This must be true: it sounds true, it feels true. The soul is no fool to be deceived by false words in the time of its agony and penitence and sense of helplessness; the soul is then acute in all its senses. Sometimes we read, "As it is written in the prophecy of" this or that prophet. So far, so good; we can turn to the reference and verify it. But in other cases it says, "That the word might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet Jeremiah." That is a different matter. Poor readers of the Bible think that written and spoken are equal to the same thing. Nothing of the kind. That which was written in the prophet, that is verifiable or otherwise; but that which was spoken by the prophet—the sparks, the flashes, the things unremembered by the speaker himself—these are in some mysterious but sure way gathered up by the Holy Ghost, and so the Bible multiplies. This man remembers one sentence distinctly: "Then remembered they the words that were spoken by the Lord Jesus"; "Remembering how the Lord Jesus said, It is more blessed to give than to receive." People have been hunting up concordances for centuries in order to find where these words were said by the Lord Jesus. You cannot trace the living air, the songs that fill the atmosphere without the printer's aid. Yet this one thing we know, whether Jesus Christ could have said it or not. That is what is called the verifying faculty—that faculty which assays things that are reported to have been spoken by the Lord Jesus. We say, "Let us hear these words," and instantly, account for it as you like, we say, "No; these words were never spoken by the Son of man." How do you know? By knowing. It is a curious commerce, that which goes on between the soul and the heavens, between the spirit of man and the Spirit of God. In other cases words are reported to us as having been spoken by Jesus Christ, and we say, "Certainly; there is no doubt of the authorship of these words." We see the beauties of heaven upon them, as it were; we see them like living angel-birds, and we know them by their very plumage. You cannot deceive one who is an intimate companion of the Lord Jesus by submitting to that companion certain counterfeit words, telling him that his Lord spake these words. The moment he sees them he burns them with his very glance; he sends fire through them by the very scorn of his face; he knows that they are not true. So it ought to be amongst ourselves. You are told that a friend said so-and-so of you. Your reply would be, "No; he never said that: I know him too well. I cannot admit that such words came from the lips of my friend—never!" How do you know? By knowing, by masonry, by communion—a word that ought to be preached upon very much—of the soul. You need no written proof, no testified signature witnessed by persons who saw the writing and who signed the attestation in the presence of one another—all that will be necessary for legal forms and disputable documents; but when it comes to what the friend

* Sermon preached at the City Temple, Thursday morning, November 22, 1900.

said or the friend thought, you know it, you want no attesting seal. So it is with the spoken words as certainly as with the written words.

I do not know what processes are going on at this moment in teaching holy men who live away from the street and the noise; I cannot tell what my Lord is saying to such people of to-day; as to what Jeremiah said and Ezekiel, I do not know the whole genesis and process of this interstitial prophecy, this filling up of gaps, this making up of the hiatus, so that the whole line may run like an unbroken river. Of this I am perfectly confident, that the great Bible-reader has yet to come. "At evening time it shall be light." O my God, how I thank Thee for a promise of light! I need it so much in these dark days, which are neither autumn nor winter, but the end ot one and the beginning of the other; and this intercommingling of shades and lights, and this sudden unrolling of fog and cloud, who can tell what period of the day or the night it is? I thank Thee, my loving Father, for all these singing birds of hope, for these little throats that are always trilling out some such words as "It is better farther on." Farther on—but how much farther? Ay, that is thy foolish question; yet not unnatural. But no counting, only trusting: it is better farther on. Thank God, there is a time promised when there shall be light—a light that shall transfigure the very clouds that once depressed us, so that the clouds will seem half-ashamed of themselves, and say in purple and crimson, "We did not mean to be so dark; look at us now, flushed with a new and expressive colour." Some clouds will wish to be our friends one day; some enemies will come and say, "We did not really mean what we said." There shall be a great transfiguring of life and things in general, and we shall glorify the Lord and cry one to another, "Praise to the blessed Name, the threefold Name"—a song of ecstasy and thankfulness.

"At evening time it shall be light." Wonderful things are spoken in the Bible about night and evening and shadows and things that we do not generally much appreciate. Let me show you this to be the case by one or two quotations. "So He giveth His beloved sleep." That is one of His very greatest gifts—the gift of self-oblivion; the gift of forgetfulness of everybody and everything and every word; the not being that we may be; the weakness that recovers itself at a secret fountain and returns to fight the challenging day; the wondrous sleep that buys off old age and recalls the bloom of strong youth. But that is not the particular meaning of the passage; it is better read in the margin, "So He giveth His beloved sleeping." Whilst they are sleeping, He is working; whilst they are slumbering off their poor weariness, He is getting the breakfast ready for them, He is undertaking for them when they cannot undertake for themselves. If men would believe this, the world would lose nine-tenths of its sorrow and trouble. Why do we not fall asleep and leave God some little room in his own universe? Why do we meddle and fuss about everything, as if we could do any marvel of our own strength and ingenuity? If some men would only sit down, what a comfort it would be for themselves and for other people. But some persons have got the idea that the universe is in a state of dilapidation, and that if they do not go out at once and mend it, nobody knows what may happen. Some of us know what would happen. I think the universe is safe in God's keeping. I do not propose to repair its dilapidations; I think God knows exactly all the law that comes and goes, all the forces that rise and fall, and I believe that God has in His own heart a certain loving purpose about this universe, and I propose to let Him fulfil His own design. So He giveth unto His beloved whilst they are asleep; He repairs us. He says in effect, "I must get these dear slumberers ready for to-morrow's work. They do look weary; they are discoloured; there are signs and traces of pain upon these poor, worn faces. I must make the night a little longer for them; I must ask the night to halt that these dear ones may get ready for the next struggle. Whilst they are sleeping I will untie this knot; whilst they are in a state of happy forgetfulness I must rearrange these perplexities; then to-morrow morning, when they open their eyes much refreshed, they will say that they see their way clear now. It will be good for the sweet little infantile creatures whom I considered of such value that I redeemed them with blood." So in the night-time, when we have suspended our labours, God has begun His own beneficent service.

"At night"—to take a second instance—"at night Jesus went up into a mountain apart to pray." That was no night—there was no night there or then. The light was not patent, visible, obvious, and a kind of vulgar flaring: it was a spiritual glory; the Suppliant was wrapped around with the robes of the morning. There is a prayer for night, and there is a prayer for the opening day. The prayers are wondrously different. We may not wholly or literally intend them to be so contrastive, but the morning has a voice of its own evening has a tone that it cannot communicate to morning In the morning we pray with such hopefulness that we almost bring the answer instantly back; the amen is an enfolded reply which we have only to unfold and we shall get God's loving message. The weariness of the evening prayer!—and yet not weariness that is without hope; but in the evening we have to remember the unkind word, the hasty speech, the impatient expression, the angry and almost bitter retort we made in the market-place; we have to recall that deed commercial which narrowly escaped being a thorough, awful fraud; we have to recall that outreaching, that sharp practice. There is so much to make evening prayer confessional, penitential, and to work the expression of shame upon the very face of the heart. Jesus made great use of his nights. I wish the Spirit would enable me to write a short history of the nights of Jesus—what He did, what He said, how He recovered Himself, how He was renewed in His power and in His love, and renewed by spiritual, face-to-face communion, saying the recovering word with the very heart of God. We have no night of that kind, except in some saintly cases. People do not count time properly; the arithmetician is not always to be relied upon. When I first went to America my friends cheered me with the assurance that I should be only ten days on the sea, and I foolishly believed them. But it was ten days and ten nights; the nights were double days. Only ten days! They intended to cheer me, but in the event miserably disappointed me. When Moses fasted, when Jesus tarried in the wilderness, it was for forty days and forty nights. Who can tell the night-work of the soul, the night-work of sorrow? When sorrow has beclouded and enshrouded the house, it is the night that is so long. Jesus prayed Himself through some nights. God enables us to sleep through other nights. Think, and be cheered.

Then a third and final instance about the night is—"Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then——" The fool can only see one side of the case; the reason is that he is a fool. We see what we want to see. We say, "How happy this is going to be, and that," and we see how it can easily be done, because we want it to be done. Why, it would be easy to go to church if we wanted to go. Those who come to church by vehicular

means or by walking by their feet only, will find it a long way. Those who come with the feet of their love, with their feet shod with the preparation of love and hope, do not recognise distance; they long for the opening of the gates; they are impatient until they hear the rising hymn. "At evening time it shall be light." Then there will come a sense of completion. That is true. All has been done that can be done within that given period of time. The day is over—how labour of the truest and honestest kind has often sighed that moaning sigh! The day is over! It has been rather a long day, the burden gets heavier as we get older; but—thank God!—the day is over, and evening brings with it a species of certainty—that is to say, we know just what has been done, and we are able to calculate as to what may possibly be done on some other day. How we feared as we entered into the cloud of the morning! This is the day we dreaded; we expected the letter that would settle everything in our disfavour. This was the day of conference which was to be an interview fraught with real sadness, and now it is evening, and men can hardly hurt us now. So we say of the blessed ones who have gone into the twilight, and the glory afterwards that means heaven and immortality. These sweet talking flowers sent to me this morning are sent to me on an anniversary—an anniversary of what we call death. When she left us she was but ten years old. Her mother said, "My consolation is that nobody can ever hurt her. It is all over. She will know nothing of the bruises of life and the miseries and the tragedies: she has gone up like a dewdrop; she is for ever with the Lord. It is so that many souls have been comforted, saying, "Well, all is over now: the rest is heaven; the rest is security." So it is in the evening time—we have had the interview, the distressing letter has not arrived, the perplexity has been disentangled. God has been very good to-day; children, let us pray. And the old man prays as he could not have prayed in the morning.

And there shall come a time of light, when the true judgment will be judged, and men no longer shall be judging one another in half-lights and side-lights and change-lights. The time is completed, the hour is come, and the true judgment is established. So let it be!

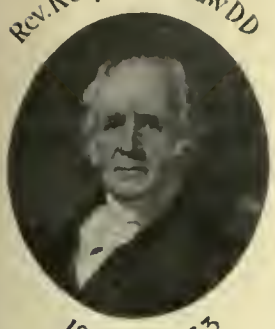
Apply this great doctrine to all difficult providences. How sad it was, say you and I, that we were hindered on that occasion! how sad we felt! how disappointed we were! oh, how difficult it was to pray just at the crossing of those paths! You could not pray; I asked you if you could, and you said you could not: and you asked me if I could pray, and I said, "I cannot pray; my very throat is swollen with grief." We see it all now, and now we praise God that at the crossing of the ways we were trained and educated, rebuked and stimulated, just as we were at that time. We see it now. It takes fifty years to read some riddles; it may take a long time to spell some of the hard words in life's strange reading.

Apply the text also to your own character. "At evening time it shall be light." You will see yourselves as you really are when the evening light shines clearly upon your souls. We are puzzles to ourselves just now; we are so good and so bad; we are so capable of high things, and so incapable of anything that is honourable; we stand in a lofty stature as before God, and then we crawl in abjectness at the feet of the meanest beggar. It is like us: we are all dust in the body, and yet we have within us the Divine fire; we contemplate constellations, and behold, we are ennobled by their majesty, and we are rolled in the mud as if we were outcasts and abominations to society. "At evening time it shall be light": then the mystery will be explained; then we shall praise God from Whom all blessings flow. Think of the warrior's evening, how glad he is of it! He has been wearying for it. Think of the husbandman's twilight gloaming; he has had a hard day in the wet fields, and he is thankful that he is going home to sit by the ever-talking fire—the only picture he has in the house, and it is sufficient for the time being. Think of the day's benediction. Who would leave the service in the sanctuary without the benediction? It belongs to everybody, like the sky; it appeals to everybody. After the benediction there is always a sigh that means a prayer, a secret call to God Himself, that He may pronounce the Amen. So let us wait until the evening time. Judge nothing before the time. Twelve o'clock in the day is not the time to judge ourselves or to judge one another. Let the day wear itself out, and away yonder in the west there will be a glow, an apocalypse of fire, in which all the angels may be assembled, wearing their singing robes.

A Notable Centenary

By far the most important ecclesiastical event of the past month in Scotland has been the Centenary celebrations in connection with Elgin Place Church, Glasgow—the City Temple of Scottish Congregationalism. The members can contemplate the history of their Church with pride. It has kept the torch of spiritual truth alight all the time. This may seem a doubtful compliment, and yet it is not so. Could a higher tribute be paid to any Church, especially in these days when so many have lost their first love and have wandered into devious paths? Elgin Place has since the day of its inception recognised the elementary truth that a Church is a spiritual organisation for spiritual ends. The real secret of its success, as the Rev. Ambrose Shepherd so well pointed out in his admirable Centenary address, consists in the fact "that its pulpit has kept close to the Cross." It has always been a centre of Evangelical Christianity—a Church where the pure milk of the Word might be obtained in its richness and fulness.

Elgin Place Church was not born in schism or contention, which is rather remarkable, considering that its habitation is in so schismatic a country as Scotland. On February 16, 1803—"a cold, dark, sleety, wintry day"—sixty-one members voluntarily hived off from the Church then meeting in the Tabernacle, Jamaica Street—a separation encouraged by the pastor, the saintly Greville Ewing, which took place in the most harmonious manner. The new congregation were most fortunate in securing as their first pastor Ralph Wardlaw, a young man of brilliant parts. Mr. Wardlaw originally intended to enter the ministry of the Secession Church, and studied with that object in the Burgher Theological Hall in Selkirk, under the celebrated Dr. Lawson, but ultimately became a Congregationalist, at a time when the denomina-



tion had nothing in Scotland to offer a young man of promise. Endowed with keen spiritual perceptions and a massive intellect, Dr. Wardlaw was a forceful preacher who left a permanent impress not only on the congregation among whom he laboured with such fidelity for half a century, but on the religious life of Glasgow. His vivid presentation of Gospel truths, and the ability and fervour with which he expounded and enforced their practical teaching, as well as the deep undertone of seriousness which characterised all his utterances, attracted large congregations of thoughtful and spiritually minded people.

REV. AMBROSE SHEPHERD

Dr. Wardlaw, who died towards the close of 1853, was succeeded in the pastorate eighteen months later by another stalwart, Dr. Raleigh. During his brief ministry, which terminated in 1858, when he removed to Canonbury Chapel, London, this gifted preacher fully maintained the traditions of his predecessor. Since then the Church has had four pastors—the Rev. Henry Batchelor, who passed away only a few weeks ago; Dr. Goodrich, who is now minister of Chorlton Road Church, Manchester; the Rev. T. Eynon Davies, now settled at Beckenham, Kent; and the Rev. Ambrose Shepherd, the present pastor,—all of whom have kept Elgin Place Church in the forefront as a stronghold of Evangelical preaching; and the torch still burns, and burns brightly. The spiritual vigour and the intellectual strength which marked the first pastor enriches the latest, and the distinctive principles with which the Church began its career are still upheld as strongly as ever. There has been no lowering of the standard, and the Church stands to-day, as it has done in the past, for the best traditions of Independency.

Little need be said of the Centenary celebrations. They were most successful in every way, and perhaps demonstrated more forcibly than the spoken word how large and influential a position Elgin Place Church fills in the religious and social life of Glasgow. The foremost representatives of every denomination, from Dr. Story, Principal of Glasgow University, downwards, and many of the leading citizens, including Lord Provost Primrose, attended the most important meeting, which was held in St. Andrew's Hall. The audience numbered over two thousand. A series of excellent speeches were delivered, the congratulatory note being sounded clear and strong. Mr. Shepherd, in his opening address, spoke exceptionally well. He jocularly remarked that since coming to Scotland he came across so many people in leading positions who had been connected with the Church that whenever he met a man who seeemed to have given some account of himself in life, he almost involuntarily asked him if he had not at one time or another belonged to Elgin Place, and the answer was almost sure to be in the affirmative.

The other speakers included Lord Provost Primrose, of Glasgow, who, although a devoted member of the United Free Church of Scotland, is linked to Elgin Place by dear associations; Dr. Story, the Principal of Glasgow University; Dr. Garvie, of Montrose, Chairman of the Congregational Union of Scotland, who, by the way, will shortly remove to London to become Professor of Philosophy in New College and Hackney College; and the two former pastors, Dr. Goodrich, of Manchester, and the Rev. T. Eynon Davies, of Beckenham. The latter, as was to be expected, had a most cordial reception. Both gave bright and entertaining speeches, recalling old times and expressive of warm attachment to the scene of their former labours. All the speeches were followed with the closest attention by the vast audience.

Altogether it was a gathering well calculated to generate fresh hope and enthusiasm, and to encourage pastor and people to press forward to a future still more glorious.

W. F. G.

Two Visits to Dr. George MacDonald

BY C. J. HAMILTON

Author of "Women Writers, Their Works and Ways," etc.

EVERY beginner in literature has some special master in the art who inspires the most intense reverence and admiration. The hardened veteran may smile at the eager enthusiasm of the young recruit, but, after all, nothing that is worth doing in the world can be done without enthusiasm. As Wordsworth says, "We live by admiration, hope, and love."

During my apprenticeship to literature I had one teacher on whom I steadily fixed my eyes—one master who seemed to have a peculiar and distinct message to me, and me alone; this master was George MacDonald. Since then other generations have arisen, other writers have pushed up to the front, but not one can ever possess the same spiritual influence which George MacDonald invariably exercised over some minds, mine included.

My first acquaintance with him was through "David Elginbrod," which was lent to me by a friend. I was then at a very impressionable time of my life, and I was passing through some dark and depressing experiences. The book came like an angel of light. It did not seem as though it were a book at all; it was a voice speaking out of the gloom, it was one soul calling out to another soul. The effect was electrical. I used to sit with the book in my hands, while tears poured down on the pages like rain. I could not have told exactly why this was; I only knew that it *was*, and that no other book could ever move me in the same way. There was something magical, something mysterious about it. I was trying to write, too, in a bungling sort of way, and I was not sure about my own powers. I was anxious to express myself in words, and yet I was not satisfied with my attempts. Altogether, my way was hedged with thorns. In this dilemma I turned instinctively to my master and my friend. I could not think of George MacDonald in any other light but as a friend, and it was as "my friend" that I wrote to him, through his publishers, and sent him some of my efforts in prose and verse for his consideration.

At this time his name was beginning to be a household word. "Alec Forbes" had been published, and "Robert Falconer" was then running as a serial through the pages of *The Argosy*. I think, too, that he was then editing *Good Words for the Young*, so that his time must have been fully occupied. If I had known as much about popular authors as I do now, I should certainly have hesitated for a long time before sending those very crude MSS. Even then, I should not have been much surprised if no notice had been taken of them. But an answer came—an answer that took up four closely written pages of foreign letter-paper.

After pointing out that the chief fault of my story was prolixity—"a fault belonging to almost all lady-writers with whom I am acquainted"—he went on to say: "You have not chosen a subject which you are able to make sufficiently interesting. I do not say it could not be done; but the commoner the subject, and the more level with ordinary things, the more it requires the hand of a master. I do not use the word invidiously, as between man and woman—I mean a man or woman who has mastery with the pen. That, I presume, you will hardly wish to lay claim to. But you may, some day, write much better than you do now. Try to give more vivid and brief hints of all the surroundings; let your heart out now and then in a single phrase or so; let the dialogue be life-like, but more full of meaning than dialogues mostly are. Why should the commonplace be represented, except when the precise object is to represent the commonplace? Take some subject involving more intensity of interest. Let the circumstances be as simple as you will, but let the feeling be strong. I recognise the inventive power chiefly in the pretty parable at the end. . . . Now, am I not acting the part of the unsympathetic critic? I am not. I refuse to read manuscripts; I have read yours. Send me another, and I will read it too. You will feel a little sore at what I say; but it is better to be a brave girl and bear it, than to be a good writer. But I say again, I believe you can do better. I have unfortunately mislaid the verses accompanying the story. . . . I have found them. I like the idea of the first very much. If you could compress the three parts into three or four verses each, it would be a new poem, and I think I could get it printed. But it must be *compressed*, not reduced by leaving out merely. Again I say, you are worth helping, and I will read another paper with pleasure."

Two or three points stood out in this letter as though written in fire. One of these was that I might write "a new poem." It was a positive revelation. I knew that the central idea of it was a good one—it had arisen out of the ruins of my life like a flower; and I knew now that what I had to do was to bring out its meaning and fragrance. I suppose I succeeded, for it passed George MacDonald's final censorship, and appeared anonymously in *The Argosy*, just after one of the concluding chapters of "Robert Falconer."

"Three Times in a Hope's Life" (which was the name it went by) also brought a few words of touching appreciation from an unknown reader at Huddersfield. Another poem had the honour of some corrections, made in George MacDonald's own bold, dashing handwriting, and it, too, went into *The Argosy*, and gained the same honorarium as the first—two guineas—which seemed to me excessive over-payment.

The "pretty parable" went into *The People's Journal*, under the name of "A Night without a Nest." And all this was brought about through George MacDonald's influence.

It was about two years afterwards, that I happened to be staying near London, and as my master had burthened himself with another of my MSS., I wrote and asked him if I might go and see him, and hear his verdict on it with my own ears. In answer came a note from Mrs. MacDonald, inviting me to stay for a night at "The Retreat," Hammersmith—an invitation which I gladly accepted. I don't think that popular writers of the present day treat poor, struggling outsiders with such kindness and consideration as this. They are quite content, like the Levite in the parable, to pass by on the other side. But George MacDonald was ever the Good Samaritan; with him and his, service to others was a sacred duty—not only preached, but practised. He never despised the least of Christ's little ones, as I can testify out of a full heart.

It was on a fine, clear September morning that I arrived from the country, and sat on the wall outside that tall, quaint, old house, looking out on the silvery Thames—the house which used to be known as "The Retreat."

Since then it has been re-named "Kelmscote House," and was occupied for many years by William Morris. As the minutes slowly went by, my heart beat faster and faster. How could I venture to knock at that door?

The sunlight flitted across the river, making it glitter and glisten like a broad ribbon of silvery grey gauze; the boats and steamers went gaily up and down. My eyes were riveted on the house where George MacDonald lived, and to which I should have to go at two o'clock. It was nearly two now; . . . the clocks were striking; . . . my time had come! There could be no going back. Taking my courage in both hands, I made for the door. The sound of the knocker made me tremble. And now a servant stood before me, and I was ushered into a large dining-room with a handsome carved-oak sideboard.

Mrs. MacDonald came in first, and said that in a quarter of an hour her husband would be at liberty to see me. She was a tiny little woman, with a very large nose. I was rather disappointed that she bore no resemblance to Ethelwynd in "The Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood"; but though she had not "sea-blue eyes," I am sure that there could not have been a better wife for a literary man. She seemed to organise and direct everything; she was brimming over with energy; all the practical part of the household fell to her shoulders, and her husband was left to construct novels and dream dreams as he listed.

I followed Mrs. MacDonald up a broad, oak staircase; the door of a front room opened, and now, at last—at last—I was face to face with my master and my friend!

Photo by Elliott & Fry

DR. GEORGE MACDONALD

Let me try to call up a picture of him as he then appeared to me. About the middle height, with rather broad shoulders, hair and beard of dark dusky brown, and wonderful eyes—eyes that seemed to look deep down into the heart of things—eyes that had the supreme gift of insight, and were full of sympathy and tenderness. I could not have told if they were brown or blue, but they revealed the hidden nature of the man. His voice, with its delightful Scotch accent, was clear and penetrating, and thrilled me just as his written words had so often done. I forget what he said; I only know that, stunned and bewildered by his presence, I sank into a chair, with my back to the window, and waited for him to begin the conversation. On account of asthma, from which he suffered terribly, he was obliged to smoke specially prepared cigarettes, and he smoked and talked, walking up and down the library, which was a long room looking out on the river, while I ventured now and then to put in a timid observation. I could see that it gave him actual pain to hurt any one's feelings, and he had to hurt mine, for his verdict on my story was not very favourable, and he recommended me to write it all over again.

He said much of my tendency towards prolixity; he advised me to avoid trite reflections, and to introduce more action. He allowed that the sketches of village life were "clever"—with a tone of contempt on the word clever, as though he considered mere cleverness a slight, unworthy thing, and finished up by saying, "The end I found touching; but then, you see, it *is* the end."

He appeared to have a great aversion to the introduction of commonplace people in books. I made some remarks about Jane Austen, and he listened, and said that Tennyson had been advising him to read her novels. I am sure, however, that if he had read them they would have had no attraction whatever for him. He mentioned a well-known woman-writer, and added, "But her people are so—so commonplace." The poetry of his mind revolted instinctively from what was ordinary; it was the mystic, the spiritual, the uncommon, which had charms for him.

I have recently seen a remark that George MacDonald was not a careful writer. No one could say that who looked at his proofs. When urging on me the necessity of revision, he took up a proof of some of his poems from the desk; it was literally covered with scorings and marks, seamed with alterations of all kinds. I am convinced of the fact that, so far from being a careless writer, he spared neither time nor pains to make whatever he worked at as perfect as, according to his conceptions, he was able to make it. He seemed to take special care with his poems. In an article, "On Polish," which he contributed to *Good Words* many years ago, he defines what he understands by polish in style—*i.e.* that just as polish brings out the delicate veinings and knots in the wood, so true polish of style brings out the hidden meaning of the thoughts which have to be conveyed—it does not *put in*; *it brings out*. How he carried out his own precepts may be seen by looking into some of his best work—the opening chapter of "Alec Forbes," for example, which cannot be surpassed for simple directness and force. Not only do we find here the seeing eye—the true poetic insight into the innermost heart of things—but the shaping and moulding hand.

Two things struck me very forcibly during this memorable interview with George MacDonald: one was his extraordinary sympathy with others, so that he became for the time being absolutely one with them in their hopes and fears; another was his great humility—there was not a trace of vanity or egotism about him.

I remember his mentioning that it was through the influence of two ladies—Mrs. Craik and Mrs. Oliphant—that the publishers were induced to look at his first novel, "David Elginbrod."

As we talked, the short September day began to close in. What with excitement and disappointment, my tears had flown freely, and I was exhausted and worn out. One thing I was resolved on—that my story should be re-written; for since I had been in the presence of this master-mind, all things seemed to have become new. I suppose some high spiritual natures have this illuminating property; they seem to turn on a search-light of their own, and what was before dim and indistinct, straightway becomes clear as noonday.

I went down the dark, oak staircase, feeling something as Christian must have done after he had been in the house of Mr. Interpreter. I knew I had the long evening before me, and it would never do to be pre-occupied and dull. Nevertheless, I *was* dull, and to make matters worse, a racking headache came on.

The household seemed to be conducted on free-and-easy lines—people came and went as they chose. Dinner was at seven o'clock, and Mrs. MacDonald took the head of the table. The master of the house did not appear; he was then hard at work on "Guild Court," and he dined in his study. I was very much struck by the appearance of two of his elder daughters—they had such large, dark, mystic eyes, and were certainly "not like other girls." There was a very pretty little boy, too, with golden curls and almost black eyes, like a prince in a fairy tale. His name was Bernard. (He must be a middle-aged man now.) An uncle, who had been in Norway, dropped in, and brought the boy a number of presents, amongst them a picture-book, with the story of a princess who had a very long nose. I shall never forget how George MacDonald, who appeared later in the evening, turned to the boy, and said to him, with that wonderful smile he had for all children, "As you are so rich, you must be good." The words seemed to convey the idea of the responsibility of riches, which could not be lost on any thoughtful child.

Every one knows that besides George MacDonald's own eleven children, he constantly adopted others who were in need of a home, and these fatherless ones were treated precisely as if they had been his by birth. When I came down next morning, after a disturbed and sleepless night, I found that Mrs. MacDonald had gone to Hastings, to prepare a cottage there, which had been taken for the winter, so that George MacDonald might escape the fogs of London. During the morning the gasman called to measure the gas. It seemed to me so strange that an author should have to talk to a gasman just like an ordinary individual.

Before I started on my return journey I was again in George MacDonald's library, and as I looked out at the Thames, I said something about the view being a pleasant one. "Yes," he answered; "water is the life of a landscape."

With his great consideration for others, he made one of his daughters go with me to the station, to see me on my way; and so, armed with my precious manuscript and "The Seaboard Parish," which he had given me, I departed.

I was now filled with shame and remorse at having intruded on him, and partly on this account I lost sight of him for many years, until one evening, when he was lecturing on "Hamlet," I resolved to go and hear him. The lecture was delightful. I do not remember ever having heard such an exhaustive analysis of the character of Hamlet as he gave.

I had some thoughts of speaking to George MacDonald after this lecture, but he was surrounded by friends, and I was shy and, as usual when he was speaking, tearful, so I did not make the attempt. I heard him lecture another time at Croydon, on "The Lyrics of Tennyson."

I saw him once again. This time it was at his beautiful villa, Casa Coraggia, close to the olive woods of Bordighera. Here he is spending an old age which seems crowned with the goodness and loving mercy of the God Whom he has served so faithfully, and Who has never failed him through his long pilgrimage from this world to a better.

Unworldly as George MacDonald has always been, how many servants of this world might envy his calm and serene old age, spent with those whom he holds most dear! And thousands of readers, both in Great Britain and America, rise up to call him blessed.

It was on a Sunday that I at last found myself before the Italian-looking door.

I heard that "Dr. Macdonald was asleep; I could not possibly see him till four o'clock."

So I wandered out. The sound of the harmonium at the little English church close by could be heard on the lazy, warm air; the delicate pink of the almond blossoms and the misty grey of the olive woods lent a beauty and mystery to the peaceful scene. An hour went by.

Then came the sound of voices singing a hymn. The service was over; it was time to go in. I went up the white marble staircase as in a dream. How many years it was since I had sought the same presence before—a whole life-time had slipped away!

We had afternoon tea in a vast, spacious *salon*, with an organ at one end, and five or six large windows looking out—not on the silvery Thames, but on the blue waters of the Mediterranean. And then I saw a white-clad figure advancing slowly towards me. Hair—long patriarchal beard—garments—everything was white, like those Shining Ones in the "Pilgrim's Progress."

As I looked, I knew that George MacDonald again stood before me—not as before in the prime of his manhood, but in his beautiful old age! I addressed him eagerly. I reminded him of my former visit, years and years ago. Alas! it had entirely faded from his recollection. It had probably made but little impression on him, among the multifarious calls he then had on his time. He was kind and friendly, anxious to show the same cordiality he did to every one; but it was only too plain that not the slightest memory of the poor little stumbler on the threshold of literature lingered with him.

It is often the way with hero-worshippers: the heroes forget, but the worshippers—never!

Mrs. MacDonald, cheery, bright, and practical, always seemed younger than she was. But she was the first to be taken. A year after her golden wedding day was celebrated, she passed away into the Silent Land. Her husband, though only vaguely conscious of his loss, had never looked upon death as a calamity, but merely as the gate to a better and more abiding life.

In his own beautiful words:

> Better a death when work is done
> Than earth's most favoured birth;
> Better a child in God's great house
> Than the king of all the earth!

Mightier than Death

BY HANNAH B. MACKENZIE

"THEN the transaction is concluded? Duncraig is actually mine?"

"Duncraig is yours, Mr. Maitland," the estate agent replied affably. But as the great London stockbroker left the office in Cockspur Street, the agent leant back in his chair, and reflectively laid the tips of his fingers together.

"Now what *can* he want with that miserable swamp of Highland ground, with its wretched pauper tenants? He is too 'cute a man not to have some excellent reason; but I cannot fathom it. He'll never do anything with that wretched property, which Sir Norman was ready to sell for an old song. It's—it's mysterious!"

What *was* Adam Maitland's reason?

He walked slowly along Cockspur Street towards the Strand. Mr. Maitland was a rich man and a great financier. The world had gone well with him. Like the rich man in the parable, he could say, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years: eat, drink, and be merry." He had a lovely daughter whom he idolised. Yet he did not look a happy man.

No; for there was still one unsatisfied longing in Adam Maitland's life—the lust of hate. Like Haman of old, he said in his heart, as he looked round on the evidences of his prosperity, "What availeth me all so long as mine enemy is not wholly crushed?"

But, step by step, in the past, he had pressed that enemy lower and lower; and now—one step more, and the triumph would be complete. The lust of hate would be satisfied at last.

In the far-distant Hebrides it was spring-time. The newly turned turf smelt sweet and fresh in the soft air; even in this barren land there was a resurrection of Nature.

The crofters were all out upon the fields; their cries to each other, the barking of their dogs, the cheerful sound of spring, gladdened the land. On one "lot" a man was working alone. He was a fine-looking man of fifty-five, and there was a strange air of refinement about him; but his hair was as white as the snow, and there were deep lines upon his forehead and beneath his eyes.

He was Ewen Cameron, and he lived in a small cottage apart from the other villagers. None of them knew much about him.

He had come to Duncraig twelve years ago, taken a poor cottage at a place called Rhu Dhu, or Black Point, rented a croft, and, building himself a boat, followed the dual calling of fisherman and crofter. He had one son—Hector, a boy of twelve.

When Hector was fourteen, Ewen had managed to send him to Inverness to school. How he had done it, no one knew; but other crofter-fishermen besides Ewen Cameron have managed to do the same thing. Three years later Hector was enrolled as a student in Edinburgh University. "It's a proud day it is for the father," said the neighbours, without a spice of malice.

Hector would be home now in a month, and his father's heart beat high with hope and joy.

As he was busily employed planting potatoes with the primitive instrument called a "*cas-chrom*" ("crooked leg") in the Hebrides, an old man came up to him. He wore a blue bonnet and a suit of homespun clothes; his face was crossed with many lines, but his blue eyes were still bright and keen. He was "Angus the catechist," a profession greatly reverenced by the people.

"You're busy, Mr. Cameron? Have you heard the news yourself?"—Cameron shook his head.—"The new laird's come to Duncraig. I met Mackay, the land-steward, and he told me. They're saying it's rich he will be, but a hard man and unmerciful, and not likely to be patient with the poor that cannot pay their rents."

"Who is he, Angus?" asked Cameron. And the catechist replied at once:

"His name's Mr. Adam Maitland, and he's a great man in London—a stockbroker, or something, they'll be saying. . . . But what's wrong, Mr. Cameron? Are you ill?"

For Cameron, after one quick start, had remained perfectly still, gazing with unseeing eyes, his face growing grey and set.

"No, Angus; I'm all right. But I'll be getting on with my work; the day is passing, and I have to finish this furrow."

"I'll be wishing you good-day then, Mr. Cameron." And with the Gaelic parting salutation the catechist walked away, while Cameron went on quietly with his work.

In his mind there rang words he had often read in his Bible, "*Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?*" and for one moment that strong, great heart of Ewen Cameron failed him. Then suddenly other words came to him—"*The Lord is on my side, I will not fear what man can do unto me.*" And Cameron stood erect, lifting up calm eyes and a clear brow to the blue heavens. He had trusted his God for fifteen years, through the most terrible of human ordeals, and he would not give up trusting Him now.

A few days later Ewen Cameron sat in his small, bare kitchen, which yet was scrupulously clean, when a knock came to the door. He rose and opened it—then fell back without a word.

Adam Maitland, the new Laird of Duncraig, stood on the threshold.

He followed Cameron into the kitchen, and the two men faced each other. There was a cold sneer on Maitland's face.

"You see we have met again, Cameron—as I said we should. I have come myself—mercifully—to you rather than send my agent. I give you notice to quit this house this day week."

Cameron faced him, pale and steady.

"I have paid my rent up to the last penny You cannot evict me."

"I am afraid I can," the other replied, with the same cold sneer. "I have my reasons. I do not want my property tenanted by—felons."

Cameron shrank a moment, then lifted up a calm face.

"I am no felon. You know that as well as I. You can evict me, if you like; but you cannot take my good name from me."

Maitland laughed harshly.

"No? We shall see. There is something else I wish to tell you, Cameron. My daughter and your son have met—by accident. There has been some kind of absurd love-making between them. It is easily cured—on my daughter's side: she is proud. As for your son, you can take him in hand yourself. I believe he is rather deeply smitten. . . . That is all I have to say to you, Mr. Ewen Cameron. I shall expect you to have vacated this house by next Thursday."

He turned and went.

Ewen Cameron stood quite still where he was. On his face was a look such as none had ever seen upon it before.

Suddenly, lifting that grey, set face, he clenched his hands and raised them towards Heaven.

"Thou wilt forgive me if I curse him," he said, and his voice was terrible in its low, restrained bitterness. "He took all I had in the past, and now that I am living the past down, he has hunted me to my refuge, and will make me as bare and empty as before. And, knowing that my son is dearer to me than life, he has allowed this thing to be, that he might pierce my heart through!" With a terrible cry, he covered his face. "My God, keep me from cursing him! I'm afraid of myself afraid!"

Adam Maitland went home. He sat long brooding over his fire that night, and as he did so, the past seemed to unroll itself before him. His work was nearly concluded. In a week Cameron would be houseless and homeless. To-morrow Rona Maitland would be at Oban; her father was to meet her with his yacht. He would tell her all; she would turn from Hector with scornful contempt.

Yet Maitland was not happy. In his mind's eye he saw himself again—a kilted, barefooted laddie attending the same

school with Ewen Cameron. Between the two lads there had been a rivalry from the first. When Ewen carried off all the prizes the rivalry became hatred on Adam's side.

Time passed. The two boys were destined always to cross each other's path. They were sent to the same shipping-office. Ewen soon outstripped the other in promotion. Deeper and darker grew the brooding hate in Adam's heart. Then the woman came. She was sweet and beautiful, and Adam's wild passion for her was one that had the elements of terrible tragedy in it. Ewen won her—perhaps flaunted his victory, with the gay insolence of youth and joy, in Adam's face. If so, it was his worst offence, and bitter was the price he paid for it.

There were defalcations in the firm—embezzlement and robbery. Circumstances pointed to Ewen, yet his employers, who trusted him as they did each other, would not believe anything against him. Then Adam came forward. He was a relation of one of the partners, and he dared them to hide Ewen's guilt and let blame fall on the innocent.

Ewen was tried and found guilty; and then Adam had gone to him in his cell.

"I have brought you low, Ewen Cameron," he said. "Ay, and I will bring you lower still. You did foolishly when you made an enemy of me. I will never cease dragging you down till we are both beneath the clod."

The words came back to Adam Maitland now as he sat there alone—rang in his ears like a sound of doom. He leant back in his chair, strange, dark thoughts of the past, of the future, stealing through his mind.

Had conscience at last wakened in the man?

It was Saturday, two days later. A terrific storm had suddenly burst upon the island. There were high tides, and the river overflowed its banks. All the fishermen were out seeing after their boats; and suddenly, like the flash of a telegraph-message, the news rang from lip to lip—there was a ship in distress labouring out beyond Rhu Dhu, and already she was drifting towards the rocks!

It was Ewen Cameron who first manned his boat.

"I'll go alone, if none of you will come with me," he said.

The others shook their heads.

"It's death for all it will be, Mr. Cameron. It's mad you are to think of it."

"I'm going," said Ewen stubbornly.

The fishermen tried to dissuade him, and even Angus the catechist shook his head.

Suddenly Ewen turned to the latter, and held out his hand. "If anything happens to me, Angus, tell my boy he had no reason to be ashamed of his father, living or dead."

The catechist shook hands, saying in a trembling voice, in his native tongue, "God be with you, Ewen Cameron!"

Then the little boat swung out on the wild sea, and the men stood watching its progress with bated breath and white faces.

The ship was sinking fast as Cameron neared it. She was a small yacht, painted white, and Cameron, who had never seen her before, guessed that she was some gentleman's pleasure-vessel running in for safety to Duncraig Bay. Alas! long before he could reach it she had been caught fast in the teeth of these jagged rocks, and they tore her sides "like the horns of an angry bull."

It was evening, but light enough for Cameron to see the groups on deck—the skipper at the helm, the men at their work, some of them trying to take down the jolly-boat, which had got jammed in its cradle—to see the two who stood together, apart and alone, a man and a girl, and to recognise one of them—Adam Maitland! Maitland saw him also. Their eyes met, but no more, for the next moment, with a terrible grinding sound, the yacht parted in the middle, and her whole crew disappeared.

In that wild tossing of seething, foaming waters Cameron's own small boat was nearly engulfed. She keeled over, but righted herself, and Cameron, wildly looking round, saw two human heads rise above the surging water, and a hand blindly seize hold of his boat. It was the hand of Maitland, and with his other arm he supported the slight figure of a young girl, whose abundant fair hair had become unbound, and tossed with every rise and fall of the furious waves, like a seaweed floating upon them.

"Save her, Cameron!" gasped the other man. His face was ghastly, his eyes full of dumb agony and despair. "Save my child, for Heaven's sake! For myself—God knows you may laugh at my doom now! You have conquered!"

It was almost impossible to speak in that wild tossing storm, but Cameron stooped, and taking the girl by the hands, drew her into the boat. By this time two other human beings had emerged from the black waters. They too clung to Cameron's boat, which was tossing like a cork on the waves.

"She will not hold more than three or four in safety," shouted Cameron; "yet I can't see you drown before my eyes."

One of the two was a woman; she was, indeed, Rona Maitland's maid. He drew her in. The other was a fair-haired lad, with terrified blue eyes. He reminded Cameron of Hector. In a moment he too was in the boat.

Cameron turned to Maitland, still clinging to the gunwale. "We are in God's hands, Adam Maitland, and facing death. Don't go into eternity with the stain of that dark sin upon your soul. . . . Confess that you have known I was an innocent man all along."

"I have known it—may God forgive me!" cried the wretched man. "Cameron—save my child—never mind me! She—is faithful—to your son; she—will not—give him up."

"Is that so? Then, please God, I will bring you also safely to land, Adam Maitland!" cried Cameron. He turned to the young seaman. "Can you row?"

The other nodded.

"Row, then, for your life, to land. The storm's abating a little already, but I dare not overload the boat. I'll swim myself—with Mr. Maitland."

The next moment he was in the sea and gripping Adam Maitland with a grasp of iron.

"We'll make the land yet," he said, "Adam, if it please God! Your daughter will be safe; they have the wind with them. . . . They'll be sending boats over now from shore. Swim, if you can, a little; keep a tight grip of me. . . . Let us forget all but the time when we were schoolboys together at Inverness, Adam—my friend Adam!"

The little boat had already left them behind. Cameron struck out with long, powerful strokes. Maitland, who could only swim a little, was carried onwards by the wonderful strength of the other man. It was a terrific battle with the fierce elements, but fortunately the wind was behind them.

Cameron spoke once or twice to the other, but it was little he could say, having to reserve all his strength for the fight.

"If we live, you'll right me, Adam, in the eyes of the world?"

"Yes."

"And you'll let our children be happy?"

"I will, Ewen. . . . My strength's failing. . . . You—forgive me?"

"As I hope to be forgiven."

They were the last words either spoke in this world. A terrific wave swept past, immersing them in the very heart of it. Ewen felt Maitland's grasp relax, and his own powerful one slackened. He threw out a hand wildly, and seized the other man's arm; but he was dragged down—down—by a weight which he had no strength to resist. Words floated in his mind dreamily—words read by him not so long ago: "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink." But already a pleasant unconsciousness was beginning to creep over him, and a moment later thought had faded away.

And the wild waves swept on, breaking in white surf, which rose into the air and fell again in torrents of spray. And Rona Maitland peered with eager eyes over the waters to catch sight of the swimmers behind; and in far-off Edinburgh Hector Cameron sat thinking of his home-coming, and of a story he had to tell his father when he came. But the mighty heart of Ewen Cameron lay throbless and still beneath the dark waters that he had so often fought with, and his stiff arm still clasped tightly his old enemy in an embrace that would never be broken now.

For hate and revenge are always conquered by forgiveness at the last, and mercy is stronger than death itself, and shall be the final conqueror of all.

Twentieth-Century Revival Methods

A TALK WITH GIPSY SMITH

GIPSY Smith has now been in the service of the National Free Church Council for nearly six years, and has established a reputation as the most successful evangelist in the world. His services are demanded not only from every part of the United Kingdom, but from America, Australia, and South Africa. The Rev. S. F. Collier, of Manchester, never had a happier inspiration than when he suggested that the Gipsy ought to be appointed as the recognised Free Church evangelist.

One of his last successes was at Brighton, where he addressed a series of great meetings in the Dome. Over three thousand people of all social ranks and classes assembled daily to hear him. The Rev. R. J. Campbell has borne witness to the remarkable results of the Mission, and the deep impression it has left on the town. More than five hundred persons passed through the enquiry-room, and a feature of the work was the Saturday night procession, in the course of which the workers emptied the public-houses along their line of march, and swept many hundreds of night loiterers into a late Gospel meeting. It was a strange scene, for amongst the audience were men and women partially and completely inebriated, besides gamblers, corner men, and the riff-raff of the streets. A number signed the pledge, and when Gipsy Smith appealed to his hearers to accept Christ as their Saviour, voices were heard from all parts of the Dome, crying "I will, sir—I will."

Photo by Ernest H. Mills

GIPSY SMITH

Immediately after the Brighton Mission Mr. Smith was kind enough to give his views to a representative of The British Monthly on the subject of "Revival Missions: Their Methods and Their Hindrances."

"I attach great importance," he said, "to the preparation of the ground. Where no preliminary work has been done, I must start from the foundation, and this means a much longer, more difficult, and less successful mission. The plan I recommend is:—

"I. That the Churches should unite in meetings for prayer.

"II. That the whole town should be mapped out in districts, and that these districts should be apportioned to trustworthy men and women who will visit from house to house.

"III. That thousands of leaflets should be distributed, making the mission known.

"IV. That ministers should announce the meetings from their pulpits, and show their personal sympathy with the work. If ministers father the mission it is a success.

"If these steps are taken, there is no need to spend large sums on advertising. One good-sized poster is quite sufficient. A house-to-house visitation is more directly useful than if every hoarding in the town were covered with announcements.

"One town in which I reaped the fruits of careful preparation was Pontypool, which I shall always consider one of my most remarkable missions. We gathered in the Market Hall, a huge building with iron gates, which might seem far from suitable for evangelistic services. The people crowded themselves together in stalls, provision boxes, and wherever they could find a corner. I remember seeing five boys jammed into a bacon box, with their heads just visible above it. I recall one pathetic scene at Pontypool. When the hall was filled to overflowing, a man came to the door and entreated the policeman to let him in. 'Impossible,' said the policeman; 'there is no room.' 'But,' said the man, 'I have walked eight miles over the hills to attend this meeting. If you let me in, I will give you my boots and will walk back without them.' The policeman was adamant, but the next night the man returned, and was the first in the enquiry-room."

Gipsy Smith often talks of his deeply impressive mission at Luton—the last he conducted in the nineteenth century. The enquirers there numbered one thousand and eighty, more than one in every forty of the population. The throb of that mission is still felt in Luton; the converts are amongst the most active of Christian workers at Sunday and week-night services and Endeavour meetings. The Rev. W. H. Thompson, Wesleyan minister of the town, said to Gipsy Smith, "I have never been connected with a revival which left such a crop of genuine converts as yours." Ministers in all parts of England might say the same.

Gipsy Smith possesses a rare and extraordinary power of exciting enthusiasm. At Brighton, where some coldness might have been expected, interest was at fever heat.

There again the ground had been prepared, and the ministers had united with the heartiest good-will.

"In your twenty-five years of revival work have you noted any change in the attitude of the Churches?"

"Very striking changes," replied the Gipsy. "The day has entirely gone when a gulf separated the minister from the missioner. When I first began to preach, hardly a pulpit would have been open to me. The respectable Christians of the Churches would have regarded me almost with scorn. Anything was good enough for the evangelist, and many a man was allowed to fail simply through coldness on the part of the Christians of the town. Nowadays it is quite the exception for any Church to hold aloof from my missions. I think perhaps congregations were a little careless in old days as to the man they selected to conduct revivals. They look out now for a thoroughly accredited missioner, and they do their utmost to promote his success.

Photo by Pannell & Holden, Brighton
GIPSY SMITH WITH THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL AND THE REV. S. B. LANE, BIBLE CHRISTIAN MINISTER

"There is another respect," Gipsy Smith pointed out, "in which good progress has been made during my public life. Far more people are out-and-out on the drink question. It is said that the drinking habits of the nation are increasing; but amongst the Christian public a complete revulsion has taken place. Formerly it was the custom to offer wine at table, and the man who took none would adopt a rather apologetic attitude. Now the apology is on the other side. This is the case not only at private but at public dinners.

"A change for the worse may, however, be noted in the matter of church attendance. It is becoming exceedingly difficult to get people to attend church more than once on Sundays. This may be partly accounted for by the growing passion for out-door amusement. But such a startling decline as that revealed in the *Daily News* census must cause the profoundest anxiety to those who have the welfare of England at heart. The desire to hear the Gospel is certainly not declining, either in England or Scotland. I look back with deep emotion on my visit to Birmingham with Dr. Clifford during the provincial campaign of the Simultaneous Mission. Alderman Edwards, the Lord Mayor, who is a well-known Congregationalist, postponed the mayoral banquet in order that it might not interfere with our mission. He was often on the platform in the Town Hall, where we had crowds every evening. I was greatly assisted at Birmingham by the excellent choir, and by a strong band of workers. Some time ago I returned to

Photo by Pannell & Holden Brighton
MR. AND MRS. SMITH

Birmingham to visit our converts. Two hundred of these had been brought up in the Established Church, and we were glad to be able to refer them to Evangelical clergymen for reception into membership. On my return I was told by the Rev. Enoch Salt, the President of the local Free Church Council, that over a thousand of our twelve hundred converts were in Church membership.

"Amongst my Scottish missions the work at Greenock was especially cheering. At Glasgow I spent sixteen weeks, but there the work had to be done from the foundation. I spoke in thirteen churches, including Dr. Reith's (College Church). There were over three thousand enquirers, and many genuine converts. At Greenock only six or eight Churches took part, all these belonging to the Nonconformists — Baptists, Methodists, and Congregationalists. The Established and United Free Churches did not join with us. I spoke in the Town Hall, which from the beginning was crowded as it had not been since Moody and Sankey's time. About eight hundred persons passed through the enquiry-room. The Scotsman may not be lightly or easily won, but he is well worth the winning."

"In choosing workers, do you limit yourself to active Church members?"

"As far as possible," Gipsy Smith replied. "But cases come to my mind of help offered and accepted from men who frankly acknowledged that they were not decided Christians. There was one young man at Plymouth who said he could not confess himself a Christian, but he was interested in my work, and would greatly like to help. 'Well,' said his pastor, 'you shall mind the door.' On the very first evening that man was in the enquiry-room. He became converted, and is now a faithful worker for Christ. I remember, also at Plymouth, how a sergeant of police, as he stood listening, was impressed by the Gospel messsage. He also was led to decide for Christ. He started a prayer meeting for his men, and it is said that the whole tone of the force of the Three Towns was raised by his conversion."

"As regards methods, do you take the after-meetings?"

"I have no after-meetings," said Gipsy Smith. "My first meeting is my last. The service is one, from the opening hymn to the Benediction. When the sermon is over, I ask for silent prayer for a few moments, and at the same time I request those who have been impressed and who desire to live a new life to rise and lift their hands, and then to quietly resume their seats. This plan has the advantage of leading doubters to commit themselves. The mere fact that a man has risen and held up his hand is for many a one the decisive step. The move to the enquiry-room follows naturally. I then ask the anxious to pass into the enquiry-room, my workers leading the way. I myself do not leave the platform or pulpit until the whole service is over. I make it a rule not to speak personally to the enquirers, and for five reasons:—First, when I have brought a man or woman so far, I wish to retire into the background. I do not want them to depend on me or to see me any more. The personal element must as quickly as possible be eliminated.

Photo by Pannell & Holden, Brighton
GIPSY SMITH AND MR. CAMPBELL
Taken during the former's mission at Brighton

"Then again, if I were to deal with individuals, I should be obliged to leave out some at least among the scores or hundreds who would desire to speak to me. This would have a very bad effect from every point of view. A third reason is that my entrance might cause a little commotion, and undo the good work which was going on. It would not be fair to the ministers and other helpers that their solemn dealing should be interrupted. I think, also, it is important that ministers and Church members should get to know these people, and that a mutual friendship and interest should arise. Last of all, there is no need for me in the enquiry-room. When a man is anxious to know his Lord, he is like a drowning struggler, glad to grasp at any hand that will help him. Experience has taught me these lessons."

It is a remarkable fact that, although Gipsy Smith has so rich a vocabulary and such wealth of happy illustrations, he never writes a sermon. Ministers who have listened to him and noted his excellent choice of language have sometimes thought of the verse in Acts: "They spake with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance." Although Gipsy Smith enjoyed little education, and no training for the platform, he is one of the first natural orators in the English-speaking world, and his addresses, with their mingled pathos and humour, capture the hearts of his hearers in a way which seems almost miraculous. He has an excellent ear for music, and a feeling for the stately and rhythmical flow of language. Tactfulness is perhaps his most valuable characteristic. It is not too much to say that in twenty-five years of constant platform activity he has never made an enemy amongst ministers or laymen, and has never

visited a town which would not gladly welcome him back again.

Although his addresses are extempore, they are founded on wide and careful reading. Gipsy Smith is thoroughly acquainted with the works of Matthew Henry, Dr. Alexander Maclaren, the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, and leading theological writers of all the Churches. Amongst his favourite secular authors are Scott, Dickens, and George Eliot. He makes it a rule to study only the best English masters, and has rare skill in adapting their thoughts to the purposes of revival sermons. One of his latest addresses on the Philippian jailer contained some characteristic ideas. It had long been the custom, he remarked, for evangelists to take St. Paul's words to the jailer, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," as the formula to be addressed to every convert. As a matter of fact, there are three conversions in the chapter, and each convert is drawn in by a different method. The doctor has not one prescription for every patient. Skill in diagnosis is the first requisite for a physician of the soul as well as of the body. Suppose a man is cherishing some favourite sin, surely it is the evangelist's business to find this out and persuade him to abandon it, and not simply repeat as with a parrot cry, "Believe, believe."

Gipsy Smith spoke frankly on certain "Don'ts" which experience had led him to suggest to evangelists.

"I. Don't attack the ministers. They are working hard under difficulties of which you know little. You may raise a cheap laugh by finding fault with the ministry, but the people respect and love their pastors, and will not thank you for blaming them.

"II. Don't attempt to fight the critics. Some evangelists devote much time to combating the theory of evolution and to attacking German theologians. This is all pure waste of breath. It takes a scholar to confute a scholar. Let the evangelist keep to his own message.

"III. Don't preach on the unpardonable sin. Some men are drawn as by a strong fascination towards the darkest and most terrible passages of Scripture. Personally, I seldom, if ever, preach on Hell. I preach sin, and the conscience, and the ethical side of truth as emphatically as I can, and I show what must inevitably follow unless sin is abandoned.

"IV. Don't allow a solo singer to come between you and your hearers at the last. I have found it personally of the greatest advantage to undertake my own singing, and towards the end of the address, when my whole mind is set on one goal, I would not allow an angel from Heaven to come between me and my audience.

"V. Don't be given to joking. If you have a turn for humour, keep it well within bounds. One need not fear at times to cause a laugh, but know when to stop. The service must be dignified and reverent from first to last. Nothing brings an evangelist more quickly into contempt than the constant effort after smartness. I prefer, for some reasons, to preach in churches rather than in halls. There is an atmosphere of solemnity in a church which is always helpful. On the other hand, people will go to a great hall or theatre who would not enter a church or chapel."

"How do you maintain touch with your converts?"

"I have found it lately very helpful to conduct a column in the *Free Church Chronicle*. People from all parts of the country can thus keep in touch with me, and seek for help in spiritual trouble."

"Do you offer tracts at any of your meetings?"

"No, never; nor have I anything to do with tract distribution. Sometimes this is done by the persons who live on the spot, but it is done on their own responsibility. The only thing I do is to give to each person who passes through the enquiry-room and professes conversion a printed card bearing a few hints for their new life. These cards are put in the hands of all the enquiry-room workers and given to the enquirers as they leave, and they have proved most helpful."

"What hymns and solos do you find most helpful in producing spiritual results?"

"I have found some of Fanny Crosby's songs very helpful, especially her 'Saved by Grace' and 'At the Cross there's room.' This latter has been a sermon in song to hundreds, and many have told me by word and by letter that that song, as a solo, won them for Christ. 'Sinner, how thy heart is troubled,' another by Fanny Crosby, is sure to bring some of those who are just halting between two opinions to decision. 'Behold me standing at the door' is another of hers, and always gets at the heart.

"'I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come unto Me and rest,' by Dr. Bonar, is one of the old hymns I often fall back upon, and sometimes in a meeting will lift everybody.

"'Just as I am,' by Charlotte Elliot, never fails to help. But much depends upon the tune the organist will give you, so I generally choose the tune I am sure of, for it will not do to try experiments in a service such as we are talking about.

"Some of the old hymns will never die, and I could not do without them—'Jesu, Lover of my soul,' 'Rock of Ages,' 'My faith looks up to Thee,' 'There is a fountain,' 'When I survey the wondrous Cross.' I have seen a congregation of those who have been out of touch with good things for many years, when they begin to sing one of these old hymns, break down, and in the second and third verses be so overcome that row after row would sit down, unable to sing any more. The association of these songs, words and tunes, have brought back the memory of Sunday school and home and mother and God, and these hymns have done what no sermon could have done.

"The Church has not realised yet the power of song. A man may fight a sermon, but if he loves music and song, he is captured before he gets to fighting."

"What do you consider is the cause of the steady decline in Church attendance as evidenced by a comparison between the *Daily News* census and that of the *British Weekly* taken sixteen years ago?"

"I cannot compare between the *Daily News* census and that of the *British Weekly*, as I do not remember seeing the latter.

"I think the real cause for non-attendance is our want of heart and power in our work. Men know heart when they see it, and know power when they feel it.

"Religion *without* Christ is not attractive. No Church can keep its pews full without conversions. Conversions will bring the crowd always; and a Church which has lost her power to convert has lost all right to call herself a Church.

"The crowds outside our churches are not hostile to the Bible, to the Cross, or to Christ, but they are weary of the poor caricature of Christ which they see in so many of us who call ourselves by His Name.

"A revived, awakened, Spirit-filled Church will solve the question, 'How to reach the masses.' She will go for them, like her Master, *until she finds*. Then there is the impression in the heart of the man outside that the Church is not the place for him, and the Church must seek everywhere to break this down, and when this is done he will be saved."

Photo by R. H. Ramsden, Eastbourne

EDNA LYALL TYPEWRITING ONE OF HER NOVELS

Edna Lyall

BY W. SCOTT KING

"*For consolation's sources deeper are than sorrow's deepest.*"—Wordsworth (*Edna Lyall's favourite quotation*).

IS there a modern adjective that conveys a more bewildering wealth of diversified connotation than the word Victorian? What does it stand for? Nay, rather, what does it not stand for? Crimean mismanagements and Darwinian hypotheses, free education and Krugerism, Oxford Movements and extended franchise, the humour of Dickens, the art of Rossetti and Watts, Trades Unionism, Armenian massacres, "trusts" and "tubes," Socialisms—Christian and State—the rise and decay of the House of Commons, great exhibitions, Hague conferences, "Idylls of the King," "Temporal Power"—are they not all embraced, with a thousand more, by the hospitable arms of "Victorian"?

It has become a slovenly catch-phrase with the shirking student to say that the time has not yet arrived for fixing the ultimate estimates upon the manifold phenomena of that kaleidoscopic age. That is, of course, true. But every hour that comes between us and the dead century makes it easier for us to undertake the necessary task of disentangling and the judicial duty of finding verdicts. The reign of Victoria suggests vastly more vital matters than the art of telling tales; but to those interested in literature—and the evidence of the daily press is to the effect that these are an increasing number—the Victorian age, whether it pleases us or no, stands for the hour and power of the novel. Whether we look at early, middle, or later Victorian days, at Scott or Charlotte Brontë or—it is invidious to name any, for who did not write a novel in the last years of the century?—everywhere the eye is arrested by the personalities and productions of the makers of fiction. It was an age of fact. Equally was it an age of fiction.

On the threshold of a sketch and appreciation of one whose name cannot be omitted from the story of the century's later novelists, three considerations offer themselves: the passing of the novel out of the sphere of entertainment into that of instruction and advocacy, thereby summoning the novelist to the pulpit and the platform; the enormous power of fictitious men and women to form the ideals and even regulate the lives and aspirations of countless thousands of young people; and, lastly, the triumphant taking of the field, and almost monopolisation of it, by women. The gracious woman and capable literary artist who rearranged the letters of her name till they formed the familiar anagram of "Edna Lyall" is an interesting illustration of these three features. Her earliest books, while containing interest and enjoyment in no small degree, came in with the tide that drifted theological perplexities and maligned unbelievers upon the shore of modern fiction, the same tide which a few years later washed up poor Donovan's more intellectual counterpart, Robert Elsmere. And to this feature she has more or less remained faithful, each succeeding novel, while never being exactly a novel with a purpose, except perhaps in the case of "The Hinderers" and "The Autobiography of a Truth," having beneath its pleasing and wholesome surface a purposeful ground-swell. Something further must be said of this when Edna Lyall is allowed to speak for herself on the vexed question of the legitimacy of the novel with a purpose. Meanwhile it is sufficient to be reminded that in "To Right the Wrong" there was a manifest desire to rehabilitate the Roundhead gentleman, in "Doreen" an unmistakable championing of the Home Rule ideal, and in "The Hinderers" an attack upon the follies and vices of Society, together with strong sympathy with the Boer cause. The second matter, that of the great and indeed awful power exerted by the heroes and heroines of popular stories over youthful readers is, naturally, less capable of chapter and verse proof. But when it is borne in mind that for

6, COLLEGE ROAD
Edna Lyall's study window at the right-hand top corner

twenty years and more the novels of Edna Lyall, both in serial and book form, have formed the Sunday afternoon reading of thousands of English girls just leaving their teens, and middle-class wives and mothers—which is tantamount to saying the whole of their reading hours—it can well be surmised that the pathetic childishness of Little Dot, the stormful and brooding Donovan, the chivalrous Erica, and the brilliant Irish singer Doreen—to instance but a few—went into the very mental and moral making of large numbers of people, and for better or worse—probably very rarely for worse—are responsible for many a secretly cherished girlish ideal, many a life-estimate and social judgment, many a theological tenet and religious conviction. Upon the last feature, the conspicuous vogue of the woman-novelist, nothing needs to be said. Though "Won by Waiting" was a distinct failure, and "Donovan" a delayed success, Edna Lyall came into her kingdom, and found it a large kingdom. And if masculine novelists have sold more copies of their works than were sold of "We Two" and "A Hardy Norseman," they have sold very many indeed, and are the favoured children of their brotherhood. Looking back, these three crests upon the wave of the last quarter of a century of novel-writing may be also described as so many victories. As a medium of theological, social, and even scientific advocacy the novel has won. As a powerful engine of character and mind formation it has won again. As being fully capable of writing as good fiction as men—not to say vastly better—and as being able to secure immense constituencies, women have also won. And Miss Ada Ellen Bayly stands at least in the second rank of those who have brought about and enjoyed these triumphs.

The essential life of an author, all that really matters to his readers, is revealed in his books. In these over-interviewed and prying days it is salutary to be put in remembrance of this. But when book after book has brought the author within the circle of one's personal affections and almost domestic ties, it is excusable that curiosity should wish to go a little farther. This has certainly been the case with the enthusiastic *clientèle* of Edna Lyall, and during her life she was always willing, though never anxious, to throw open the door of the pretty, red-tiled parsonage where she lived, and the inner door of her yet more personal life. In the one case it was a very happy, industrious, and philanthropic life that was revealed, a life much chequered, however, by incessant battlings with ill-health. In the other case it was a life of singular sweetness of disposition and intense and varied intellectual and social interest. Miss Bayly's birthplace was Brighton. Her father, Mr. Robert Bayly, was a barrister, and her mother was a descendant of the Rev. Thomas Bradbury's, the bold divine of Queen Anne's time whose unconventional pulpit-utterances won for him the nickname of "Bold Bradbury." Of her parents Miss Bayly has given us one or two vivid glimpses. Though she lost them both before she was fifteen, they left deep impressions upon her mind. Her father, she quaintly tells us, greatly condemned "the cruelty of buying cheap things for which working men and women must have been underpaid." When a sixpenny New Testament was shown to him, he severely said, "Never bring home such a thing again. It couldn't have been rightly produced for the money." Of her mother she recalls a memory of much cheerful common sense. Writing of her fears when a child—"undoubtedly I was born a coward"—Edna Lyall says: "There was, however, a worse terror still to be faced—worse than a crooked-legged fiddler—the terror of wickedness. Coming into my room one evening about ten o'clock, my mother found me wide awake and staring in panic-stricken fascination at a cupboard opposite the bed. Sobbing and shivering, I

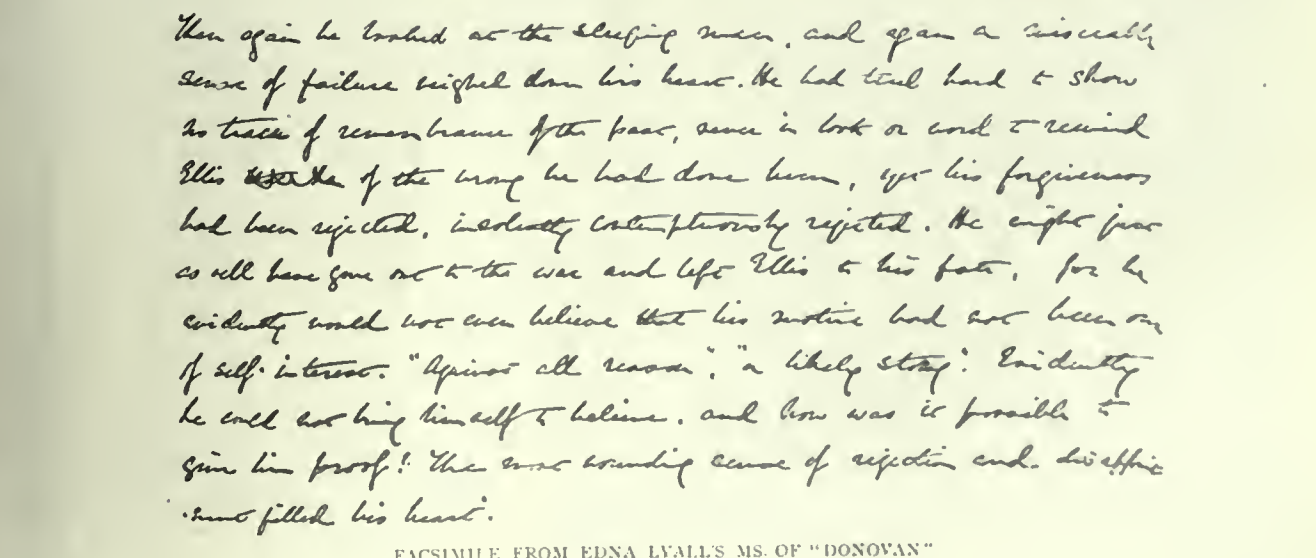
Photo by G. P. Abraham, Keswick
EDNA LYALL WRITING

told her my story. I had heard the others say that while out-of-doors that afternoon a beggar-woman had followed them for a long way, begging and protesting. At last my aunt had said to her, 'I think you had better go away,' and the beggar had angrily retorted, 'I hope the Almighty will say so to you at the Day of Judgment.' This cruel wish seemed to me the most horrible and heartless thing I had ever heard—the beggar must surely be a monster of wickedness. If she could wish the Almighty to send us to Hell, she was capable of anything, and the more I looked at the half-open cupboard the more certain I became that this wicked woman was waiting an opportunity to murder us. With many comforting assurances I was led to that dreadful half-open door, and we shook every dress and looked high and low till my fears were conquered by the truth. 'Now,' said my mother, 'I am going to give you a motto. It is just this, *Take the bull by the horns.* Whatever it is you are frightened of, make yourself walk straight up to it.'" "I am ashamed to confess," goes on Edna Lyall, "how many ghosts I have had to lay in this fashion. But the habit was of priceless value when the time came for facing 'the spectres of the mind,' and without it 'Donovan' would never have seen the light."

Photo by G. P. Abraham, Keswick
THE LATEST PHOTO OF EDNA LYALL. Taken Two Years Ago

Two more childish reminiscences should here be recalled, one as showing how early there developed in the future creator of "Knight-Errant" and "In the Golden Days" a sensibility to romance, and the other as evidence of a premature thoughtfulness and largeness of outlook. Again the words shall be the novelist's own: "My very first remembrance is of a narrow lane bordered by elder bushes. I was three years old, and was walking with my sister and our nurse, when suddenly we came face to face with the first romance that had ever touched our lives. Coming towards us we saw a certain kinsman who had always been a favourite in our nursery, and beside him walked a most beautiful lady. They stopped to speak to us. There was something impressive and delightful in their happiness, and we were laughingly threatened with banishment to the other side of the elder hedge unless we at once adopted the beautiful lady as our kinswoman. What did it all mean? we asked. Why, to be sure, they were engaged to be married." So Edna Lyall was but three years old when the eternal spring of more than half of the world's romance first threw its sparkling spray upon her—the immemorial love of man for woman. Here is the other delightful reminiscence:

"By this time my capacity for hero-worship—surely an indispensable quality in a novelist—was being daily stimulated by the records of the past. After a course of old Roman heroes, I became a devotee of Oliver Cromwell, and the Cromwell worship was much aided by visits to kinsfolk living in an old Suffolk house—the 'Mondisfield' of 'In the Golden Days.' Charles Lamb says that 'nothing fills a child's mind like a large old mansion peopled with the spirits of deceased members of the county and justices of the quorum.' And undoubtedly I owe much to that quaint old house, with its hall and musicians' gallery, its hiding-places, its old walled garden, its moat, and its park with the 'stews' in which the abbots of St. Edmund's-Bury loved in days of yore to fish. It was Mondisfield, too, which furnished me with a first-hand knowledge of Nonconformity, and accustomed me to realise that many of the best people living did not worship, as we did, in 'church,' but went to 'chapel.' The sermons seemed long to us



Then again he looked at the sleeping man, and again a miserable sense of failure weighed down his heart. He had tried hard to show no trace of remembrance of the past, save in look or word to remind Ellis of the wrong he had done him, yet his forgiveness had been rejected, indeed contemptuously rejected. He might just as well have gone out to the war and left Ellis to his fate, for he evidently could not even believe that his motive had not been one of self-interest. "Against all reason"; "a likely story": Evidently he could not bring himself to believe, and how was it possible to give him proof? The same wounding sense of rejection and disappointment filled his heart.

FACSIMILE FROM EDNA LYALL'S MS. OF "DONOVAN"

Photo by G. & R. Lavis, Eastbourne

REV. H. G. JAMESON, M.A.
Vicar of St. Peter's, Eastbourne, Brother-in-law of Edna Lyall

after the short ones to which we were accustomed at Christ Church, Brighton, from Mr. Vaughan—that wide-minded and most helpful of preachers. But there was a nice old square pew which delighted us, and when attention flagged there was always the pastime of watching the moths as they crawled in and out of the faded green-baize cushions. I also remember an evening when a religious meeting was held in one of the big barns on the estate, and this was a most delightful function, quite carrying one back to the days of John Bunyan, when Englishmen were persecuted for worshipping God according to their own conscience, and had to meet in all kinds of strange places."

Photo by Baker, Hailsham

EDNA LYALL'S NURSE
Who helped the novelist in writing "The Burges Letters," which contains a true story

Before quitting the subject of Edna Lyall's childhood—a childhood, by the way, whose happiness was shadowed by frequent attacks of ophthalmia, necessitating long weeks to the little orphan of darkness and idleness—a word of loving remembrance should be said of her devoted nurse, whose portrait is given in these pages. The Rev. Hampden Gurney Jameson, Miss Bayly's brother-in-law, whose portrait is also given here, and in whose house at Eastbourne she resided and wrote most of her books and died, writes me about the novelist's nurse as follows: "The Hailsham portrait is of her nurse, now living at Hailsham, who helped her in writing the reminiscences of her childhood contained in 'The Burges Letters,' which is a true story with merely the names of her brothers and sisters altered." From Brighton Miss Bayly removed to Lincoln, to the home of her sister and brother-in-law Canon Crowfoot, who was Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral. Of her life here the novelist says: "Lincoln, I need scarcely tell you, is *not* the 'Rilchester' of my novel. I have a great love for the old Cathedral, but it was a terrible climb up Steep Hill to our house. I have, however, introduced Lincoln in olden days into my story 'To Right the Wrong.'" The move to Eastbourne was the last important one of her life. Here she spent her quiet and studious days, varied by occasional visits to London and to Italy, Switzerland, and Norway.

EARLY PORTRAIT OF EDNA LYALL
Taken at Biarritz shortly after the publication of "Won by Waiting," a copy of which is in her hand

And now, before something is said of the novels and of Edna Lyall's political and religious views, I should like to quote from two letters which I have received, one from her brother-in-law, and one from her dearest friend and confidante. Mr. Jameson writes: "The circular photo is by *far* the best likeness we have of her, and was taken two years ago in Keswick. The carte-de-visite, taken at Biarritz, was just after the publication of 'Won by Waiting,' a copy of which she is holding in her hand. St. Saviour's Church is the one to which she gave the three bells—'Donovan,' 'Erica,' and 'Hugo.' The old house is 'Bansfield Hall,' originally 'Badmonisfield,' which is described as 'Monisfield.' The modern house is the one in which I am writing, and in which she has lived for nineteen years. Her study window is the right-hand top corner, overlooking the Downs and towards Beachy Head. The other photograph is one taken by herself, some years ago, of some of her little nephews and nieces in this garden."

"By the way," continues Mr. Jameson, "there was no pneumonia. The disease was influenza, and afterwards the death-certificate was signed 'asthma,' which simply means

failure of vital power. Her sympathies she has really laid open in her books. As to her own religious faith—which some of her readers were much exercised about—she had, no doubt, fought her way to it, but I think the fighting was all over before the public knew her. She was a quiet, sober Churchwoman, a weekly communicant, but had no idea of shutting herself off from others who did not call themselves Church-people, or of letting them shut themselves off from her sympathies. Indeed, I do not think she was in the least conscious of any separating beyond what might be expressed in the phrase 'they do not see everything just in the same light as I do.' Her hero among living Churchmen was the Bishop of Hereford, whom she describes in 'The Hinderers.'"

ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF EDNA LYALL

The other letter, as I have said, is from Edna Lyall's closest lady friend. In answer to my request that she would tell me something of her late friend, she says: "You have set me rather a difficult task at such a time, yet not one to be passed over lightly, but rather considered as an added privilege, if by it one single person can be made better to understand the best friend that any one ever had. Of 'Edna Lyall' as an author I need not speak. But she was much greater and better even than her books. 'The best friend is an atmosphere, warm with all inspirations dear,' and it was just this which made her such a true friend, letting no one's love and interest stop at herself, but leading on unconsciously to her fellows and to God. Her power of love was great, but never self-absorbing. Her sympathy was strong and unfailing. It has been said that to be in trouble was a sure certificate to her heart, and wherever there was sadness or sickness there would Edna Lyall be, if possible. Her strength should especially be emphasised—all her friends leant on her more than they or she knew, and it was all the greater for her exceeding gentleness, which on first and superficial acquaintance was the characteristic which most impressed people. But her courage in supporting unpopular minorities will not be forgotten, and was undoubtedly learnt from her mother, who taught 'little Elfie' to 'learn to be brave alone,' as will be remembered by those who have read 'The Burges Letters.' During a short visit we paid together last autumn to Belgium she was talking of and planning her next novel, which was to

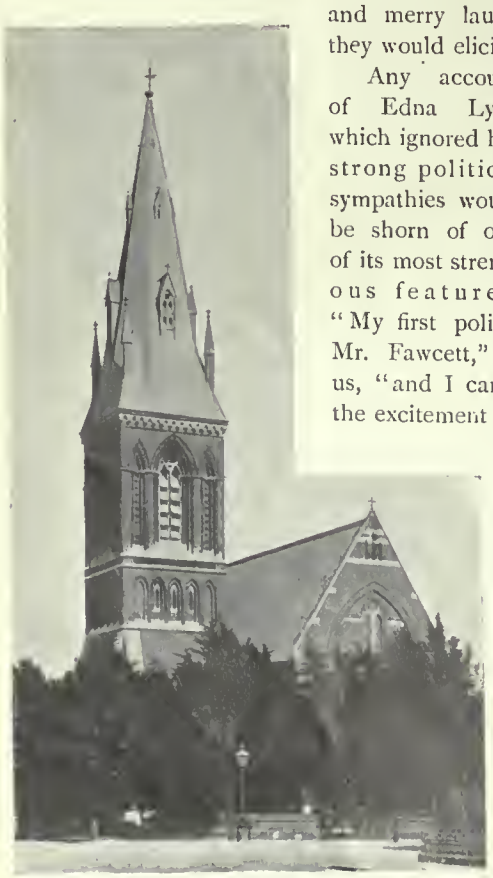
EDNA LYALL'S STUDY

PHOTO OF EDNA LYALL'S NEPHEWS AND NIECES TAKEN BY HERSELF

be the story of Sydney Wharnecliffe, promised in 'Derrick Vaughan.' The great idea was to bring out the thought of how 'the lives of those who have gone before have still some unknown influence over those connected with them.' Only a few chapters have been written, but these words come in, and also the following: 'It was a terrible thought—that unknown influence on the lives of unborn generations which we each one of us possess, yet think so little about.' Her sense of humour was very keen, and was often most helpful to herself and others. One saved up good stories to tell her, looking forward to the appreciation and merry laugh they would elicit."

Any account of Edna Lyall which ignored her strong political sympathies would be shorn of one of its most strenuous features. "My first political hero was Mr. Fawcett," she has told us, "and I can clearly recall the excitement of his election for Brighton." But she reserved her most ardent enthusiasm and loyalty for Mr. Gladstone, an enthusiasm which was strengthened rather than weakened by his Home Rule policy. Her favourite political text was that well-known utterance of the great member for Midlothian: "The principle of Liberalism is trust in the people, qualified by prudence. The principle of Conservatism is mistrust of the people, qualified by fear." Writing some time ago of the need for wholesome and inspiring literature for the people, she said: "If some one does not take the trouble to popularise the foundation truths of Liberalism, there is a gloomy prospect for this country." Less of a New Woman never existed than she, and to the last she "drew the line at canvassing," yet Edna Lyall had a deep-rooted faith in the usefulness of her own sex in the political field, and scathingly denounced as entirely erroneous the idea that if women were allowed to participate in politics their home duties would be neglected. Only once, however, so the story goes, did she speak on a public platform, though she was President of the Eastbourne Women's Liberal Association. Upon that memorable occasion she moved a resolution *in exactly four words.* One wonders what miracles of verbal Liebig those four words were. The pantheon of her tender heart was a very hospitable one, providing distinguished niches for so diversified a selection as Algernon Sydney and F. W. Robertson of Brighton, John Hampden and Michael Davitt, Charles Bradlaugh and the African chief Khama, the last named of whom vividly sketched her when he called her "The little lady with the bright eyes, which point to a kind heart." In these days, when the writers of our books sit so loose to revealed

BANSFIELD HALL



ST. SAVIOUR'S CHURCH, EASTBOURNE
To which Edna Lyall presented three bells

religion, even if they do not actively renounce it, it is a matter for no common thankfulness to know that one of the most popular novelists of the last twenty years was a devout and earnest Christian. Readers will readily identify the the words, written in one of her stories: "It is not what men call us that we have to consider, but how we are fulfilling the work God has given us to do." And: "Christianity can only be vindicated by deeds, can only be truly shown forth in lives." And that, while being a loyal Churchwoman, she was absolutely tolerant of all other Churches and creeds may be gathered from her remark in that splendid story "A Hardy Norseman": "I have only one piece of advice to give you—Be true to your own ideal." Of distinct theological views she held the belief that has taken its name from Tennyson's phrase, "The Larger Hope." In a preface which she wrote to a volume of Universalist sermons by the Rev. Thomas Allen in 1891, she says: "A book was needed which should face fairly and thoroughly the subject of future punishment." Then she goes on to denounce that book of our childhood, "Peep of

Day," because of the doggerel it contains, to the effect that—

> Satan is glad when I am bad,
> And hopes that I with him shall lie
> In fire and chains and dreadful pains.

She closes by saying that she is not ashamed to confess with the Psalmist, "My trust is in the tender mercy of God for ever and ever."

To speak of Edna Lyall and to say nothing of the novels which have made her of interest to us seems curiously lacking in a sense of proportion. But my space is all but exhausted. She must, however, be heard on the question, which indeed can hardly now be said to be an open one—the legitimacy of the "novel with a purpose." She did not like the phrase, to begin with, though she declared that "I simply cannot understand that one should write at all unless one is longing to say some special thing." A novel, she believed, should have a leading *motive*, like a Wagner opera. "I think that the story should never be sacrificed to the purpose. Religious writers, so called, have fallen into this error. In none of my novels have I had a special 'purpose,' but in each there is one leading motive: in 'Donovan,' that love, in its highest sense, is the only thing that can satisfy a human being; in 'We Two,' tolerance as regards all opinions conscientiously held; in 'Knight-Errant' and 'Derrick Vaughan,' the spirit of self-sacrifice as the reclaiming force in the world; in 'The Autobiography of a Slander,' the terrible evil wrought in this world by malicious tongues." It is easy and inevitable to connect the career and character of Edna Lyall with the titles she chose for her books. Those who know the full story of her long and silent years before success came will know that she "Won by Waiting" and "In Spite of All" neglect by the public. In defending the Roundhead gentleman, the oppressed Irish peasant, the Armenian, and the Boer, she was in truth a "Knight-Errant." Lover of the seventeenth century, she dwelt much "In the Golden Days"; while her chivalrous pen was never employed but "To Right" what she deemed was "the Wrong." And I think it would not be forcing the idea to associate her with her consistently held ideal of a true and useful woman's life, and to speak of them as "We Two"—my ideal and I.

Photo by G. P. Abraham, Keswick

EDNA LYALL

In saying adieu to one more of the magicians of romance who have beguiled, if they do not now beguile, many a weary hour, together with the proverbial railway journey of the reviewer, one or two thoughts arise with vivid clearness. Here is a writer, and a woman-writer, be it noted, who believed that virtue is interesting no less than vice. Here is a woman-writer who attained her fame without being *down* on the opposite sex. Here is a woman-writer who rejoiced in the success of her contemporaries, shunned notoriety, did not think it beneath her dignity to teach a Sunday afternoon class of factory girls, and who throughout her forty-five years of life practised that charity that thinketh no evil. Of herself may it be said as she puts it in "Knight-Errant": "She influenced people chiefly by loving them. You never felt that she was trying to doctor you, or to improve your moral or religious health," though eminently health-producing is all she ever wrote. "The charm of Edna Lyall the novelist," it has been said, and well said, "is identical with that which belonged to Miss Ada Ellen Bayly the woman.' That is to say, that whatsoever she was, her books were. The most noticeable flavour of her work and herself alike was a penetrating sweetness which came of a disposition to see no evil in the world that was not a good gone wrong. Edna Lyall may not be every one's novelist—even Thackeray and Meredith and George Eliot are not that. But one cannot help being unpharisaically sorry for those English girls who are "bored" by "Won by Waiting," and who prefer Miss—but we will name no names—to "Doreen." The lines in which she dedicated "To Right the Wrong" to her nephew and niece, Hampden and Amy Jameson, are not without their appropriateness to their composer herself:

> Glory of warrior, glory of oratory, glory of song,
> Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea;
> Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
> Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she;
> Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

God's Love Inexhaustible.—The fountain of God's grace is not as a little scanty spring in the desert, round which thirsty travellers need to strive and struggle, muddying the waters with their feet, pushing one another away, lest those waters be drawn dry by others before they come to partake of them themselves; but a mighty, inexhaustible river, on the banks of which all may stand, and of which none need grudge, lest, if others drink largely and freely, there will not enough remain for themselves. To each of His true servants and children the Lord says, as the father in the parable did to the elder son, "All that I have is thine"; if any, then, is straitened, and counts that he has not enough, he is straitened, as is the elder son, not in God, but in himself, in his own narrow and grudging heart.

The Bible Christian College, Shebbear

THE Bible Christians, numerically, are not a strong body, but they possess a spiritual vitality which some of the larger denominations may very well envy. They are also fortunate in possessing a well-equipped college, where a lad may receive an excellent education, and, what is even more important, where an effort is made to develop his character along Christian lines. Away in a secluded part of North Devon, out of the beaten track of the tourist and "far from the madding crowd," stands the Bible Christian College. A more ideal spot for an educational institution could not well be imagined. It is charmingly situated in a salubrious locality not far from the village of Shebbear. Anything in the nature of an epidemic has never been known, and no wonder, considering that the College is erected at an altitude of 540 feet above sea-level.

The history of the institution extends back to 1841, which year saw the opening of the "Bible Christian Proprietary Grammar School." Curiously enough, the first headmaster was an Irish clergyman, Rev. H. C. O'Donoghue, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, and formerly Chaplain to William IV., who had seceded from the Established Church on conscientious grounds. Mr. O'Donoghue took a warm interest both in the school and in the Bible Christian Connexion, and much was expected from his high character and attainments; but, to the general grief, he died suddenly in the schoolroom after prayers about a year after his appointment. His dust rests in the old burying-ground at Lake, where, thirty years later, the body of James Thorne was also laid. Mr. Thorne, at the request of the Conference, became Mr. O'Donoghue's successor, and how well he discharged the duties of headmaster is amply testified by the Right Hon. Sir Samuel Way, Bart., the most distinguished of old Shebbear boys, who has spoken of Mr. Thorne's "gracious and benignant personality" as being the "dominant influence" at the school at the time.

From Mr. O'Donoghue's death until 1864 the school was so small that one man could undertake all the teaching—the average stay of the master being two and a half years. It was at this date, however, that there came to Shebbear a young man, then a stranger both to Devonshire and the Bible Christians, who in after-years was to give the school a new lease of life and to launch it on a career of prosperity which, it is gratifying to note, is still maintained. The young man was Mr. Thomas Ruddle, B.A., who happily still reigns from behind the headmaster's desk. No one in the denomination occupies a position of greater honour or responsibility, a circumstance which is largely due to his splendid work at Shebbear College.

There have been five ministerial governors since Mr. James Thorne, the present holder of the office being the Rev. W. B. Lark, and it is a noteworthy fact that each of these governors has left some improvement in the methods of the school or some extension of its work. The greatest advance was made in Mr. Gammon's time, when the number of boarders increased from thirty-four to over a hundred. In 1878 a large block of new buildings was opened by the late Earl of Portsmouth, whose warm interest in the school, shared also by the present Earl, gives some idea of the good opinions it has gained in the country at large. Half a dozen years later another wing was opened by the late Sir Thomas Acland. Since then many other improvements and extensions have been made, including the installation of the electric light, a covered gymnasium, one of the largest and best equipped in the West of England, and a spacious chemical laboratory. A new physical laboratory and theatre-lecture room are now in course of erection, and will be ready for the autumn term.

The educational successes won by boys in recent years show no falling off when compared with earlier periods in the history of the College. Among those may be mentioned the Chancellor's English Essay Prize at Oxford, the Gold Medal in Classics at the London M.A., and two Doctorates in Laws at London. By far the most noted academician who was educated at Shebbear College is, as has been already mentioned, Sir Samuel Way, who is not only Chancellor of the University of Adelaide, but has received the high distinction of the Honorary Doctorate at both Oxford and Cambridge. Of work done in the school itself, the Local Examinations will be regarded as a fair test, and in these it has for many years won much credit. In this connection it may be pointed out that at one of the examinations of the College of Preceptors a Shebbear boy headed the general list, and at the University Locals high positions are often won, especially in English, in which subject the first place has several times been taken.

THE COLLEGE, FROM THE PLAYGROUND

The College curriculum includes, besides ordinary English subjects, Latin, French, German, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, Music, Drawing, Book-keeping, Shorthand, and Holy Scripture. Greek can be taught when required. Pupils are prepared for the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations, for matriculation at either of the Universities, the Medical Preliminary Scientific (London), and for the Civil Service Examinations. The school year is divided into three terms: the Spring term, lasting from January 17 to April 11 (twelve weeks); the Summer term, from April 25 to July 18 (twelve weeks), and the Autumn term, from August 28 to December 18 (sixteen weeks). Ample facilities are afforded for physical recreation, and pupils are encouraged to join the cricket, football, and lawn tennis clubs in connection with the College. The playgrounds, it may be mentioned, cover about six acres. The College is in the happy position of possessing its own farm. The domestic arrangements are under the direction of Mrs. Lark, and are of such a character as to promote the comfort and health of the pupils.

It only remains to be added that the religious training of the lads forms an important feature of the institution. Every other Sunday afternoon the Governor conducts a Christian Endeavour class, while on the alternate Sunday afternoons the Headmaster holds a Bible Class. Shebbear College, it may be stated, is managed by a Committee of ministers and laymen, who are appointed annually by the Bible Christian Conference, and by representatives of the Devon County Council.

The Blindness of Madge Tyndall

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

A WEDDING party had assembled in the little church of Bexmouth to witness the marriage of Madge Tyndall, the Curate's daughter, to Dr. Studley. At the last minute the company learns with dismay that the bridegroom has mysteriously disappeared, leaving no trace behind him, except bad debts. Madge, who refused to believe the worst of her lover, thought he had been drowned, or had fallen over the cliffs at Bexmouth, until one day she overheard Jacob Wherry, a "character" in the town, tell her father that he had seen Dr. Studley with a young lady in London. Madge's health was disastrously affected, and for some time it looked as if her life was trembling in the balance. Gradually, however, she revived under the care of a tender-hearted doctor. There was one person in Bexmouth who rejoiced at Madge's returning strength. Squire Sleeman, who had sought her hand a year before, but was refused, thought his opportunity had again come. If John Sleeman "was not so well educated, nor so clever, nor so handsome, nor so young as Dr. Studley," he had, at all events, "a good solid character." Besides, he had amassed a fortune, and a curate in straitened circumstances was not slow to appreciate the advantages of a wealthy son-in-law. When the matter was first broached, Madge was disinclined to listen to her father's counsel to accept Sleeman, but after a time she was persuaded that her duty lay in marrying the Squire, and so improve the lot of her parents. At this point the reader is again introduced to Dr. Studley. On the eve of his wedding he was kidnapped in a dastardly fashion, and is now a prisoner on a vessel bound for Australia. He tries to obtain information from the ship's crew as to the person who had played him this cowardly trick, and what the purpose of it was, but with little success. In fact, "the more he probed the mystery, the denser it grew."

CHAPTER IX

A Retrospect

Love is eternally awake, never tired with labour, never oppressed with affliction, nor discouraged by fear.

Thomas à Kempis.

WHAT Frank Studley suffered during the next few days it would not be possible to describe. Grief, anger, perplexity, all surged in his heart at the same time. Sometimes his anger dominated every other feeling. Such an outrage as had been practised upon him stirred him to such depths of indignation that he found it impossible to keep still. Up and down the deck he strode with clenched hands and blazing eyes, taking no notice of anything or any one, and yet all unconsciously confirming the impression "that he was not quite right in his head and would need careful watching." At other times he would sit for hours on the stretch buried in thought, trying to pierce the mystery that surrounded him, but trying in vain. Of all the people he had known, remotely or intimately, he could not imagine one of them subjecting him to such a dastardly outrage. And the more he tried to pierce the darkness the darker it seemed to grow.

The most terrible day of all for him was the Wednesday—the day fixed for his marriage. He had slept very little during the previous night, and when he staggered on to the quarter-deck in the early morning his eyes were bloodshot, and his cheeks ghastly pale. Spring followed him with a camp-stool, and sat down near him, and tried to draw him into conversation. But Frank was in no humour for speech.

"Leave me alone for to-day," he said bitterly; "to-morrow I may be in a better humour." And he stole up to the bulwarks, and, leaning his elbows on the rail, gazed out over the wide expanse of sea in the direction of the land he was leaving. He fancied that he could still see it, dimly outlined in the distance, but in that he was mistaken; it was only a low bank of cloud that lay upon the sea, but it was all the same to him. Away out there, across the desert of water, lay the land that held his heart's desire, and as he gazed the intervening distance seemed to vanish, and the little town of Bexmouth glowed in the morning light. He pictured the preparations that were going on in the house, which for courtesy's sake was called the vicarage. Saw the bridesmaids hurrying up. Saw Madge with her beautiful cheeks flushed like the dawn. Saw the wedding presents laid out in the drawing-room. Saw the Curate restlessly going from room to room with grave and careworn face. Then the old church would rise up before him with its short, square tower and its heavy mullioned windows, and in the churchyard that slanted toward the town he pictured the groups of village folk leaning against the head-stones, or against the boundary wall, discussing the event of the day.

Spring tried to entice him down to breakfast, but he would not be persuaded. "Go and get your own breakfast," he said, without moving; "I shall eat nothing until it is all over."

"Until what is all over?" Spring asked.

"The ceremony. Now go away and leave me."

"The ceremony!" Spring ejaculated, raising his eyebrows.

"I beg pardon; I was forgetting. There will be no ceremony to-day. There, go away and get your own breakfast."

Spring looked at him curiously for a moment, then turned slowly away. Captain Bender and the chief mate were already half through the meal when he sat down.

"You must excuse us beginning directly the bell goes," he said, looking up from his plate. "Aboard ship we have to work to rule."

"Quite right, Captain. It is I that should apologise, and I do so most sincerely."

"But you are alone, Mr. Spring; where is your patient?"

"On the quarter-deck, with his elbows on the bulwarks. He's been there for the last hour without moving."

"I suppose it is safe to leave him?"

"Oh, yes, I think so. He seems to have no suicidal tendency, though he talks in a very crazy fashion this morning."

"Well, you must not starve yourself if he does. If he does not get violent it will be all right."

Spring did not reply, but he eyed the Captain curiously for a moment, and then fell to his breakfast.

They were both cautious men, and each wondered during the silence that followed how much the other knew, and whether the other honestly believed that the one *bonâ-fide* passenger was a lunatic. But nothing could be gathered from their faces; and neither allowed any tone of doubt to stray into his conversation.

Frank Studley remained on deck nursing his grief and anger till long past noon. In imagination he saw all the consternation that would be awakened at Bexmouth; heard the chatter of the gossips, and pictured the grief of Madge. Then, in the helplessness of his despair, he stole quietly away to his cabin and securely bolted the door. He was faint with hunger, and yet was unconscious of the fact. His misery was so deep that it banished every other feeling. If there had been any means of sending Madge word he would not have minded so much. But to be banished from her for four or five months on the stretch, perhaps longer, and have no means of communicating with her; to let her wear her heart out with anxiety, and be haunted by the most cruel doubts and suspicions,—that was the very wormwood of grief.

His love for Madge was not a mere boyish passion. At six-and-twenty a man knows pretty well his own heart. He had been drawn to her from their very first meeting, and his admiration had quickly grown into love. He had seen many pretty faces before her's flashed upon his vision; but no face had ever so touched his heart before. He knew before he had been three months in Bexmouth that he had met his fate; and every day she grew lovelier in his eyes, and every meeting intensified his love.

One secret, however, he had kept from her—a secret which he had intended revealing to her that day. She had supposed, as had all the other people in Bexmouth, that he was a poor man; that he had nothing but his profession to depend upon, and that if he failed in that, he would be reduced to absolute penury. This fiction he had made no attempt to correct. On the contrary, he had rather helped to confirm the general impression. His motive was commendable enough in this. In the first place, he was tired of doing nothing. In the second place, he wanted to see what he could accomplish by his own endeavours. And in the third place, he was curious to see what difference money would make in people's treatment of him. His father had been a manufacturer of dress fabrics, who had amassed a huge fortune through certain patent rights which he possessed. Frank was his only child, and having been allowed to follow the bent of his own inclinations, had chosen medicine as a profession. He had only qualified as a surgeon a few months when his father died suddenly. His mother had been dead several years. And so the young man found himself alone in the world, and in the possession of a fortune so great as to be a burden to him.

For twelve months he lived the life of a country gentleman, and was naturally much sought after, especially by ambitious mammas with eligible daughters. This grew very irksome to Frank after awhile. He saw plainly enough that his money was the sole attraction. Reedley Hall was a home that almost any damsel might covet; nor did he blame mammas for casting longing eyes over an estate so fair. Yet to be sought after simply for his money was very humiliating. He hoped that he had some worth in himself, and yet he had a feeling that it was never recognised: his wealth was the one thing considered; nothing else was of any importance.

He discovered also, after a while, that the change from hard work to idleness was not altogether satisfactory. There were days when he had nothing to do; when there was no company in the house, no sports to be pursued, no tenants to be seen, no invitations even to be accepted. And what was worse still, so-called pleasures began to pall on him. Much of the gaiety he saw appeared to be forced and artificial, and he found himself looking regretfully back to the old days of hard work and simple fare.

Now and then, also, he found himself politely snubbed by impecunious snobs, who boasted of their long descent, and who resented the intrusion of anything that smelt of trade into their aristocratic domain. Men whose chief business in life was to keep bailiffs and money-lenders at bay, and whose impoverished acres were mortgaged up to the very hilt, treated him with patronising condescension, except in such cases as where eligible daughters formed part of their effects; then the rule was entirely reversed, and he received an amount of adulation that sickened him.

So at length he resolved to make an end of it—for the time, at any rate—and his steward, a shrewd and capable lawyer, Mr. West by name, rather approved of his determination.

"You might do a great deal worse," he said. "Young fellows with plenty of money and nothing to do often go to the devil."

"That's where I'm going," Frank said, with a laugh.

"No, no! not quite so bad as that. But such a life as you have led for the last twelve months is not the best thing for you."

"I know it, and I'm heartily sick of it. One-half of these county people, as they call themselves, barely tolerate me. You should see them turn up their noses when trade is mentioned."

"But some of them make fuss enough of you."

"And for why? Don't you think I can see to the bottom of it? The veneer is frightfully thin at the best."

"But where will you go?"

"Don't know; I shall try to get a post somewhere as a doctor's assistant. But don't be alarmed if you don't hear from me very often. When I've proved myself an absolute failure, I will come back to you."

"Well, I'll do my best for you during your absence. Take care of yourself, and don't do anything desperate. And if when you return you bring a good wife with you, it will be about the best thing that can happen."

"Anyhow, if I get a wife during my absence, she will not marry me for my money, at any rate."

"That's true; but be very wary, nevertheless. It is better you should be married for your money by a sensible woman than that you should marry a fool."

So they parted, and a month later Frank found himself in Bexmouth, having purchased the practice of an old doctor who wanted to retire. After his engagement with Madge he had several times been on the point of telling her his secret. Why should he not? He knew well enough that Madge loved him for himself alone, and so nothing could be gained by keeping the secret any longer. And yet something always prevented him. The revelation would come so much better on their wedding-day. After their marriage he could take her straight away to Reedley Hall. It would be such a pleasure to watch her look of surprise. How her large eyes would open with wonder and delight! How she would protest and declare that it was all a joke! And what happy tears would come when she realised how much she would be able to help her father—that her pin-money would be more than all his salary!

Frank thought of all this as he lay in his bunk that afternoon, staring at the little finge of his left hand, on which he had placed the gold wedding-ring he had purchased for Madge. How often he had looked forward to this day; how often he had pictured Madge's happiness and his own delight! And this was the end of it all! His quixotic enterprise had ended in a farce—perhaps in a tragedy. Had he lived in olden times he might have believed that the gods were angry at his going forth from his palatial home on such an enterprise, and so had resolved to give him more than he had bargained for, and to sicken him so completely that he would not indulge in such freaks again in the future.

But, unfortunately for him, there was no such easy way out of the difficulty. The mystery behind his present circumstances was past finding out.

CHAPTER X

Frank gets a Clue

> Thou hast betrayed thy secret, as a bird
> Betrays her nest, by striving to conceal it.
>
> Longfellow.

Anything more monotonous than a long voyage in a sailing vessel it would be almost impossible to conceive. To the sailors, who have their work to occupy their time and thought, it is bad enough; but to a lonely passenger with nothing to do, with no books to read, and no companions to converse with, it is almost unbearable. Day after day there is the same weary march of uneventful hours, the same narrow promenade on the quarter-deck, the same look-out across the ever-troubled sea, the same sweep of sky overhead, the same planks to count on the deck, the same cry of the sailors up aloft. Indeed, so much are the days alike that the weary voyager almost forgets at length to count them, and becomes a mere breathing log, knowing that he has simply got to endure the imprisonment till the time expires.

After the *Beagle* got through the Bay of Biscay, the wind died down into almost a calm, and remained so for nearly six weeks. Frank felt sometimes that he would have welcomed a gale and even shipwreck. Anything that would have broken the wretched monotony of those days would have been a relief. But no change came. Now and then a distant sail, or a shoal of porpoises, or the shining wings of an albatross would divert their attention for a little while. But nothing more exciting or eventful happened to them during the entire voyage.

During the second week Frank interested himself in trying to sound his companion; but it proved a hopeless endeavour. Whether or no Spring knew more than he pretended, Frank could not find out. On the surface he appeared perfectly frank and open, answered all Frank's questions with the utmost readiness. But when our hero attempted to get behind the surface he found a blank wall. Either he knew absolutely nothing or he was a consummate actor.

With Captain Bender Frank fared no better. "He had been commissioned by the managing owners to hug the coast as far as Bexmouth Bay, and then send off a boat for a passenger, who was to be brought on board. Beyond that he knew nothing."

"Who are the owners?" Frank asked.

"Brown, Brown & Co., Tower Street, London."

"But are they the real owners?"

"I can't say; probably not. But they are the only owners I know."

"This is not their only ship?"

"Bless you, they have dozens."

"That is, they manage them?"

"Just so. They are ship's husbands, and get a commission on the gross earnings."

Further than this Frank could not get, and he was sometimes disposed to think that neither the Captain nor Spring knew anything beyond what they revealed. So after a week or two he gave up worrying about the past any more than he could help, and directed his thoughts into the future. While they were at sea, and there was no chance of his escape, he was allowed to do pretty much as he liked; but he was very much afraid that, when they got into port, he would be made to feel at once that he was a prisoner; and in view of this contingency he began to interest himself in devising plans for escape.

But this, he foresaw, even under the most favourable

circumstances, would be attended with considerable difficulty. To begin with, he was practically without money. Ten shillings in gold, three-and-sixpence in silver, and a few coppers comprised all his available cash. Hence, if he succeeded in escaping from the *Beagle* at Sydney, he would be in just as bad a plight as before. Nevertheless, he went on devising plans—plans remarkable for the skill and ingenuity they displayed, and which he knew well enough would come to nothing in the end; but still, they kept his thoughts occupied, and saved him from eternally brooding over the past.

How he longed for a newspaper, or a magazine, or a fresh book! When they had been two months at sea, he felt as though the *Beagle* contained all the people on the globe. He lost count of the days completely. There was absolutely nothing to mark off one day from another; nothing, save the alternating light and darkness, to remind him that time was moving at all. No letters, or telegrams, or newspapers; no visits or parties; no Saturdays or Sabbaths: every day wa like every other. They did make some show of keeping Christmas Day, but it was a sorry failure at best The weather was too hot to bring any pleasant suggestion of blazing hearth fires or steaming plum-pudding. As Frank lay sweltering on the deck, he tried to picture the hills of home, covered with snow, but the effort was too great a task, and he gave it up and fell into a doze.

When he woke, he saw that Spring was watching him from the other side of the vessel, and he shut his eyes again with an uneasy feeling. It was only now and then that he was made to feel that he was a prisoner, and that all his movements were carefully watched. In his own state-room he was left absolutely alone. He could be alone, also, on the quarter-deck, unless he got near the man at the wheel. But if he went forward, or climbed on the "turtle back," or got near the steersman, Spring or the Captain or the first mate was certain to be close to his elbow.

He had tried several times to discover the two sailors who had brought him on board, but though he had his suspicions, he was never quite certain, and so all his attempts to unravel the mystery that surrounded him ended in failure.

It was the second of February when the *Beagle* dropped anchor in Sydney Harbour, and Frank became once more wide awake. But as the days went by, and the process of unloading began, it turned out as he feared, that none of the elaborate schemes he had wrought out for his escape fitted the circumstances; and even if the strictest watch had not been kept upon his movements, there were still the important questions to be answered: What was he to escape with, and where was he to escape to? He had no money, no friends, and by the time he could get a remittance from England he might be reduced to starvation; and if—as he sometimes half feared—his old steward, Mr. West, was a party to his abduction, he would be able to get no help in that direction.

WITHOUT LIFTING HIS EYES FROM THE BOOK, HE MUTTERED, "I SAY, MATE, CAN YOU HEAR ME?"

He soon learned, however, that no chance of escape would be allowed him, nor even the chance of sending a letter.

"I'm very sorry for you," Captain Bender said to him one day, when he asked for pens, ink, and paper; "but our orders are very strict, and I've promised faithfully to keep my share of the contract."

"Then since we've got so far," said Frank, trying to keep his temper under control, "perhaps you would not mind telling me what your orders are?"

"Well, I don't know that it matters so much telling you. You will have to know sooner or later."

"Just so. I think it is better I should know what is in store for me."

"There's nothing bad, sir, I can assure you. Your father was extremely anxious that you should be well looked after."

"So you've told me before," Frank said, with an ironical laugh.

"And I think you've been well done by in that respect."

"Yes, I've been well looked after—too well, in fact. But go on. When is this imprisonment to end?"

"Well, sir, we've promised to take you with us on the round voyage, and deliver you into the hands of your friends on our return."

"And the round voyage, I presume, is from England to Sydney and back."

"Not exactly, sir. We make for San Francisco when we we leave these parts."

"And then?"

"Probably to some European port, with a cargo of wheat."

"And how long does this round voyage take?"

"Well, that all depends."

"On what?"

"On many things. On whether we can get a cargo. On whether freights are going down or up. On the state of the weather. On a variety of things."

"But supposing things turn out as usual, when do you calculate being in England again?"

"Well, we may get back in nine months from now. It may be twelve, perhaps fifteen; but I should put fifteen at the very outside."

"But we have been away three months now."

"Yes, sir. It took me once twenty months to do the round."

"And I'm to be a prisoner all that while?"

"Not a prisoner exactly. You can go ashore when you have company—not else. And you are not to communicate with any one. Our orders were strict on that point."

"Don't you think I have a very unnatural father?" Frank asked, with grim humour.

"No, sir; from what I was told, he appears to be very anxious about your health and all that."

"Look here," said Frank, in a sudden blaze of temper. "You are either a knave or a fool. Do you mean to tell me you believe that trumped-up story about my father?"

"I do, sir," he answered doggedly.

"Bah! I don't believe you." And he turned and walked into his cabin, slamming the door behind him.

Throwing himself on his bed, he tried to think out some plan of action.

"I gain nothing," he reflected, "by leaving the ship here. My best point of escape will be San Francisco. If I can dodge them there, I will risk all the rest. There are two or three fellows settled in that city whom I know, and being doctors I shall easily find them if I can once get free. Yes, that must be my cue. In the meanwhile, I must give my gaolers no trouble, make no attempt to run away, and appear to be perfectly resigned to the arrangement."

During the next month, indeed, during most of the time they were in Sydney and Newcastle, where they took on board a cargo of coal, Frank expended his ingenuity in trying to write and despatch a brief note to Madge, and in the end he was unsuccessful. The cunning of Bender and Spring proved to be quite a match for his own. At every point they foiled him. Frank gave up the attempt at last, and quietly resigned himself to his fate. He was thankful, however, when the *Beagle* got fairly to sea again. He was impatient for a sight of San Francisco. Moreover, at sea he had more liberty, the espionage was relaxed, and, to make the situation still more tolerable, a number of books, magazines, and newspapers had been purchased just before they sailed.

All this lessened Frank's moodiness and increased his cheerfulness. He became more sociable with his captors, and condescended now and then to indulge in a game of whist or poker. From a mere surface point of view he seemed in better health; the mental depression was passing away, the voyage was answering the end for which it was undertaken. He would be restored to his relatives sane and well. Such was the opinion expressed to Spring by the Captain and mate, and Spring of course endorsed all they said.

One afternoon Frank was reclining near the wheel, in the hollow of a coil of rope, intent upon a book. Spring was smoking on the main deck well within sight. The man at the wheel, Frank had long felt certain, was one of those who had waylaid him at Bexmouth, and brought him on board the *Beagle*. He determined, if possible, to prove it now; he might never have a better opportunity.

Without lifting his eyes from the book, he muttered in a low tone, "I say, mate, can you hear me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then don't look at me. I want you to help me, if you can. And if you do, I will pay you well. Who was your accomplice at Bexmouth?"

The man gave a start. "I don't know sir; that is I don't know nothing 'bout Bexmouth."

"That is not true. You know you helped to bring me on board the *Beagle*. But what was the name of the Bexmouth man who put you on my track? You will gain nothing by keeping it back; you may lose much."

"You will not 'split' on me, sir?"

"Not a word. But if you will help me I will make it worth your while."

"Well, sir, he were a sparish man with no whiskers."

"But his name!"

"We was not told, sir. But a man as met him, as he was a-showin' us, said, 'Good-night, Jacob,' an' that is all the name I know."

The next moment Spring ran up the steps from the main deck and walked toward the man at the wheel. Frank did not raise his eyes from his book; but his heart was beating very fast. He felt that he had not only got a friend in the sailor, but that he had got hold of an important clue that might help him in the elucidation of the mystery.

(To be continued)

Sorrowful, yet always Rejoicing

BY REV. J. H. JOWETT, M.A.

Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a little while, if need be, ye have been put to grief in manifold temptations, that the proof of your faith, being more precious than gold that perisheth though it is proved by fire, might be found unto praise and glory and honour at the revelation of Jesus Christ.—1 Peter i. 6, 7 (R.V.).

"WHEREIN ye greatly rejoice!" These fountains of spiritual joy shoot into the light at most startling and unexpected places! Their favourite haunt seems to be the heart of the desert. They are commonly associated with a land of drought. In these Scriptural records I so often find the fountain bursting through the sand, the song lifting its pæan out of the night. If the text is a well of cool and delicious water, the context is frequently arid waste. "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now . . . ye have been put to grief." A present rejoicing set in the midst of an environing grief! A profound and refreshing satisfaction, even when the surface of the life is possessed by drought! I never expected to find a fountain in so unpromising a waste. "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice!" Who ever expected to find a well in that Sahara? As I trod the hot, burning sands of "reviling" and "persecuting" and false accusing, little did I anticipate encountering a fountain of spiritual delight. Let us once again contemplate the

strange conjunction. "Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Capernaum!" This on the one hand. And on the other hand: "A certain lawyer stood up and tempted Him." And between the two: "Jesus rejoiced in the Spirit." Again, I say, I am amazed at the setting. If life were a prolonged marriage-feast, one might anticipate hearing the happy bells at every corner of the way; but to hear the joyous peal in the hour of grievous midnight, an eclipse arrests the heart in keen and strained surprise. "These things have I said unto you that My joy may be in you." "My joy!" And yet Calvary loomed only a handsbreadth off—just twenty-four hours away! I thought the joy-bells might have been heard away back in Nazareth, in the beauty and serenity of a secluded village life, or on some quiet evening with His friends on the Galilean lake; but I never anticipated hearing them at Calvary's base in full view of shame and crucifixion. "My joy!" "One of you shall betray Me." It is a marvellous conjunction, but one which is almost a commonplace in the Christian Scriptures. "They received the Word in much affliction, with joy in the Holy Ghost." It is a mysterious yet glorious wedlock. "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now . . . ye have been put to grief." What is the suggestion of this apparently forced and incongruous union? The suggestion is this—that the spiritual joy of the redeemed life is continuous, and is not conditioned by the changing moods of the transient day. Spiritual delights are not dried up when I pass into seasons of material drought. When the shadows settle down upon my life, and my experiences darken into night, the night is not to be without its cheery and illuminating presence. The place of the midnight is to be as "the land of the midnight sun." There shall be light enough about to enable me to read the promises, to see my way, and to perceive the gracious presence of my Lord. "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Therefore the shadow need not annihilate my joy. My temporary grief need not expunge my spiritual delights. The funeral knell of bereavement may be tolling in the outer rooms of the life, while in the most secret places may be heard the joy-bells of trustful communion with God. "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now . . . ye have been put to grief."

"*Wherein* ye greatly rejoice." If our spiritual joy is to be continuous and pervasive, sending its pure vitalising ray even through the season of grief, we shall have to see to it that it is adequately nourished and sustained. Now the nutriment of joy is to be found in appropriate thought. Happiness is usually the resultant of sensations, the ephemeral product of sensationalisms, having the uncertain life of the things on which it depends. Joy is the product of deep, quiet, steady, appropriate thought. Thought provides the oxygen in which the bright, cheery flame of love is sustained. What kind of thought is required? "*Wherein* ye rejoice!" In what? The rejoicing emerges from an atmosphere of thought—the thought which is contained in the previous verses, and which formed the basis of our last exposition. It is a contemplation of the possibilities and dynamics of the redeemed life. The possibilities stretch away in a most glorious and alluring panorama: "a living hope"; "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away"; "a salvation ready to be revealed in the last time." The dynamics are no less wealthy than the prospects: the "great mercy" of the Father; "the resurrection of Jesus from the dead"; "the power" of the Holy Ghost! These constitute the oxygenating thought of the Christian Redemption. If the soul be immersed in it, faint sparks will be kindled into fervent flames, and timid desires will be strengthened into confident rejoicing. "As I mused, the fire burnt." Let mind and heart make their home in the spacious thoughts of God, and there will be born in the life a moral and spiritual glow which will not be chilled by any transient cloud, nor extinguished by the storms of the most tempestuous night. "Wherein ye greatly rejoice."

"Though now for a little while, if need be, ye have been put to grief in manifold trials." The "manifold trials" will come. Antagonisms may rush down upon us from north, south, east, and west, and may twist and wrench our lives into strange bewilderments, and yet the continuous thread of spiritual rejoicing need never be broken. Our affairs may be tossed into incredible complications, and yet "the joy of the Lord may be our strength." The pleasing air of music, which in its simplicity a child might hum, may appear to be lost as it passes into the maze of tortuous variations and complications; but an expert ear can detect the continuity of the primal air beneath all the accretions of the voluminous sound. The air of simple spiritual rejoicing, which may be clearly heard when life is plain and serene, may be continued when life becomes complex and burdened, torn and harassed by "manifold trials." We may still hear the sweet, primitive air of Christian rejoicing. I am not surprised to hear the sounds of rejoicing from Paul's life, when he was holding precious and sanctified intercourse with such beloved friends as Prisca and Aquila. But when the Apostle is "put to grief in manifold trials," and life becomes dark, heavy, and complicated, how will it fare with him then? "The gaoler thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. And it came to pass that at the midnight"—that is what I want to know about—"at the midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God." It is the old air, rising through the pains and burden of a harassed and sorely tried life. "As sorrowful yet always rejoicing."

Now, these "manifold trials" assume many guises and employ varied weapons of painful inquisition. Some of them may be found in the antagonism of men. Loyalty to truth may be confronted with persecution. A beautiful ministry may be given an evil interpretation. Our beneficence may be maligned. Our very leniency may be vituperated and proclaimed as a device of the devil. This may be one of the guises of "the manifold trials." Or our antagonism may be found in the apparent hostility of our circumstances. Success is denied us. Every way we take seems to bristle with difficulties. Every street we enter proves to be a *cul de sac*. We never emerge into an airy and spacious prosperity. We pass our days in material straits. Such may be another of the guises of "the manifold trials." Or it may be that our antagonist dwells in the realm of our own flesh. We suffer incessant pain. We are just a bundle of exquisite nerves. The streets of the city are instruments of torture. The bang of a door shakes the frail house to its base. We are the easy victims of physical depression. Who knows but that this may have been Paul's "thorn in the flesh"? At any rate, it is one of "the manifold trials" by which many of our brethren are put to grief. I will go no further with the enumeration, because I am almost impatient to once again declare the evangel which proclaims that, behind all these apparent antagonisms, we may have the unceasing benediction of the joy of our Lord. It is possible—I declare it not as my personal attainment, but as a glorious possibility which is both yours and mine—it is possible to get so deep into the thought and purpose of God, to dwell so near His very heart, as to "count it all joy" when we "fall into manifold trials,"

because of that mystic spiritual alchemy by which trials are changed into blessings, and our antagonists transformed into our slaves.

Can we just now nestle a little more closely into the loving purpose of God? Why are antagonisms allowed to range themselves across our way? Why are there any blind streets which bar our progress? Why does not labour always issue in success? Why are "manifold trials" permitted? We may find a partial response in the words of my text. They are permitted for "*the proof*" of our faith. That is the purposed ministry of the sharp antagonism and the cloudy day—"*the proof of your faith.*" Now, to "prove" the faith means much more than to test it. First of all, it means to *reveal* it. To prove the faith is to prove it to others. God wants to reveal and emphasise your faith, and so He sends the cloud. May we not say that the loveliness of the moonlight is revealed and emphasised by the ministry of the cloud? It is when there are a few clouds about, and the moonlight transfiguring them, that the glory of the moon herself is declared. And it is when the cloud is in the life that the radiance of our faith is proved and proclaimed. How conspicuously the calm, steady faith of our glorified Queen was proved by the clouds which so frequently gathered about her life! The "manifold trials" set out in grand relief that which might have remained a commonplace. Light which fringes the cloud is light which is beautified. Faith which gleams from behind the trial is faith which is glorified. It is the hard circumstance which sets in relief the quality of our devotion. As I listened to a thrush singing in the cold dawn of this morning I thought its song seemed sweeter and richer than when it is heard in the advanced days of the spring. The wintry setting emphasised the quality of the strain. Perhaps if we heard the nightingale in the glare of the noontide, the song would not arrest us as when it proceeds from the depths of the night. The shades and loneliness add something to the sweetness. "And at midnight Paul and Silas sang." That is the song which is heard by the fellow-prisoners, and startles them into wonder. The trial came, and your faith was "proved." You lost your money, and men discovered your devotion. Your gold, the finest of your gold, the most rare and exquisite among your treasures, was destroyed and perished; but in the hour of your calamity your faith was proved, and men bowed in spiritual wonder before the mystery of the divine. Your trial was your triumph; the place of apparent defeat became the hallowed shrine of a glorious conquest. "Now are ye in grief through manifold trials," that in the midst of the cloud the Lord might "prove" and reveal your faith.

But "the manifold trials" do more than reveal the faith. There is another ministry wrapped up in this suggestive word "prove." The trial that reveals the faith also *strengthens* and *confirms* it. The faith that is "proved" is more richly endowed. The strong wind and rain which try the tree are also the ministers of its invigoration. The round of the varying seasons makes the tree "well seasoned," and solidifies and enriches its fibre. It is the negative which develops the strength of the affirmative. It is antagonism which cultivates the wrestler. It is the trial which makes the saint. The man who sustains his hold upon God through one trial will find it easier to confront the next trial, and exploit it for eternal good. And so these "manifold trials" prove our faith. They reveal and they enrich our resources. They strengthen and refine our spiritual apprehension. They may strip us of our material possessions, "the gold that perisheth," but they endow us with the wealth of that "inheritance" which is "incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

And, finally, there is one other radiant glimpse of the resplendent issues of a "proved" and invigorated faith: "That the proof of your faith . . . might be found unto praise and glory and honour at the revelation of Jesus Christ."

Our "proved" faith is to come to its crown in a manifestation of praise and glory and honour. When Jesus appears these things are to appear with Him. The trial of our faith is to issue in "*praise.*" And what shall be the praise? On that great day of unveiling, when all things are made clear, I shall discover what my trials have accomplished. I shall perceive that they were all the time the instruments of a gracious ministry, strengthening me, even when I thought I was being impoverished. The wonderful discovery will urge my soul into song, and praise will break upon my lips. "Found unto praise *and glory.*" And whose shall be the glory? When the Lord appears, many other things will become apparent. What I thought hard will now appear as gracious. What I recoiled from as severe I shall find to be merciful. What I esteemed as forgetfulness will reveal itself as faithfulness. He was nearest when I thought Him farthest away. He was faithful even when I was faithless. At His appearing I shall apprehend and appreciate my Lord. "The glory of the Lord shall be revealed." "Found unto praise and glory *and honour.*" And whence shall flow the honour? I shall find that when the Lord sent a trial, and by the trial revealed my faith, many a fainting heart took courage, and by the beauty of my devotion many a shy soul was secretly wooed into the Kingdom of God. I never knew it, but at His appearing this shall also appear. This discovery shall be my coronation. The supreme honours of Heaven are reserved for those who have brought others there. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." And so by the cloud of manifold trials God leads me into the spacious sovereignty of glory, praise, and honour.

God moves in a mysterious way
  His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
  And rides upon the storm.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
  The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
  With blessings on your head.

There are two classes of men—the men of fire and the men of calculation. The former seem to shake the world's dust off their feet, and to move not towards Jerusalem, but towards Heaven. All the little cares and troubles of this world are forgotten in the brilliancy of the ascent. The latter class are the men of finesse, of prudence, of politics. They are always considering what will be the best thing to do or say so as to make both ends meet in the present system of things. Paul is a man who must be referred to both sides of the ladder. He brings down the wings of prayer to the level of the common understanding. He refuses to allow that mighty bird of Paradise to soar beyond the limit of common sense. His combination of fire and prudence is the most wonderful thing in literature.—*Dr. George Matheson.*

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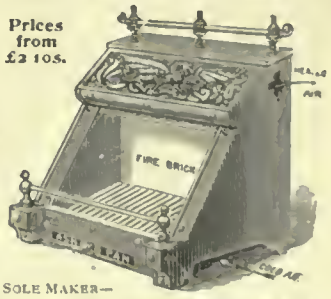

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The Home Department

Result of the Competition

This has been one of the most interesting competitions we have had, and very popular, if one may judge by the number of the papers sent. It has been an exceedingly difficult one to judge, owing to the uniform excellence of the papers, and only after many hours spent in weighing merits and other points has it been possible to make the awards. As it is, I have to divide both the prizes.

The first prize will, therefore, be halved, two volumes going to—

The Rev. H. J. Barton Lee,
35, Cross Park Terrace,
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or the following:

"The book that made the first and greatest impression on my life and character was the Life of Charles Kingsley, which I read when I was eighteen. Born and bred a Wesleyan, I had developed a belligerent advocacy of dogmatic theology with a Napoleonic confidence. In my seventeenth year, however, my opinions received a rude shaking, and the means I adopted to allay my doubts and misgivings were singularly unfortunate, so that, like Christian, I began to wallow in the Slough of Despond.

"I was living at the time in a small hamlet far from all friends where human sympathy and help were inaccessible. Then the Life of Kingsley fell into my hands, and my heart burned within me as I read. The intense reality of the man, the utter absence of cant, the dashing enthusiasm with which he flung himself into the battle against wrong, the noble anger at injustice, the chivalry and tenderness towards women and children, and, above all, the brave, straightforward way in which he faced all difficulties—theological, social, political, and ecclesiastical—won me completely, and when I had finished the book I realised that it had been to me as Mr. Help, grasping whose hand I had been lifted out of the Slough of Despond and set on firm ground toward the wicket gate of the Celestial City."

And two volumes to—

Miss E. M. M. Thomson,
18, Tatton View, Tatton Grove,
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or the following:

"The first book that impressed me was Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe.' I made the acquaintance of the hero, who was a real personage to me, when in my eighth year. When Nurse, a stern official, was more drastic in her measures than usual, I would hide myself, along with my book, in a safe retreat, forgetting my trials in the pleasures of 'make-believe.'

"I was transported to Crusoe's Island in the far Pacific; the murmur of the sea soothed my troubled spirit; its scents brought healing to my soul. There I found no man, no woman, to make me afraid, only kindly dumb companions to fawn upon me, and bid me welcome. Thus I early acquired the power of abstracting my thoughts from the depressing effects of uncongenial surroundings; in later years I have been prevented from giving way to despair many a time. I owe this to a traveller's tale; it is but a romance, I know now, yet somewhere in the Land of Dreams is to be found the Isle of Rest."

In place of the book offered as a second prize, copies of "Behind the Granite Gateway," by W. Scott King, will be sent to—

Mr. A. Taylor,
Audley House, Clifton Road,
Llandudno,

or his paper:

"At the age of fourteen I had read a good many books, chiefly stories of travel and adventure; but, although most of them left very pleasant memories, none made any distinct impression upon my mind until 'The Lonely Island,' by R. M. Ballantyne, found its way into my hands. This tale of the mutineers of the *Bounty* proved fascinating in the extreme, but the culminating point was reached when the first death on the island was described. The mutineers had long ago repented of their rash crime, and the longing for home and kindred was strong within them; but penitence and sorrow for past sin was of no avail: they knew that immediately they set foot upon British soil the inexorable law must take its course.

"Boylike, I felt the awful cruelty of 'justice,' and hated the law which would not accept the plea of 'I am sorry.' But as the eyes of the dying mutineer were opened to the mercy of the great God, the mind of the boy realised the sharp contrast between man's law and God's goodness, and the heart of the boy went out to the Great Judge who, while hating the sin, could show mercy to the penitent sinner.

"This was the first book that made an impression on me—an impression that will only fade with life itself."

And to—

Mrs. Yeo,
Rosslyn,
Reigate, Surrey,

or the following:

"To find the answer means wandering away and away, far down the leafy lanes of memory, until childhood's sunny meadows come into view once more. Yes, and there I find a tiny child intent upon a small book called 'Susy's Six Teachers.'

"Why that simple, simple little story went right home to my child-heart I understood years afterwards, when reading the Life of the author, Mrs. Prentiss (better known perhaps by her work 'Stepping Heavenward'). She wrote the book for her own children, and, because she understood *them*, for all little ones. She possessed the gift of using the commonest, everyday incidents of a little child's life to teach simple lessons of goodness and truth which could be understood by the very youngest.

"Little Susy's six teachers—Mrs. Love, Miss Joy, Mr. Pain, Mr. Ought, Aunt Patience, and the Angel Faith—I knew, and felt they were *my* teachers also, and hence the strong impression made on my childish mind.

"How history repeats itself is once more shown, for I have just discovered, written by a little Susy of mine, over what used long ago to be *my* favourite chapter, these words, 'Very best place.'"

Honourable Mention is fully deserved by Mr. E. Rogers and Miss D. M. Skinner, who would certainly have had prizes had there been more awarded. Next in order of merit came Miss E. M. Irvine, Mr. J. Turner, Miss L. M. Alden, Miss E. Deacon, Rev. J. Jenkins, Mrs. Sackett, and Mr. A. A. Hodgkison.

The book most frequently named as having made the first impression was "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; next came "The Pilgrim's Progress."

It would please me much to be able to quote more of the papers, and I am sure my readers would be pleased also, but my space will not allow.

New Competition

Next month two prizes will be offered for the two best original Easter Hymns, in length not exceeding one hundred and fifty words.

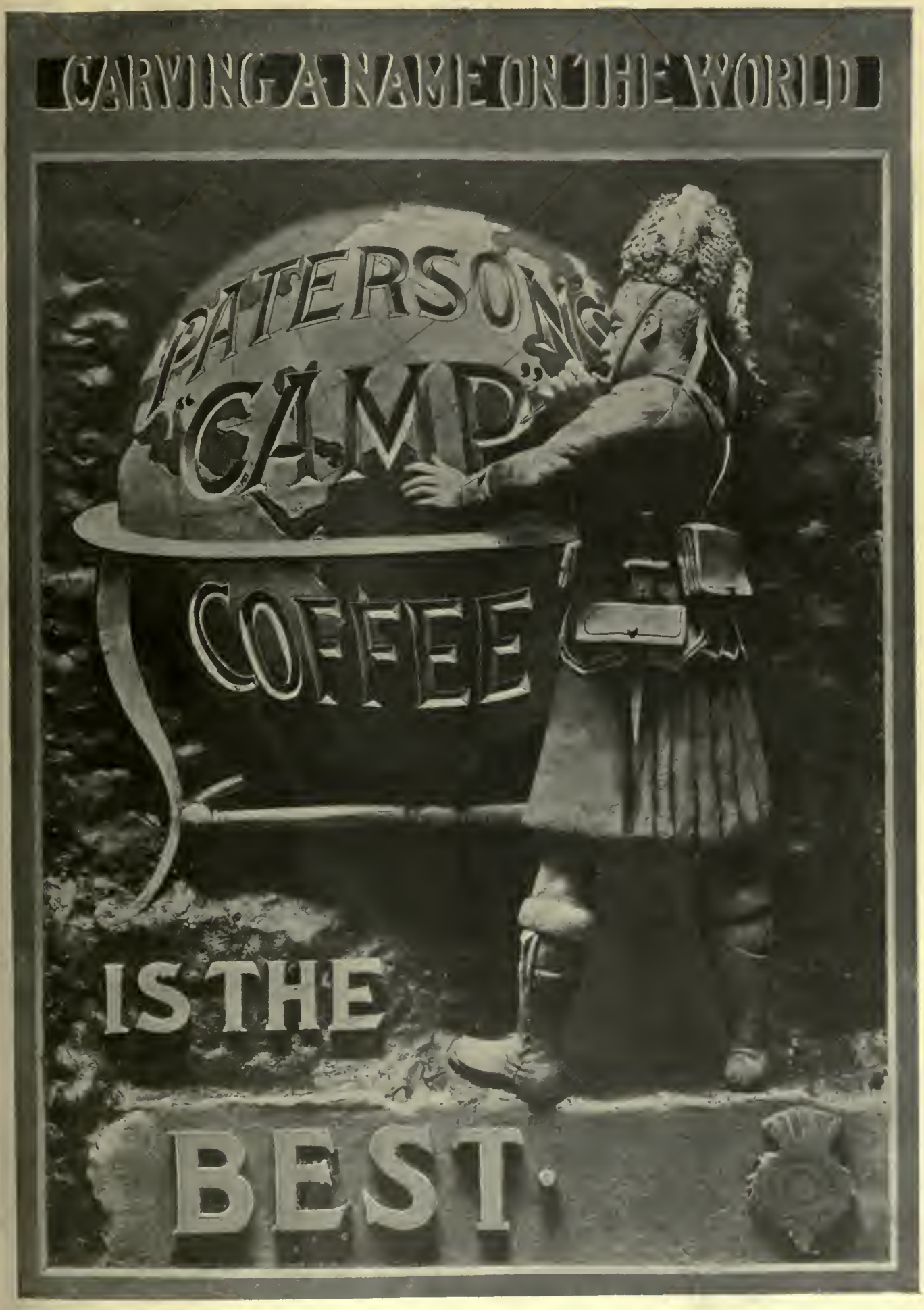
I hope to receive a great many contributions. The "Lullaby" and "Hymn" competitions showed what excellent work could be done, and the present subject offers, I think, quite as inspiring a theme.

The first prize offered will be a copy of the beautiful pocket edition of the Newberry Bible, bound in Turkey morocco; the second prize will be a copy of "Popular Hymns and Their Writers," by Francis A. Jones, containing numerous portraits and facsimiles.

The name and address of the sender, and whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, must be on each competition paper. Competitors must please write on one side of the paper only. All contributions must reach me on or before April 1. Address "Anstice," The British Monthly Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

On Doing Up the House

By the time these lines appear a large proportion of the housekeepers of this country and their satellites will be groaning inwardly—and perhaps outwardly too—over the fast-approaching, inevitable, and much-dreaded spring-cleaning. For some time we have been glancing askance at window-blinds, wall-papers, paint, and ceilings, wondering how much


CARVING A NAME ON THE WORLD
PATERSON'S
"CAMP"
COFFEE
IS THE
BEST

will have to be done to them, if this room must be papered and painted, or if that one will "do" for another year; if the curtains and coverings and cushions will look very shabby when the room is repapered, or if we must have everything done up to be in keeping. But with the lengthening of the days and the strengthening of the sunshine we are forcibly reminded that carpets and curtains need cleaning and beating, or renewing, that furniture needs to be lifted out and polished before being put back again; while walls and cornices and other convenient ledges display aggravating little lines or layers of dust, ceilings show up in all their winter's grime—in fact, everything cries out to be cleaned and done up.

New Papers

Why is it, I wonder, that so many persons are apparently callous as to the colour and pattern of the covering they have on their walls? Whence comes the indifference, or execrable taste, which allows so many to have their small rooms hung with a paper on which enormous flowers, presenting all the ghastly hues of decay, straggle over a pea-soup-coloured ground? It is a bewildering, puzzling question. It never seems to occur to admirers of this kind of paper that their pictures are absolutely killed by it, that the room is dwarfed and made hideous, that no paint, no curtains, carpet, or furniture can possibly show to advantage against it.

Artistic Papers

And all the while, for much less money, one can get something really pretty, for some of the cheapest papers are the most artistic.

What could be prettier or more suitable to small rooms than plain papers, or the delicate French papers which are so inexpensive, or the dainty papers which can be had in almost any shade or colour with really beautiful designs on them in a contrasting shade of the same colour? A room hung with any of these at once attains an individuality and charm which reflects on the owners of the room.

A Suggestion

A dining- or breakfast-room could be made charming by having the walls papered with a soft, warm green—against which pictures almost always show up well; the paint might be of a deep ivory tint; the floor should be covered with white or green India matting, with here and there a thick red Turkey rug, which will wear for years, and look well even in old age. At the windows have plain soft muslin curtains, or heavy ones of a deep red or rose pink, or a taffetas pair such as I shall mention below. I am sure it would do one good to come down to such a room of a morning.

Cushions and Curtains

But I must leave the walls and the papers and come to the smaller details, such as were suggested to me a few days ago by some patterns which came from Messrs. W. S. Brown & Sons, of 65, George Street, Edinburgh—patterns of taffetas, cretonnes, chintzes, beautiful in designs and colouring, excellent in quality, and so moderate in price.

They are all so beautiful and useful, it is difficult to know where to begin to make a selection; but I have quite made up my mind to have a pair of dining-room curtains of the "Angoulême" taffeta, 50 inches wide, and only 3*s.* a yard It more resembles the handsome old softly tinted curtains one used to see in one's grandparents' houses, than any I have seen since—sprays of beautifully toned roses and other flowers and ribbons spreading over a background of a pretty dove or fawn shade.

In the same material, but a better quality, are two other patterns which are really charming. The design of one is "The Gipsy Basket and Ribbon," 50 inches, 5*s.* 3*d.* a yard; and the other "The Rose and Foliage," at the same price. Curtains of either of these would suit almost any room or paper, but especially well would they go with a plain or striped paper, or conventional designs. Pretty cushion covers could be made of squares of it.

Flowers on wall-papers rarely go well with flowers on curtains or bed-hangings; but if they are used together, the flowers on all must be of the same size.

A very handsome cretonne is the "Rose Bouquet," 31 inches wide, 2*s.* a yard. My favourite has a large group of delicate pink roses on a ground of a beautiful pale shade of green, it can be had also with a stone-blue or a dark green ground. But better still do I like "The Empire Stripe," 30 inches, 9*d.* a yard. The design is a conventional stripe with small wreaths between the stripes, and can be had in a very pretty shade of blue, rose pink, green, or deep red, and for doing up a bedroom I can imagine few things prettier or more fresh and cosy-looking. Then there is a design called "The Viper Grass," in the same colourings as the last named, 10½*d.* a yard, 30 inches, and better suited to persons who prefer an all-over pattern to stripes.

To those who do not dwell in smoky cities and can indulge in chintz bedrooms or drawing-rooms, I most strongly recommend "The Old Chintz," 31 inches wide, 1*s.* 6*d.* a yard. It is of beautiful quality, and so pretty—a pure white ground with large bunches of old-fashioned pink roses connected by pale blue ribbons, running in lines divided by stripes of pale blue lines; another one has the same design, but with pale green in place of the blue, and the palest of creamy grounds.

I could mention many other pretty things this firm can show, but space will not allow; so I advise an instant application to Messrs. Brown for patterns.

Answers to Correspondents

Emmeline.—Many kind correspondents have written to tell you that the lines you enquired about are by George Herbert, and may be found in the edition of his works edited by the Rev. R. Aris Willmott, also in the "Canterbury" edition. The verses may also be found in the Congregational Church Hymnal, No. 326, set to music by Dr. Hopkins and Dr. Barrett.

B. C.—Thank you for your note about the quotation for "Emmeline." I have had only one more enquiry for back numbers, and have given your address with others. I will bear in mind, though, that you have twelve numbers for 1901 to dispose of for half-price, carriage not paid.

E. Mc. L. D.—The hymn you enquire about was by the late Dr Parker. Yes, I can give it to you in full. In the January number of the *Sunday Strand* you could find a copy of the MS. of the hymn.

The Song of Hope

I hear it singing, singing sweetly,
Softly in an undertone;
Singing as if God had taught it,
"It is better farther on."

By night and day it sings the same song,
Sings it while I sit alone;
Sings it so the heart may hear it—
"It is better farther on."

It sings upon the grave, and sings it—
Sings it when the heart would groan;
Sings it when the shadows darken—
"It is better farther on."

Farther on? How much farther?
Count the milestones one by one.
No! No counting—only trusting;
"It is better farther on."

I am afraid I cannot spare the space to answer your other questions this month, except one—Which usually manages a home department?

E. M.—Thank you for the omitted lines. I am sorry, but they did not make your paper good enough for a prize. It is very encouraging to receive such kind messages.

D. Lamont.—I am very glad you are so pleased with your book. I shall hope to have many more papers from you.

J. P. W.—Thank you for your letter, and your suggestion. I have often wished to adopt to some extent the same idea, but I am afraid it would not do. There are very few whose tastes lie in that direction. I have put out several "feelers," and the result has not been encouraging. I shall keep the suggestion in my mind, though, in the hope of being able to make use of it later on. As you say, the love of poetry has declined most lamentably; in fact, it seems to be fast dying—a sure sign that cultured, literary minds are growing rarer. I think one great cause is that we all live at too great a pace nowadays. There is only time to read what can be taken in at a glance and requires little effort of mind. When people will learn that a simple life is, after all, the most refined and elevating, and realise to the full the vulgarity of the great absorbing aim which is occupying the minds and time of the majority—the aim to outdo one's neigh-

The Compleat Letter Writer

A PEEP INTO A MATRON'S POST BAG.

The selector of the following letters, which are printed exactly as received, supposes that Mrs. G—— is the Matron who selects homes for children on the Essex coast, and that Annie is her little girl, and naughty Johnny (the spelling of this is evidently a tax on juvenile Londoners) is her little son. It is only space which prevents the multiplying of these extracts a hundredfold.

Dear Mother [Matron],

Just a few lines to let you know how I got home. . . . Thank you for giving me such nice food that little girl who lived a Barking got home safely because a gentleman come to fetch her. I might come down one Sunday next month so good bye till I see you again Kisses x x x x how is annie and Jhonny answer this Pleas answer this litter from Lilian Staples the one who wanted to stop address

S Luke's
London.

Clerkenwell.

My Dear Mrs. ——,

I am glad to tell you that Mabel and I have arrived at home safely. I can assure you that we both enjoyed ourselves very much indeed and that we both feel much better for a fortnight's holiday Mabel says that she would like to come [go] again next year and so will I. Tiddles [the kitten] was very frightened in the train. Thanking you for your kindness during our stay

Yours very respectfully
Maggie M——.

Whitechapel,
July 25, 1902.

Dear Mrs. G——,

. . . Mother said I looked well and brown and she said I looked better than any place I have been to before. I wish I was down here now as I liked it so much. . . . Good night x x x Love to all.

Yours Truly
F. Van Colle.

Dear Mrs. G——,

I am glad to say I have got home safely and mother was please with me for Looking well and excuse me for not writing before as mother was so bussy and I was helping her and she thank you for your kindness and I hope Annie is better and I am sorry to say would you send my heads up this is all I have to say at presant Good by and God bless you x x x x x x x x x x

from Rosey Ince.
Limehouse.

Westminster Bridge Road.

Dear Mrs. G——,

Just a line x x x x x and please will you give my love to the lady that gave us the swings and thank her very much for the flowers.

With love from all
N. Stump.
D. Stump.
E. Stump.

[*A Post Card.*]

Dockhead.

Dear Mrs. G——,

. . . Mother thanks you for taking care of me and feeding me well tell Jonhhy not to pull the girls hairs the same as he did ours and . . . I think this is all I have to say so I will close with love.

Yours sinsear
Rosey Mills.

Walworth.

Dear Mrs. G——,

. . . Hoping you are quite well and have nice girls and I hope this is your last lot and you hope it to I should think. If you answer this Letter tell me whether you have nice girls this is all I have to say from your affectionate [*much underlined*] Friend
Alice Rave.

Tell me whether Florrie come down Tuesday I wish I was back.

Westminster.

Dear Mother [Matron],

Just a few lines to say I received your kind letter and was very pleased to hear that you have got my hat. Mother said if you send my hat she will send the money in stamps what it costs. Mother was very pleased to hear what a good girl I had been. I am going to work on Monday so as soon as there is an excursion me and mother will try and come down to see you. From your loving
Flory Hughes.

Clerkenwell.

Dear Mrs. G——,

Just a line hoping that Annie is getting on allright and enjoying herself I have just sent a few stamps for her to go on with if you would not mind changing them for her thanking you very much.

From yours etc
J. Cady.

Minories.

Mrs. G——,

. . . We arrived safely at Fenchurch St Station at ten minutes to one and most of the mothers' were there to meet their children, and their was five of my little to meet me. . . . I am sorry the children that are down there now are not having so much sun as we did My sister Ada is coming. When she has time she will come in to see you and thank you for your kindness to me.

Your thankful visitor
Edith.

Limehouse.

Dear Mrs. G——,

I am very pleased to say that my children looks very well on their Holidays. And I am pleased to here that they had plenty to eat and drink. And they arrived home quite safe. And little Emma wanted to go back, besides they all do.

Haggerston.

Dear Matron,

Just a few lines telling you I arrived home quite safe. We all arrived about the same time as you said. Matron, Mother was very glad to hear that I had a nice lady and mother also thanks you much for it Dear Matron I should like very much to come down next year. I hope Grany is getting on in health and I hope Johny is enjoying himself.

I remain
Yours truly
Agnes.

[*From a little cripple at the Southend Holiday Home, whose hand was guided in pencil by the Matron.*]

My dear Mother,

I send you a lot of kisses x x x x I dug in the sand with a spade I played with some bricks last night. I sleep in such a nice little crib Thank Ethel for buying me a cup and saucer. I play with a dolly. I am a good boy. I should like to stop here.

Your little boy
Percy.

Do not these letters, dear reader, tell their own tale? They are printed because last year the Ragged School Union and Shaftesbury Society were able, by the kindness of subscribers, to give SIX THOUSAND children, including FOURTEEN HUNDRED CHILD-CRIPPLES, a fortnight by the sea. Half-a-sovereign pays for one child. The season will soon begin. Could *YOU* not give or get TEN SHILLINGS and send it at once to

MR. JOHN KIRK,

Secretary, Ragged School Union,

32, John Street, Theobald's Road, LONDON, W.C.

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Absolute Certainty of a Permanent Cure.

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bours—there will be a hope of a return to leisure, refinement, and a love of beauty in poetry and everything else.

R. G. L. B.—Thank you for your help; it was kind of you to take so much trouble.

H. L.—Your contribution was in time. I made allowance for the Sunday. It is too bad that your copy should have been so late. The British Monthly was out in excellent time, and should have reached you on the 21st at latest.

Lilium.—I was very glad to see a letter from you, as I had been wondering if you were ill. I am so sorry to hear my fears were correct. You poor child! I can sympathise with those who suffer in the head. It is good to hear you are such an enthusiastic admirer of The British Monthly. I wish you had competed this time; it has been one of the most interesting and keenly contested competitions we have had. Your trouble over your attempts comes of your being too excited and eager about them. Try to get the better of it, and not care too much. I hoped to have had an acrostic from you after the charming one you sent me.

Mrs. V. S.—Thank you for your note and enclosure. I am pleased you have had a successful transaction.

Rev. J. J.—Your contribution was delightful, and I very much wanted to quote it, but my space was over-crowded this month. The only reason you missed the prize was that the contents of the book (or magazine) you name did not impress you; in fact, you did not read it, only longed for it. It was what some one else wrote of it that impressed you. I was immensely interested and touched, and cannot understand the callousness which met your letter.

Anstice.

Anstice will be pleased to hear from correspondents, and answer any questions they may care to ask connected with the "Home Department."

The Children's Corner

My Dear Little Friends,

The prizes in the Snow Competition are awarded to—

Harold R. Howard (aged 10),
Bryn-Allt,
96, Tyrwhitt Road,
St. Johns, S.E.;

and—

Gwendoline Hutchen (aged 8),
10, West Street,
Prescot,
Lancashire.

An extra prize is awarded to—

Winnie Allpress,
The Manse,
St. Johns,
Jersey.

Special Mention

Jessie Gait, Ellen Florence Welham, William Robert Maries.

Honourable Mention

Hilda Hirst, Edith Harris, James B. Warnock, Rose Isabella Whitaker, Jack Dakers.

Highly Commended.

Albert Potter, Annie Law Brindle, Dora Renwick, May Loescher, R. S. Paterson, Ella Lofts, Herbert S. Batten, Doris Smith, Colin Skidmore, Elsie Hickox, Kenneth Dickinson, Donald Nicholas, Ernest Dakers, Frank W. Cockersole, Launcelot Clarke, Leonard J. French, Herbert Sackett, Elsie Daniel, Minnie Elsie Hollins, A. Harrison, Hilda Annie Wilcox, Annie Cass, Gertrude Lily Snelling, Martha Campbell.

You must have taken a great deal of pains over this competition, for in nearly every case the papers gave over twenty references. Most of the papers were written with great care and neatness, and all those who find their names in the lists may be sure that they thoroughly deserve their place for good work. The prize winners ought to be heartily congratulated,

for there was keen competition, and it was difficult to get right at the top.—I was pleased with Elsie Daniel's neat writing, and with the careful way A. Harrison had written out the references.—Jack Daker's paper was exceedingly good for his age, and Ernest's was very good too. I am glad to see Jack and Ernest are competing regularly.—I hope you will try again, Martha Campbell. I am glad you have begun, and thought your work was very good as far as it went; but you did not get as many hymns as some.—Your paper was very nice, Colin Skidmore, and so was yours, Ella Lofts.—I liked the painting on Kenneth Dickinson's.—May Loescher's was a particularly neat list, a pleasure to read.—I hope Rose Whitaker will persevere; she did very well this time.

By now I hope Nellie Hesketh's prize has reached her. I thank Mr. Hesketh for his letter, and hope Nellie's eyes are better now.

You see you have won the prize, Gwendoline Hutchen. Are you not glad you tried? I am attending to Mr. Williams' letter, and hope the book will arrive safely.

Hilda Hirst tells me she has been in for a Scripture examination, and has gained seventy-five marks out of a hundred. That is very good, Hilda. Do you enjoy examinations?

I have a letter from Elsie M. Bird which you might like to read:—

My dear Aunt Matty,

I wish I had more time to write to you but I have been terribly busy over my music. I went in for an exam. last Monday. I was so nervous that my hands shook. I could hardly play. I felt so *dreadful*, because I knew everything depended on the way I played, so I just said to myself, "Elsie, you *must* play well!—Elsie, you *shall* play well!" and I did my very best, though it was like a nightmare. I don't know how I got through the difficult scale-passages in my piece, but I managed to get through it all, and yesterday I heard that I had passed! I am so glad, and so is mother. We hardly expected it. It seems almost too good to be true.

You must forgive a short note, but I am going out to tea. I hope to try your next competition. With much love,

Your loving niece,

Elsie M. Bird.

I am very glad you passed, Elsie, and very glad you were able to control your nervousness. It can be done, if people only try hard enough.

I am very sorry to hear of your trouble, Harold Howard. Write again to me soon.

I should like a letter from William Maries. His paper in green and red was beautifully clear.

I hope you will try this month, Frank Cockersole.

Alan Winton writes a nice letter:—

Dear Aunt Matty,

I am collecting postmarks. It is a very jolly thing to collect, and really very interesting. The best thing about it is that you can get so many; also, it teaches you where places are that you would never have heard of before, because I collect in counties, and look up where each place is, and then put it in its special division. I have a very large book; it needs a very large one.

I'm afraid I must stop, as I have to do my lessons now.

Your affectionate nephew,

Alan Ernest Wilton.

How many have you got now, Alan, and do you collect foreign postmarks as well?

In reply to Mr. Brindle, young people are allowed to enter for our competitions up to the age of 17. In judging the competitions, the age of the competitor is always carefully considered.

Flora Morrison's paper was not quite up to the standard of mention, but I hope this will only lead her to further efforts.

Aunt Matty.

Handwriting Competition

Write out three verses of the hymn beginning "O happy band of pilgrims." Two beautiful books will be awarded to the competitors who write best. State your name, age, and address, and send in your papers before April 1 to "Aunt Matty," British Monthly Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

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Canute the Mouse

"MOTHER, mother, you must say yes!"

"Oh, mother, do!"

Mrs. Roxham looked at her two small sons, and said quietly, "Do you really think you will attend carefully to the mouse if I let you have it?"

"Attend to it! Rather!" said Nigel. "We'll feed it every day, and keep its cage clean, and give it fresh water."

"And if Nigel forgets, then I'll do it," said Jack, standing on one leg with his head on one side, looking very imploring.

Mother hated mice, but Jack and Nigel had seen a beauty, price only a shilling, in a small wooden cage, in a shop near their school.

So mother gave in, and said "Yes," and the boys scampered away to buy the mouse.

It was a bright-eyed little thing, and they were delighted with it, and gave it a great deal to eat, and lay awake talking about the tricks they would teach it.

"And we will call it 'Canute,'" said Jack, lying on his back in bed and staring at the blinking gas with sleepy eyes.

"Yes, Canute," agreed Nigel, yawning. "I believe it'll be an awfully clever little thing. Do you suppose it could learn to jump over a stick?"

But Jack was in the land of dreams.

* * * * *

"A stupider little animal never lived," declared Nigel, a few days afterwards. The boys had come in from school, and were endeavouring to make Canute sit up and beg for a piece of cheese. But Canute was tucked cosily in the corner of the cage with his bright eyes twinkling.

After half an hour's fruitless effort the boys decided to go out on their cycles for a run, and voted Canute a failure.

Still, though they lost interest, Canute was always fed and cared for.

The weeks passed, and mother went away to stay with her sister. The boys grew rather wild in her absence, for they were asked out constantly to dinner and tea and supper, and they thoroughly enjoyed it.

One evening they came in very late from a splendid evening passed with the captain of the school.

"'Ripping!' wasn't it?" said Nigel, going into the dining-room to get some biscuits before going to bed.

"Give me one," said Jack. Then, as he broke it, he suddenly remembered that Canute had not been fed for some days

"Nigel, have you fed Canute to-day?" asked Jack sharply.

"No. I thought you would."

"I didn't. I haven't since Sunday."

This was *Friday.*

"Neither have I. By Jove!" said Nigel. "Let's go and see him."

They ran upstairs like the wind, and groped about in the dark schoolroom for matches, lit the gas, and peeped into the cage.

Canute was quite dead! He lay still and motionless.

"Cruel!" said Nigel, turning away with tears in his eyes.

"We *starved* it," said Jack, leaning against the table in acute misery—"we starved the poor little thing!"

"Now you get to bed, young sirs," said a voice from the door; and the housemaid, a very old servant, looked in. "It's ten o'clock," she said severely.

Nigel replied, "Martha, our mouse is dead. We—we—we——"

"We forgot to feed him," finished Jack.

"Yes, I *know* you did," said Martha significantly. "I went to see him on Monday night, and I found the poor thing without anything to eat. So I thought I would teach you a lesson, and see how soon you *would* remember. I fed the little thing myself, without telling you——"

"But it's *dead*!" screamed Jack and Nigel together.

Martha bent down to look, shook the little body, and Canute opened his beady eyes! He had only been very sound asleep—not dead after all!

The gladness of the discovery was almost too much for Jack and Nigel. They shook Martha's hands violently.

"You're a *very* good sort," said Nigel heartily.

"I like mice, I do," said Martha, "or else I mightn't have been to so much trouble. I hope you've learned a lesson. If you keep pets, you must attend to them."

"If you like the mouse, we'll give Canute to you!" exclaimed Nigel. "Won't we, Jack?"

And his brother said, "Rather!"

So Martha took Canute into her care, and he lived to a good old age. And Nigel and Jack never forgot their lesson and their fright.

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We have received a price list from that well-known firm of curtain manufacturers, Messrs. Peach & Sons, of Nottingham, who for the past forty-six years have been supplying the public direct in all parts of the Empire. Their 1903 book contains a most comprehensive collection of lace goods, the letterpress being accompanied by reproductions from photographs of choice, artistic, but inexpensive lace curtains, their own registered designs, also fine examples of Valenciennes, Honiton, Brussels, Cluny, Renaissance, and Combination Guipure makes. The reasonable prices at which the goods are offered shows the great advantage of buying "Direct from the Looms." The Popular Parcel of Curtains advertised for so many years contains for 1903: one pair Drawing-room Curtains, 4 yards long; two pairs handsome Dining-room Curtains, 3½ yards long; one pair Bedroom Curtains, 3 yards long; one pair Brise Bise Curtains; one Table Centre; and one handsome set of Duchesse Toilet Table Covers. These curtains will be found of a finer gauge than those sent out in previous years, owing to the fact that Messrs. Peach have just laid down a special machine to make fine quality curtains to meet the demand for their *spécialité*, the Popular Parcel, which is sent carriage paid for 21*s*. This firm's goods are reliable, and every lady ordering through the post may feel confident that her instructions will have every attention. Messrs. Peach & Sons have kindly undertaken to send their catalogue post free to any reader of The British Monthly who will apply for it. Lister Gate, Nottingham, is sufficient address.

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NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, 27, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

The Editor will be glad to receive interesting photographs, with short accompanying paragraphs, from the readers of the magazine. Every effort will be made to return unused contributions when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed; but the Editor cannot be responsible for the return of manuscripts or photographs which are sent to him. Contributions for the next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, *to be published on* MAY 20, *should reach the Editor by* MAY 1 *at latest.*

Illustrated Notes

The next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be published on* MAY 20, *and should be on sale at all Newsagents' and Booksellers' on that date. The Publishers will be greatly obliged if readers who have any difficulty in securing copies of* THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be good enough to communicate with them.*

THE June number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY will be published on May 20. It will contain, besides the usual features, a graphic account of the career of the late Dean Farrar. The article will be profusely illustrated, and ought to be read with interest by all who admired the great work that Dr. Farrar accomplished in the domain of social reform. Another striking feature will be a finely illustrated article dealing with the splendid work carried on at the Central Hall of the South London Wesleyan Mission under the Rev. Henry T. Meakin. The large and ever-increasing number of our readers, we may add, is most gratifying, and no pains are being spared on our part to make each number bright, readable, and attractive in every way.

DR. PATON LANDING IN AUSTRALIA ON HIS RETURN FROM THE NEW HEBRIDES

THE REV. DR. and MRS. PATON have returned to Australia after spending nine months in the New Hebrides. Dr. Paton's health has improved by his residence in the islands. He visited most of the mission stations, but stayed chiefly at Aniwa, his own island, and in Malekula, at the stations of his son and his daughter. At the invitation of the native teachers he visited a number of places, and made long and trying voyages preaching and baptising converts. At the meeting of Synod, held in Tangoa, Santo, the Moderator in rotation retired in favour of Dr. Paton, who was unanimously elected in his place. The energy and industry of Dr. Paton are wonderful at his age. On his way in the steamer to Sydney he was always reading or writing. After talking for a little to his fellow-passengers, he would suddenly rise, saying, "I must go to work now." An aged minister, retired some years ago, said to him, "Is it not time now, my brother, that you should rest after so many years' labour?" "No, there is no rest for the wicked," jocularly replied Dr. Paton. "But," said the other, "there is rest for the righteous." "Yes," said Dr. Paton, "but not here." Dr. and Mrs. Paton hope to visit Aniwa from year to year.

THE death of Miss Charlotte Pace, Mr. Chamberlain's early schoolmistress, has recalled the early associations of the Chamberlain family with Camberwell. The eminent statesman was born on July 8, 1836, at No. 3, Grove Hill Terrace, the house which is now known as 188, The Grove. He was the eldest of nine children. The house is a substantial semi-detached building on the brow of the long hill, and half concealed behind trees. There are seven steps, three at the gate and four at the end of the garden path. These steps are worn with the tread of many feet, for this house

Photo by J. H. Killick, 3991, Holloway Road, N.
THE LATE REV. JOHN SLATER

has been regularly occupied for nearly a century. Standing at the front door, we can see London lying far off in the distance, with St. Paul's and the high, frowning buildings of the City. The house is massively constructed, and has three windows on each floor. Mr. Chamberlain's father, a prosperous City merchant, was accustomed to entertain here friends belonging to the Unitarian community. Amongst Camberwell residents in general the family were not well known, as a certain aloofness marked their intercourse with their neighbours. Mr. Blanch, in his important work on Camberwell, published in 1875, did not mention that Mr. Chamberlain was born in The Grove or make any reference to the family. It was not until the fame of the rising statesman began to ring through the Empire that Camberwell Grove residents said, "Is that the little boy we used to know?"

When Joseph Chamberlain went to Miss Pace's school at the age of seven, he had already learned to read and had an elementary knowledge of history and geography. He began Latin at school and made good progress with arithmetic. He was known to his companions as a shy and reserved child, with a touch of pugnacity, however, when contradicted. Many and curious were the questions which he put to his mother and his schoolmistress, and the two ladies would often chat and laugh in Miss Pace's pretty parlour over the precocious intelligence of the little lad of whom both were so proud. Mr. Chamberlain retains to this day happy memories of the schoolroom and the old school garden, and Miss Pace had no greater pleasure in her retirement than the occasional visits of the Colonial Secretary, his wife, and children.

Photo by R. J. W. Haines, 16, Milman Road, W.
THE LATE DEAN BRADLEY
TAKEN ON THE DAY HE RETIRED FROM THE DEANERY OF WESTMINSTER

THE Primitive Methodists have suffered a heavy blow by the death of the Rev. John Slater, their General Missionary Secretary. Only a few months have passed since one Missionary Secretary was laid to rest, and now the loss of another is being mourned. Mr. Slater, who entered upon the duties of his office less than a year ago, in succession to the Rev. R. W. Burnett, had been a minister in the Connexion for forty-three years. The best years of his life were spent in connection with Higher Ardwick Church, Manchester, where his high Christian character, his faithfulness as a pastor, and his heroic attempt to reduce the debt with which the Church was burdened, won the hearts of his people, and made his name widely known throughout the Connexion. Mr. Slater was deeply attached to the Church where the ripest fruits of a long and honoured ministry were to be seen, and he used to say he would like to die at Ardwick. His wish was granted, for it was in Higher Ardwick that he preached his last sermon, and it was there he died with such startling suddenness on the following day.

DEAN BRADLEY, of Westminster, was known to Londoners as a gentle and simple old man. But his career was marked by great masterfulness. He was one of the strongest of teachers, and was even thought

high-handed when he was Master of University College, Oxford. His associations with Dr. Arnold and Dean Stanley were very intimate, and he was always understood to belong to the Broad Church party, though he did not continue Stanley's work in conciliating the Nonconformists. As an author he did little, but his popular expository lectures on Job and Ecclesiastes are recognised as useful books, though not of the first rank. They show a great openness to modern lights, but Dean Bradley did not pretend to be an expert in Hebrew. Dean Bradley's house was eminently literary, and four of his daughters are known as authoresses, the most notable being Mrs. Woods, author of "A Village Tragedy," and "Esther Vanhomrigh," a book of poetry which ought not to be overlooked.

THE LATE DR. JOSEPH PARRY

THE death of Dr. Joseph Parry has deprived Wales of a musician of real genius. Apart from his more elaborate compositions of various kinds, he had written a large number of hymn-tunes, some of which have already become known in Welsh congregations all over the world. One of them, *Aberystwyth*, is an item in every great gathering; and it is now frequently wedded to "Jesu, Lover of my soul" in English churches. Dr. Parry rose to his place by sheer force of ability and unwearied toil, having started his life as a working lad in the Dowlais Iron-works. He was throughout life a devoted Congregationalist, and was at the time of his death actively connected with the Rev. Gwilym Jones's Church at Penarth.

Photo by John T. Burrows, Hillside Studio, Prestatyn

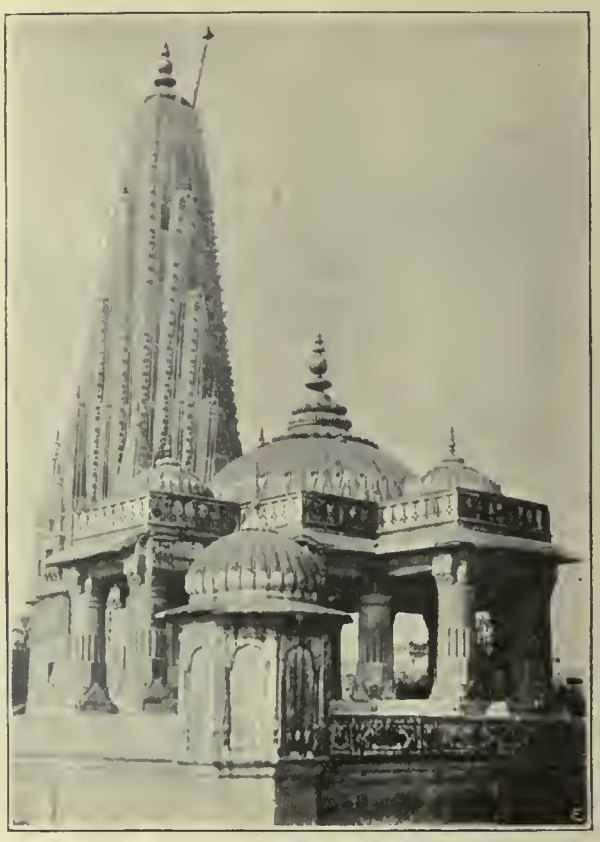
REV. DR. TOWNSEND

DR. W. J. TOWNSEND, whose portrait we have much pleasure in giving our readers, retires with great honour from the presidency of the National Free Church Council. The struggle against the Education Act has made his year of office the most arduous in the history of the Council, but Dr. Townsend has risen nobly to the responsibilities of his position. He has shown a thorough mastery of the whole subject, and his addresses and sermons have been greatly valued, while his wisdom and moderation in counsel have been universally acknowledged. Dr. Townsend is the author of a learned work on the "Great Schoolmen of the Middle Ages," and now that he is in comparative retirement it may be anticipated that he will make further contributions to literature.

DR. WACE'S appointment to be Dean of Canterbury, in succession to the late Dr. Farrar, has been hailed with delight by the Evangelicals, with whose opinions he has shown the keenest sympathy throughout the forty-two years he has served the Church. His brilliant career, particularly on the academic side, has long marked him out for high preferment. Dr. Wace's promotion has come, it is true, somewhat

late in life, but it is shrewdly surmised that the same influences that withheld the honours from Dr. Farrar have deterred him from coming to his own. A brilliant scholar, an eloquent preacher, and a courageous and broad-minded ecclesiastic, Dr. Wace has many admirers outside his own communion. A profound student of ecclesiastical history, the new Dean, along with Dr. Buchheim, of King's College, published some years ago, through Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, a translation of Luther's Primary Works, designed to afford the English reader the means of becoming acquainted from Luther himself with the principles from which the Reformation started.

The Hindu temple represented in the photograph is the highest building in Sialkot, a city of 45,000 people, in the Panjab. The temple rises to a height of about 80 feet from the street, and can be seen several miles off towering above every other building. It was built by the order of Raja Teja Singh in A.D. 1850. The platform on which it stands is about 60 feet square, having at each corner a tower surmounted by a cupola, one of which is seen in the centre of the photograph. The temple proper is supported on sixteen handsome pillars, and is sacred to the god Siva, which is worshipped by a sect of the Hindus as the great god, whose statue is found within the temple, above which is placed a brass vessel containing water which trickles over the god day and night. Within the temple is also found a marble bull, representing the one on which Siva rode. The temple is always in the charge of a Hindu priest, and a large bell in it is rung morning and evening to remind the worshippers of the hour of prayer.



THE HIGHEST TEMPLE IN SIALKOT

Photo by Alice Hughes, 52, Gower Street, London
MRS. QUINTIN HOGG

Many of our Baptist readers will be gratified to learn that the Rev. William Cuff, the popular pastor of Shoreditch Tabernacle, has returned from his prolonged tour through the Australasian Colonies greatly benefited in health. Mr. and Mrs. Cuff have been absent for seven months, during which time they visited Queensland, Victoria, New South Wales, Western Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. During their stay in the Antipodes they made a tour of inspection of the Churches in the principal towns, at all of which they were cordially received. Mr. and Mrs. Cuff were favourably impressed with all that they saw pertaining to the religious life of these great Colonies, and they regard the general outlook of the Churches as most hopeful. One feature in the life of the Colonies which gladdened the hearts of the travellers was the absence of the drink problem, at least in an acute form, tea being much more largely used. On the other hand, Mr. Cuff thinks that gambling in connection with racing is eating into the very life of the nation. While this distressing feature was seen everywhere and seemed to pervade the very atmosphere, a minority of the people preserved a very healthful sentiment, and this minority, of course, included the Churches and their pastors. Mr. and Mrs. Cuff, who since leaving England have travelled over forty thousand miles, had a most enthusiastic welcome home from the congregation of Shoreditch Tabernacle and other friends.

Photo by Thos. Fall, Hampstead
REV. PROFESSOR ADENEY, D.D.

Professor W. F. Adeney, of Hackney and New Colleges, London, has accepted the Principalship of the Lancashire Independent College. This is a post of great influence and distinction, and its prestige will suffer nothing in Dr. Adeney's hands. The strong Nonconformity of the North will find in him an accomplished and genial guide. Dr. Adeney is most popular with his students. He is himself in every sense of the word an assiduous student, and he has been an industrious literary worker. In all his books the combination of knowledge and faith is conspicuous. Among Congregationalists and Nonconformists generally Professor Adeney is held in the highest regard.

The late Mr. William Holmes belonged to a well-known London Nonconformist family. He was born in Oxford Street, in the same house where all his children first saw the light, and throughout his long life was connected with Paddington Chapel, in the Marylebone Road, where two of his sons are office bearers. He remembered Paddington in the days of its eloquent preacher the Rev. James Stratten, when Elizabeth Barrett, afterwards Mrs. Browning, with her father, was a frequent worshipper. Mr. Holmes was associated with literature from boyhood. He was apprenticed to a bookseller at High Wycombe, and was sometimes sent to Hughenden with books for the elder and younger Disraelis. He knew Dickens, Thackeray, and the early writers for *Punch*. Mr. Holmes was in much demand as a lay preacher, and his bright and racy addresses were greatly appreciated by the friends connected with Paddington. A shadow fell upon the congregation when Mr. E. J. Physick, the senior deacon, announced on March 22 that this honoured member had passed away.

Photo by Eason & Co., 16, Dalston Lane, Kingsland, N.E.
THE LATE MR. WILLIAM HOLMES

Professor Flint has resigned the Chair of Divinity which he has occupied with so much distinction in the University of Edinburgh. Not even in the days of Dr. Chalmers has the Chair been more adorned. Professor Flint began his career as a preacher at a very early age. He held the important charge of the East Parish of Aberdeen. His burning eloquence attracted great congregations, and if he had continued in the pulpit he would have held a place second to none. But he has always been first of all a student—the most patient, laborious, thorough, and conscientious of students. It was natural, therefore, that he should accept the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews. There again his career recalled that of the great Chalmers. He was much more than a professor: he was a preacher and a mighty spiritual force. When Dr. Calderwood was appointed to the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, Dr. Flint and Dr. Hutchison Stirling were candidates, and there were great heartburnings over the election. Professor Flint found his sphere at last, and he has been the most influential teacher of the Church

Photo by Horsburgh, Edinburgh
REV. PROFESSOR FLINT, D.D., LL.D.

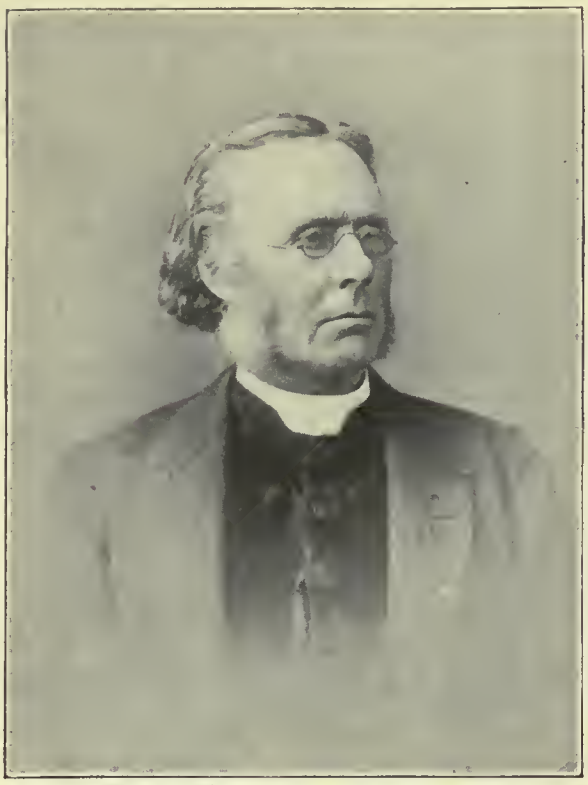


Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh
REV. PROFESSOR WARDROP, D.D.

of Scotland. His writings have given him great fame. The most remarkable is perhaps his book on the Philosophy of History, which it may be hoped will now be completed. Of this the best-qualified critics wrote in the highest terms, and John Morley in the *Fortnightly Review*, spoke with a kind of reverence of the extreme learning the book displayed. Dr. Flint's most popular books have been his works on Theism. He has also published elaborate studies of Socialism and Agnosticism, as well as volumes of sermons and addresses. The combination of modern enlightenment with old orthodoxy in his works is very remarkable. In private Dr. Flint is the most modest and unassuming of

Photo by A. Swan Watson, Edinburgh
REV. PROFESSOR DUNS D.D., F.R.S.E.

men, but no one can come to close quarters with him without being overwhelmed by a weight of learning worn as lightly as a flower. In the knowledge of the literature of his subjects he surpasses easily any writer we have ever known. Dr. Flint is only sixty-five and in full health and vigour, and it may confidently be expected that his last days will be his most useful days.

DR. DUNS and DR. WARDROP have retired from their Professorships in the New College, Edinburgh. Both have attained a great age. Dr. Duns was originally minister of the country parish of Torphichen, where he followed scientific studies, and became an intimate friend of Dr. Fleming, who taught Natural Science in the New College, Edinburgh. He was also intimate with the late Sir David Brewster and other scientific men, and for a time edited the *North British Review*. Afterwards he succeeded

Photo by Elliott & Fry
THE NEW DEAN OF ST. DAVIDS

Dr. Fleming, in his Chair at Edinburgh. Dr. Wardrop was a country minister in the United Presbyterian Church. He contributed some articles on Theism to the *United Presbyterian Magazine*, in which he criticised Professor Flint's views on the subject. Professor Flint proved a very generous opponent, and helped to secure for his critic the degree of D.D. from the University of Edinburgh. Afterwards Dr. Wardrop was appointed a Professor in the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh, when that institution was reorganised. Since the union of the United Presbyterian Church with the Free Church, Dr. Wardrop has collaborated with Dr. Laidlaw in the teaching of Systematic Theology

DR. SMITH the new Dean of St. Davids, did splendid work whilst he was Vicar of St. Mary's, Swansea. The church was rebuilt at a total cost of over £27,000, which was raised in comparatively small sums. St. David's Cathedral will no doubt benefit greatly by his care.

Is Christianity Declining?

To the Editor of THE BRITISH MONTHLY

SIR,—This is a question often asked in these days. I believe it is impossible to give a definite reply.

Christianity may decline in one country and advance in others. Looking over the history of the Church, we can see that where the light once burned brightly, it is now dim or quite extinct. Yet other parts of the world have been illuminated, and upon the whole there is progress. One particular Church may decline, but others may flourish to so great a degree that there may be an advance upon the whole. Particular Churches have gone down again and again, but the loss has been more than made up by the rise and progress of other Churches. It may even be said that Christianity might advance in the world though the organised Churches were greatly weakened. It is difficult to suppose so, for some form of visibility seems essential; and yet who will deny that it is possible? And this brings me to the point which I specially desire to make, which is that we may judge of the external prosperity of the Church, but the external power and popularity of Christianity does not necessarily signify an advance of inward religion. There may be an outward Church potent and triumphant, rich and increased with goods, and having need of nothing, which is yet in the Divine sight poor and miserable and blind and naked.

This, however, is not a proof that the outward signs of prosperity are to be despised, or are without meaning. What they do mean in each particular case needs to be considered with full regard to the circumstances. It is wise in Christians not to be overmuch impressed by statistics. And yet, upon the other hand, statistics can tell us something. For example, it is very well that we should know what number of persons in this country attend public worship. It goes without saying that there may be a large attendance at public worship, and very little vital religion. Yet the presumption is that when large congregations meet for worship and show every sign of interest in what is going on, there is a living power in religion. When the House of God is forsaken, it may well be feared that the people are not concerned about the things that make for their peace. Every preacher, if he is candid, will confess that there is a certain brightness and buoyancy in his heart when he looks round a crowded church, and a corresponding depression when the church is empty. He may argue as he pleases, but he will not argue the feeling down. This means that large congregations give grounds for hope. We know very well that great orators and original thinkers usually gather people round about them, no matter what their theme is. But when we see mediocre men week by week attracting and interesting earnest worshippers, it is a token of reality. Dr. Dale said that when he entered a place of worship and thought of the presence of Christ and the promises given to His people, he seldom failed to profit, even although the sermon was disappointing. And there are multitudes who worship, and worship gladly, for the same reason. But still it has to be admitted that external prosperity and crowds of worshippers do not guarantee a spiritual triumph.

It is also very hopeful and reassuring to find that the work of God is well supported by pecuniary contributions. When the rich cast in much and when the poor give liberally out of their small means, we may infer from it some real regard and concern for religion. I have often thought that the first signs of real decay in the organised Christianity of this country will be witnessed when money is withheld for Christian objects. We cannot but know that many Christians give very little, that they do not know what it is to make a sacrifice. Many, however, for Christ's sake, do what they can. Hardly a church is built in this country for which real and costly self-denials have not been made. Those who know most of the manner in which money is given are most impressed by the reality of faith and sacrifice that still exists in our Churches. Yet it is no doubt true to say that many large gifts are given from poor motives, given ostentatiously, given as a sop to conscience; and so we cannot say that the increasing gifts of the Christian Church are a proof of increasing spiritual life. They are warrants for hope, but we cannot say more.

Neither is an improved morality a certain sign of spiritual progress. Morality may advance through various agencies. For example, there can be no doubt that the conditions of life as they exist in our great cities among the poor are not only inimical to morality, but in many cases make immorality practically inevitable. When we succeed in housing the poor suitably, we give them a chance, and a certain elevation of the ethical standard must take place. Similarly, Christian people will agree that a more strict control of the liquor traffic would stem the evil of drunkenness. A better knowledge of physical law would check much evil. There are other ways which would serve the cause of decency and order. Education generally cannot be without its effect. Whatever raises the thoughts makes for good. But all these things may take place, and spiritual religion may decline, for spiritual religion is the communion of the soul with its Creator and Redeemer. A man may live temperately; he may cultivate his mind; he may perform his daily work diligently; he may be considerate in his home and faithful to his friends; and yet he may live from day to day without God in the world. There is a text which has puzzled many, but which is not so mysterious as it looks: "Jacob I have loved, and Esau have I hated." Let any father consider. One son of his is morally defective, but passionately affectionate. Another lives correctly, but his heart is as cold as ice. He cares nothing for his father; he does not know the meaning of filial love. Which of the two sons will his father love the best? Now, the religious life is the life lived in fellowship with the redeeming God. That life may entirely vanish from a society where an ethical code is externally well observed. So we cannot say that a reduction in the statistics of vice or crime will prove that the Church of Christ is gaining upon the world.

A better test is the development of sainthood in the Church and the sufferings of martyrs. There is no external proof of Christianity that comes home to many of us as the phenomenon of sanctity. To have known a saint is to have known Christ. In the same way, the stories of the martyrs are justly held to be the most precious pages of her annals. Every period of persecution on the one side and faithful endurance on the other has resulted in a revival of religion. But canonisation is notoriously a difficult and delicate business. To know a saint one must at least aspire after sainthood. We crown and canonise our saints after they are dead. The manifoldness of motive is another consideration. Men have died for conscience' sake, but they have also died for obstinacy. False and corrupt causes can boast their martyrs. So even there we fail in finding evidence that is absolutely indisputable.

Admitting all this, some claim the right to decide from their own sensations and their own observations whether Christianity is advancing or receding. They will go to a Church and calmly assume the right to say whether the Church is spiritual or unspiritual. They move from one place of religion to another, and say that the work done in one is more solid and spiritual than the work done in another. They will say of some preachers and congregations that they are dead, and of others that they are alive. This is the very height of folly and presumption. It cannot be branded too severely. It assumes the omniscience of God. As a rule, such judgments generally mean that the Church commended is in accordance with the critic's own notions, which may be as dark and harsh and narrow as possible. The critic is flattered by a recognition and deference which he fails to find elsewhere. I have admitted that outward tokens will not decide the question. I am, therefore, the more free to say that the intuitions of any individual are infinitely less satisfactory. They mean, as a rule, that the critic does not know his own heart. The more Christian a man is the more careful will he be to refrain from passing judgments on questions such as these.

The lesson, then, for Christian workers is to go on doing their best in the sight of God, and not troubling too much about what they see or hear. If the outward signs are good, let us be thankful, but not too sure. If the outward signs are unfavourable, our duty is the same, and it is enforced by even more powerful sanctions. Suppose we come together at the end of a year and have to report that the numbers of the Church are fewer, that the contributions are less, that there have been no accessions, that the atmosphere has been heavy and grey. What then? Are we to turn back? No, we must turn the light upon ourselves, and ask whether we have really done what we could. We must, if it be possible, double our subscriptions and renew our prayers, and utter our vow of dedication at the cross afresh. We were not told to go on with this business of preaching the Kingdom of God so long as we were encouraged. We were told to go on with it, whether encouraged or discouraged, till the hour of rest arrived, and we were honourably released from toil.

To sum up, then, it is quite right that the Christian Church should from time to time cast up accounts, hear reports, and survey the past. Statistics have their place, but, whether they be favourable or unfavourable, they must not be allowed to interfere with our work or with those of our companions in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

Ashville College, Harrogate

REV. E. BOADEN
FOUNDER

REV. J. BOWICK, M.A., LL.D.
PRINCIPAL

AS an inland watering-place Harrogate has long been known, and has become increasingly popular year by year. The beauty of its surroundings, its bracing air, its extensive "Stray," its moors and gardens, all combine to make it a most pleasant resort for those who are fatigued in body or in mind, while its medicinal waters and its baths are equal to the best of those that are to be found on the Continent. Harrogate is well known not only as a health resort, but also as a great educational centre, its boarding-schools for boys and girls being very numerous, and forming one of the characteristic features of the town and neighbourhood. One of the best known, and certainly one of the most successful, of these schools for boys is Ashville College. It stands on a considerable eminence outside the town, and occupies a very fine position in a most picturesque and healthy district. It is surrounded by its own grounds of about thirty acres, and has its own farm. It was in 1875 that the Annual Assembly of the United Methodist Free Church resolved to start a Connexional School for the sons of the ministers and laymen, and the estate was purchased, and the buildings adapted, with extensions, to the requirements of a modern educational establishment. The College is greatly indebted to the late Mr. R. Ellis, J.P., of Harrogate, who was its first treasurer, and to Rev. E. Boaden and John Mather, original trustees. The College itself is a modern structure, and was built with the intention of meeting all the requirements of a first-class educational establishment. The governors have year by year added to its equipment, and now it is perhaps one of the best-furnished boarding-schools in the North of England. It is warmed all through by hot-water pipes, and the class-rooms and dormitories are all very lofty, light, and airy. Among its recent acquirements are a very fine organ, built by Messrs. Harrison & Harrison, of Durham, a recreation-room, with billiard table, etc., a well-equipped chemical laboratory, a gymnasium, and a well-stocked library. For many of these and other improvements the College is indebted to the enthusiasm and energy of its secretary, the Rev. John Moore, and the treasurer, Mr. Robert Bird, J.P. To them no trouble is too great, no outlay to be grudged, if it will increase the beauty and comfort of Ashville.

ASHVILLE COLLEGE, HARROGATE

REV. JOHN MOORE
SECRETARY

At no previous period of its history has the College been in a more prosperous condition, either numerically or financially. Its successes at examinations have been quite phenomenal. Boys have been entered for the Cambridge Local and College of Preceptors' Examinations for many years, without a single failure. Large grants are earned annually from the Board of Education, South Kensington, and the College also received recognition and assistance from the Technical Instruction Department of the West Riding County Council. Among the examinations passed during the last few years are the Preliminary Examinations of the Durham, London, and Victoria Universities, of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, of the Incorporated Law Society, and of the Medical Faculty, while many certificates and honours have been gained in pianoforte, organ, and violin playing at Trinity College, and in Shorthand from Pitman's Institute. In recent years the medal for the first place in senior Physical Geography at the Cambridge Local Examination has been twice awarded to an Ashville College pupil, and an Ashville boy stood at the head of the list in first-class arithmetic at the College of Preceptors' Examination.

It is a good test of the thoroughness of the educational grounding to watch the progress of the pupils after they have left school. In this respect Ashville can show an excellent record. Some of the successes during the last few years may be mentioned.

A pupil went from this College to Owens College, Manchester, and took his B.Sc. degree with first-class honours in Chemistry at Victoria University, and was awarded the Mercer Scholarship (£50). Next year he gained an University Fellowship (£100), and that was followed by an "1851 Exhibition" of £150 for two years. This gentleman is now a research student at the Berlin University.

Another Ashville pupil who took his B.Sc. degree with honours is a research student at the University of Zurich. In Engineering a recent pupil has taken his B.Sc. degree with first-class honours, and two have received the ordinary degree. At Durham University three have recently graduated in Medicine, two of them in honours, and one gained the "Luke Armstrong Scholarship." One graduated in Medicine at Dublin and one in Arts at Cambridge.

Intellectually, therefore, it may be confidently asserted that the College holds a very high place among the educational institutions of the country. Every effort is put forth to keep the College up to a high moral standard, and to train the boys in habits and manners becoming to a gentleman.

The College is well staffed with teachers. For twelve years Mr. John Bowick, M.A., LL.D., has occupied the position of Principal, and has worthily filled the office. At the head of the Science Department is Mr. S. R. Tomlinson, B.Sc. (London); Classical Master, Mr. J. Hargreaves, Ph.D.; of the Art Department, Mr. T. Watson, Certificated Art Master; of the Musical Department and Drill, Mr. Hemsley; of the Commercial Department, Mr. Logan. These, with additional visiting masters, strive to make the present condition of the College worthy of its past.

R. BIRD, ESQ., J.P.
TREASURER

The Divine Must*

BY THE LATE DR. PARKER

"*He must needs.*"—JOHN iv. 4.

WE regard these words as a mere incident. The text is after that, as it was before that, and will remain for ever. It is a fivefold text: we might make it a twentyfold text, as you will presently see. It is the word "must" on which the attention is to be fixed. In the text it was a "must" that was incidental and transitory; it referred to a physical matter or a matter geographic: in order to get from one point to another Jesus must cross a certain line or take a certain route. Even that *must* is not without force: God teaches us by the little *musts* what He means by the great *musts*; He teaches us by little local bye-laws what He means by the eternal throne. All things lead up to that gleaming eminence. We stop oftentimes too soon in our interpretation even of our own common word. The "must" of the text is like the sparkle of a candle—it has come out of the sun. Even some poor, little, yellow, fading flame that seems to have forgotten itself and to have lost all account of its traditions—even that poor light came out of the sun that makes the noon and the summer. So with these little compulsions, necessities, musts, of the daily life and the daily career; had we but eyes to see we should notice that these small compulsions symbolise an eternal necessity. A man may blow out his candle; he cannot blow out the sun: so a man can change what he calls his will, and will do this and will do that, yea, he will go into a certain city, and stay there a year, and buy and sell and get gain; but a voice, holy, tender, yet judicial and authoritative, says to him, "Stop! put in, *If the Lord will.*" May we not be atheistic in our little commercial journeys? No! Is it to be a matter of prayer whether we should go on this side of the street or that? Certainly!

I want to see how fond this Apostle John is of a word that seems to contradict another word of which he is equally fond. Read the Gospel according to John, and count the times the word "must" occurs; then read it a second time, and see how often the word "cannot" occurs. They both mean the same thing; they both indicate a fixity that cannot be moved, a line that penetrates all things and fulfils the purpose from which it started. The word "cannot" marks limitations, seems to say to people, "You stop here. I want to go into the kingdom of heaven on my own terms. You cannot." That is equal to must; it is as imperative, as decisive, as kingly in its tone, and that tone seems to come out of the thunder that lies behind eternity.

If we think of these things carefully and lovingly, we see within what points we live. Sometimes a manager of assemblies will say, "The assembly can now pass its resolution, because the assembly is sovereign." It is not. But it seems as if it should be so when the director speaks so firmly and crisply. "The assembly is sovereign," he says; and a voice behind him, and within him sometimes, says, "No." Yet it may be sovereign in a certain sense. There we come upon the doctrine of limitations. The assembly is sovereign within its own constitution. So are we kinglets, people who make resolves, and will go into a certain city, and stay there a year, and buy and sell and get gain, and do what we please, and come back again upon any day that we choose to fix. But am I not sovereign, like an assembly? Yes, you are, but within your own constitution. First understand the constitution, and then delimit your frontiers, and say what you can do and cannot, by the grace and authority of God. Oh that men were wise, that they understood these things, and could find in a dewdrop a reflection of the sun, and in the shadow of a grass-blade the shadow of the eternal throne!

Let us see an instance or two in which Jesus uses this word "must" instructively and with great edification. "Ye must be born again." Nicodemus said in effect, "Can I not enter into the kingdom of God without that process?" "Ye cannot." The "cannot" followed the "must." Every *must* has a corresponding *cannot*. We are minor sovereigns, sub-creators, creatures that dabble in details, and often spoil them. "Ye must be born again"—for your own sakes; not only that the word of the Lord may be fulfilled, but that the purpose of your own manhood may be developed and consummated. Do not dally about this business; it is the King's business, and your own, and it requireth haste, and if it has to be done, it had better be done at once. Who shall say that he will be here in ten years in order to accept regeneration, that he has a solid ten long years more with the devil? "What must be must be" is more than the creed of the so-called fatalist; it is a truly religious creed. We should watch for interpretations and opportunities, and should pray God to develop within us every power and aspiration that tend in the direction of acquiescence in His will. It is the will of your Father which is in Heaven that ye should be born again. This is not an arbitrary injunction; it is part of the ineffable love; it expresses a special aspect of the Divine quality and the Divine purpose. Let us get rid of the merely arbitrary, functional, and mechanic. When Jesus Christ says a man must be born again, He is not holding a rod over that man's head in order to compel him into a certain line of conduct, He is expounding the philosophy of the universe; He is saving the man much time which might otherwise be spent by the man in trying to save himself. Jesus Christ has found a way in the rock, He knows exactly where the door is. He knows that there is no possibility of going through that rock except by that door, and He says, "Ye must," not in a tone of hreatening or in a tone of tyranny, but in consultation of your own interests and in harmony with the Divine purpose, which human nature, even in its fallen condition, dimly represents. Jesus stands beside the rock or in front of it, and says, "I am the Door." That saves people, let us repeat, much time. I might have spent half my life in trying to find a door roughly indicated by some waving hand. Here I have the door pointed out distinctly, and luminously specified, and by the grace of God I can find it immediately and pass on. The Gospel is the best economist of time.

Perhaps Jesus Christ ceases to use the word "must" when He has thus referred to the doctrine of regeneration? The answer to that suggestion is that Jesus Christ does nothing of the kind. He proceeds to show throughout his whole ministry that there is a way, a truth, a life, a right, an only. Let us hear Him, then, again upon this wondrous decree and appointment: "They that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth" (John iv. 24). There is the same word—"must." They that worship Him, if

* Sermon preached at the City Temple, Thursday morning, October 25, 1900.

they worship Him at all, must worship Him in spirit and in truth. Can we not invent methods of worshipping? Can we not have certain arbitrary or mechanical arrangements by which we conduct what we call the worship of God? But take great care how you use all these little methods. Worship was before them, is beyond them, is independent of them. The mountains are sanctuaries, the world is Jerusalem. Jesus Christ does not tell you what psalm book to use, He does not point out certain endorsed rubrics which He says you must obey: He leaves us large liberty in all these things; but He says, "Remember this in all your contentions and appointments, that he that would worship God must worship Him in spirit and in truth." "Spirit" and "truth"—are these words different words? No; one word expresses both. Spirit and truth may be two nouns, but according to the language of the speaker one noun often turns the other noun into an adjective. "Must worship Him in spirit"—yes, and the true spirit. Understand, then, that God is only to be worshipped that one way—in the soul, away in the secret places of the heart, with pomp or without pomp, but never without sincerity. Then we can pray in silence? Yes, silence is the true eloquence. Then each man may find his own words? Certainly; no man can find words for another when he really wants to tell some secret or some story of the heart. Every man must tell his story in his own terms. If he cannot read and cannot write, he may for the time being rely upon the little poor help of another; but when the one object loving sees the one object loved, that poor other man-written letter will be thrown away, and the writer who tried to write and failed will tell like a bubbling fountain out of his own heart, sometimes ungrammatically, just what he meant; and then will say, "No, that is not what I meant; I meant more, better; is there not a light above the brightness of the sun?" This is worship. I believe in silent worship; I believe in many aspects of Quakerism. We should be better men if more silent. We fray ourselves out in contentious and self-defeating speech. Were it to be proposed that we should occupy a whole day in silent prayer, we should drive some men mad. They want to be doing business. There is no business being done. Sh! Thank God, if so be the time is spent in yearning after Him and crying in the soul's language and sobbing for the living God. That would be fellowship. It would be unpopular, because so many people are dying of fuss and perishing of steaming energy. Jesus, tell me this great secret about my going to God: how am I to go and how am I to behave myself before the throne? To that inquiry Jesus answers, "He that would worship God must worship Him in spirit and in truth"; that is to say, in the spirit, ay, the true spirit, with a sincerity that is without a flaw.

This applies, of course, you will say, only to poor human creatures. Do not generalise too rapidly; it applies to the movements of the Divine love. God is not the God of confusion; in His own personality and government He is the God of order, and He moves under the dominion of a *must*. Let us prove that. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up" (John iii. 14). This is a must which applies to the Divine action; it would seem—we speak it with trembling reverence—as if Jesus must obey a *must* that was breathed and established before the Incarnation. "The Son of Man must be lifted up." It is not a question of *may*. This is not a word that can be limited to human desire and human conception of obligation and duty, of philanthropy or of patriotism. Jesus seems to stand in the great luminous cloud that hides eternity, and to say thus standing, "The Son of Man must be lifted up." Not the Jews slew the Saviour; we say so for convenience' sake and for the sake of pointing a severe and just moral. It was God that lifted Him. The Atonement is not a point in history; it is the consummation and the noonday of eternity.

Still, we will keep within the Gospel of John, and come to chapter ix. 4: "I must work the works of Him that sent me." I do it not by compulsion, except by compulsion that has at its very heart the grace of the loving God. This is a compulsion, but so full of willingness, positive consent, and such a sense of identification with the Divine will, that I must. I should have nothing to live for if I did not; I would stultify my own self, I would murder my own personality, if I did not: I must. Thus God stoops to do His own will; thus the Father works through the Son. Afterwards we come upon our own degree of the same necessity and sweet obedience. We too must work the works of Him that sent us; we too must let our light shine before men; we also must carry out the Divine will, for the love of Christ constraineth us. We must compel men to come into the Church, but compel them by love and light, by victorious and triumphant persuasiveness.

Did Jesus ever use that word "must" again in relation to His own work? He did. Once He was speaking about the whole flock. There were people who would have preferred that He should confine His redeeming attentions to a certain section of the earth or a certain community within that certain section. Jesus Christ had taken notice of this disposition; it was dead against everything that made Him the Christ. In the midst of a scene never to be forgotten, He said, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring." What sends the holy Shepherd out on this stormy night? The *must* of eternity. Why not keep at home and wait until the wind lulls and the light grows, so that the search for the lost sheep may be the more easily prosecuted? Why not? The answer is, Because of the *must* of eternity. There is no weather with God; and as for His Heaven, there is no night there: and that is true in its own degree of the sphere within which we work. There is no night; love can see in the dark and make stars where there are none. Look at this long line of decree, purpose, fixity of the Divine intent. This holy and most beneficent *must* is going on through all the ages. That *must* found me; it was that *must* which came into the caves in which I was sacrificing to the devil, and said to me, "God calls thee, poor sinful soul, and He calls thee now." He does not mock man by calling whom he has predetermined to refuse; there is no such predetermination. The *must* means all the rest, if we listen to it in a penitent and obedient spirit.

See what a wondrous panorama we have seen to begin at least to pass before us, the marvellous panorama of sovereignty and free will. They are both true; we may make them both untrue. Some men have endeavoured at least to make God a liar; they have had an infernal delight in going against all the propositions which stand as pillars of the temple. You will find both aspects of the same great truth in many instances of Holy Scripture. We must compare Scripture with Scripture; we must supplement one Scripture by another; we must remember the words the Lord Jesus said in the wilderness, "It is written again." This Scripture, which has often been most shamefully divided into fractions, may be brought together into a perfect unity, as perfect as the unity of the personality of Christ. You have come upon a very hard passage; you will find the counterpart on the next page. You have heard something so bitterly and almost derisively Calvinistic on

one page that you are frightened to death. Turn over leaf—you will find something so sunny and gracious and beautiful. And they are both true; but neither may be true when divorced from the context. Preacher, we have had enough of the text; do get into the context. Text preaching has nearly ruined the pulpit; context preaching will bring it back in its old strength, not a grey hair upon its noble head.

Think of the beneficence of the whole movement. All the time the best interests of men have been before the Divine mind. From the beginning He will save the earth and the world, even through the seed of the woman; and her seed lived before she breathed. These are mysteries, and religion without mystery is an earth without a sky. We should live in the mysteries; we should grow strong in the unfathomable and impenetrable; we should grow in the wisdom of the unknowable. A sad day will it be for Christ's Church when the Church turns away from her altars the unknowable and incomprehensible. She will be rich and strong when she believes in the love that passeth all comprehension; then she will enjoy the peace that passeth all understanding.

What, then, are we to do? The preacher is a poor preacher if he does not bring everything to a point. The lesson is simple as to words, but it will require our availing ourselves of all the resources of God that are available to man in order to carry out our simple duty. What is that duty? It is one of two things in statement, but only one thing in reality. What must I do in view of this mysterious, urgent "must"? Accept it, and live; oppose it, and be crushed to death. There is no middle course. This is true of the stone—fall upon it, and be broken in humiliation and shame and penitence, and yet hopefulness; or resist it and defy it, and the stone will fall upon the obstinate soul and be crushed. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked"; I would that the wicked should turn and live, and give Me delight in Mine eternity. We can resist the Holy Ghost; we can defy the loving God; we can with knotted fist strike the Saviour in the face even as He hangs on the cross. Do not follow that course, poor, poor soul. Get thee to the knees of a true obedience and loyalty, and if thy faith be poor, incomplete, throbbing through its very weakness, come, I will uphold thee whilst thou dost say, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." And He will.

The Family Failure

BY EGLANTON THORNE

THE Esdailes were certainly a clever family. The parents, indeed, were not remarkable, James Esdaile having simply the faculty for making money in an ordinary business career, and his wife the gift of excellent housekeeping and maternal affection as wise as it was strong. She made it her care that her husband's ample income should provide their children with every possible social and educational advantage, and, ere her life ended, she saw a result which surpassed even her highest hopes. Her children, with one exception, were all achieving distinction in life.

Robert, the eldest, was a successful barrister, who would probably blossom into a K.C. at no very distant date; Edward was making his way as a journalist, and held a responsible post on the staff of a famous London "daily"; the third son was an artist, and already an Associate of the Royal Academy. Isabel, the eldest daughter, after distinguishing herself at Girton, had won the post of Principal of an important College for Women in the North of England; Elizabeth, who had good looks as well as nimble brains, was the wife of a Member of Parliament, and, sharing her husband's high principles and enthusiasms, gave him such help as only a clever woman can; Catherine worked as a social reformer, visiting slums, collecting rents in model dwellings, speaking at conferences, and sitting on innumerable committees. People spoke of her as a "power," and probably some persons found her rather too powerful.

Ruth was the one exception to the family brilliancy. Slow of comprehension and constitutionally timid and self-distrustful, she had been dubbed as a child the family "dunce." Yet she was not really stupid; it was her excessive shyness that set her always at a disadvantage with others. She was the youngest but one of the seven, but Catherine, her junior by two years, quickly outstripped her in the race, and Ruth was playfully regarded by her brothers and sisters as "the infant" long after she was fully grown. Her diminutive stature, her simple, child-like ways and utter absence of self-assertion, afforded some excuse for the name thus bestowed on her. To her mother she was always "little Ruth," and dearer than any of the others, because she was always "so good" and so wholly her own. When their mother died, Ruth probably missed her more than the rest, being so entirely without interests outside the home. In her quiet, simple way she tried to prevent the others from missing the love of her who was gone. If Ruth was slow to grasp new ideas or follow subtle reasoning, she had the quick insight and the tact of love. The others never guessed how much they owed to her thoughtfulness, as she unobtrusively attended to the various little details on which the comfort of a home depends, or simply tendered the slight help which was just the thing needed in some trivial difficulty. Nor did they realise how free she made them, taking upon her their share, as well as her own, of duty to their aged father, who, after he had retired from business, needed to be constantly read to and amused and waited upon.

Ruth knew that her brothers and sisters regarded her as the family failure, and she never resented their thrusting her into the background. She heard them say, "Oh! Ruth could not manage that"; "It would be no use asking Ruth—she would be frightened at the very idea"; "Ruth would not understand"; and she felt that she was a poor creature, of very little use in the world.

"I am not clever, like the others," she would say to strangers; "there is nothing I can do, except look after father and see that the servants do not forget things. I am the stupid one of the family."

And people took her at her own valuation. Few thought it worth while to try to conquer her shyness and discover the woman's heart hidden beneath that grave, child-like reserve.

Ruth was not unhappy. She was too humble to feel the smart of wounded vanity. Slight things moved her to gladness, for in her simplicity she seemed to have found the secret of perpetual youth. Her brothers and sisters always thought of her as a child, and only now and then realised with astonishment that she had passed her thirtieth year. "Of course, she would never marry," they said.

But once the idea of marriage stirred Ruth's heart. A learned professor, who was assisting Catherine in one of her social schemes, came to stay in the house. Unceasing study and toil had made him appear much older than his forty years. There had been no time in his busy life for wooing and wedding; but he had begun to realise that he needed a settled home with that reposeful element in it that only a woman can supply. He did not desire a wife with brains to match his own, but one with that capacity for loving and sympathising and helping which he discerned in Ruth, as she devoted herself to her father. He began to talk to her, and Ruth found, to her surprise, that, in spite of his learned reputation, he was simple and human, and shared many of her thoughts.

But when Catherine saw what was going on she said that it would never do. Professor Richmond needed a very different wife from poor Ruth.

And Ruth felt the same. "I must not think of it," she said to herself. "He ought to marry a clever woman like Catherine. I should be a hindrance to him."

After this Ruth's shyness became so impenetrable, and Catherine's demands upon his attention so pressing, that the professor, with a sigh, abandoned for the present the hope of connubial happiness; for he did not desire a wife like Catherine, and it seemed to him too evident that Ruth did not like him.

Ruth was more quiet than usual after he had gone, and she was conscious of feeling very tired of the routine of her somewhat monotonous life. Her slight form grew thinner, and some threads of grey began to show in her brown hair; but none of the household noted the change.

It was always a delight to Ruth when her sister Mrs. Leith came on a visit to her old home, especially if she brought any of her children with her. Elizabeth was very fond of her little sister, and her love for Ruth seemed to increase as her own life was enriched by the blessings of motherhood. Perhaps her children taught her to understand the "child" Ruth. There could be no doubt that she was the little ones' favourite "auntie." They readily adopted her as a "chum," and she was never so happy as when playing with them.

Isabel and Catherine abounded in theories as to the training of children. They gave their married sister much excellent advice, to which she showed herself rather indifferent; but they had no idea how to amuse their wee nieces or soothe them when fretful. Ruth was conscious of no rules or methods, but she had much love, and knew by instinct how to make tiny, wilful mortals good and happy. Elizabeth was sure that all would be well with her children if she entrusted them to Ruth.

Catherine was rather dismayed one winter when Mr. Esdaile proposed that Elizabeth and her husband and children should be invited to spend Christmas with them.

"Not *all* the children, surely," Catherine said.

But Ruth quickly replied, "Oh! Elizabeth would never consent to leave one behind, and there are only four. We can easily make room for them."

So her father had his way, and Ruth cheerfully made arrangements for the visitation. She tired herself greatly over her Christmas preparations, but it made her so happy to think how pleased the children would be with the Christmas tree she got ready for them that she hardly knew how tired she was.

Elizabeth and her children, with their nurse, arrived on the afternoon of the 24th. There were three girls, the eldest only ten, but the youngest of the family, and his parents' special pride and joy, was a lovely boy of two. "The future M.P." his mother sometimes called him as he trotted about the room, showing a comical resemblance to his father, while he clutched at everything which presented a novel appearance and endeavoured to satisfy himself as to its nature. Ruth was so fascinated by his beauty that Isabel had to reprove her for spoiling him.

There was a large family dinner party on the following day. Ruth's brothers came with their wives, and the conversation at table was brilliant, though somewhat strained in its elevation, since all, except Ruth, had a reputation to maintain. She was a less appreciative listener than usual, her mind being wholly absorbed in looking after the children and thinking of the pleasure in store for them.

The Christmas tree, which came later, was a grand success. Ruth could not regret her weariness when she saw the children's delight.

"Poor little Ruth is as pleased as the youngsters," said Edward, with brotherly condescension. "How strange that she can always take such pleasure in trifles! Well, it keeps her young."

But it struck Elizabeth, to whom he spoke, that Ruth's face, in spite of its look of childlike rapture, was thin and worn. She watched her with some anxiety, and tried to persuade her to rest.

But on the following day that occurred which drove all thought of Ruth's health from Mrs. Leith's mind. Her excellent nurse had complained of a sore throat ere they left home. She felt ill all Christmas Day, but strove to conceal her ailment and attend to her duties as usual. On the morrow she could no longer fight against her malady. The Esdailes' medical man was sent for. He could not come, but sent his assistant, who pronounced it a case of diphtheria, and, with as little delay as possible, the patient was conveyed to a hospital.

The consternation of the parents was extreme. Indeed, the whole household was terribly upset. Ruth alone remained calm. She reminded the others that the doctor had said that the case was not severe, and there might possibly be no infection. She quietly took the nurse's duties upon herself, and kept the children so amused and contented that they regarded their nurse's departure as a blessing rather than a calamity.

Elizabeth relieved Ruth of the care of the boy, keeping him in her own room, and watching for symptoms with the keenest anxiety. He was in the greatest danger, she thought, since he had been most in the nursery and closest to the nurse.

"Don't you think he is pale?" she asked of Catherine, when she came into the room.

"No, I don't," she replied; "I think he looks in capital health. And do you suppose he would run about like that if he were not feeling well?" She looked at him with eyes accustomed to observe slum children, and with such the son and heir of the Leiths certainly contrasted favourably. "The doctor is below," she continued, "and would like to speak to you. Can you go down?"

"Yes, I'll go," said Elizabeth, rising, "if you'll keep your eye on baby. I am always so afraid lest he should go too near the fire."

"My dear Elizabeth, if you had a dozen children and no one to look after them but yourself, you would learn not to be so nervous," her sister admonished her. "You should see the infants in the slums. They are launched on the street to take care of themselves at eighteen months."

"I daresay," returned Elizabeth, with some irritation; "but my boy is not a slum child."

She went downstairs, and Catherine stood watching the quick, eager movements of her tiny nephew. But, as her sister's absence was prolonged, she grew tired of acting as nursemaid. It seemed a sad waste of time. She would just run to the library and get the new review containing the article on laundries which she wanted to read.

Her first idea was to carry the child with her; but he had taken a sudden fancy to the big tassel at the end of the bell-rope, and screamed when she tried to draw him away from it. "It will keep him quiet till I come back," thought Catherine, and hurried away.

She meant to return in a minute; but some one had removed the review from its place in the library. She had to hunt for it, and in the search came across another periodical with a short, piquant article on a subject which interested her. She paused, and skimmed the paper as she stood, dimly conscious that she must not linger long; when suddenly from the floor above the shrill, frightened shriek of a child reached her ear. She ran upstairs as fast as her feet could carry her; but happily Ruth had been close at hand when the child's terrified cry rang out.

Catherine did not see what Ruth had seen—the child with a flame mounting from the hem of his white frock. She saw Ruth rolling the boy on the floor and crushing out the fire.

It was all over in a moment, and, although the child screamed lustily, he was little hurt beyond the fright. The alarm had brought the household to the spot, and his mother was painfully excited. Every one's solicitude was for the pretty boy, for Ruth had declared that her injuries were nothing. But her hands smarted terribly and there was a fierce red mark on her delicate throat. She slipped away to her room to attend to her burns; but when she reached it she fell fainting on the floor.

It was a fortunate thing that the doctor was still in the house. He dressed the child's slight burns and assured the mother that he would soon be as right as ever. She might be thankful that Miss Ruth had had such presence of mind. Where was she? He must assure himself that she was as little hurt as she said.

Then it was discovered that Ruth had not come out of the adventure scathless. Her injuries indeed were not very serious in themselves; it was the effect of the shock on her sensitive organisation that the doctor feared. He was dismayed to find how weak she was. Had they known that she was ailing? Had no one marked how thin and fragile she had grown?

At last, as she lay upon her bed, Ruth's brothers and sisters awoke to the value of the gentle life that had been shattered by the shock.

Elizabeth hung over her with passionate tenderness. "Dearest Ruth, we can never forget that you saved our darling's life," she said. "It was so brave of you!"

"Oh, no—not brave," Ruth said feebly. "Is he really not hurt?"

"Not a bit. You should hear him laughing in the nursery at this moment," said his mother, in tremulous tones. "And oh! Ruthie, nurse has not diphtheria after all. That young man made a mistake. She will be able to come back to us in a day or two. So all will be right if you will only get well. We could not bear that our boy's life should be spared at the cost of yours."

"Why not?" asked Ruth, with a faint smile. "His life is worth so much more than mine—'the future M.P.,' you know. I have always been a failure—not clever at all. I have tried to do my best; but there was so little I could do, and now I am so tired."

So saying, she sank into a sleep, from which she did not wake on this side the veil. When she was gone, it seemed to them all that she had done a great deal, for hers had been the silent ministry of love, which the world needs far more than it needs mere cleverness.

Lord Overtoun

HAPPILY we have in both our Houses of Parliament—alike in the House of Lords and in the House of Commons—men conspicuous for their personal piety, for the Christian lives they lead, and for the prominent part they take in the promotion of the work of our Churches and of religious work generally. Such men we claim, with good reason, as the salt of our Legislature, and it is a matter for congratulation as well as for satisfaction that no political party has a monopoly of them. The country is deeply indebted to such—more deeply, perhaps, than we fully recognise—for the example they set in high places. Prominent among members of the peerage who make a bold stand for the Christian religion, who are actively engaged in religious and philanthropic work no less than in purely political affairs, and who strive to apply their Christian principles to their politics, is the Right Honourable Lord Overtoun of Overtoun. In Scotland, and especially in the West of Scotland, where his life has been spent, his lordship's name has been for many years associated with almost every religious movement, and his great liberality, public spirit, and warm Evangelical zeal are equally well known. "No one, however, but his Lord and Master," observed one who is intimately associated with Lord Overtoun in Christian work, in speaking to me of his lordship, "knows the varied amount of good he does in quiet and unassuming ways."

Photo by Lafayette, London

THE RIGHT HON. LORD OVERTOUN OF OVERTOUN

Lord Overtoun's father, Mr. James White, began life as a solicitor in Glasgow. He was engaged in the practice of the legal profession when he was married, in 1836, and for about fifteen years subsequent to that event; but in 1851 he gave up the Law in order to join his father's firm of John & James White, chemical manufacturers. The firm was founded in 1810 by Lord Overtoun's grandfather and the latter's brother, and it continues to be carried on under the same name. Lord Overtoun is now senior partner, while the only other member of the firm is his cousin Mr. Chrystal. For nearly a century a vast business has been conducted with ever-increasing success, and Messrs. John & James White rank among the leading chemical manufacturers in this country, their works at Shawfield, near Rutherglen, having been extended from time to time until they have reached huge proportions.

For a year after his marriage Mr. James White lived in Glasgow, but in 1837 he removed to Hayfield, near Rutherglen, and here John Campbell White, the future Lord Overtoun, was born on November 21, 1843. He was one of a family of seven, of whom six were daughters, and he came exactly in the middle. Three of his sisters (of whom one was born in Glasgow and two at Hayfield) were older than he, while three (all of whom were born at Hayfield) were younger. Two sisters, it may here be mentioned, married Free Church ministers—one the late Rev. Mr. Barrett, of Skirling, and the other the Rev. Mr. Somerville, son of the Rev. Dr. A. N. Somerville.

Lord Overtoun received the whole of his education in Glasgow. In 1851 he was sent to the academy started by Mr. Stow, a great educationist, and the head of which at that time was Mr. James Long. He continued to attend the academy till he went to the University of Glasgow in 1859. There he graduated M.A., taking his degree in 1864. At first he had not intended to graduate; indeed, it was not till the last session that he made up his mind to take his degree, and he worked for it while engaged at business. Perhaps the class he liked best was the Logic Class, which at that time was presided over by Professor Robert Buchanan, widely known as "Logic Bob." He won prizes, however, both in Logic and Natural Philosophy. During part of the period he was at college he came into close personal contact with Professor Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, under whom he studied the latter subject, working for a session with him in his laboratory. In 1866, when Professor Thomson was setting out on his expedition in the *Great Eastern* to lay the Atlantic cable, the future Lord Overtoun applied to him for a post as assistant electrician, and it was only owing to his having been too late in making his application that he did not have a share in that great undertaking.

Mr. White's intention was that his son should eventually enter the firm in which he himself was a partner, and with this object Lord Overtoun received a sound business training. He was for a year in the office of his uncle's firm of Messrs. Mackenzie & Aitken, accountants, in Glasgow, where he was instructed in the keeping of accounts. Thereafter he was for a year and a half in the office of Messrs. Leisler Bock & Co., a firm of Continental and home merchants carrying on a very large business, and having connections all over the Continent. After that he went into the office of his father's firm of Messrs. John & James White, and in 1867 was assumed a partner.

Meanwhile, considerable changes had taken place. In 1859 Mr. James White purchased the estate of Overtoun, in Dumbartonshire. He came to be interested in this estate in consequence of its proximity to that of Barnhill,

Photo by Stuart, Glasgow
LORD OVERTOUN'S MOTHER

acres or so, but it has been greatly extended as well as improved from time to time, and now embraces an area not much under 3,000 acres. There was no mansion-house on the estate when Mr. White purchased it, and he at once set about the erection of one. And in this connection it is worthy of note that he employed as his architect Mr. James Smith, the father of the unhappy Madelaine Smith, whose trial created such a sensation at the time, and whose case figures prominently in the criminal annals of Scotland. After his daughter's trial Mr. Smith's business fell away, and he was profoundly grateful to Mr. White for the work which the latter entrusted to him. He certainly accomplished the work in a way which reflects credit on his professional capacity. After careful consideration, a magnificent site was selected, and on this site there was built a fine specimen of the Scotch Baronial style of architecture. The grounds were laid out under the guidance of Mr. Edward Kemp, of Birkenhead, a well-known landscape gardener, but Mr. White himself, who had a fine taste in the laying out of land, personally superintended all that was done. Overtoun was transformed, and when Mr. White left Hayfield in 1863 he brought his family to a splendid home, surrounded by beautiful policies.

The same year in which Lord Overtoun became a partner in his father's firm witnessed another and still more momentous event in his life. In 1867 he married Grace, daughter of the late Mr. James H. McClure, solicitor, Glasgow, a lady who has proved a true helpmate to him in the years which have since passed, and who has taken a keen and active interest in all those religious and philanthropic schemes with which his lordship has been and is identified. After their marriage they lived at Crosslet, near Dumbarton, in the immediate vicinity of Overtoun. This house was built by Humphrey W. Campbell, a grand-uncle of Lord Overtoun, who was Sheriff-Substitute of Dumbarton, and here Lord and Lady Overtoun (then Mr. and Mrs. White) continued to live where his wife had spent a great part of her childhood, and for which she had a great affection. Barnhill belonged to her father, Sheriff Campbell, he having inherited it from his uncle Walter Colquhoun. When Overtoun came into the market, Mr. White acquired it from its then proprietor, Mr. Gabriel Lang. At that time the estate consisted of about 900

LORD OVERTOUN WHEN A BOY

Sunday-school teacher, and in this work he was engaged for several years prior to the removal of the family to Overtoun. When that event happened, in 1863, the family became connected with the Free High Church in Dumbarton, of which the Rev. John Tait (who died only a few months ago) had just become minister, and of which the Rev. A. S. Inch is

Photo by T. & R. Annan, Glasgow
MR. JAMES WHITE OF OVERTOUN
LORD OVERTOUN'S FATHER

till their removal to Overtoun about twelve years ago, with the exception of a few months spent at Barnhill. Crosslet still belongs to Lord Overtoun, and it may be noted in passing that it is now tenanted by Dr. Jacks, ex-M.P.

About two years after he was married Lord Overtoun went on a business mission to the Continent, accompanied by his wife. They expected to be absent six weeks; in reality they were away six months. Greece and Turkey were visited, and Lord Overtoun came into close contact with the Unspeakable. For some two months the two travellers were on the Island of Negropont, and there Lord Overtoun was nearly captured by brigands. He has travelled a good deal since then, and has had many and varied experiences, but it is doubtful whether he has ever had an experience quite so sensational or so alarming as that which he had in Negropont.

It is not without interest to recall the fact that Lord Overtoun was born at the close of the year of the Disruption. In a sense his affection for the Free Church of Scotland may, perhaps, be said to be inherited. His father and mother took a keen interest in the Ten Years' Conflict, and when the Disruption took place they "came out" of the Established Church. The step was specially painful to them, owing to the fact that they were the only members of their respective families who left the Church of Scotland; but, faithful to their principles, they sacrificed their personal feelings to their religious convictions. Their son may be said to have been cradled in the Free Church, and certainly, throughout his life, that Church has had no more faithful member, no more staunch defender, and no more liberal supporter than Lord Overtoun. When at Hayfield his family belonged to the Free Church at Rutherglen, of which the Rev. James Munro was minister and even at this early period Lord Overtoun took an active part in Church work. At Rutherglen he became a

now pastor. Lord Overtoun at once threw himself into the active work of the congregation. In 1870 he undertook to conduct the Bible class in connection with the Church, and this class he has carried on for more than thirty-two years, and is still carrying on, with conspicuous success. When he began there were sixty-nine members; now the class numbers nearly five hundred members. A vast amount of good has been done through its means, and a great many young people have received lifelong benefits from the teaching and from the quiet, unostentatious work of Lord Overtoun in connection with it. For many years Lord Overtoun has been an elder in the Free (now United Free) High Church, Dumbarton, and has taken a close interest in all its affairs. He recently provided a large Mission Hall, and, with a brother-elder, gave a fine organ to the church. But his interest, it is almost needless to say, has not been confined to the particular congregation of which he is a member. That interest has been extended to all that concerns the denomination. He has given generously of his time, his energy, and his means. In 1893 he took a prominent part in the Jubilee celebrations of the Free Church. A strong advocate of the Union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches, he also gave valuable assistance in bringing about that Union. At the Union Assembly in the Waverley Market he seconded the nomination of Principal Rainy as Moderator of the first General Assembly of the United Free Church, and otherwise took part in the proceedings. At that Assembly an impetus was given to Home and Foreign Mission work, and it fell to Lord Overtoun to move the resolution in favour of the extension of Foreign Mission enterprise. The subject is one which lies near to his heart, and Lord Overtoun supported his motion with a speech marked by great earnestness. His lordship is a member of several of the standing committees of the United Free Church, and while, as has been said, he takes an interest in all that concerns the welfare of the denomination, the work of Home and Foreign Missions appeal in an especial manner to his sympathies.

Photo by Lafayette, London

LADY OVERTOUN

Of all the influences which mould and affect our lives none is so powerful as the influence of Home. Lord Overtoun had the inestimable privilege of being trained in an atmosphere of real and earnest godliness, and his lordship gladly acknowledges his indebtedness to the example and the precepts of a pious father and a saintly mother. Insensibly almost he was affected by the religious spirit which pervaded his father's household. His early training was all in the direction of spiritual fervour and practical Christianity. In reckoning the other influences which have affected him, next in importance to that of his father's home comes the deep religious impressions which he received in his college days—in 1859 and 1860, during the period of the "Irish Revival." And there also falls to be mentioned the mission conducted by Mr. Moody in 1874. Lord and Lady Overtoun, both of whom took a large share of work in connection with that great Revival, were then thrown into the heart of Christian work all over the country.

One of the immediate and lasting results in Glasgow of

Photo by White, Glasgow

LORD OVERTOUN AT THE AGE OF 27

Mr. Moody's great mission of 1874 was the organisation of that important scheme of Christian enterprise with which Lord Overtoun's name has ever since been closely and honourably identified. The committee which had been formed for the purpose of making and carrying out the arrangements in connection with Mr. Moody's visit, instead of being disbanded after the evangelist had left, was organised as an association representing all the Evangelical Churches of Glasgow, and assumed as its title "The Glasgow United Evangelistic Association." Its first President was Mr. Alexander Allan. He was succeeded by Lord Overtoun, who has been President ever since, and still holds the office. Few outsiders have any conception of the vastness of the work done by this organisation through its various agencies. Its headquarters are in the Bible Training Institute. Since 1874 it has raised over £350,000, apart from valuable gifts which it has received otherwise than in money. I have not the exact figures for last year, but the total receipts in 1901 amounted to no less than £23,744, while the expenditure was £21,915. The ordinary income alone was £18,546, and the ordinary expenditure £18,235. The three great ideals of the Association are Preparation, Evangelisation, and Amelioration, and to carry out these ideals over a dozen agencies are at work in connection with the organisation. The Noon Prayer Meeting, which was instituted on January 5, 1874, has been steadily maintained. Held in the Bible Training Institute, in Bothwell Street, it is presided over and addressed by ministers, missionaries, and laymen belonging to, virtually, all denominations. In none of the branches of the Association's work, however, is there witnessed anything of the nature of a denominational spirit, and to this, undoubtedly, may be traced, to a very large extent, the great success which has been attained. Under the head of Preparation alone something like £5,000 a year is spent. The work of Evangelisation is conducted in the Tent Hall, in the historic Saltmarket, which was erected in 1876 by public subscription, at a cost of over £17,000; in the Bethany Hall, in the East End; and in the Mizpah Hall, near the Central Railway Station. There are missions for the young as well as for adults, and in the three large halls specified direct aggressive work is carried on, the value of which cannot be estimated. In the Mizpah Band there are some five hundred converted drunkards. The Evangelistic work embraces the Bonar Memorial Mission to the Jews, which was taken over by the Association in 1893. The total expenditure under the head of Evangelisation amounts to over £3,000 a year. Closely allied with this work is that of Amelioration—in fact, the alliance is so close that it is difficult to separate the two, for the work of amelioration is also of the nature of evangelistic work. There is the Sabbath Morning Free Breakfast, the average attendance at which is about fifteen hundred persons. Then there are the Glasgow Poor Children's Sabbath Dinner, the average attendance at which is over two thousand; the Poor Children's Day Refuges, designed to supply the place of home where sickness, want of work, or some such cause has brought a family into temporary distress; and the Cripple Children's League of Kindness. Connected with the Association there are also a "Weary Workers' Rest" at Dunoon; Homes for Destitute Children at Saltcoats; and Poor Children's Fresh Air Fortnight Homes. Of these last Homes there are twelve, all of which, with one exception, belong to the Association. Poor and needy Glasgow children are sent to them for a fortnight, and in this way some eight thousand children are benefited in the course of a year. Between £6,000 and £7,000 are spent on the Fresh Air Fortnight Homes, but many donations in kind are received which cannot figure in a financial statement. There is a scheme for a Mothers' Day in the country, and there are other schemes also; but sufficient has been said to indicate to some extent the vastness of the organisation of which Lord

LORD OVERTOUN AT THE AGE OF 21

A SHOOTING PARTY AT OVERTOUN

LORD OVERTOUN

IN THE ROBES WHICH HE WORE AT THE CORONATION

Photo by Lafayette, London

Photo by Lafayette, London

LORD OVERTOUN IN HIS UNIFORM AS DEPUTY-LIEUTENANT OF DUMBARTONSHIRE

Overtoun is the head not merely in name but in reality, and which he supports munificently. He is Convener of the Executive, Convener of the Bible Training Institute Committee, and a member of all the other committees which carry on the various schemes of the Association, besides being one of the trustees of the Bible Training Institute and of the Homes. In all the concerns of the Association, and all its numerous agencies, he takes not only a keen interest but also an active part. Certainly no account of his lordship's life and work would be complete which failed to give a very prominent place to his connection and his work with the Glasgow United Evangelistic Association.

While deeply interested in Christian work at home, Lord Overtoun, as has been indicated, is no less concerned with Foreign Missions, and is Chairman of the Livingstonia Mission, the headquarters of which are in Glasgow. This mission is under the management of a special committee of the Foreign Mission Committee of the United Free Church. Its field of operations is on the west shore of Lake Nyassa, in Central Africa (now under a British Protectorate), and four branches of work are conducted—evangelistic work, medical mission work, educational work, and the training of natives in all kinds of trades. The Livingstonia Mission occupies a warm place in Lord Overtoun's heart.

In Lady Overtoun, as has been said, her husband has a true helpmate. Her ladyship is and has ever been in full sympathy with him in all the religious and philanthropic work in which he engaged. Long ago they began such work together in the vicinity of their first home. Lady Overtoun is President for Scotland of the Young Women's Christian Association. At Dumbarton there is a large branch of the Association, having about six hundred members, and her ladyship presented the branch a few years ago with a fine Institute, having some twenty bed-rooms, besides reading and other rooms.

Mr. James White, Lord Overtoun's father, was a staunch Liberal, and took a keen interest in politics. The son has followed in the father's footsteps. When the Party split in 1886, Lord Overtoun followed Mr. Gladstone, and was one of that statesman's most prominent supporters in the West of Scotland. He is Chairman of the Dumbartonshire Liberal Association, and is also a Vice-President of the Scottish Liberal Association. In 1889 he received a requisition, signed by about three thousand electors of Dumbartonshire, asking him to stand as Liberal candidate for his county, but he could not see his way to accede to the request, and declined the proffered honour. He was destined, however, within a very few years to become one of our legislators—though not in the House of Commons, yet in "another place." In 1893 he was offered and accepted a peerage. The letter which Mr. Gladstone wrote on that occasion intimating Her Majesty's pleasure is interesting:—

10, Downing Street, Whitehall,
May 23, 1893.

My dear Sir,—Your position and your great services to philanthropy as well as to the public cause in the political arena have marked you out as one who may properly receive the tender of high public honour. It is therefore with great pleasure, that having obtained Her Majesty's sanction for the purpose, I am now able to place a Barony at your disposal. I sincerely trust you may be disposed to avail yourself of this great distinction, and

I remain, my dear sir, Faithfully yours,

W. E. Gladstone.

Photo by Lafayette, London

LADY OVERTOUN IN THE ROBES SHE WORE AT THE CORONATION

The sheaves of congratulatory letters which Lord Overtoun received, including letters from men of every shade of political opinion and religious belief, testify to the general esteem in which his lordship is held.

His lordship is warmly attached to his beautiful home at Overtoun, and has done much for it since he has occupied it. His father died in 1884, and his mother continued to live at Overtoun till her death in January, 1891. The mansion-house was then completely and thoroughly overhauled, and electric lighting introduced before Lord Overtoun removed to it. Later, about five years ago, a magnificent avenue was formed. The original approach to the house was by an avenue about half a mile long, from the village of Milton, near Bowling. Mr. James White had designed an approach by an avenue starting a short distance from Dumbarton, but this necessitated the purchase of a considerable tract of land. The owner had disappeared for many years, and nothing was known of his whereabouts, but the state of the law then was such that the next heir could not dispose of the land. After the Presumption of Life Act was passed, arrangements were made for selling the property to Mr. White; but before the papers could be signed the proprietor died, and his successor declined to part with the land. So matters stood till about seven years ago, when the owner of the property in question changed his mind. Lord Overtoun then acquired the land, and a magnificent avenue was formed about a mile and a quarter long. It was engineered by Mr. H. E. Milner, the well-known landscape gardener, and two years were spent in its construction. The avenue forms a lovely approach to the mansion-house, steadily rising almost the whole way from the time one passes through the gates at the Dumbarton road till the house is reached. The house itself occupies a magnificent position, commanding from its windows fine views of the historic Dumbarton Rock, of the Firth of Clyde, and of the hills of Renfrewshire, Argyllshire, and Dumbartonshire. It contains many fine pictures and works of art. Nature and Art have combined to make the grounds surrounding the mansion attractive. The Overtoun Burn threads its way through, now rushing along with loud turmoil, now dashing over a waterfall, and now gently meandering through many lovely "bits." Lord Overtoun is not one of those who jealously exclude others from the enjoyment of their policies, and there have been many gatherings at Overtoun.

Considerate, courteous, and affable, Lord Overtoun inspires with respect and esteem all who come into personal contact with him. Those who know him best and most intimately are those who honour and admire him most. His great liberality and the zeal and activity he displays in the work of the United Free Church and of the numerous organisations with which he is connected are, as has been said, well known. His gifts have been so generous, his activity so pronounced, that it could not be otherwise. But less is known, perhaps, of his earnest convictions, his personal piety, and the work which he performs quietly and unostentatiously in the neighbourhood of his home. He is still on the sunny side of sixty, vigorous in mind and in body, and has before him, it may be hoped, many years of activity and usefulness in connection with the schemes with which he has been long and nobly identified. A. Ireland Robertson.

Photo by McIsaac & Riddle, Oban

OVERTOUN: THE MANSION-HOUSE AND ITS IMMEDIATE SURROUNDINGS

Helps for Sunday-School Teachers and Christian Endeavourers

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS.

By Rev. J. Ossian Davies.

May 3.—*Paul arrested* (Acts xxi. 30-39)

Tidings reached the Roman captain that Paul's life was in danger, and he and a band of soldiers went to the rescue. What a sight—pagan Rome saving the Apostle from the anger of his own kinsmen! The mob cried, "Away with him!" It was an echo of Calvary. Of all laws, mob law is the most lawless. What a pity Paul went to Jerusalem! Was not Agabus in the right? No, for God over-ruled the cruelty of the mob, so that Paul was conveyed to Rome at Government expense. By going to Jerusalem, he had a chance of testifying before Felix and Festus and Agrippa. Rome *viâ* Jerusalem—such is the Divine order. A Jewish mob is no match for a man who is linked to Omnipotence. Those Jews built better than they knew, for they helped to bring Paul to Rome.

May 10.—*The Plot against Paul* (Acts xxiii. 12-22)

Forty desperadoes resolved to murder him on his way to court. But the plot leaked out, and Paul's nephew heard of it, and of course "blood was thicker than water." There was a bit of the uncle in the nephew, for he went straight to head-quarters and told Captain Lysias all that he knew. Without the help of the nephew, the uncle would never have reached Rome!

The Lord appeared to Paul in the night, and said, "Fear not." How these "Fear nots" have illumined the darkness for myriads of saints!

The plotters swore that they would eat no food until they had killed Paul. The plot was cleverly laid; but it failed utterly, and the wrath of men was made to praise the Lord. You cannot kill in Jerusalem a man whom God hath appointed to go to Rome. The terminus must be reached!

May 17.—*Paul before Felix* (Acts xxiv. 10-16, 24-26)

Paul was a diplomat as well as an orator, and he bravely maintained his innocence. He was manly without being rude, and strong without being brusque.

Felix and Drusilla sat on the bench. Felix was terrified as he heard the roll of the judgment-thunders in the preacher's voice. He trembled like the aspen; but trembling is not enough. A faith that ends in trembling is a poor, feeble thing. His conversion he postponed; but, alas! the "convenient season" never came. What a fool the man was! It was Christ or Drusilla, and he clung to Drusilla. Unbelief has slain its thousands, but *delay* its tens of thousands. Believe me, "the road of By-and-by leads to the town of Never."

May 24.—*Paul before Agrippa* (Acts xxvi. 19-29)

Paul was a man of iron nerve. He faced a king, a princess, and a governor without a tremor, and gave them, not what they liked, but what they needed. It was a magnificent defence, and yet Festus branded him a madman! This is a short and easy method with opponents who cannot be vanquished. Paul's madness was the highest wisdom, and we want more of it. Who is the madman to-day—Paul or Festus?

Agrippa's reply to Paul's address was a sneer—"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." That "almost" cost him his soul! "Almost, but lost"—this is the history of Lot's wife, and the foolish virgins, and Herod, and Pilate, and Felix, and millions more! Within an acc of eternal life, and yet to miss it! Let our motto be, "Now or never."

May 31.—*The Life-giving Spirit* (Romans viii. 1-14)

What a contrast between chapters seven and eight. In the one we have the doleful cry, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and in the other we have the triumphant pæan, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?" There you have all the difference between the flesh-controlled and the Spirit-controlled man. There is no condemnation, because God has nothing against them. The law could not make them righteous, but where the law failed the Holy Spirit succeeded. "Unless we crucify the flesh, it will crucify us." Dethrone the flesh, and invite the Spirit to be an eternal Guest in your soul!

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR TOPICS

By Rev. H. Elvet Lewis

May 3.—*The Prodigal and his Brother* (Luke xv. 20 32)

The younger brother had no excuse for his wastefulness; but neither had the elder brother for his hardness. Both gave their father pain, because the relation of each to the father was wrong. We cannot be true brothers until we are true sons of God.

To be without the Father's mind is to starve the soul. In forsaking his father, one came to the husks; the other, in his churlishness, missed the feast. One had been homeless in a far country; the other was homeless on the door-step of home. Whatever a man may be, he is not right until he is right with God.

May 10.—*The Story of Zacchæus* (Luke xix. 1-10)

"He was to pass that way." It is not enough to feel an undefined interest in Jesus: we must learn to know what are His ways, and seek Him there. Difficulties? There is no difficulty on the road where He passes which faith cannot overcome. No road of His is without its sycamore.

Godet explains that Zacchæus had been accustomed to restore some of his income before he met Christ: what Christ did was to increase his sense of compensation, and change what was a mere duty into a joy. This would accord with Mr. Moody's plan of teaching Christian people to give till they felt it, and then to give still more until they *didn't* feel it—for the delight of giving.

May 17.—*How a Boy served Christ* (John vi. 5-14) (*A Meeting with the Juniors*)

He appears without a history, without even a name; only his five loaves and two small fishes. But he helped Christ, in whose hand no gift is too small. The manger in which He was laid, the fishing-boat from which He preached, the sparrow of which He spoke, the two mites which He counted into a farthing—how He has changed the meaning of them all!

Christ will find a way;

how, we seldom know: it is enough that He is the Saviour of the fragments, the Redeemer of our few loaves.

Keep thou, dear child, thine early word;
Bring Him thy best: who knows but He
For His eternal board
May take some gift of *thee*?

May 24.—*Power and Prayer* (Mark ix. 14-29)

The brilliant sequence of new inventions leaves undisturbed the law of the conservation of energy—power to be given must be somehow received. Speaking of radium, the latest marvel, and its perpetual omission of heat, Sir William Crookes says that though its method of replenishing its energy is as yet unexplained, it probably uses for the purpose the movements of the air-molecules surrounding it. This universal lesson of Nature has its spiritual counterpart. The constant warmth and power of the soul can come only from a constant supply. The power must be faithfully replenished. When our communion with God is broken, our power of communicating God's gift is weakened.

May 31.—*An Evening with Polynesian Missions* (Isa. xlii. 1-12)

It shows what various instruments God uses for carrying on His work when we recall that it was the voyages and murder of Captain Cook which gave the first dream of a Polynesian mission to William Carey.

"Tahiti in 1810," says Mr. Lovett, "was wholly heathen; to-day she is among the semi-civilised nations, with strong elements of Christian growth and culture. New Guinea in 1870 was a *terra incognita*, wholly in darkness, cruelty, and savagery of the worst kind; to-day she is full of points of light, from which the light will shine out more and evermore unto the perfect day."

The Successor of "Q. H."

MR. J. E. K. STUDD AT THE POLYTECHNIC

SOME of the world's greatest leaders have been reproached because they trained no successors. The reproach is unjust, for the highest gifts are never transferable, and even Mr. Valiant, while bequeathing his sword "to him that shall come after me," was obliged to leave his courage and skill "to him that can get it." There are only a few men who have been able to inspire young disciples with such enthusiasm that the work which they founded lasts on, governed by the original ideas and controlled by the first methods, into a second and third generation. Perhaps in after-years it may be seen that not the least of Mr. Quintin Hogg's services to London was the training of Mr. J. E. K. Studd, who for sixteen years has been an honorary worker, and has now in that capacity taken over the heavy burden of the President's office, and is carrying on the Polytechnic on the lines laid down by his predecessor.

On visiting Mr. Studd one afternoon before Easter, I expected to be taken into a large and comfortably furnished private office, such a room as is everywhere reserved for the head of a business firm. I knew that seventeen thousand members and students passed through the institution every year, and this involves so much coming and going, such an endless variety of detailed organising, that I felt sure the President would issue orders from his private sanctum, where one, two, or three secretaries might attend him. To my astonishment, I was shown into a long, narrow apartment divided here and there by partitions, and occupied by fifteen or twenty persons. Shelves rose from floor to ceiling, and these were covered with ledgers, books of reference, and all the paraphernalia of a City office. At a roll-top desk, a little to the left of the entrance-door, sat the President, and some way beyond at another desk was his colleague, Mr. Mitchell. The room was a humming hive of industry, and I asked the President whether it would be possible for us to have our conversation in a less crowded spot. "But I have no private room of my own," he replied. "This desk is the one place that belongs to me in the whole building." This fact was of itself a revelation as to Polytechnic arrangements and habits. Here no man lives to himself. Brotherliness in the widest sense is the rule of this great institution. The President sits in the same room with clerks and shorthand writers, and is so accustomed to concentrate his mind on the business of the hour that he can give interviews, write articles, and dictate letters while all around there is murmuring, whispering, and movement to and fro. The central office is on the ground floor, and Mr. Studd is easily accessible to callers. When the strain of the work bears too heavily upon him, he seeks rest and quiet in his own home.

Photo by Russell & Sons

MR. J. E. K. STUDD

Mr. Studd's Early Life

Mr. Studd was born at Netheravon, in Wiltshire, in a house which his father rented from Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the lord of the manor. The village of Netheravon is not far from Salisbury, and visitors to Stonehenge often drive through it. Mr. Studd's father was a keen sportsman, and in 1866 won the Grand National with his horse "Salamander." In 1874 he came under Mr. Moody's influence, and used constantly to hear him at the Opera House in London. His life was completely changed, and he became an earnest Christian worker. His home was now at Tedworth House, not far from Andover, and he frequently organised meetings in the villages around, though he never addressed them himself. He had been brought up in the Church of England, but was to the last a man of broad and independent views. His boys were too young to come into personal contact with the American evangelist, though they sometimes heard him at the Haymarket. Six of them were at Eton between 1872 and 1893, and there they distinguished themselves especially at cricket, every one being in the Eleven. Three were together in the Eton Cricket Eleven in 1877 and afterwards in the Cambridge Elevens of 1881 and 1882.

Mr. Moody's Influence

On leaving Eton Mr. J. E. K. Studd was for two years in a business house in Mincing Lane, and in October, 1880, he

proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge. One of his friends in these days was Mr. Stanley Smith, who with Mr. C. T. Studd did a remarkable work among the Edinburgh students, in which he was followed by Professor Henry Drummond. Stanley Smith, like the Studd brothers, was a keen athlete, and distinguished himself particularly at rowing, being stroke of the Cambridge University Eight. He afterwards, along with C. T. Studd, went out as a missionary to China, an event which caused the intensest interest in Society as well as religious circles.

The future President of the Polytechnic came to know Mr. Moody on his visit to Cambridge in the spring of 1883. On his first Sunday night there was a gathering of about twelve hundred undergraduates at the Guildhall. A section of them had come determined to interrupt the proceedings, and every remark of Mr. Moody's was received with ironical applause. For some days it seemed as if the mission might be a failure. The dons, with few exceptions, were indifferent. But it occurred to Mr. Moody to call a meeting of mothers, at which earnest prayer was offered for the undergraduates. Addresses specially for them were given in the Gymnasium, and at last the indifference melted, and on one memorable evening thirty young men went into the enquiry-room. The meeting on the Sunday following was quite extraordinary. Some 1,700 undergraduates listened spell-bound, and the spiritual results were striking and permanent. Mr. Studd speaks with true regard of Mr. Moody's character and influence, describing him as a man of sound judgment, warm heart, and conspicuous tact.

Photo by Gear & Co., 101, Great Portland Street, W.

THE POLYTECHNIC, REGENT STREET

Mr. Studd ventured to give his first religious address at a cottage meeting. "It lasted five minutes," says the President, "but to me these five minutes seemed an hour." Mr. Moody was anxious that the young men who had received help through his services should form a club in London, and he wished Mr. Studd to take the secretaryship. No regular premises were available, and Mr. Quintin Hogg kindly offered to place his house, No. 5, Cavendish Square, at the club's disposal. This was Mr. Studd's first introduction to the man with whom he was to labour through so many happy years. The proposal of the club proved impracticable, and the idea was abandoned, but Mr. Hogg invited the young Cambridge graduate to help him at the Polytechnic, and in February, 1885, the offer was accepted. In 1884 Mr. Studd married Miss Hilda Beauchamp, the daughter of the late Sir Thomas and the Hon. Lady Beauchamp, of Langley Park, Norwich. Mrs. Studd has ever taken an active personal interest in Polytechnic matters, more especially in connection with the Young Women's Branch. Mr. C. T. Studd, meanwhile, had gone to China in connection with the China Inland Mission, and was working in the Shansi province, which has recently been ravaged by the Boxers. After ten years he returned home invalided, and is now in India, presiding over the Union Church at Ootacamund, in the Madras Presidency. His work lies chiefly among the Europeans in the neighbourhood, the tea and indigo planters, many of whom are wholly cut off from spiritual influences. At the recent Durbar he was invited by his old Eton school companion Lord Curzon to Delhi to take part in a cricket match. When the time came the match was not a success, owing to the lack of a suitable ground, but Mr. Studd enjoyed meeting a number of old friends.

For eighteen years Mr. J. E. K. Studd was intimately associated with Quintin Hogg. His friend Mr. Robert Mitchell has been even longer connected with the Poly. At the memorial service on January 25 Mr. Mitchell said he was glad to be able to stand before this great gathering as one of Mr. Hogg's boys. All he was and all the success he had achieved in life he owed, humanly speaking, to Q. H. "What power he had over us boys!" said Mr. Mitchell. "I remember in the old days Jem Nichols, as wild a character as one ever met, and yet whose heart had been softened and his life changed by the gentle teaching of our friend. I remember once saying, 'Well, Jem, how are you getting along now?' His reply was splendid: 'Bob, I have a bit of trouble in keeping straight, but, thank God! all is well. You see, I carry a photo of Q. H. with me always, and whenever I am tempted, I just take this out, and his look is a wonderful help, and by the grace of God I am able to overcome all.'"

Mr. Hogg was beloved by his colleagues not less than by his boys. When he returned from his occasional visits to the West Indies, Mr. Studd and Mr. Mitchell would gather the boys together so as to plan a surprise for him. One boy would be given a new song to learn, others recitations, classes and gatherings would be kept up to the mark, and a bright welcome home was always prepared. Mr

MR. J. E. K. STUDD

Photo by Elliott & Fry

Hogg's portrait hangs in the entrance hall, and his spirit still rules this wonderful establishment in all its many branches. As the new President says, "When a great leader is removed, there are two ways of meeting the loss. We may fold our hands in indolent regret, or we may bravely accept the legacy he has handed on to us and resolve that in our hands the work shall not suffer. It is the latter course that we have taken, for we feel that we have received a sacred trust. Our purpose is not only to carry on the routine business of the Poly., but to maintain the spirit of the place. Mr. Hogg believed that there were four sides to every man's life—the spiritual, the physical, the intellectual, and the social. On these four lines our institution is carried on. Every member is allowed to develop, as he pleases, on any or all of these lines. If he develops along all four, we believe he will grow up a well-balanced man. If he neglects one or other of them, he will to that extent be lop-sided and ill-balanced." Mr. Studd is helped in his important duties by the body of managers, who remain as they were before the late President's death. The governing body includes such well-known people as Alderman Beachcroft, Mr. F. A. Bevan, Mr. J. R. Diggle, the Rev. R. H. Hadden, Sir Philip Magnus, Sir Owen Roberts, Lord Howard de Walden, and Mr. Howard Moody, besides others equally distinguished in London social and municipal life. Amongst the students themselves there is intense loyalty to the Polytechnic. Some remain connected with it for ten, twenty, or even thirty years, while others come and go. Letters are constantly received from members expressing gratitude for help they have received. Mr. Studd showed me one which had lately reached him. "I feel," said the writer, "that I cannot close this letter without giving my testimony to the help the Poly. has been to me. I thank God from the bottom of my heart that there is such a place as this in London, and that I was led to it. It has made me what I am; there is no doubt about that. It has been the means of keeping me away from the public-house and music-hall, which bring such allurements to young men with no definite object in life. For years, until my brother joined me, I was absolutely alone in London, and am thankful that at the Poly. I have found friends who have been as true as gold to me and have done everything in their power to deepen the growth of the Holy Spirit in my life."

The members and students of the Polytechnic now number between seventeen and eighteen thousand annually. The numbers cannot increase, for all the accommodation available is fully occupied. In the magazine the boys are referred to as Harry and Johnnie and Artie, and this gives a wonderfully home-like appearance to the news paragraphs. Thus we read in the March number that Frank Bates and his friend Ernie Wilkins, members of the Sunday choir, are going to Canada to help in the establishment of an ideal colony in the far-off West. Monty Wood, an old schoolboy, has gone to Ontario, and Ernie Fuller, another member, is also on his way to Canada. Mr. Studd and Mr. Hogg, in seeking to influence the boys in spiritual matters, have dealt with them, not from the standpoint of superiors and masters, but as elder brothers. The unfinished letter which was found on Mr. Quintin Hogg's desk on the morning after his death is an epitome not only of his life and doctrine, but of the genius which rules the Polytechnic:

"I was very much touched by your letter, and the thought which led you to come back to me with the doubts and difficulties which have cropped up since you went out into the greater world outside the Poly. Do you remember, sonnie, how in the old days I advised you to stick to essentials? This *one* thing I *know* is better than a dozen

Photo by Wesson, Gear & Co., 101, Great Portland Street, W.

THE READING-ROOM

creeds. Whatever else may be shaken, there are some stablished beyond the warring of theologians. For ever, virtue is better than vice—truth than falsehood—kindness than brutality. These, like love, 'never fail,' so you must not let your (doubts?) lead you to a wrong life. Don't confuse theology and religion: the one is a science to be proved or disproved—the other is a life to be lived. I am writing this in the early morning hours, and will try to run out and catch the 3 a.m. post, so that it may reach you in the morning. You say you are free all day. Come any time. I can give you all the afternoon if you like, and I will be expecting you about 2.15. We can talk these matters over better than with the pen and ink."

The Sunday afternoon talks, which are attended by several hundreds of lads, are friendly, genial, full of bright illustrations and practical counsels. The last which Mr. Hogg delivered was entitled "The Three Burden Bearers," from the texts "Every man shall bear his own burden," "Bear ye one another's burdens," and "Cast thy burden on the Lord." There is not a dull or prosy line in the whole address. The anecdotes especially are new and vivid. Mr. Hogg said that Professor Drummond, whom he knew well, had once told him that though he had travelled much and tasted many of the sweets of life, the real, precious, unfailing source of joy to him lay in the recollection of a few kindly acts of love done to help some other life; the remembrance of these in his own soul was an exceeding great reward. And who can doubt that the late President of the Polytechnic reaped a harvest of joy from a life consecrated to his fellow-men?

Photo by Elliott & Fry

MR. R. MITCHELL

Work at the Polytechnic

In order to understand the work at the Polytechnic, one must spend an evening with the various classes. In the practical trades from twelve to fifteen separate subjects are taught. These include boot and shoe making, carpentry, motor construction, bicycle making, carriage building, plumbing, upholstering, tailors' cutting, metal plate work, printing, and all the branches of photography. Besides this, there is a list of technical classes, for which the examination is held in April or May. At the Polytechnic one may learn the mysteries of hairdressing, electrical engineering, shorthand, typewriting, and endless other arts and crafts, perfection in which will provide the young student with a livelihood. Modern languages are also taught. The fees for the Poly. classes are amazingly low, ranging from five shillings upwards for a three-months' course. Thoroughly competent teachers are provided, and the time is portioned out between theoretical instruction and practical work. Every number of the magazine bears testimony to the value of life at the Polytechnic. In the March issue a young man writes from Calcutta, where he has gone as under-manager of a large furnishing house. On arrival he was met by the manager of the firm, who provided him with rooms at the Y.M.C.A. Club. "I have carried through some very big jobs for the Government, native princes, and others," writes the young man, "and we are now furnishing Kitchener's place in the Fort, which he is doing very lavishly. We have about three hundred native workers, cabinet makers, carvers, etc., and for good workmen I will back them against the West End of London, let alone the East. We have turned out work that will compare with anything in Tottenham Court Road, and our stuff is made to the requirements of the climate."

THE CYCLING-UNION

The Young Women's Poly.

The Young Women's Poly., 14 and 15, Langham Place, grew out of Mrs. Hogg's Bible class for young women, and in 1887 Mr. Hogg purchased the lease of the Langham Place buildings, and fitted and equipped them at

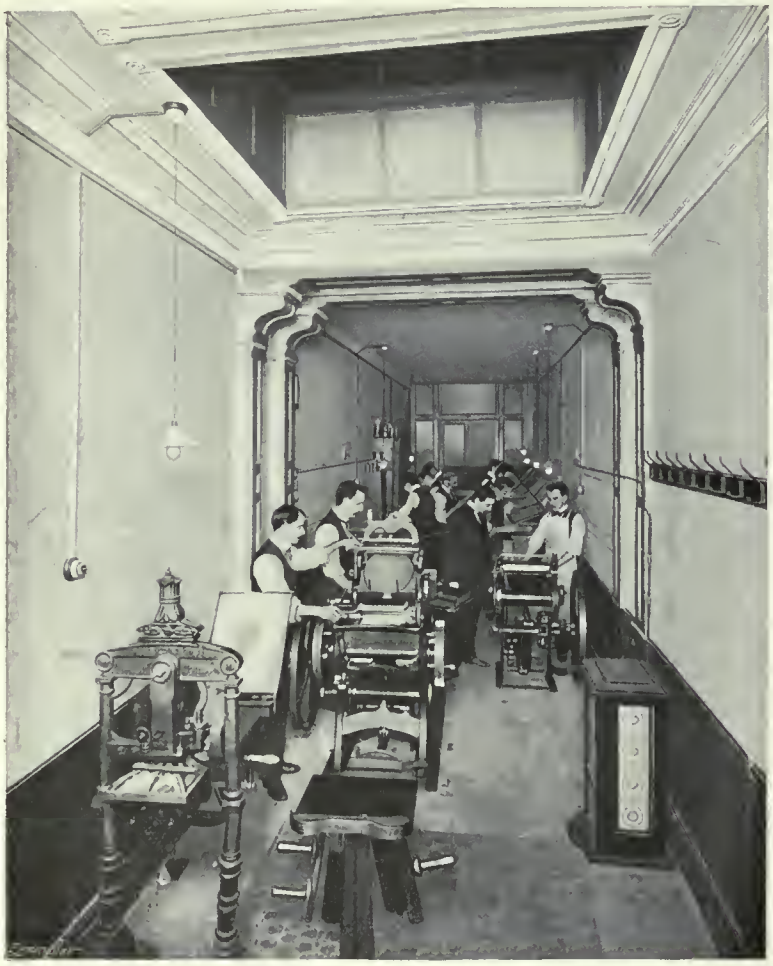


Photo by Gear & Co., 101, Great Portland Street, W.

PRACTICAL PRINTING CLASS

his own expense. The membership here is from one thousand to eleven hundred. Evening classes are held in many subjects, including book-keeping, dressmaking, cooking, ambulance, nursing, and music. There is a capital lawn-tennis club, which has the use of seven courts at the Paddington Recreation Ground, with a subscription of two shillings and sixpence a year. Holiday homes for the girls are arranged at nearly all the popular seaside resorts.

The Holiday Tours

The magnificent holiday tours arranged by the Polytechnic have won the gratitude of the general public; and it is satisfactory to know that under Mr. Studd this department will be continued in full efficiency. Excellent tours have already been carried out this season, including the usual five-guinea Easter trip to Lucerne and the eleven-guinea trip to Rome, with an extension to Naples, besides journeys to Florence and Venice, and cruises to the Holy Land and the Mediterranean. The Easter parties this year were larger than ever before. A fortnight before Easter all advertisements were withdrawn. The most delightful arrangement for April was the week's trip to Chamonix, which cost the almost incredibly small sum of seven guineas. Five days were spent in excursions in the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc, including the climb to the Montanvert, the ascent of the Flegère, the walk to the Glacier du Bossons, and a carriage drive to the Glacier d'Argentière. April is a very early month for Switzerland, and the hotels were doubtless thankful to welcome the Polytechnic parties. Mr. Studd strongly advises young men to save up for Continental tours. The average seaside holiday does not, as a rule, benefit a lad either in health or character. He lounges away his time, and at the close of his holiday has nothing to show for the money spent. On the other hand, if he joins a Polytechnic tour, every hour of his time is delightfully occupied. He is constantly receiving new impressions, and returns having learned more in a week or a fortnight than he would have done in many years at home. The young man who now spends ten pounds on his fortnight's trip to an English watering-place can, for the same money, see the most magnificent Alpine views or the most ancient and wonderful cities in Europe. Can there be any doubt which holiday will afford him the greater happiness? Polytechnic travellers are left perfectly free, but, as a rule, they prefer to keep closely to their guides. Mr. Studd has for years made a point of joining some of these tourist parties, and has been impressed by the friendliness and good feeling which prevail amongst the travellers. They are kindly, thoughtful, intelligent people, and fully appreciate the beauties of Swiss or Italian scenery. All Polytechnic tours are open to the public, and within the last eight years nearly seventy thousand have taken advantage of them.

Photo by Gear & Co., 101, Great Portland Street, W.

PRACTICAL CARRIAGE BUILDING

The Baptist Church House

SPECIAL interest attaches to the Spring Assembly of the Baptist Union this year. On April 28 the new Church House (of which we give a picture below) will be opened by the President, Mr. George White, M.P. The occasion promises to be a memorable one in the annals of the denomination. A reception is to be given by the London Baptist Association in the King's Hall of the Holborn Restaurant, when speeches will be delivered by Dr. Maclaren and the Rev. J. R. Wood, the retiring President of the Union, who laid the memorial stone of the Church House last year. Among others who will take a prominent part in the proceedings are Dr. John Brown, late of Bedford, who will represent the Congregationalists; Dr. Monro Gibson, representing the Presbyterians; and the Rev. C. H. Kelly, representing the Wesleyans.

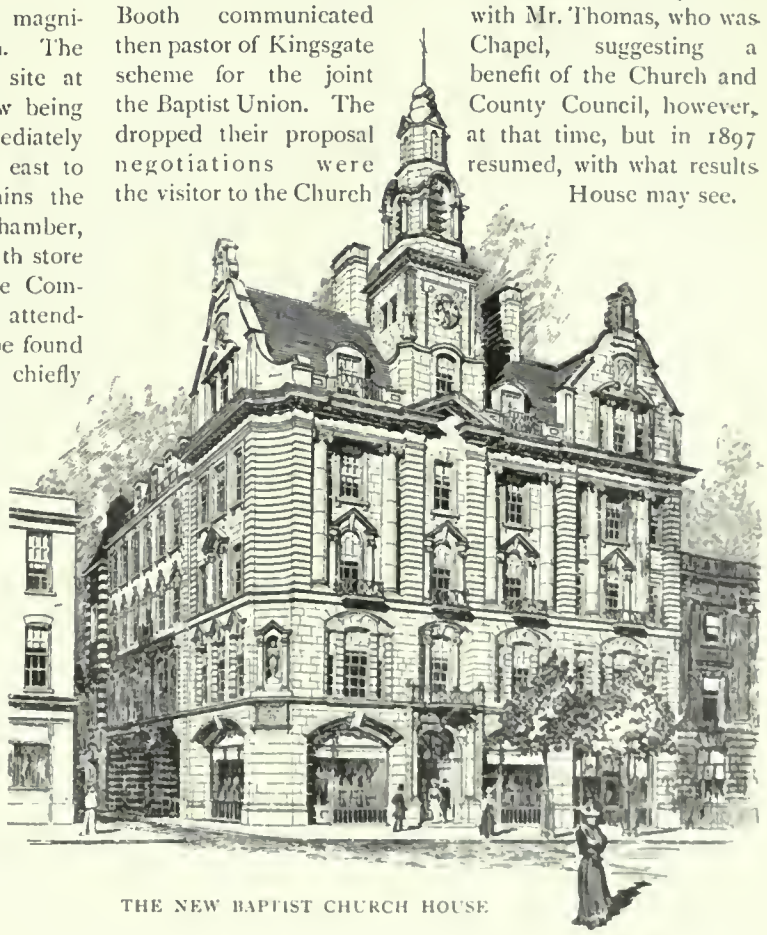
Photo by R. N. Speight, 178, Regent Street

REV J. H. SHAKESPEARE, M.A.
SECRETARY OF THE BAPTIST UNION

Baptists have every reason to be proud of their new Church House. It has been erected on a scale of architectural magnificence which does credit to the denomination. The palatial building occupies a most commanding site at the head of the wide thoroughfare which is now being constructed from the Strand to Holborn, and immediately on the line of the principal thoroughfare from the east to the west of London. The Church House contains the General Offices of the Baptist Union, the Council Chamber, Library, Visitors' Room, Publication Department, with store rooms and editorial offices. There is also a large Committee-room, as well as rooms for the use of ladies attending the various committees. On the first floor will be found the offices of the Union, the upper floors being chiefly arranged as offices for letting. Visitors to the Church House will be particularly struck by the handsome interior no less than by its imposing external appearance. There is considerable elaboration of detail in the principal parts of the building, oak and teak being freely used in the internal furnishings. A special feature is made of the fireplaces in the Council Chamber and Visitors' Room, in both of which occur large terra-cotta panels by Mr. Tinworth representing the "Deliverance of the Captive"—in one the material deliverance, the freeing of the slaves in Jamaica, and in the other the spiritual deliverance, a scene from the "Pilgrim's Progress." These panels, which greatly enhance the appearance of both rooms, are gifts from friends, one being from Mr. Scott Durrant, and the other from Messrs. Doulton, in memory of Mr. James Doulton. The more important rooms have oak floors and panelled walls, and the principal corridors have vaulted ceilings and paving of marble slabs in patterns. The statue in the niche shown in the illustration is a figure of John Bunyan, by Mr. Richard Garbe, and it is hoped that a statue of Mr. Spurgeon may soon adorn a niche provided for a full-length figure in the Entrance Hall facing the principal staircase.

The Baptist Church House is intended to provide not only for the carrying on of the work of the Union, but also for the worship of Kingsgate Street congregation, whose church occupied the adjacent site for so long. Indeed, had it not been for the cordial co-operation of the trustees and deacons of Kingsgate Church, who put their property at the disposal of the Union, there would have been no Church House—at least, not in Holborn. The Kingsgate Chapel will be connected with the Church House on the ground floor and gallery level by means of glass and iron balconies, so that it may be conveniently used for meetings in connection with the Union. In the chapel about four hundred worshippers can be accommodated. It has been built in octagonal form, in order to secure good light and ventilation, which would otherwise have been difficult, in consequence of the height of the adjacent buildings. The gallery staircase walls are carried up to form a tower, which will mark the position of the chapel from Southampton Row. Altogether the building is a worthy monument to the professional skill of Mr. Arthur Keen, the architect.

The Church House marks the completion of a scheme which was mooted so long ago as 1886. In that year the London Baptist Association made overtures to the trustees of Kingsgate Chapel, with a view to selling the property along with two other chapels, in order to erect a new chapel in the suburbs. The members, however, felt a deep attachment for their historic church and the site on which it stood, and they would not listen to the proposal. Nothing more was heard of the scheme until 1893, when the County Council scheduled the property to enable them to carry out the Southampton Row improvement. The opportunity thus afforded was not allowed to slip. Dr. Booth communicated with Mr. Thomas, who was then pastor of Kingsgate Chapel, suggesting a scheme for the joint benefit of the Church and the Baptist Union. The County Council, however, dropped their proposal at that time, but in 1897 negotiations were resumed, with what results the visitor to the Church House may see.



THE NEW BAPTIST CHURCH HOUSE

Dr. James Martineau

THERE is a little picture in my memory, hung there some fifteen or sixteen years ago, which even the sight or mere pronunciation of the name of Dr. Martineau instantly renews with all the witching beauty of its first colouring. It was Saturday night in a Midland Dissenting College. All but an unappointed half-dozen of its students had trooped away with their little black bags and oft-used two sermons to the neighbouring towns to supply on the following day. An hour before, and the long corridors had been ringing with importunate appeals for sharp razors and clothes-brushes. Now the corridors were silent and the big hall doors had banged behind the most procrastinating of the young preachers.

It was early summer, and the vaulted library, with its walls like clouds of witnesses, was touched with shadows of gold. It was just the hour and the place for a new birth, an awakening. One of the half-dozen whose names were absent from the appointment plan, an immature youth of nineteen, was strolling from shelf to shelf nibbling at some of the branches of the tree of knowledge which usually were too high for him to reach. At last he pulled down a volume of essays, printed in America, I think, and found himself reading, "No doubt the ultimate seat of human faith lies deep down below the special propensities of individuals or tribes, . . . in a consciousness and faculty common to the race. But ere it comes to the surface and disengages itself in a concrete shape, its type and colour will be affected by the strata of thought and feeling through which it emerges into the light. Without pretending to an exhaustive classification, we find four chief temperaments of mind expressed in the theologies and scepticisms of civilised Europe—the quest of physical order, the sense of right, the instinct of beauty, and the consciousness of tempestuous impulses carrying the will off its feet. Variously blended in the characters of average persons, these tendencies are liable to separate their intensities, and severally dominate almost alone in minds of great force and periods of great action or reaction. Were each left to itself to form its own unaided creed, the doctrine of mere Science would be atheistic; of Conscience, theistic; of Art, pantheistic; of Passion, sacrificial."

How unilluminating the words will sound to many, and how ordinary and unexceptional to others! Yet what was it about, then? Was it the new point of view or the felicity of its exposition that captured that raw theological student? I cannot tell; but as long as the summer twilight lasted the youth read on. When it faded, he gathered an armful of books bearing the same author's name and retired to his miniature study, and before Sunday broke over the distant industrial city and Monday brought back his comrades, he had devoured "Professional Religion," "Distinctive Types of Christianity," "Personal Influences on our Present Theology," and a dozen more of those matchless essays, together with most of the studies in "Hours of Thought" and "Endeavours after the Christian Life." It was the occasion of my signing my first intellectual and spiritual indentures. From that hour I commenced to serve the most adoring and influential apprenticeship of my life—my ten years' apprenticeship to the wonderful spiritual philosophy of Dr. James Martineau.

I am not a member of his Church, nor have I ever been. I could not have endured its spiritual isolation, to mention but one deterrent. In many ways, too, I have come to differ profoundly from Dr. Martineau's teaching. If that youthful hour in the library, with its panting sense of intellectual space and of an opening world, was one of an ecstasy almost suffocating, an hour some eight years later when I read "The Seat of Authority in Religion" brought a sense of pain and disappointment almost equally acute.

To part company with a guide who had proved so reliable in other fields, to say farewell to one who had been the master-light of so much of my intellectual and spiritual seeing for eight enthusiastic years, was a sorrow the keenness of which I feel to this day. At the same time I can still read Dr. Martineau's sermons when every other preacher bores or irritates or balks. Comparisons are always odious; still, I would give every line that Newman wrote—and to compare these two pre-eminent teachers of the nineteenth century is inevitable—to retain the second volume of "Hours of Thought." And, to borrow the late Dean Farrar's form of confession, if all the books of the last century were being burned, the first two I would rush forward to rescue would be Wordsworth's poems and Martineau's "Types of Ethical Theory."

There is but one way for me to write of Dr. James Martineau with any hope of both interesting the readers of The British Monthly and satisfying my own inclinations—and that way is the modest one of autobiographical reminiscence. For an appreciation of him in other respects no one could desire to add anything to Dr. Watson's "Saint of Theism" in the current *Hibbert Journal*—at once the most beautiful and true delineation of Dr. Martineau's character and influence that has been penned. Fortunately for all admirers of that century-long career of intellectual industry and spiritual influence, the recent biography of Dr. Martineau by Professors Drummond and Upton does all, not to say more than all, that is necessary in the way of telling his life-story. But from the side of personal impressions much remains yet to be added of one who, though outside the commonwealth of orthodox Israel, profoundly affected every theological and ethical student in England during the last century, and who was the personal friend of many of its famous poets, writers, and thinkers.

Between the years 1890 and 1896 it was my privilege to be in frequent communication with Dr. Martineau, and the patience and sympathy he showed with the perplexities of a young theological student, practically a stranger to him, fill me with affectionate remembrance as I write. I have taken a bundle of his letters from the sacred little drawer where they have reposed in company with some sprigs of yew from Wordsworth's grave and a piece of stone from the Rock of Names on the banks of Lake Thirlmere, rescued from the vandals of the Manchester Water Company. And now that he has gone and his "Life" is before the world, it may not be sacrilegious to let some of these letters tell their own tale of exquisite diction and loving wisdom. The first letter I received from him is dated May 4, 1891, and was in acknowledgment of one from me wishing him the old-time happy returns of his birthday. "For my delay in acknowledging your very kind letter of the 22nd I must trust to your indulgence. An eighty-sixth birthday is so rare a thing that one who reaches it is for awhile buried alive in flowers and benedictions; and sweet and welcome as they are, it takes some time to gather one's self together from their perfume and their pressure, and stand clear enough of them to write a note with a cool head and a steady hand.

At last, however, I have a few minutes to thank you for your generous words of appreciation. To an author whose conscience obliges him to work against the tendency of his time, it cannot but be acceptable to learn that from a studious and competent minority he meets with some response, and that in their hands the cause which he has pleaded almost against hope will be safe when he can serve it no more. The chief encouragement which has fallen to my lot is the reception given in India to the 'Types of Ethical Theory.' In consequence of the adoption of it for the Graduate Examination in the Calcutta University, the Clarendon Press has been obliged to print special editions for India and epitomes for the higher grade of mission schools." The remainder of the letter refers to a forthcoming book on ethics by Professor Upton, concerning which I had made some enquiries.

The next letter is one that I hesitate to print. It relates to a period in my life, now twelve years behind on the road, when the "storm and stress" of previous years of thinking culminated in a conviction that the cross-roads had been reached, and one way or another life's die must now be cast. In my distress, not to say despair, I appealed to Dr. Martineau, and I allow his letter now to be seen by other eyes than those for which it was written because in many ways it is so admirably characteristic of his conservative reverence and tender solicitude. Possibly, too, it may give pause to some one meditating that "desperate leap" from their "guardian rock."

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.
DR. MARTINEAU

"Though I have been unwell, and the doctor has locked up my pen and taken the key, and still only lends it to me for short intervals of use, I have thought very much about your very natural difficulties with an earnest desire to see the way to meet them as best becomes a faithful man. No one, I believe, can well be more averse than I am from inconsiderate desertion of the Church of one's fathers: the change of allegiance, even when morally inevitable, being rarely effected without some loss of spiritual rest or power. But then, the slightest taint on absolute veracity works and spreads as a canker through the very essence of religion, and expels the prophetic spirit from the heart. I cannot doubt, therefore, that your state of mind, as you describe it, is inconsistent with a righteous persistence in the work of an ordained —— minister. Much harder is it to advance beyond this negative conclusion, and to say 'What next?' Were you prepared to accept a layman's life, righteous conditions are always possible there, and you might be determined by personal aptitudes and facilities of opening accessible to you, and questions of definite theological convictions might wait for quiet and gradual settlement as opportunities of reading and reflection allowed. But if, as your letter leads me to infer, you still feel your 'call' to be to the Christian ministry, the question immediately presses whether in any section of our English Christendom there prevails a conception of the true Gospel sufficiently accordant with your own to attract you to the office of its interpreter. I can hardly suppose you would feel yourself able to accept the conditions of any but the Free Christian congregations among which my own life has been spent, as they alone refrain from imposing any dogmatic terms upon their ministers or members, leaving the course of theological opinion open to its natural development, and concentrating themselves on the realisation of the Christian mind and life. By people who cannot apprehend this catholicity, and have no idea of Churches but as nests of special doctrines, they are called 'Unitarians,' merely because the members of the present generation mostly are so. But previous generations of the same Church have been Trinitarian, and have become Arian, gradually changing without any breach of continuous fellowship. And their future is as open to modification as their past has been."

After another paragraph or so dealing with the necessity of a good college training, the letter goes on: "There is a traditional predilection among our people for a so-called 'learned ministry,' and the confidence given to one who has the stamp of our own recognised colleges is not so readily accorded to those whose credentials are less within our own estimate. On the practical and spiritual side of the —— ministry I have the highest opinion; but it needs, I think, some additions on the scholarly and theological side to bring it into accord with the standard of expectation among a people of older history, like ours." The letter closes with a sentence, written in that thin, clear, but somewhat shaky, hand, I knew so well in those stormy years, which makes me smile at the characteristic grace of its wholly undeserved—and unfulfilled—compliment: "Should you decide, and I trust you may, to come over and help us, I should like you to take rank at once where you would naturally and ultimately stand."

I will insert one more letter, which may perhaps interest students of philosophy, particularly in what it says of the late Professor T. H. Green, of Oxford, whom it is said Mrs. Humphry Ward had in her mind when she drew her Professor Gray in "Robert Elsmere." It was written from Aviemore. "I am too well pleased that you find the 'Types of Ethical Theory' helpful, to take much to heart the disappointment with which their closing sentences visited

you. The want which my book leaves unsupplied in not settling accounts with the Hegelian formulas will soon be effectually met by my friend Professor Upton's forthcoming Hibbert volume on the Philosophy of Religion. And as the system of Hegel makes its start and governs its movement from and by precisely the same deviations from the primary postulates of ethics that are chargeable on the other schemes which I have criticised as unmoral, it is better to confront its technical conception with the test principles of morals in a separate book by another author, than for me to reload against them the battery already fired more than once against opponents otherwise masked. I am but ill qualified to advise you in regard to a right selection of books for the study of Hegelianism. My own reading having been almost confined to Hegel's own writings, I am not at home with the English representatives of the school, with the exception of Green, the Cairds, Bradley, and Wallace. I have understood that Stirling is not accepted by the faithful as a satisfactory interpreter of the master. My impression is that the best idea of the philosophy as it sits upon the English mind may be gained from the essays of Professor Seth, the title of which I am sorry that at my distance from books I cannot give. Since they were published he has receded from their point of view, and marked his new position in his "Hegelianism and Personality." In him, therefore, you have the advantage of a sincere presentation of the strength and weakness of the system. Thomas Hill Green I knew well and loved dearly. He was not, in the essence of him, a true Hegelian His intellect had been trained into shape under the mechanism of the system and its phraseology. But an irresistible conscience and deep natural piety were for ever struggling to transcend the limits of its logic of life. I am convinced that if he had lived he would have emerged from the system at its upper end. Accept my sincere thanks for your gracious words. An old man whose work is nearly done may well be grateful at finding that it has not been absolutely in vain."

It used to be said of Tennyson that to pay a devotee's visit to him was never to suffer disenchantment, but rather to enhance the poet's spell. In appearance and manner he so entirely answered to the conception of a poet, the poet of "In Memoriam" and "King Arthur." I can say the same of Dr. Martineau. Rising to greet you in the well-known library in Gordon Square, his silver-shot hair pushed back from his splendid brow, the yearning wistfulness of his deep, spiritual eyes in momentary abeyance to give play to the lights of welcome, he was all one hoped and dreamed he was when running an ardent pencil down the side of some shining passage in the "Endeavours" or the "Types."

Little justice has been done by his biographers to his acute sense of humour. I remember complaining to him that his gospel took for granted the presence of too much native goodness in ordinary people—the air was too rare, the ideals too ethereal, the trustfulness too absolute "for human nature's daily food." "You are no judge, Doctor," I said; "you have a natural genius for religion."

"No! no! no!" I can hear him saying, while his eyes shone with amusement. Then, leaning forward till his eyes seemed to pierce to one's soul, he said slowly, "We have *all* a natural genius for religion—that is my great contention."

At another time I fear I gave him great pain. I was working amongst the colliers of a Welsh valley where drunkenness, profanity, and impurity were appallingly rife. I was trying Martineau's gospel upon them, and meeting with derisive failure. "Doctor," I said suddenly, and I fear almost brutally, "you have no gospel for sin—real, deliberate, downright wickedness. Sin with my colliers is very much more than 'imperfection' and 'a sense of shortcoming' and 'a failing to attain the ideal.' And what's more, there is no dynamic in your gospel. I could believe it myself, but I could not preach it." I am ashamed as I think of it now, for every brutal word—though true—seemed to stab that beautiful face before me, and make those tender eyes swim with distressful tears.

There are those who complain that Dr. Martineau's style is cold, who resent his superb and chaste aloofness, and the spiritual elevation and detachment of his ideas and language. I can understand what is meant, though I fail entirely to sympathise with the complainant. Truly "his soul was like a star and dwelt apart"; but where among the great guides of the past century shall we look for a reverence more profound. a code of intellectual honour more exalted, and a personal character of greater purity? It is mountain air we breathe in all his books. The only time I ventured to cross swords with the late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes—a man I loved and honoured with the best—was when he declared over a supper-table that Dr. Martineau was lacking in spirituality. Surely it has long ago been put beyond reach of question that the ablest vindication of the spiritual philosophy implicit in Christianity came from the pen of James Martineau.

There hangs before me as I write these words of blundering appreciation a platinotype reproduction of Mr. Watts's great painting of Dr. Martineau, framed by Mr. Hollyer for the Paris Exhibition. Mr. R. H. Hutton aptly called it "an embodiment of melancholy wonder and almost ghostly speculation." I agree with Mr. Hutton when he says that the portrait does not give any adequate impression of Dr. Martineau's penetrating vision, which almost suggests the glance of a commander in the field. Nor does it suggest the lucidity of his method and that capacity for a firm engineering of the possibilities of life for which he was so distinguished. Let me again quote Mr. Hutton. "Mr. Watts's wonderful portrait, striking as it is, is too much the portrait of a dreamer. Dr. Martineau has dreamt his dreams like other men, but they have been loftier than those of other men. But his foot has always been firmly planted on the real earth; and few men have known better than he that without realism idealism is impotent, just as without idealism realism itself is only a shifting cloud of dust."

My own personal feelings for Dr. Martineau are perhaps best expressed if I say that whenever mean and unworthy ambitions have captured me, and I have fallen into accepting the convenient in preference for the right and the useful for the true, my first impulse is to unhang that portrait in my study. No man guilty of shufflingly bartering with truth can look into the eyes of James Martineau, just as no pessimistic idler can face the memory of Charles Kingsley.

The day of his funeral three years ago lives with me still. I was standing in the drenching rain in Highgate Cemetery, trying to realise that the stone bearing the strange words "Marian Cross" marked the grave of the creator of "Adam Bede," when the little procession drew near. A moment later my heart leaped to see that at least one other member of my own Church was there to pay the last tribute to one who had been, and will be yet, so much to us all, though in life ecclesiastical barriers had prevailed to keep us asunder.

I found myself standing near to Mrs. Humphry Ward as they tenderly lowered him into the damp earth, and I blessed him in my heart for his own triumphant vindication of the Gospel of the life that cannot die. Then we turned away, and for me at least "there had passed away a glory from the earth."

W. Scott King.

The Blindness of Madge Tyndall

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

A WEDDING party had assembled in the little church of Bexmouth to witness the marriage of Madge Tyndall, the Curate's daughter, to Dr. Studley. At the last minute the company learns with dismay that the bridegroom has mysteriously disappeared, leaving no trace behind him, except bad debts. Madge, who refused to believe the worst of her lover, thought he had been drowned, or had fallen over the cliffs at Bexmouth, until one day she overheard Jacob Wherry, a "character" in the town, tell her father that he had seen Dr. Studley with a young lady in London. Madge's health was disastrously affected, and for some time it looked as if her life was trembling in the balance. Gradually, however, she revived under the care of a tender-hearted doctor. There was one person in Bexmouth who rejoiced at Madge's returning strength. Squire Sleeman, who had sought her hand a year before, but was refused, thought his opportunity had again come. If John Sleeman "was not so well educated, nor so clever, nor so handsome, nor so young as Dr. Studley," he had, at all events, "a good solid character." Besides, he had amassed a fortune, and a curate in straitened circumstances was not slow to appreciate the advantages of a wealthy son-in-law. When the matter was first broached, Madge was disinclined to listen to her father's counsel to accept Sleeman, but after a time she was persuaded that her duty lay in marrying the Squire, and so improve the lot of her parents. At this point the reader is again introduced to Dr. Studley. On the eve of his wedding he was kidnapped in a dastardly fashion, and is now a prisoner on a vessel bound for Australia. He tries to obtain information from the ship's crew as to the person who had played him this cowardly trick, and what the purpose of it was, but with little success. At Sydney he learns that the voyage may extend over a year, and that the next port of call is San Francisco. There he resolves to try and escape. On the way he gets an important clue from the man at the wheel that may help him in the elucidation of the mystery.

CHAPTER XI

AN EXPERIMENT

Be lord of thy own mind;
The dread of evil is the worst of ills;
Half of the ills we hoard within our hearts
Are ills because we hoard them.

PROCTER.

FRANK lay for another half-hour, apparently intent upon his book, while Spring quietly smoked a few yards away; then he got up, yawned, stretched himself, and descended to his own cabin. He had got hold of the first link in the chain of evidence, but as yet he could see no second. Still, it was a good deal to have a starting-point. Jacob Wherry was the agent; and from the agent he did not despair of finding his way to the principal. At present Jacob's part in the plot was of no particular help to him, but it would be later on, and in the meanwhile it furnished him with a good deal of food for reflection. All the old questions came thronging back again. Some one wanted to get him out of the way for at least a year. But who, and for what purpose? Could it be possible that his old steward had some sinister end in view that could only be carried out during his absence? He remembered now that he raised no objection to his going away from Reedley Hall. On the contrary, he had distinctly encouraged him in his quixotic enterprise. Had he a motive in that? He had been his father's solicitor for many years, had made his will, had drawn up all deeds and agreements, had every detail at his finger ends. Was it possible that he could be seeking to benefit himself in any way?

He tried to put away the suspicion; he had tried before, when the thought first assailed him, but for months it had steadily gained ground; the seed once having taken root, grew in spite of himself. He was standing with his hands in his pockets, looking out of the little square window which opened on to the main deck. He could see straight away to the end of the ship. He had often stood there watching the sailors coiling ropes, or swabbing the deck, or cleaning the brasses, and had even envied them as they went cheerily about their work. They never seemed impatient at the slow march of the days. It was all in their lifetime. What did it matter whether the voyage was long or short? Their wages were going on all the while. And since the weather kept fine, they sang their songs with a cheery ring in their voices, and seemed perfectly content. Monotonous, no doubt; but they had got used to that; it was inevitable to their calling.

Frank did not see the sailors as he looked out this afternoon; his thoughts were too busy in other directions. Then suddenly the bell rang—it was change of watch. A few minutes later the man who had been at the wheel passed close by his window and paused, seemingly to pick up something on deck.

"Mate," Frank whispered, putting his face close to the open window.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Come here some night when it is dark and no one is watching, and tap at the window."

"All right." And he passed on to the fo'kesel.

Several weeks passed after that, and Frank had no further opportunity of speaking to the sailor. The weather kept fine, with bright moonlight nights; hence any attempt to carry on a conversation through the window would be quickly discovered.

Fortunately, however, from Frank's point of view, the weather changed after awhile. The wind shifted several points, and became squally and uncertain, while the sky became densely overcast, and threatened a heavy fall of rain. Night after night, from this change of weather, Frank kept awake, hoping that the long-expected tap would come to the window; but it seemed as if, almost in everything, he was doomed to disappointment. Night after night passed away, till six nights had come and gone. But on the seventh night, or very early in the morning, the welcome tap came. It was intensely dark, and the rain was coming down in sheets, while the *Beagle*, with closely reefed topsails, was plunging through the water as though competing in a race.

Frank started out of his sleep, tumbled out of his bunk in a moment, and quickly opened the window.

"You wanted me?" The sailor's face was close to his own.

"Yes. Could you let me have a sailor's rig-out—pants, jersey, and cap? Any time will do before we reach 'Frisco."

"Want to give 'em the slip, eh?"

"Yes. Can you help me?"

"Don't know. How'm I to get the togs back again?"

"I can promise nothing on that point; but if you help me you shall be no loser. What is your name?"

"Bob Berry, sir—leastways, Robert; but they always call me Bob."

"And where can I find you in England?"

"Sailors' Home, Liverpool. I allers turns up there, sooner or later."

"Now about the clothes. Can you push them through this window? I don't care how shabby they are."

"I'll try. I'll help yer if I can. I'm sorry I helped to bring you aboard, but I thought you were luny, and I'm always fond of a bit of adventure. Now I'll help you off if I can." And Bob disappeared suddenly in the darkness.

Long before the *Beagle* reached San Francisco Frank had a pretty complete rig-out safely under lock and key. Several times he donned the somewhat greasy articles of attire, and tried to survey himself in the small glass that hung in his cabin; and on the whole he was fairly well satisfied. In the day-time such a disguise might be of very little value, but at night he felt certain it would serve him in very good stead.

He grew terribly impatient as day after day passed slowly on. The voyage seemed interminable; at times he almost fancied it never would come to an end. It was the end of June when the *Beagle* entered the beautiful harbour of "Saint Francisco," as it was sometimes called; and Frank gave a sigh of relief when he saw the land once more in close proximity. Would he fail or would he succeed? The question haunted him continually. The time of the year, the state of the weather, the position of the ship in the harbour all seemed to be against him. Had it been midwinter instead of midsummer there might be some chance of eluding his gaoler in the darkness, but the evenings were so long and so bright that he almost gave up hope.

For a week after the *Beagle* came to anchor, he made no attempt to go ashore, and appeared not to care to do so.

Spring invited him several times to accompany him into the city, but each time he excused himself. He was waiting for a rainy evening, and the rain held off with cruel persistence.

His excuse to Spring was that he had but fourteen shillings in the world, and what was that to go pleasuring with? Besides, the only suit of clothes that fitted him he had worn threadbare; and he was scarcely respectable enough to go into such a fashionable place.

Bob Berry clearly saw how matters stood, for one night a tap came to Frank's window, and on opening it a small paper parcel was thrown in. No message accompanied it, and on looking out a moment later Frank could see no one near; but he had no doubt Bob was about, though he had not seen him for several days.

On opening the parcel he found it contained a false beard, and so well made that its artificial character could not be easily detected.

"Splendid!" he ejaculated, as he surveyed himself in a small mirror by the light of a wax vesta. "Given a wet evening and I shall manage now."

A few days later the rain came on. It began about noon and steadily increased till nightfall. Frank, Spring, and Captain Bender sat in the cabin all the afternoon, until the place became so warm and stuffy as to be almost unbearable.

"Look here," said Spring, as the day waned, "I am not going to stand this any longer. I'm off into the city. Will you go, Mr. Studley?"

"I think I will," Frank answered indifferently. "It's getting rather stuffy here."

"And you need not trouble about your appearance on an evening like this," Spring said ironically.

"Quite true. But wait a moment till I fish out my mackintosh and brush up a bit." And he retired at once to his cabin and locked the door.

A few minutes later he came out enveloped in a large Inverness mackintosh, which came down almost to his feet and completely hid the sailor's suit underneath.

"You'll take no harm," Spring said, with a hasty glance at him. "Now follow me."

A little delay followed in getting the gangway fixed from the ship to the wharf, during which time Frank realised how few were his chances of escape by any open-handed method.

At length, however, they stood on *terra firma*, and soon after they were walking leisurely along one of the principal streets. Spring had linked his arm in Frank's as soon as they left the ship, and in this manner they walked first along one street and then another.

A hour of this and both got tired and not a little hungry.

"What do you say to a dinner at some restaurant?" said Frank. "I have fourteen shillings. It won't go very far, it is true, particularly if we go to a swell place; but we passed a restaurant just now where I noticed they advertised four courses for a dollar. Suppose we try it."

"Gladly," said Spring. "This walk has whetted my appetite." And they turned round and began to retrace their steps.

"Here we are," said Frank, at length. "And by the number of people going in, I should say they have an eight o'clock *table d'hôte*."

"Very likely." And they mounted the steps side by side. Frank's heart was beating so fast that he had to place his hand to his side to steady it. The critical moment had come at last. He knew, too, it was his only chance. If he failed now, he felt certain no other opportunity would be given him.

To the left of the entrance was a large cloak-room with a number of big racks crossing it. This he had noticed through a slightly opened window as he passed, and this had decided him to try his experiment there. If he failed, he failed; he could not be any worse off than he was. And liberty was worth an effort to win. His plan was, while he took off his hat with one hand, to slip on the beard with the other, and while hanging up his mackintosh, to don his sailor's cap, and then walk boldly past Spring in his disguise. It would require considerable dexterity, he knew; but he had practised it so often that he was not without strong hopes that he would be able to manage it.

Twenty or thirty gentlemen were in the cloak-room when they entered, and others followed close behind. Frank kept up a conversation with his companion all the while. They stood back to back, not two yards apart. While Spring was hanging up his hat and overcoat the metamorphosis was effected. He turned round to take Frank's arm, and a bearded sailor lurched slowly past him. In a moment he ran past the sailor to the door. That was the only exit; he could wait there till Frank came out. A dozen people passed through the swing-doors, two or three sailor-looking men among the number. He waited five minutes, till the room was empty. Then he went back and looked behind every rack, behind every coat, into every nook and corner, but to no purpose. Frank's hat and mackintosh hung upon the rack, but the man himself was nowhere visible. Spring sank down on a bench and stared round him in bewilderment. It did not seem possible that any one could escape in such a way. He was talking with him but a moment before he missed him. He was scarcely an arm's length away. Had he sunk through the floor? Vanished into thin air? What had become of him? And the bewildered man gave a groan which brought an attendant to his side.

CHAPTER XII

The Die Cast

> Years following years steal something every day;
> At last they steal us from ourselves away.
>
> Pope.

Meanwhile, Madge Tyndall had reached a state of calm indifference, bordering on despair. She felt that it did not matter much what became of her. Clearly she was to be sacrificed for the general good. When, or where, or how, was a mere detail and of no consequence whatever. That others could not see the matter in the same light that she did, did not make it one whit the easier for her. Indeed, it made it all the harder. She got no sympathy. No one would believe she was making a sacrifice. John Sleeman was a chance in ten thousand—a chance that nine out of every ten Bexmouth girls would jump at. What was mere sentiment in comparison with wealth and luxury, and a fine house, and a long retinue of servants, with the prospect some day, perhaps, of being "Lady" Sleeman? But, unfortunately for her, she was the tenth girl, to whom sentiment was a great deal; and she shrank from the idea of a marriage that was a mere business arrangement and nothing more?

And yet there seemed no help for her, no loophole of escape anywhere. John Sleeman was in Bexmouth again, and had come for a lengthened stay. She met him constantly. She could not go for a walk without crossing his path, and for her father's sake she was bound to be civil to him; and when his way lay in the direction she was going, what could she do but walk by his side?

Of course, the Bexmouth people made a note of all this, and drew their conclusions accordingly. As far as the gossips could settle anything, they settled definitely, by the beginning of July, that Madge and the Squire were going to make a match of it. He went regularly to the vicarage. He and Madge had been seen walking together on several occasions. It was known that the Curate was greatly in favour of the arrangement, while the Squire was madly in love with Madge. Hence everything was as it should be, and Bexmouth on the whole was greatly pleased. It was felt to be a distinguished honour that the great London financier and company promoter should marry a girl from his native place, when even the doors of Belgravia were open to him. High as John Sleeman stood in their estimation before, this loyalty to Bexmouth raised him a peg higher still.

Madge could not remain insensible of the direction in which the tide of opinion and feeling was setting. From hints that were being constantly dropped, she became conscious that her engagement with John Sleeman was looked upon as a settled thing, and that she was regarded as a most fortunate young woman. Outwardly she made no sign, nor did she offer any explanation. Why should she? What was the use of denying or protesting? She felt that she was being hurried forward to this fate by a force she could not control. Resistance was useless; resignation alone became her.

And yet she would have resisted, but for her father. She saw how completely his heart was set upon the match—how many hopes he was building on it. It was his one chance of preferment, the one way of escape from the drudgery and poverty he had borne so long. If she failed him in this, the

disappointment would be as death to him. She saw how even the suspense was beginning to tell upon him, and how anxiously he waited for the word that would turn his hope into certainty.

What could she do, therefore, but yield to his wishes, and say the word that should lift the cloud from his troubled brow, and bring back the smiles to his sad and careworn face? Sometimes she felt reproached for holding out so long. He had been a good father to her; a little peevish and irritable at times, but that was not to be wondered at. His life had been a constant struggle to make both ends meet, and of late it had been a constant denial. With increase of expenditure there had been no increase of income, and that the children should not go short, he had denied himself.

Yes, he had been a good father, there was no gainsaying that. If he had denied them many things, it was not from want of heart or will, but from want of means. And poverty to such a sensitive man was no light burden. He had tastes above those of the vulgar crowd. He was a man of refinement and education; he had a passionate love for books and pictures; he rejoiced in pleasant surroundings. For years he had pined for what he could not get, and chafed under the galling yoke of penury. Now, by sacrificing herself she might give him his heart's desire.

One day across the tea-table she caught his eyes looking reproachfully at her, and she felt she could hold out no longer. The die would have to be cast some time. Why not now as well as later? So after tea, when her father retired to his study, she rose at once and followed him.

He looked round in surprise when she entered, for of late she had not come often into his study.

"I want to talk with you, father," she said, closing the door softly.

"Yes," he said, and then paused abruptly. There was a look in her eyes he did not quite understand.

"About John Sleeman," she went on. "He has been here a great deal lately."

"We have been friends many years," he answered.

"Yes, I know. But we will not beat about the bush. You would like me to marry him?"

"Well, Madge," he said, flushing slightly, "since you put the question in that straight way, I cannot help admitting that it would be a great satisfaction to me to see you the wife of so good a man."

"You believe he is a good man?"

"Madge, how can you ask such a question? His character is above suspicion."

"I am afraid I am very blind to his excellences," she said ironically; "but I don't suppose that matters. He has asked you for my hand, I understand."

ON THE SEVENTH NIGHT, OR VERY EARLY IN THE MORNING, THE WELCOME TAP CAME

"Yes, Madge, he has."

"And has promised you certain advantages in case I consent?"

"Well, in plain English, yes," Mr. Tyndall answered, shifting uneasily in his chair. "You see, if I become his father-in-law, he will naturally consider me."

"He has a living in his gift, I understand?"

"He will have, as soon as the transfer of the property is effected—two, in fact."

"Then he has not purchased the estate yet?"

"Not exactly. There seems to be several technical difficulties to be surmounted. But I understand the purchase is as good as settled."

Madge gave a little sigh of relief.

"And this living," she questioned, "what is it worth?"

"About a thousand a year, with a good vicarage and several acres of glebe land. Think of it, Madge!"

"I am thinking about it," she answered—"indeed, I have thought of little else lately. You would very much like the change, father? You are tired of Bexmouth?"

"No, not tired, exactly, Madge; but the constant grind and struggle dishearten me. I have tried not to complain, but it comes hard at my time of life being only a curate with a curate's salary. For myself I would not mind so much; but the children need more every day, and, alas! I cannot do for them as I would like. Jack should go to Cambridge next year, but with my present income that is out of the question."

"A thousand a year would seem a fortune to you," she said reflectively.

"Indeed it would," he answered, with an eager look in his eyes. "And think of all the other advantages—I mean from a social point of view. Lindley Major is quite an aristocratic place, I am told. A dozen county families at least attend the church, while the little town and the surrounding country are charmingly picturesque. Oh! Madge, I do try not to be unduly anxious about worldly advancement; but when one has struggled so long, such a prospect is very enticing."

For a moment she looked at him in silence. His face was flushed, his eyes had an eager look in them, his lips visibly trembled. The tears came into her own eyes in spite of herself. How little, after all, had she known of his daily struggle, his constant self-denial. Already his hair was plentifully sprinkled with grey, and there was a stoop in his shoulders that had very much increased of late.

"Poor father!" were the words that trembled upon her lips, and a pang of self-reproach shot through her heart; and yet she hesitated to speak the final word that should settle her fate.

Love had been a very precious thing to her, and of late the face of Frank Studley had been haunting her as once she imagined it would never do again. As the months had dragged their slow lengths along the thought had taken deeper and still deeper root in her mind that perhaps, after all, Jacob Wherry had been mistaken; that it was not Frank he had met in Drury Lane, but only some one very like him. Of course, that left the all-important question exactly where it was before; only he might not be quite so heartless and cruel as he had been made to appear. Indeed, there was just the shadow of a possibility that, in spite of appearances, he was honourable yet. It was only a shadow, she admitted, and a very thin shadow at that. But love such as hers had been was thankful even for a shadow to rest upon, and she cherished it still, in spite of reason and judgment, as a very precious thing.

Finding that Madge hesitated to speak, Mr. Tyndall at length turned from her with a sigh, a sigh so deep and pathetic that it stabbed her heart like a knife.

"Don't be down-hearted, father," she said impulsively. "If you don't get the living of Lindley Major it will not be my fault."

In a moment he turned his face full upon her. "You will accept John Sleeman?" he asked.

A great lump came into her throat that threatened to choke her, but she managed to get out the word "Yes," and then she turned away her head. A little word in itself, but for her it seemed the most momentous she had ever spoken.

"God bless you, Madge!" her father said. "I am sure you will be happy."

"If you are made happy it is enough," she said. "I never expect to be happy again in this world."

"Oh! nonsense, Madge. With so good a man, and so many pleasant surroundings, you will feel as though you had got into paradise."

She turned and looked at him with a pathetic expression in her eyes, but she did not answer.

"And I may tell him at once?" he asked, after a pause.

"As soon as you like, father; only I have one condition to make."

"And what is that?"

"That you get the living of Lindley Major before the marriage takes place."

"Are you afraid to trust his word?" he asked quickly.

"This is a business arrangement, father," she answered, "entered into for your sake; and I will see that you get the living before I become his wife."

"As you will, Madge. The present incumbent has resigned, so there need be no difficulty in the way, unless the question of purchase falls through; but he told me the other day the estate was as good as his."

To this Madge had no reply to make, and a minute later she stole quietly out of the room. She felt that she had done the right thing, and now that the die was cast, the prospect did not look quite so terrible as she had feared. There was a certain indefinable but very sweet joy in self-surrender which she had not calculated on. The giving up of self for the sake of others had already brought its own reward. She was really happier than she had been for a long time past.

And when on the following day she was able to note the change that had come over her father and mother, she felt that her compensation was more than sufficient. The stoop went out of her father's shoulders as if by magic; the look of pain disappeared from his face; while into his voice there came a tone that long had been absent. Indeed, he seemed a new man. He walked about the house with a firmer step and with a kindlier light in his eye; and once, when Madge was passing his study door, she caught the refrain of an old love song which he was humming softly to himself.

The bitterness came later in the day, when, looking out of the drawing-room window, she saw John Sleeman coming slowly up the garden path. With a little shiver she turned away and sat down. She felt almost angry with herself. Was an unreasonable prejudice to master her always? Was this man, whom everybody praised, always to be disagreeable in her eyes? Why could she not conquer this foolish antipathy, and discover in the man what other people saw so clearly? But the human heart is rarely amenable to reason. It goes its own way, in spite of logic. Wisdom cries aloud in the street, but it only listens when it suits its whim; for the rest, it is a law unto itself.

Madge battled with herself very resolutely that evening, but it was a hopeless struggle. And every moment the terror grew. She literally dreaded the entrance of the man whom she would have to receive as her lover, and to whose caresses she would have to submit.

(To be continued)

Being Fashioned

BY REV. J. H. JOWETT, M.A.

Wherefore girding up the loins of your mind, be sober and set your hope perfectly on the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ; as children of obedience, not fashioning yourselves according to your former lusts in the time of your ignorance: but like as He which called you is holy, be ye yourselves also holy in all manner of living; because it is written, Ye shall be holy; for I am holy.—1 Pet. i. 13—16.

"WHEREFORE!" The word gathers up all the spacious results of the previous reasonings. The present appeal is based on the introductory evangel. The inspiration of tasks is found in the recesses of profound truths. Spiritual impulse is created by the momentum of superlative facts. The dynamic of duty is born in the heart of the Gospel. "Wherefore," says the Apostle, if these be your prospects and dynamics, if you have been "begotten again into a living hope," if you are heirs to "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled," if even apparent hostilities may be converted into wealthy helpmeets, and "manifold trials" into the ministers of salvation, "gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and set your hope perfectly on the grace that is being brought unto you in the revelation of Jesus Christ."

The "wherefore" is thus suggestive of the bases of this

urgent and practical appeal. Our life is purposed to shine in Divine dignity. Our prospects are glorious. Our resources are abounding. We should therefore lay aside our laxity. Life should not be spent in idle reverie. Our movement should not be a careless sauntering. Our rest should not be a thoughtless lounging. Life should be characterised by clear sight, definite thought, eager purpose, and decided ends.

"*Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind.*" The figure of the passage is taken from the flowing garments of the Oriental dress. The flapping robes catch the wind, and wrap themselves about the legs, and become serious hindrances to easy and progressive movement. The wearer therefore lays hold of the entangling garments, and tucks them into a girdle which discharges the ministry of a belt. He gathers together the disorderly robes, and binds them into a compact and serviceable vesture. Now, the Apostle declares that a similar disorder may prevail in the realm of thought and affection. Our life may be characterised by mental slovenliness. Our thought may trail in loose disorder. We may give little or no care to the beauty and firmness of the mind. How much loose thinking there is concerning the profoundest and most vital concerns of our life! And the loose thinking does not end with itself. A loose garment may trip a man up and cause him to stumble. Loose thinking is equally perilous, and may lead to moral entanglement and perdition. Loose thinking is creative of loose living; mental slovenliness issues in moral disorder. Therefore, "gird up the loins of your mind." Put some strenuousness into your thinking. Don't let your thought drift along on the stream of reverie. Steer your thought, and strongly guide it into wealthy havens. How do I think about God? Loosely and unworthily, or with firm and fruitful conception? "God is *great*," and *greatly* to be thought about; and if I think about Him loosely, my sonship will be a stumbling and an offence. How do I think about grace? Is my thinking sluggish and unworthy, and so do I "despise the riches of His goodness"? How do I think about my spiritual call, and prospects, and destiny? Am I stumbling over my own thinking? Are my own garments my most immediate snares? Is my spiritual confusion the result of my mental indolence? "My people do not consider." In my want of strong and strenuous thinking may be found some explanation of my moral and spiritual disasters.

As it is with the element of thought, so it is with the power of affection, for perhaps in the spiritual term "mind" both thought and affection are included. We speak of "wandering affections," and truly affection may become an appalling vagrant. Affection is easily allured, easily entangled, easily snared by the worldly glitter which gleams by the side of the common way. Or if we recur to the Apostle's figure, our loose affections, like flowing garments that are blown about by the wind, entangle our faculties, and make havoc of our moral and spiritual progress. We must "gird up the loins" of our affection. It will not be child's play, but he who wants a religion of child's play must not seek the companionship of Christ. The Master spake of cutting off the right hand and plucking out the right eye, and the bleeding figure has reference to the severing of relationships and the disentangling of well-established affections. To free a flowing garment which has been caught in a thorn-hedge may necessitate rents, and to disentangle an unworthy affection may necessitate pain; but even at the cost of rent and pain the deliverance must be effected. We must gird up the loins of our trailing affections. We must not hold them so cheaply. We must not permit them to sweep the broad road, and to expose themselves to the entanglement of every obtruding thorn. We must set our affections upon things above, and for that sublime purpose we must gather them together in strenuous concentration. The Apostle's exhortation is therefore an appeal for collectedness both of thought and of feeling. It is a warning against mental and affectional looseness, and with loving urgency the Apostle pleads with his readers to pull themselves together, to gird up their loins, and with full energy of thought and feeling devote themselves to the worship and service of God.

"*Be sober.*" This is more than an injunction against intemperance in diet. Intemperance is productive of stupor. It is the enemy of a refined sensitiveness. It is creative of heaviness and sleep. And it is this closing of the senses, by whatever agency it may be induced, against which the Apostle raises his voice in clamant warning. "Be sober." Be on your guard against everything which is creative of heaviness, and which may put your senses into a perilous sleep. At all costs keep awake and vigilant! Just as excessive drinking drugs the flesh and sinks the body into a heavy sleep, so there are other conditions which create a similar stupor in the soul, and by which the moral and spiritual senses are burdened and benumbed. There are opiates and narcotics which may make us spiritually drunk, and render us unconscious of the Divine voices that peal from the heights. "Not a few sleep." The sleep is induced by opiates. There is the opiate of pleasure. There is the opiate of prosperity. There is the opiate of self-satisfaction. There is the depressing drug of disappointment. Against all these we are to be on our guard. "Be sober," and amid all the narcotising atmospheres of enchanted grounds, preserve a wakeful spirit by a ceaseless fellowship with God.

"*And set your hope perfectly on the grace that is being brought unto you in the revelation of Jesus Christ.*" Here is the spiritual attitude by which the girded and sober life may be attained. Our resources are to be found in the grace that is brought unto us in Christ. In Christ is our reservoir of power. The grace of the Lord Jesus is our dynamic. The resource will never fail me; the supply is never exhausted. It is "being brought" unto me continually, a "river of water of life." Grace is just a full river of heavenly favour, carrying all needful equipment, and rich with the potencies of eternal life. Upon this grace I am to find the basis of my hope. I am to "set my hope perfectly" upon this, as the all-sufficient energy for lifting me to the unveiled heights, and enabling me to dwell there in undisturbed serenity. I am to release my thought from hindering entanglements, and I am to deliver my affection from enslaving fellowships, and I am to preserve a vigilant sobriety amid all the sleep-inducing atmospheres of the world; and for the accomplishment of this glorious emancipation I am bidden to "set my hope perfectly on the grace that is being brought unto me in the revelation of Jesus Christ."

The Apostle now probes more deeply into the mode of godly living, and unveils a little more clearly the principle by which the holy life is fashioned. Life is formed by conformity. There is always a something towards which we tend and approximate; and "we take hue from that to which we cling." There is always a something "according to" which we are being shaped. "According to Thy word." "According to this world." "According to the former lusts." We are for ever coming into accord with something, and that something determines the fashion of our lives. Now, this principle of "forming by conforming" is proclaimed by the Apostle in the succeeding words of

this great passage; and as "*children of obedience*" we are called to a manner of life which at once demands a stern nonconformity and a strong and fervent conformity.

"*Not fashioning yourselves according to your former lusts in the time of your ignorance.*" "Not fashioning . . . according to lusts." That conformity must be broken. That "accordance" must be destroyed. Our lusts must not be our formatives, giving the shape and fashion to our lives. If our lust raise its feverish and imperious demand, we must be stern and relentless nonconformists. Are we imagining that the imperiousness of lust moves in very circumscribed ways, and that perhaps we escape from its fierce and burning tyranny? The New Testament conception of lust covers a very spacious area, and includes elements to which perhaps we should not give the appalling name. You may have the same element in different guises, now appearing as a solid, and now as a liquid, and now as a gas. And you may have the same essential vice in some tangible loathsomeness, and in some hidden and inpalpable temper. The Master told us that we have the same essential thing in anger and in murder, only one is gross and solid, while the other is gaseous and comparatively refined. But the trouble is that when vice is gaseous, we conceive it as proportionately harmless; when it solidifies into open crime it ensures our reprobation. Now, when the Master speaks of lust, He speaks of it in its gaseous state, as a condition of thought, as a state of temper, as a mode of spirit; and in this interpretation "lust" is just the essentially carnal, the itching after the world, a feverish desire for selfish pleasure, to the utter ignoring of the supremacy of the truth.

In many lives this lust is the determining and formative force; everything is made to bow to it; all the affairs of life are fashioned by it. It occupies the throne, and moulds all life's concerns into its own accord. The Apostle vehemently counsels his readers against this conformity. He pleads that the children of liberty should not retain the governing powers of their servitude. The night should not provide the patterns for the day. The season of "ignorance" should not create the ruling powers for the season of knowledge and revelation. He enjoins upon them to revolt against the old forces, to become spiritual nonconformists, not fashioning themselves after their former lusts.

"*But like as He which called you is holy, be ye yourselves also holy in all manner of life.*" The holy God is to be the formative force in our life, and to Him are we to be devoted in close and intimate conformity. "As He which called you." The call is a Divine pledge. The acceptance of the call implies a human obligation. There is the pledge on the side of God, and the obligation on the side of man. The call given and received creates an intimate fellowship. The One who calls is holy, and, by the mighty ministry of the Spirit, he who shares the fellowship is transformed into the same holiness. All fellowship with God is productive of spiritual likeness. If we gaze into His face, we shall be illumined with the light of His countenance. "Beholding as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, we are transformed into the same image." We absorb the glory of the Lord. We become transfigured by it. Again "we take hue from that to which we cling." Let us mark the breadth of the transforming process. We are to be holy "in all manner of life" The pervasive power of the Spirit is to influence every walk of life and every part of the walk. The transfiguring energy is to inhabit even the trifle, and the commonplaces of life are to be illumined by the indwelling of the eternal light. We shall grow in grace, putting on more and more of the beauty of Him in whose fellowship we dwell.

"*Because it is written, ye shall be holy, for I am holy.*" That is more than an imperative; it is an evangel. It is a command which enshrines a promise. Because God is holy, we have the promise of holiness. Therefore we may sing with the Psalmist, in words which at the first hearing may appear strange, "We give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness." Wherefore, with this glorious provision for our life, with resources more than adequate for our tasks, with power that even surpasses the grandeur of our calling, let us gird up the loins of our mind, be sober, and set our hope perfectly on the grace that is being brought unto us in the revelation of Jesus Christ.

The Heavenly Rest

BY THE LATE PRINCIPAL CAIRNS, D.D., LL.D.

HEAVEN is the rest of the worker. It is not sloth, torpor, or inactivity. That were no heaven to men of such boundless energy as have stirred and quickened the Church of God from the beginning. They are blessed "from henceforth," from the moment of their departure, and a dead and inert state like this were to them no object of desire or congratulation. But while there is no apathy, there is rest, the most pure, refreshing, and exalted. There is rest to the body from all the wear and tear of physical exertion, and from all the pain, disease, and wasting struggle which sooner or later brings the noblest Christian worker to the dust of death. There is rest to the spirit from all anxiety, disappointment, and sense of mental exhaustion, worse than bodily; from all consciousness of sin and imperfection deeply enstamped on every performance; from all overwhelming responsibility; and from all painful inequality to the greatness of the harvest, while the labourers are few. Who that knows anything of Christian labour in its highest forms—of the labour of the parent who travails as in birth till Christ be formed in the heart of children, the labour of the Christian teacher who seeks to write immortal sentences on every living book of memory and conscience, and of the labour of the minister or the missionary who strives to be pure from the blood of all men, and to meet again with joy the souls that wait the great Judgment Day—but will appreciate this delightful and soul-soothing prospect of rest? No more out in the billows, toiling in rowing, when the wind is contrary, but in smooth water and with a ripple breaking on the shore! No more down in the mine, excavating its depths amidst darkness and fire-damp, and rocky obstructions on the right hand and the left, but aloft in the pure air, with the soiled dress exchanged for the Sabbath attire, and with the weary sense recalled to the song and melody of God's own sanctuary! No more in the thick of the fight, with the tongue parched and the hand cleaving to the hilt of the sword, but seated at the festal banquet and crowned with the wreath of peace-giving victory! There are in Christ's great work-field some labourers to whom rest is sweeter than others. Some bear better than others, in all besides their equals, the burden and heat of the day. But to all rest is a necessity; and were it not held out at the end, they would utterly fail and be discouraged. How cheering is it, then, to know that the conflict is not for ever, and that "there remaineth a rest to the people of God"! That rest is a Sabbatism, the keeping of an endless Sabbath with its holy calm for ever unbroken, fresh as Eden with its dews and flowers, and with no trail of the serpent on its unwithering bloom, sealed and guarded as all must be by that covenant of love which spans with its bow of peace the home of the redeemed and the throne of God! Oh to be a partaker of that heavenly repose! Oh to meet again those who have entered into that rest! Oh to be for ever in that blessed company, where the highest effort is the purest rapture, and the circling day brings no shade or night! Thou Son of God who now dost point us to that land of rest, send down Thy hand and lift us thither! Thou Spirit of God that speaketh of the blessed dead as yet to faith, speak at last to sense, and grant us to awake and find ourselves amongst them!

Pallid Children

By Mrs. ADA S. BALLIN

From "BABY: The MOTHERS' MAGAZINE"

No mother likes to see her children looking pale, but many mothers are entirely ignorant of the causes which contribute to render and keep them so. Pallor is an expression of a condition of the blood due to a deficiency of the red corpuscles which give the characteristic colour to blood, and it is this poverty in red corpuscles which characterises the condition known as anæmia, or bloodlessness. Anæmia in children may arise from many and various causes, and some of the commonest causes may be well illustrated by the pallor which one notices so much in American children, and which is due to their living a great deal in overheated rooms, not getting sufficient fresh air, too late hours, eating too rich food, and over mental excitement. A rosy face is generally supposed to characterise a country child; but in the poorer parts of seaside towns, and in many country villages, one sees exceedingly pale children, their anæmia being largely due to the insanitary condition of the houses in which they live, and to the insufficiency of proper food. After exhausting diseases, also, children are very apt to be pale, and the doctor will say they need feeding up, to go to the seaside, and to have plenty of fresh air. Whatever may be the cause of anæmia in children, and whatever remedies may be adopted by medical men called in for the cure of the actual disease which may be the cause of pallor, there is one thing certain—namely, that it is necessary to build up fresh red corpuscles for the blood, and, by letting the child have plenty of fresh air, to see that it breathes in a sufficient amount of oxygen to oxidise the blood and keep it in a healthy condition.

It is too often the case that, when a child looks pale, parents or nurses at once decide to give it iron, often without consulting a medical man on the subject; and even if a doctor is called in, he will often give a course of iron tonics, because it has been acknowledged for generations that iron is active in increasing the number of red corpuscles of the blood. Constant dosing with iron, however, has objections, of which the chief are, that iron in many forms passes entirely unchanged through the system, that it often upsets the digestion and causes constipation, and that in liquid preparations it generally stains the teeth. As a matter of home nursing, moreover, it is unwise for mothers to give preparations of iron entirely on their own initiative. What is needed is some preparation which will, while acting as a food, build up the red corpuscles of the blood and strengthen the nerves without causing constipation; for constipation, by increasing the proportion of impure elements in the blood, injures its quality, and many cases of anæmia have been cured even by small doses, say, of sulphate of soda, which remove such impure products from the blood by acting on the bowels.

A preparation which is comparatively new to England, although it has for many years been largely employed on the Continent and in the United States, now places in the hands of mothers exactly what is wanted for such cases as I have described. It is known as Dr. Hommel's Hæmatogen, and is prepared so as to contain Hæmoglobin, rich in organic iron and albumen, and the no less important salts, including the phosphates of soda and potash, which are found in fresh meat and other articles of food, in a concentrated and purified form. It contains nothing else except chemically pure glycerine, and a very small proportion of the best Malaga wine as a flavouring. Being prepared in this way, the Hæmatogen is very palatable, and is readily taken by children. For a child under a year it is best to begin with half-teaspoonful doses before meals, three times a day; from two to five years, one teaspoonful may be given; from five to ten years, two teaspoonfuls; and above that age, a dessertspoonful twice a day just before meals. Over ten years of age, the dose may be gradually increased to a tablespoonful. Hæmatogen may be given three times a day to very young infants in doses of seven drops in the bottle—the contents, however, must not be too hot, lest the albumen contained in the Hæmatogen should coagulate. To older children it may be given in meat broth or milk, or mixed with water; or, better, just as it is, from a spoon. It is a very powerful nerve tonic, feeding the nerves with actual constituents which they need, and improving the quality of the blood by supplying exactly those ingredients in which it is lacking. As it contains no drugs of any kind, Hæmatogen is a preparation which can be safely given to pale children by nurses or mothers, even when a child does not appear sufficiently ill to need the advice of a medical man; and very good results rapidly appear, especially in cases of exhausting diseases and in chronic cases of scrofula. It is also a most valuable remedy when given to weakly children of consumptive parents.

In the case of all pale children, great care must be taken to see that the rooms they occupy are well ventilated. They should be kept, as far as possible, at a temperature of sixty degrees. When the children go out they should be warmly wrapped in all woollen clothing, and encouraged to take exercise in the open air, and be out of doors as many hours during the day as is possible, according to conditions of the weather. When a child is pale, it is a sign that the brain is not being supplied with healthy blood, and is not in a fit condition to do severe mental work; so lessons should be light and easy, if not omitted altogether. A daily bath with the chill off is of considerable importance. The skin should be well rubbed until it is in a glow of heat. During winter, of course, the children should have a fire in the room in which they are bathed, for fear of catching cold, and it is best that the bath should be given before going to bed at night. Their hours of sleep should be long, and their diet should consist largely of milk and plain food, with a fair proportion of underdone meat, soups, and fresh vegetables, especially spinach and cooked watercress. Celery and onions are also very valuable to such children, as they strengthen the nervous system.

As soon as the mother sees that her child is beginning to look pale, she should diligently enquire for the cause of the trouble, and not leave things under the impression that the child will get better without interference. Many a grave disease could be prevented if mothers would only regard slight symptoms when they first appear, and not delay too long in sending for a medical man if these symptoms seem to be growing worse.

The Home Department

Result of the Competition

THE hymns sent in have, on the whole, been disappointing; very few rose above mediocrity, freshness of thought in most being conspicuous by its absence.

The first prize is awarded to—

THE Rev. G. W. TURNER,
34, Gladstone Terrace,
Grantham,

for the following:

EASTER HYMN

Not in the tomb the Lord of Life is found;
Him, mighty Death could not a captive keep.
He rose!—tell out the tidings all around;
His rising hath for us made dying "sleep."

Our hope was sealed on that auspicious morn:
Hope—steadfast, sure—that quenched no more can be.
Christ lives again! Now monster Death is shorn
Of sting and dread he held for you and me.

Since Christ hath passed the portals dark of Death,
And forth hath come our conquering Lord and King,
We lay our lov'd ones—lost—the grave beneath
In hope undimm'd, for them again He'll bring.

Hail! wondrous King! who for the race hath come
And opened wide to Heaven the living way;
We dread not now the passage of the tomb:
It is the gate to Life!—Life's ceaseless day!

The second prize must be divided between—

Mr. W. J. FAWCETT,
26, Mount Street,
Belfast, Ireland,

for the following:

EASTER HYMN

Hallelujah! Christ arose;
Gates of Hell could not prevail.
Vain the watch, and vain the stone;
For His promise could not fail.
See the place where Christ was laid!
He is risen, as He said.

Hallelujah! Christ arose;
At the dawn of day there came
Loved disciples to the tomb,
Heard angelic tongues proclaim,
"See the place where Christ was laid.
He is risen, as He said."

Hallelujah! Christ arose;
Christ, the Lamb of God, who died.
Angels saw the rending tomb,
Men beheld His pierced side,
Keepers fell to earth as dead;
He is risen, as He said.

Hallelujah! Christ arose;
Now I know my debt is paid.
See the grave where Jesus lay!
He has full atonement made.
Glory to our King and Head;
He is risen, as He said.

And—

Miss M. DRING,
50, Church Lane,
Hornsey, N.,

for the following:

EASTER HYMN

Is He risen? Ask the Angels.
From their Home beyond the sky
They beheld Him, as, triumphant,
He ascended up on high.
"He is risen!" they are singing;
There is not one silent chord.
Could you hear those angel-voices
You would say—"Behold my Lord!"

Is He risen? Ask the Pilgrim
As he treads Life's chequered way.
He will answer, "This same Jesus
Walks beside me day by day.
If it were not for His Presence
And His strong and loving arms
I could never bear the journey,
I should faint 'neath Life's alarms."

He is risen! Join our chorus
If you feel your life's deep need
Of the Saviour, ever living,
For lost souls to intercede.
He is risen! He is risen!
Heaven and earth in song unite.
Soon, full soon, we shall behold Him,
When our faith has changed to sight.

The second prize will therefore be divided, and Mr. Fawcett and Miss Dring will each have a copy of the uniform edition of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," by Ian Maclaren.

Mr. Fawcett's hymn has a good, joyful, triumphant swing about it. Miss Dring has broken newer ground than most competitors, and shows more freshness of ideas, breaking away from the stereotyped Easter phrasing, and bringing the Resurrection more nearly in touch with everyday needs of the present time.

Honourable Mention is deserved by Miss K. Kelsey, whose hymn I should like to quote, but have not space. Next in order of merit come the Rev. E. Gray, Mr. Nairne Oliphant, Mr. F. Barker, and Mr. E. V. Owen.

Notice

THE BRITISH MONTHLY is published on the 20th of the month preceding that it is dated. The May number will be obtainable on April 20, and competitors will therefore have ample time to prepare their papers by the 1st.

New Competition

The prizes next month will be presented for the most beautiful and descriptive lines on "Spring," original or taken from the published works of any British author. Author and source must in all cases be given. Quotations must not be more than a hundred and fifty words in length.

The first prize offered will be a copy of "The Church and the Ministry in the Early Centuries," by the Rev. Principal Lindsay, D.D.; the second prize will be a copy of the new edition of "The Life of the Master," by Dr. John Watson.

The name and address of the sender, and whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, must be on each competition paper. Competitors must please write on one side of the paper only. All contributions must reach me on or before May 1. Address to "Anstice," BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

On Carpet Cleaning

Naturally the most hardly used things in a house are the carpets, and, from the very nature of their use, of course need more thorough cleaning and purifying than perhaps anything else in a house.

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ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. (*Estab. 1780.*)

To beat and shake them and brush them is good, but not sufficiently cleansing. They deserve more at one's hands, too: they deserve a little soap and water and ammonia to freshen and purify them, and show up their colours.

People living in towns and in flats or in houses and streets having no gardens, and scarcely even a back-yard worth speaking of, naturally are glad to send their carpets right away to be cleaned; they are obliged to. But it is an expensive plan, and an unsatisfactory one in many ways, one of them being the length of time one has to put up with a carpetless and disorganised house.

To those who cannot for any reason send their carpets to a cleaner, or prefer not to, and are fortunate enough to possess a little plot of grass or, better still, a fair-sized garden, a few hints as to the simplest methods of washing carpets may be useful.

Removing Grease

In the first place, all candle-grease or spots of any kind of grease must be removed by means of a hot iron and a sheet of brown paper or blotting paper, after which the carpet should be rolled up neatly and carried out into the garden and spread on the grass. Brushing it thoroughly on the grass is one of the best ways of ridding it of dust; but if the space is very small, this is apt to spoil the nice clean turf for dragging the carpet over, after the beating and shaking processes have been gone through. So in such a case the carpet should be hung over a line and beaten with long and flexible canes, and shaken well, and then have a brushing and dragging backwards and forwards on the grass.

Turkey, and other Heavy Pile Carpets

It is impossible to wash these with cloths and carpet-soap. They need quite different treatment. They must be laid face downwards on the turf, after being beaten and shaken, and thoroughly sluiced with buckets of clean soapy water, to which a little liquid ammonia has been added. The water should be thrown over them with some force, and allowed to soak through the carpet into the turf beneath.

After this has been done thoroughly all over, the carpet must be left in the sun or wind—a really fine day should be chosen for the operation—as long as possible. If it can be moved to a sloping, sunny bank, all the better for it.

At night spread it loosely in a room, and put it out-of-doors again next day, if still damp; or have a good fire lighted in the room it is in.

Lighter Carpets

Lighter makes of carpets—such as Brussels, tweed, tapestry, etc.—require a less radical method of treatment. The beating and shaking and dragging should be given them just the same, and they should be left out in the wind as long as convenient; but when the floor has been washed, and is dry, the carpet should be spread, and then carefully washed bit by bit with clean water and carpet-soap.

The best soap I know for this purpose is Cleaver's; it is worthy of all praise, and should be kept in every house for instant use in case of accident. It removes stains and spots in a magical manner, and freshens up an old carpet until it seems to have renewed its first youth.

How to Wash It

To do this successfully you need only a plentiful supply of clean soft water, soap, and several cloths.

First of all wash a small square of the carpet with a gentle, persistent rubbing with a well-soaped cloth. The water will need to be constantly changed. Then wash off the soap with clean water, and rub as dry as possible with several clean cloths.

It is a good plan for two to work together at the job, one to wash and to remove the soap, the other to come after and quickly rub dry.

A good breeze allowed to play through the room will soon complete the drying process.

The lasting powers of a carpet are greatly increased by the complete removal of the dust, for it is the grinding of this under one's feet that cuts through the threads of the carpet, Of the hygienic value of a thorough purifying it is hardly necessary to speak.

Answers to Correspondents

F. J. G.—Thank you for the trouble you took. "Emmeline" received your enclosure with many thanks.

"A READER" who has noticed that several correspondents have copies of THE BRITISH MONTHLY to dispose of, suggests that all who have finished with their copies should send them to missionaries, by whom they would be keenly appreciated, as he knows from experience, having for long sent a copy to India. He is now taking another copy to send to another missionary. This is a suggestion which might well be followed up. I suppose we at home, where magazines so abound, would find it hard to realise the boon some of our discarded ones would be to those who are labouring in far-away lands, cut off to a great extent from all such luxuries.

JESSIE.—I was very glad to hear you had benefited so much by my suggested cure for soft corns. They are most agonising things; only those who have them know the full amount of suffering they can cause.

NORWICH.—The lines you enquire about are to be found in "A Thousand and One Gems of English Poetry," selected by Mackay. He has only one poem by Robert Southwell, and that happens to be the one you want. The whole of the verse is as follows:—

> The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
> She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
> Her tides have equal times to come and go;
> Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:
> No joy so great but runneth to an end,
> No hap so hard but may in time amend.

MELISANDE.—Yes, I can supply you with a recipe for rhubarb jelly. Wipe the sticks of rhubarb with a clean wet cloth, and cut into pieces an inch long. To each pound of rhubarb add three-quarters of a pound of white sugar. Bring it to the boil, and let it stay boiling for ten minutes, or until the juice is well drawn out. Strain it into a preserving-pan, and let it boil quickly until it clings to the spoon. Skim it, and put it into jam-pots or moulds.

M. D.—Thank you for your charming letter. Did I not give you the right pseudonym? your old one? At any rate, the answer was meant for you. I hope you had a pleasant surprise on opening this number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY. I am sure you have deserved success, you have tried so pluckily.

JOAN.—You are too young yet to enter a hospital. Twenty-one is the age at the Children's Hospitals. However, you can but write and state your case. I would advise you to get a copy of "The Nursing Profession, How and Where to Train," by Sir H. Burdett (2*s.* 6*d.*). Any bookseller could get it for you, or you could yourself send for it from the Scientific Press, Ltd., 28 and 29, Southampton Street, W.C.

PATTY.—Here is a recipe for one kind of oatmeal cake. I wonder if it is what you want? Put a pound of oatmeal into a basin, a very small pinch of baking soda, and a small teacupful of tepid water. Mix well. Spread some dry meal on the baking-board, lay the dough on it, and knead with the knuckles. Roll out smooth with rolling pin. It should be very thin. Cut it with a cutter, and bake in a moderate oven until crisp, but not brown. A teaspoonful of melted dripping in the mixture is a great improvement.

AMABEL.—I strongly advise you to buy delaine for your blouses, it is so soft and comfortable to wear, very pretty, and washes beautifully. Delaines are so very fashionable this year, you will find plenty of choice in the shops. Nun's veiling is delightful for blouses too, and it washes splendidly. Blue seems to be a very favourite colour—blues of all shades and tints are to be seen in most of the shops, and nothing looks brighter and fresher in the spring and summer than a pretty blue costume; but of course great discretion is required in matching the shades for hats and trimmings, and sunshade.

ASPHODEL.—Orange sauce is quite easy to make, and is a delicious addition to some puddings. I think if you follow this recipe you will find the sauce quite satisfactory: Melt one ounce of butter in a saucepan, stir into it half an ounce of corn-flour, or common flour if you have not the other, then add the juice of four large oranges and the grated rind of one, with two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar. Boil for a minute, and serve poured round the pudding.

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Delicious ! Delicious ! !
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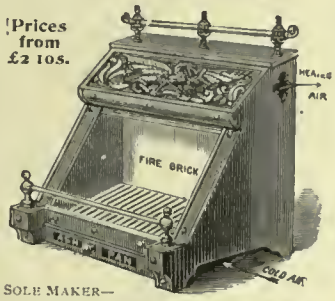

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"Nov. 3, 1902.

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SEND YOUR ADDR SS for Peach's Illustrated Buyer's Guide for 1903. The most complete List of Lace Goods issued. **WRITE TO-DAY.** Peach's Registered Designs in :—

LACE CURTAINS REAL SWISS | GUIPURE D'ART MADRAS MUSLINS | ROLLER BLINDS LACES, ALL MAKES | CAPES BLOUSES | COLLARETTES TABLE AND HOUSEHOLD LINENS | LADIES AND GENTS LOOM HOSIERY

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Clarke's Blood Mixture, the World-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer, is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from whatever cause arising. For Eczema, Scurvy, Scrofula, Bad Legs, Ulcers, Glandular Swellings, Skin and Blood Diseases, Boils, Pimples, Blotches, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real Specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the cause from the Blood and Bones.

Clarke's Blood Mixture has stood the test for 30 years, and thousands of testimonials of wonderful cures have been received from all parts of the world.

It is pleasant to the taste, and warranted free from anything injurious to the most delicate constitution of either sex, from infancy to old age, and the Proprietors solicit sufferers to give it a trial to test its value.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world, price **2s. 9d.** per bottle, and in cases containing six times the quantity, price **11s.,** sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases.

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Do not drive Piles into the blood by the use of strong ointment. AMEL JELLY, the only Natural remedy, heals, soothes, softens immediately and prevents return of Piles. Leaves no stain. Post Free 1/1½. Send stamped and addressed envelope for free sample.
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Dunlop licensed Tyres, Free Wheels, Rim Brakes, plated Rims.
£12 SAMPLE CARRIAGE PAID to any Railway Station for cash, £6 6s.; or £6 : 6 send 40/- with order, and balance, 86/-, on its arrival.
EASY PAYMENTS, 10/- WITH ORDER,
balance payable 4/-, 6/-, 8/-, 10/-, or 20/- monthly, until £6 6s. has been paid, and 5/- extra cost booking. Agents Wanted.
Dept. 73, DEREHAM ROAD CYCLE CO., NORWICH.

REMEMBER
THE
BLACK BEETLES.
TELL YOUR COOK
To well sprinkle the floor near the fireplace and kitchen cupboard last thing at night with
"KEATING'S POWDER"
unrivalled killer of Fleas, Beetles, Moths. (Harmless to animals.) Sold everywhere, *only* in tins, 3d., 6d. and 1/- each.

LILY.—Thank you very much for all the enclosures you so kindly sent me. I am much interested in all you wrote, and the verses, etc., you have sent. I am sorry your hymn did not win one of the prizes. Will you write to me again? I should like so much to hear from you. I can quite understand the help some of your verses have been to those in sorrow and pain. It must be a great pleasure to you to write them, knowing that they do help.

BRIDE.—I expect you would find a "sit-down" tea not quite so convenient under the circumstances; with people coming and going the so-called "afternoon tea" is really more manageable. But for a family tea, and on ordinary occasions, I think there is no comparison between the comfort of the modern arrangement and the old-fashioned "plate" tea. I have always found the little lemon tea-cakes very much liked. Make them as follows: Sift half a pound of flour into a basin, and rub six ounces of butter well into it; add also the grated rind of a lemon, two ounces of chopped blanched almonds, and half a pound of castor sugar. Mix well together, and stir in a well-beaten egg; mix to a stiff paste, and turn out on to a floured board; roll it out to about half an inch in thickness, and cut into small rounds with a cutter. Bake in a hot oven for from eight to ten minutes.

SPRING-CLEAN.—I think you would find that the trouble required in preparing the following would be worth the taking when you saw the improved appearance of your marble mantelpieces. Take a pound of yellow soap and shred it into a saucepan with a pound of common washing soda. Add just sufficient water to cover it, allow it to boil until both soap and soda are quite dissolved, then add three-quarters of a pound of powdered whitening, and two ounces of powdered potash. Let it all boil up together, and place in a jar, and when cold it can be used just as ordinary soap. Milk is the best thing to remove an inkstain from a carpet, if applied at once; but if the ink is allowed to dry, some very much stronger remedies are necessary. I recommend a wash with Cleaver's carpet-soap.

ANSTICE.

Anstice will be pleased to hear from correspondents, and answer any questions they may care to ask connected with the "Home Department."

The Children's Corner

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

I have much pleasure in awarding the Handwriting prizes to—

MEG WEBSTER (aged 7½),
Oakdean,
Barnsley.

HERBERT W. HOWARD (aged 7),
Bryn-Allt,
96, Tyrwhitt Road,
St. John's, S.E.

WILLIAM ROBERT MARIES (aged 13),
230, Hoe Street,
Walthamstow,
Essex.

MARIAN HESKETH (aged 9),
65, Brook Street,
Selby.

SPECIAL MENTION

Greta Yeo, Nellie Hesketh, Gladys Makepeace, M. Leslie Hancock, Marie Swan, Ernest Dacres, Harold Howard, Arthur Harrison, Emily Binks, Henrietta Brook, May Cox, Rosa Cratchley, Margaret Moir, William Harrison, Lovel Mack, Mabel Curnon, Thomas Adamson, Lilian Welham, Leonard French, Amy Churnside, Donald Jacob, Fanny Dickinson, Olive Doke, Clement Doke, Eveline Walker.

HONOURABLE MENTION (Not in Order of Merit)

Dorothy Duggleby, Ian Hunter, Christian Temple, Bertram Jacob, Elsie Bull, Ellen Williams, Ellen Welham, Allen Devine, William Strathearn, Herbert Batten, Elsie Daniel, Frances Cockersole, Mary Gifford, Jessie Gait, Nettie Allpress, Kitty

Dickinson, William Hunter, Alex Johnston, Bertie Sawday, Kenneth Dickinson, Margaret Kinross, Henry Barrass, Edith Engvall, Ella Lofts, Janet Johnston, Leonard Adamson, Alexander Gammie, Eric Paterson, Constance Maston, Jessie Lill, Louie Coates, Jack Dakers, David Brown, Annie Cass, Maggie Jameson, Ethel Aikman, Bessie Swan, Charles Campbell, Gwendoline Hutchen, Ruby Hollins, Amelia Moir, Kathleen Aikman, Annie Brindle, Lilian Davison, Donald Vick, No Name, Alice Davidson, Edith Edwards, Launcelot Clarke, Stanley Adamson, Doris Smith, Edith Bonar, Walter Nunn.

It was very difficult to judge this competition because so many of you came near together, and some of the writing was really beautiful. You see I have given four prizes. Doris Smith made a beautiful primrose border round her paper, which I thought very pretty.—I thank Mr. Jacob for his letter; I thought his boys' writing particularly good.—I also thank Mr. Hesketh for his letter, and am glad Nellie is better.—I am pleased that Harold Howard liked his prize. Herbert Howard, his brother, tells me that the hymn in the competition was learnt by him when he was only four.—Gwendoline Hutchen sends me such a pretty postcard of Prescot.—Do you collect postcards, Gwendoline?—I am sure you tried your best, Leonard French, and your writing was very nice.—I hope you will enjoy being in the country, Dorothy Duggleby. What is the name of the place you are going to?

Here is one of the letters I have received:—

MY DEAR AUNT MATTY,

As my brother and sister are going to try for the penmanship, I would try as well. I try to do the best I can, and the best can do no more. I am only seven. Do please give me the prize.—From your loving

KITTY.

Well, Kitty, you must keep on trying, and not lose heart. Some day, I believe, you will win.

I have received a nice letter from W. R. Maries, who says: "My hobby is cycling. I am very fond of it. The farthest I have been is Ongar, but I hope to get to Chelmsford in the summer holidays. . . . I like drawing very much, and wish to become an architect. I received the practical geometry prize at the annual prize distribution." I hope to hear again from you, William, and some day you may plan a house for Aunt Matty. Who knows?

I thought D. M. Brown wrote very nicely. And I liked the verses chosen by Eveline Walker.

Jack Philips is saving up for a motor car. He has got almost a pound, and expects to have enough money in several years. Do you not think you will get tired of this, Jack?

Jeanne D'Aincourt is going a tour round the world. She starts in April. I think you are very lucky, Jeanne, and I hope you will write to me from time to time.

I have received the following letter:—

DEAR AUNT MATTY,

We have got the most lovely little dog you ever saw. It is a little fox-terrier, and we call it "Pompey." Isn't Pompey a pretty name? It does all sorts of tricks; it tries to stand on its head. Is not this funny? It also opens the door with its paw. I wish I had time to tell you of all the tricks it can do. We are going for our Easter holidays to Grimsby, and we are going to take Pompey with us. I hope he will be good. Good-bye now.

With much love,
Your loving nephew,
ALAN HICKLEBEACH.

I hope Alan will write to me again.

AUNT MATTY.

New Competition

I want you to find in the Bible (without the aid of a Concordance) all the precious stones that are mentioned. Write all you can find, and mention the colour of the stone, if you know it.

Papers, with name, age, and address *clearly* marked, should be sent to "Aunt Matty," BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London, before May 1.

National Waifs' Association

(DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES).

Patron: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

(1) Is the Unofficial Waif Society of ALL the Churches, every child being brought up in the religion of its parents.

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(3) Freely ADMITTED 3,501 fresh CASES in 1902, and maintained during the year 9,785 Children.

(4) NEVER DECLINES a Destitute Child, even if Sick, Afflicted, Incurable, or a Helpless Infant.

(5) IS FREELY ADMITTING 67 new cases every week from all over the Kingdom.

(6) SEARCHES FOR AND SEEKS OUT Necessitous Children in the Slums of all our Great Towns.

(7) EARNEST EFFORTS are unceasingly being made to bring all the Young Inmates to a personal knowledge of Christ.

(8) Secures to the offspring of NONCONFORMISTS Evangelical Free Church Teaching.

(9) TOTAL ABSTINENCE is inculcated as a life-long duty.

(10) NO ELECTION; NO WAITING LIST; No Money Promise; No Barriers on account of Age, Sex, Creed, Nationality, or Physical Health. Destitution is the only and essential qualification.

(11) An Organised System of EMIGRATION to our Colonies is in active operation, about 1,000 Boys and Girls being emigrated annually.

(12) Has already RESCUED, TRAINED, and PLACED OUT IN LIFE 48,057 Orphan Waifs.

(13) AT LEAST £200 PER DAY is required for Food alone.

Will not kind hearts everywhere pity and help Little Children who are in dire need from Hunger and Cold and Destitution?

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"Some months ago I was in a very bad state of health, owing to a weak digestion.

"I am a dairyman, and having to get up very early in the morning, have always been in the habit of taking a cup of tea before leaving home, but I had to give it up, as it used to make me feel sick and bad.

"My doctor advised me to try cocoa, so I decided to try Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and am glad to say have derived much benefit from it, as it has positively cured my indigestion, and I can honestly say I feel stronger and better altogether than I have done for some time. I really cannot speak too highly of your Vi-Cocoa, as it is a food as well as a delightful beverage; I think it is marvellous. I have recommended it to several friends."

"Undoubted Purity and Strength."—*Medical Magazine.*
"In the Front Rank of Really Valuable Foods."—*Lancet.*

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Things Worth Noting

HYGIENIC WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR.—The hygienic woollen underwear manufactured by Mr. R. W. Forsyth, of Renfield Street, Glasgow, cannot fail to recommend itself. The leading characteristic of this hygienic speciality is its rich and delicate softness, combined with a beautiful silky appearance, which serves to render the article most comfortable and pleasing. The wool used in its manufacture, which is of the finest description, is not only pure, but consists entirely of the long staple of the fleece. The result is produced by the process called "combing," which removes the short or waste wool from the yarn, and frees it from all tendency to thicken or "mill" in wearing or washing. The article is thus made practically unshrinkable, thereby securing for it wonderful durability. All garments are made in three weights suitable for wear in winter, spring or autumn, and summer, and the prices at which they can be obtained are very reasonable. Mr. R. W. Forsyth publishes a capital illustrated catalogue of his underwear, a copy of which will be sent gratis to any reader of THE BRITISH MONTHLY upon application.

HINTS ON GARDENING.—We notice that "Kelway's Manual" for 1903 is now ready. Any who take interest in their garden should send eighteen pence to Messrs. KELWAY SONS, LANGPORT, SOMERSET, for a copy of this publication. It literally overflows with useful information, and the artistic illustrations which appear on almost every page add much to its value. Those who are in doubt as to what would grow to the best advantage in any spot in the garden will find the best of advice in "Kelway's Manual," and one might say that those who want to learn anything about flower, fruit, or vegetable growing, be they experienced gardeners or novices, will find this publication of great value to them.

A PERFECT FOOD.—The latest production of THE NATURAL FOOD COMPANY is known as TRISCUIT, and claims to be a perfect food, composed of whole wheat, and baked by electricity. The natural and whole wheat grain contains all the properties found in the human body more nearly in the correct proportions than any known available food, but in the fine milling of the wheat into white flour the essential parts of the whole grain are removed. In the manufacture of "Triscuit" no attempt has been made to improve upon nature, therefore nothing has been added and nothing taken from the perfect whole wheat. It can be used as toast wafer or bread, and without further cooking or baking it can be served and eaten immediately, either alone or when combined to make attractive, palatable, and nourishing dishes. It is adaptable to many ways of serving. It may be used as a bread in place of the ordinary white flour bread, and as toast in place of toast made with bread. Used in combination with marmalade or jam it is delicious. It may take the place of ordinary wafers or biscuits, etc., at luncheon with cocoa, tea, or other beverages. To any who send a penny to the London Agent, Mr. C. E. INGERSOLL, 6 and 8, Eastcheap, London, E.C., a sample of TRISCUIT will be sent post free.

THE Cunard liner *Campania*, which sailed for New York on March 21, had on board a Yost Typewriter and a lady operator and shorthand writer for the convenience of saloon passengers. This innovation will doubtless be much appreciated by business and professional men.

Royal Warrant for the Yost Typewriter from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

FOR steady wear no goods are superior to those manufactured by the "Old Bleach" Linen Company. They are treated in the good old fashion and they last in the good old fashion. The towels, pillow-slips, etc., have the additional advantage of being turned out in a thoroughly artistic style. For the purposes of drawn thread and other fancy work, "Old Bleach" linens are unrivalled, as the threads of the warp and weft are equal in size and quality.

Peggy and the Parrot

"I HAVE seen a parrot this morning," said Mrs. Sully to her little daughter, "and I mean to give it you for a birthday present if you do not once lose your temper before the first of June."

The first of June was Peggy's birthday. She would be ten on that day. She had wanted to have a parrot for almost three months now; she thought it would be so lovely to have a bird that could talk.

"Mother, can this parrot speak?" she demanded, skipping about the room with pleasure.

"Yes," said Mrs. Sully. "I do hope you will earn this present, my child. You know you have been very cross and passionate lately."

Peggy hung her head, then lifted it with a bright look, and said heartily, "Mother, I will try with all my might."

* * * * * *

All went well with Peggy till one day about the middle of May. She had kept her temper so nicely that her nurse that morning had remarked to Mrs. Sully, "Bless her! she deserves that parrot, she do!"

But, alas! that very afternoon the storm broke.

"Nurse," said Peggy, rushing in from school, "where is Almirah's hat?"

"That old doll's hat, miss? Why, surely you don't want that! I threw it away yesterday."

"You *didn't*!" said Peggy, with blazing eyes. "It wasn't old at all! I *specially* wanted it this afternoon."

"Well, it's no use your being angry about it, Miss Peggy," said Nurse warmly. "It's gone for ever now."

"You had no right to throw it away without asking me!" shouted Peggy, stamping her foot. "You're a nasty, horrid old thing!"

"You won't get your parrot now, miss," said Nurse grimly. "What a pity, to be sure!"

"I don't want the parrot; I want the hat!" said Peggy, pink with anger.

Nurse went out and shut the door.

* * * * * *

That night Peggy confessed to her mother that she had lost her temper. Mrs. Sully listened in silence.

"So I won't have that dear parrot," finished Peggy, who was calm now, and much cast down.

"I'm very sorry about it, Peggy," said Mrs. Sully; "but you must keep on trying to be good."

Peggy went upstairs to bed sober and sad, but resolved that she would not cease her efforts to subdue the angry spirit that lived in her heart. "Even though I never earn a parrot, I must go on trying," was her last waking thought.

* * * * * *

The first of June dawned brilliantly, and Peggy came downstairs in a new white muslin dress. On the breakfast-table lay several parcels. Mrs. Sully watched her little daughter's pleasure as she untied the various packages, and found a story-book, a purse, a doll, and a bright shilling.

She had a lovely day, tea in the garden with mother, and when it was time to go to bed, she said, "Oh, mother! it's been perfect. Just fancy—I'm really ten years old! Well, good-night, darling mother."

"Stay," said Mrs. Sully. "I have one more present for you."

She led the way across the hall to the morning-room, Peggy following in great excitement.

The little girl had stopped thinking about the parrot. So when she caught sight of the cage, and a beautiful green bird perched inside, she nearly cried with joy.

"Is it *really* for me, mother?"

"Really for you."

"But why, I was cross—don't you remember?—over that doll's hat."

Mrs. Sully smiled, and said, "Yes, my dear; but I have watched you trying to conquer your temper, and this is a prize for trying."

And the parrot suddenly remarked, "Just so!"

BUN MAKING MADE EASY
Most delicious Almond, Lemon, and Vanilla Buns can be made with perfect success by the most unskilled person by using
EIFFEL TOWER
BUN FLOUR
Sold in 1d. and 3½d. packets by all grocers, or send a post card for Free Sample (enough for 15 Buns), to Foster Clark & Co., 522, Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidstone.

IRON BUILDINGS AND FITTINGS
New and Second-hand Churches, Chapels, and School-Rooms. Every description of Church, Chapel, and School Fittings, Seats, Pulpits, Lecterns, Desks, Forms, etc., made by the latest improved Machinery; also Cottages, Stables, Coach-houses, Farm Buildings, Sheds for Manufacturing Purposes. Several Buildings always on view, and 50 tons of Iron kept in stock. Plans, designs, and estimates free on application. Buildings shipped and erected in any part of the World.
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South African Branch—Iron Building and Joinery Works, POINT ROAD, DURBAN, NATAL.

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gives sure, safe and speedy relief. Hinksman's Asthma Reliever is supplied by all Chemists in tins at 1/-, or post free from the Maker at same price. If you wish to prove its marvellous value write for FREE TRIAL to J. HINKSMAN, Chemist, CARLUKE, N.B.

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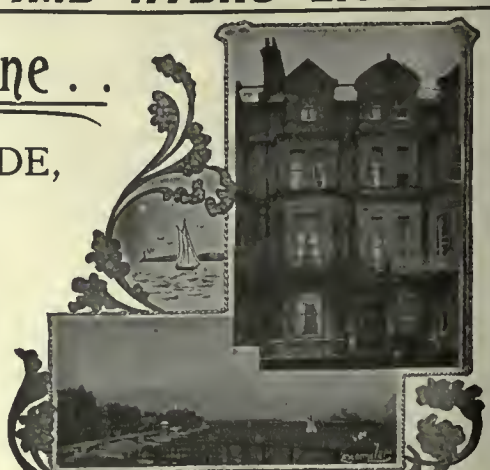

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No. 31. Vol. III. JUNE, 1903 SIXPENCE NET

NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, 27, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

The Editor will be glad to receive interesting photographs, with short accompanying paragraphs, from the readers of the magazine. Every effort will be made to return unused contributions when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed; but the Editor cannot be responsible for the return of manuscripts or photographs which are sent to him. Contributions for the next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, *to be published on* JUNE 20, *should reach the Editor by* JUNE 1 *at latest.*

Illustrated Notes

The next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be published on* JUNE 20, *and should be on sale at all Newsagents' and Booksellers' on that date. The Publishers will be greatly obliged if readers who have any difficulty in securing copies of* THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be good enough to communicate with them.*

THE next issue of THE BRITISH MONTHLY will be published on June 20, and will take the form of a Guthrie memorial number. Dr. Guthrie, the centenary of whose birth occurs in July, has thousands of admirers, not only in this country, but in all parts of the world, and we have decided to do what in us lies to issue an attractive number, setting forth the story of one of the most famous and most delightful of Scottish preachers. Thirty years have passed since the grave closed over all that was mortal of Thomas Guthrie, but he still lives in the memory of not a few who recall with delight his radiant personality, his eloquent preaching, but perhaps most of all, his beneficent labours among the slums of Edinburgh. The letterpress, for which Alexander H. Japp, LL.D., F.R.S.E., has become responsible, will contain much hitherto unpublished material, throwing fresh light upon Dr. Guthrie's life. The number will be superbly illustrated, and, as a whole, will be produced on such a scale as to form a permanent addition to the literature dealing with the life and work of Dr. Guthrie.

Photo by V. M. Hick, Bridge Studio, Horncastle
REV. THOMAS LORD

THE REV. THOMAS LORD, of Horncastle, is reputed to be the oldest Congregational minister in England, if not in the world. This venerable preacher, who completed his ninety-fifth year on April 26, was born at Olney, the town in which the poet Cowper lived for so many years. Mr. Lord began his ministry so long ago as 1834, while the Sailor-King was still on the throne. In that year he undertook the pastoral oversight of the little Church at Wollaston, where he laboured for eleven years with much acceptance. His second pastorate was at Brigstock, which was the scene of his labours for other seventeen years. Subsequently he held pastorates at Horncastle, Deddington, and Great Bridge, retiring from the active work of the ministry in 1878—a quarter of a century ago. He, however, continued to supply in the neighbourhood of Great Bridge till 1896, when, in consequence of failing sight, he removed to "The Wong," at Horncastle, the residence of his married daughter. Mr. Lord has been an active temperance worker for upwards of seventy years; a member of the Liberation Society since its formation; a warm advocate of the principles of the Peace Society and of the United Kingdom Alliance, the inaugural meeting of which he attended. In the work connected with his own denomination Mr. Lord has been equally energetic. He was one of the founders of the Congregational Total Abstinence Association; and he was always an ardent supporter of the London Missionary Society. In short, it may be said of Mr. Lord that as far as his time and abilities permitted every good work had in him a warm friend. Up to eight months ago he took occasional services in and around Horncastle. His last appearance on a public platform was in December, when he took part in a meeting to protest against the Education Bill. Mr. Lord is now somewhat enfeebled physically, but mentally he is as alert as most men at fifty. Our photograph was taken in Mr. Lord's ninety-fourth year.

IN the death of the venerable Welsh scholar and lexicographer Chancellor Silvan Evans, D.Litt., the Welsh Church and

Photo by F. E. Hamer
CHANCELLOR SILVAN EVANS

Welsh literature lose one of their most distinguished representatives. He was working at Welsh dictionaries in the first half of the nineteenth century, and he was still working in the same field at the beginning of the twentieth. For many years past in the quiet rectory of Llanwrin, on the banks of the Doney, Dr. Evans and his son, Dr. J. H. Silvan Evans, have been working at a Welsh-English Dictionary on the lines of Dr. Murray's Oxford Dictionary. Four volumes have been published, and the fifth (Letter E) is now passing through the press. Among the many honours that reached the aged Chancellor none was more prized than that of the honorary degree of D.Litt., given him by the Welsh University in recognition of his services to Welsh literature and the critical study of the Welsh language. He was buried in his doctor's robes.

Photo from the Surrey Photographic Co., Reigate
REV. G. CURRIE MARTIN, M.A., B.D.

THE REV. G. CURRIE MARTIN, M.A., B.D., who has just resigned his pastorate in order to accept the Professorship of New Testament and Patristics in the United College, Bradford, Yorks, completed the eighth year of his ministry at Reigate on the first Sunday in May. Mr. Currie Martin has had a very successful ministry. In the general work of the Congregational Union Mr. Currie Martin has taken much interest, and has been, for some years, Honorary Organising Secretary of the Young People's Union. He has just been elected President of the latter for the year 1904, in succession to Mr. Edwyn Holt. Mr. Currie Martin's first pastorate was at Nairn. He received his training at Edinburgh University and New College, London, and studied also for some time at Marburg. His interest in New Testament studies has been evidenced by articles in various publications, and by his editing a volume of the "Century Bible."

THE REV. W. HARDY HARWOOD has been spending a short holiday at Crowborough, in Sussex. He was threatened with serious illness, owing to the worry he passed through in connection with the Congregational Secretariat, but is now recovered. He received many letters from ministers and friends all over the country, some urging him to accept the post, and others entreating him to remain at Union Chapel. While all regret that Mr. Harwood's remarkable business talents will not be placed at the disposal of the Union, there is no denying that serious anxiety was felt as to who should succeed him in his great position at Islington. At the time of writing no other name has come before the Committee.

IN the hamlet of Aston-upon-Canant, about two miles by rail from Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, there is a little chapel with three or four worshippers which belongs to a little community called the Seventh Day Baptists, who, counting Sunday as the first day, hold their Sabbath on the Saturday, basing their belief upon the command to rest upon the seventh day. The chapel was founded by a farmer, an ancestor of the present occupier of the farm to which it is attached. The tiny building, which is about the size of a cottage kitchen, curiously enough, has a gallery. There is seating accommodation for twenty-five persons. The furniture consists of a pulpit, communion table, a cushioned-back seat for the elders, and rough benches for the rest of the congregation. At the back of the room a small staircase ascends to the little gallery.

THE May Meetings of 1903 were amongst the largest ever known. The Bible Society, the Religious Tract Society, and other great institutions can congratulate themselves on a magnificent attendance; but perhaps the most successful

SEVENTH DAY BAPTIST CHAPEL

meetings of all were those of the Baptist Union. The President of the year, Mr. George White, M.P., won all hearts by his geniality and his enthusiasm for great causes. He proved an admirable orator, not only in his great address, but in the many side speeches which fall to every President's share. Mr. White spends as much time as possible in his beautiful home, The Grange, Norwich. The new House of Commons time-table suits him very well, as he goes to Norwich usually on Saturday morning, and does not return until Monday afternoon. His favourite recreation is golf, and he is an excellent player. Mr. White's daughters accompanied him to the Baptist Union meetings, and were present at the City Temple to hear his address, which is now being widely read amongst the Churches all over the country.

Photo by Valentine & Co., Dundee
SIR THOMAS THORNTON, LL.D., J.P.

SIR THOMAS THORNTON, LL.D., the Town Clerk of Dundee, who has just passed away after a long and brilliant career of public service in the city which he loved so well, was in many respects a most notable man. It is not too much to say that he had the lion's share in the making of modern Dundee. The history of his work is the history of the city for two generations. He it was that procured the authority to raise Dundee to the dignity of a city. A man of great force of character, Sir Thomas rose from the ranks, and in the process owed nothing of his advancement to family connections or social influence. He was much more than a hard-headed lawyer and a shrewd man of affairs. It was the religious side of his character which perhaps appealed most to the denizens by the banks of the Tay. An ardent Free Churchman, the religious sympathies of this rugged Scotsman were all with the Evangelical school. Indeed, he may be described as a sturdy Calvinist who clung tenaciously to the old paths. He had no patience with the innovations that have crept into modern worship, and he never lost an opportunity of saying what he thought about the matter. He held that music and organs had no share in the religious elevation of Scotland; and while the organ movement in our Churches was still young, he addressed a scathing philippic on the subject to the Free Church Presbytery of Dundee. Why, he once asked, should the glory of the Scottish people—even the preaching of the blessed Evangel—be subjected to the slander that attractive services are necessary for the Scottish race? Sir Thomas's views on certain points of Church worship may have been too pronounced. At the same time it is difficult to admire too highly his manly Christian character, and the valiant stand he made at all times for what, after all, must be the hall-mark of every living Church—evangelical preaching. Dundee may well mourn the passing of Sir Thomas Thornton! It may be long ere the city looks upon his like again.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF DR. CHALMERS

MR. WILLIAM JOHNSTON
SECRETARY, SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE

PROBABLY not many of our Scottish readers are aware that the tiny two-storied house in the little seaport of Anstruther in which Thomas Chalmers was born on March 17, 1780, still stands. The excellent photograph which we reproduce will enable admirers of the great Free Church leader to identify the house the next time they spend a holiday in the quaint Fife town. It is worth recalling the fact that exactly a century has elapsed since

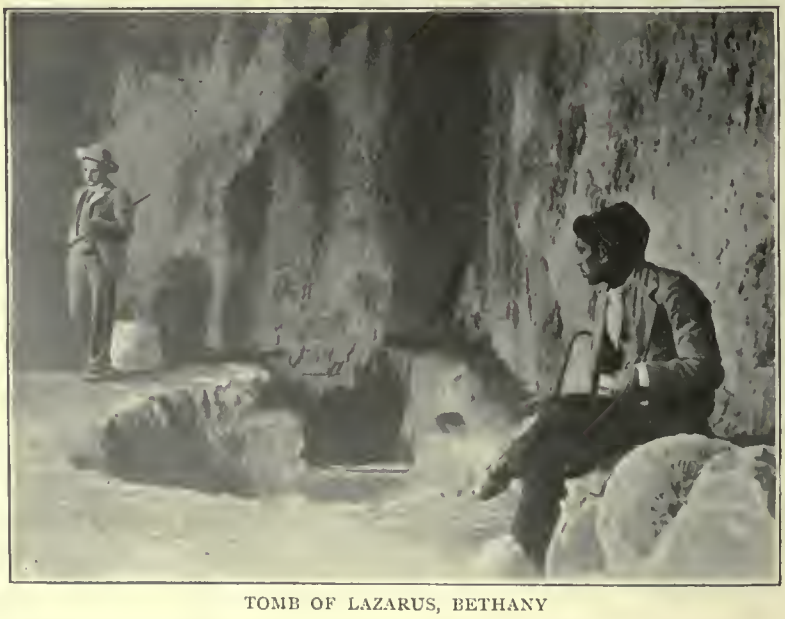
Dr. Chalmers, then in his twenty-third year, began his ministry in the quiet country parish of Kilmany.

BRIGFLATT'S MEETING-HOUSE, WHERE GEORGE FOX PREACHED

THE Friends' Meeting-house at Brigflatts, near Sedbergh, was one of the scenes of the religious revival that spread through the dales of Westmorland and Yorkshire during the latter part of the seventeenth century, under the preaching of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends. The little meeting-house, which bears the date 1567 over the porch, is still used for Divine worship, as likewise the original benches and fittings. One of the features of interest about the interior is the "dog-pen," a space about four feet square near the door, enclosed by a railing and gate. George Fox himself preached here on one occasion to a company of 600 people, who gathered in and about the tiny building. Writing of the event in his "Journal," he says: "There were most part of the Friends from round about, and a great concourse of other people also, and a very good Meeting it was, wherein Truth was largely declared, and preciously opened, to the comforting and refreshing of the Faithful, and the drawing near of them that were afar off."

DUDDINGSTON, THE CHURCH IN WHICH SIR WALTER SCOTT WAS AN ELDER

THE settlement of a new minister (Rev. William Serle, B.D.), in the parish of Duddingston, near Edinburgh, recalls many interesting memories. The picturesque Norman church nestling pleasantly under the shadow of Arthur's Seat, and overlooking a fine sheet of water, which affords excellent skating facilities for Edinburgh people in winter time, was for many years the scene of the pastoral labours of John Thomson, who became the greatest Scottish landscape-painter of his time, and to whose memory a stained-glass window has just been erected in the church by his nephew Mr. Lockhart Thomson, of Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott, prior to his secession to Episcopacy, was a member of the Kirk Session of Duddingston, a fact which, by the way, is not to be found in Lockhart's Life of



TOMB OF LAZARUS, BETHANY

Scott. It was in the manse (shown in the picture), while on a visit to Thomson, that Scott wrote a portion of "The Heart of Midlothian." At the entrance to the churchyard hang the "jougs," an iron collar which in the old days enclosed the necks of vagrants, scolding wives, and other objectionable persons.

OUR readers will be interested in the photograph which a correspondent has sent us of the rock-hewn tomb at Bethany, known as Lazarus' tomb. In order to inspect the sepulchre, the Bible student, candle in hand, descends twenty-six narrow, slippery steps. The costliness of these rock-hewn tombs, and the time taken in making them, are indicated in the words addressed by Isaiah to Shebna the scribe, "Thou hast hewed thee out a sepulchre." It will be remembered that our Lord called to Lazarus with "a loud voice," not only as to a sleeping man, but to one whose body lay a considerable distance off, the voice having to travel circuitously down the rocky cavern of the tomb.

MR. VON OGDEN VOGT, who succeeded Mr. Willis Baer as General Secretary of the Christian Endeavour Societies, is a young man of twenty-four. His family is of Swiss origin, but he has been brought up in America, and is already well known as a speaker. Father Endeavour Clark has written enthusiastically commending him to the Endeavour world, and has warned his readers that the name should be pronounced simply "Vote."

METHODISTS will be interested to learn that Miss Madeline Payne, a *débutante* of great promise, who has just entered the lists of the musical world, is a Wesleyan, and worships at the Kilburn Wesleyan Church in Quex Road. Paderewski pronounces this new artiste the most talented girl-pianist he has ever heard, and predicts for her a brilliant future. Rosenthal goes even further. "Miss Payne," he says, "has so much temperament she is bound to come to the front rank of musical celebrities." The late Sir John Stainer esteemed her a musical genius as a child. Miss Payne's course of study has been marked by unusual brilliance. At nine years of age she took the first two prizes at the Stratford Musical Festival. Three years later she gained honours certificate in the senior grade examination of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music. When fourteen she won the Erard Centenary Scholarship of £120 for three years and a gold medal, and the scholarship was extended for two additional years. She has since won the Knill Silver Challenge Cup and a permanent silver medal. Miss Payne's *début* took place at St. James's Hall on May 4.

Photo by Thomas Fall
MISS MADELINE PAYNE

MR. VON OGDEN VOGT

AT the fifty-ninth anniversary meeting of the Scottish Temperance League, Mr. William Johnston, its veteran secretary, was the recipient of a beautifully illuminated address, a portrait of himself, and a deposit receipt for £240, on the occasion of his retirement from office. These presents were subscribed for by a very wide circle of friends in all parts of the country. Mr. Johnston has served the League for the long period of forty-six years. His first seven years of service were spent as a lecturing agent of the Association, and during that time he travelled over the length and breadth of Scotland, advocating the claims of total abstinence. On the retirement of the late Mr. John S. Marr from the secretaryship, Mr. Johnston was appointed his successor. He discharged the varied and onerous duties of his office with great tact and ability, and guided the affairs of the League with conspicuous success. The presence of so many temperance reformers from all parts of Scotland,

as well as delegates from England and Ireland, was a striking tribute to the esteem in which Mr. Johnston is held by all his confreres in the temperance world. Mr. Johnston purposes spending the years of his retirement at the beautiful Clydeside resort of Gourock. There he has built a pretty cottage, and has named it *Camborne* in honour of the great temperance victories won in that constituency by his life-long friends the late Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Bart., M.P. His friends wish him a long and happy eventide.

HEMI NEHO PAPAKAKURA is a high-born Maori, and a grandson of Sophia, the heroine of the Tarawera eruption, New Zealand. He was brought up on the Hokianga Wesleyan Mission Station, and has kindly memories of the missionaries. After his conversion to Christianity he felt a strong desire to preach the Gospel to his own race, and, in order to do this, entered the Three Kings Wesleyan College for a course of training. Mr. Papakakura has now charge of the South Island Maori Mission, and is doing all in his power to uplift his fellow-countrymen. He has gifts of an excellent order, and can preach fluently in the English language.

HEMI NEHO PAPAKAKURA, MAORI MISSIONARY

Two great meetings took place this week in connection with Mr. Campbell's settlement at the City Temple. One was in Brighton, where, on May 19, his numerous friends in town and country met to bid him farewell in the Dome and Pavilion. The congregation at Union Chapel has made a happy choice of parting gifts to Mr. Campbell. The oil painting, for which he has sat to Mr. Brueton, the well-known Brighton artist, is to be given to Mrs. Campbell, and a replica will be placed in the vestry of his old church. The brougham will be useful in driving from Enfield to the City Temple. Hill Lodge, Mr. Campbell's new home, is some distance from any station, and stands in quiet, sequestered grounds. A third present from the congregation is a suite of beautiful dining-room furniture; while addresses have been drawn up by the Free Church Council and the Association of Congregational Churches of Brighton.

The recognition service was to take place on Thursday, May 21, at the City Temple. One of the most eagerly expected speakers was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who has for several years past been an intimate friend of Mr. Campbell's. He was among the first to write and congratulate him on the acceptance of the call, and his letter showed a genuine appreciation of the religious work of the City Temple. Lord Rosebery has also taken a kindly interest in Mr. Campbell's removal to London. The Church of England was to be well represented at the recognition services. Canon Fleming, himself one of the most eloquent preachers of the day, is an admirer of Mr. Campbell, and on a recent Thursday occupied a seat in the pulpit of the City Temple during the service. Canon Hensley Henson, who is working so hard for the re-union of the Churches, was expected to give an address at the reception, when other speakers were to include Dr. Horton, Mr. Horne, and Mr. Shakespeare. Dr. Robertson Nicoll was to be one of the evening speakers. Mr. Campbell is already surrounded by troops of London friends, and his influence amongst the young men of the city is becoming as great as it was in Brighton. Sometimes when the remark is made, "You will wear yourself out if you insist in dealing with so many individuals," he replies, "I have always found that the best way to help a young man is to put one's hand on his shoulder and say, 'Come home with me.'" Countless instances of his wise and kindly personal dealing may be recalled from the Brighton years, and at the late prayer meetings at the City Temple and on Thursday afternoons he has already listened to many a touching life-story.

About the middle of June Mr. Campbell will sail for America, and he does not expect to return until the end of August. For two months the City Temple will be closed for redecoration and the installation of electric light. An entire change is to be made in the ventilation. One of those electric fans which are employed in new buildings like the Wesleyan Central Hall at Bermondsey will be provided, and we shall hear no more complaints of the close and stuffy air at the City Temple.

A beautiful stained-glass window at the left side of the pulpit is to be erected in memory of Dr. Parker. The subject is St. Paul's farewell to the elders of Ephesus, and the motto will be, "Sorrowing most of all that they should see his face no more." Mr. E. J. Physick, the well-known sculptor, is preparing the tablet, on which the Bible and the Cross will lie together as the supreme symbols of Dr. Parker's ministry.

AN interesting bequest to the library of Glasgow University from the late Philip James Bailey was intimated at the recent graduation ceremony. After recalling that, in 1891, the University had conferred on the author of "Festus" the honorary degree of LL.D., Principal Story observed that not only during the short remainder of the poet's life, but apparently throughout its whole course, his Alma Mater had held a very warm corner in his heart. There is something deeply touching in the fact that almost the last request of Mr. Bailey was that the red gown in which he had attended Glasgow University, sixty years before, should be wrapped round him in his grave. The poet's dying wish, needless to add, was complied with.

The Problem of Principal Cairns

To the Editor of THE BRITISH MONTHLY

SIR,—The nephew and name-sake of Principal Cairns, the Rev. John Cairns, of Dumfries, has written, and Messrs. Oliphant have published, a monograph on the great divine. It is included in the marvellously cheap Famous Scots Series, and deserves a very wide circulation. It was not easy for Mr. Cairns to follow in the track of Dr. MacEwen. Dr. MacEwen's Life of Principal Cairns is one of the best biographies ever written. In Scottish biography, it comes next to Lockhart's Life of Scott. But Mr. Cairns has still something to say, and he has said it wisely and loyally. He sees that there is a problem in the Principal's life, and he gives real help towards its solution, even if he does not completely succeed.

Those who knew Principal Cairns will be disposed to smile at the idea of there being any problem in his career. He was, if ever man was, sincere, simple, true—what the Scotch call ae-fauld. He was a man with no divided aims, and absolutely devoid of worldly ambition. His great heart overflowed with charity. He was unreservedly devoted to the work of the ministry. I should think it difficult to believe that there ever was a personal quarrel in his life, though in his youth he could show considerable spirit in controversy. He lived in the light of day, and no one was ever able to say that in anything he failed to adorn the Gospel he preached.

Yet he was a problem. Dr. Cairns was in his youth the most brilliant student of his time at the University of Edinburgh. It was not merely that he took the first prizes. There have been many students eminently successful at examinations who, after the examination period of life was over, seemed to do very little. Their energies were exhausted in the early acquirement of knowledge. But Cairns was much more than a prizeman. He was a leader of the students, and made a unique and indelible impression on his teachers. He seemed to have more understanding than them all. The great Sir William Hamilton treated him from the first as an equal or as a superior. It was thought that he was certain to become the great champion of the Christian faith, that his name would rank with the Pascals and the Butlers of the Christian Church. Men said that he was a greater man than Dr. Chalmers, and certainly he was a man of far more exact scholarship. He knew German theology when hardly any one knew it in this country. In addition, he had great physical strength, untiring application, and undeniable oratorical power.

When Cairns left college he became a minister at Berwick-on-Tweed. His congregation was large and influential, but nobody thought he would remain long in a country town. His friends were willing he should go, because they thought he would have some leisure for the great tasks that awaited him. He was to follow in the line of Isaac Taylor and Henry Rogers, but do a mightier work. Cairns, it is needless to say, disappointed these expectations. He was quite aware of them, and he did something. He wrote some articles in the *British Quarterly* and *North British Review*. He prepared them with infinite toil, and they are good, but not in any way permanent. He wrote also some pamphlets, and set himself to the preparation of a great book in defence of Christianity. The great book never came to anything. Fragments were prepared, and afterwards used as lectures, but they were never published. Still his friends hoped on and waited, and tried to be pleased with the little they received. He wrote a biography of Dr. John Brown, a respectable but not a lively work. It had small success. The years went on, and Cairns's noble character, fervent Christianity, massive power, and wide learning were universally recognised. No man was more honoured. Some of the fragments which he gave to the press had the approval of all competent judges, and yet there was always a certain sense of disappointment about him. It was felt that he was fit for higher tasks than he ever achieved.

At last he was induced very reluctantly to sever his connection with his congregation, and give himself to professorial work in the theological seminary of his Church. "Now," men said, "we shall have something from Cairns." Those who knew him best shook their heads, and they turned out to be right. So far as I can gather he was never a great professor. His mere presence in the Theological Institution gave it distinction. The very sight of his grand, rugged, brave old countenance was in itself a means of grace. But neither Dr. MacEwen nor Mr. Cairns attempts to claim for him the attributes of a powerful teacher like Bruce or A. B. Davidson. His ability could not be questioned, but he was dry. Further, he seemed never to understand the real difficulties of his period. What he was in theological belief when he left the country church and the country minister where he was brought up, that he remained to the end. There was a crust on his mind which never was really broken. In a sense he understood everything said against Christianity, and in a sense he understood very little. For example, he remained to the end of his life a believer in the verbal inspiration of the Bible. He read the newer critics, and he thought he could answer them, but he never did. There was something inexplicable in the manner in which he seemed to evade the most pressing themes. He had no guidance to give when men's hearts were most perplexed, and when they were looking to him with their souls in their eyes for aid.

Besides, Dr. Cairns, though an intense student, did not study for an end. He gave much of his time in later years to the study of Assyrian. His first motive was to give his class a confirmation of the Scripture records which he believed were to be found in the inscriptions. But once begun, he went on with very little thought of his students. One of his men writes: "It was fine, and one loves him all the more for it; but it was exasperating, too, with such tremendous issues at stake in the world of living thought, to see him pounding away at those truculent old Red Indians in their barbarian original tongue." Afterwards he took up Arabic, and Mr. Cairns candidly and amusingly says: "It is not quite clear whether he had in view any purpose in connection with his professorial work beyond the desire to know the originals of all the authorities he quoted in his lectures." I believe he made very considerable proficiency in Assyrian, but he did nothing to help on the study. He made no contribution of original research. He was like another man whom I have known well, who was continually reading and studying simply from the desire to know, who very seldom cared even to explain in conversation the result of his thought and reading. The ideal is not ignoble, and yet somehow in this short life it does seem as if a use should be made of all so far as may be; and it is certain that a professor should make every other study subordinate to the study of his own department. This was not done by Cairns. He did not even write his lectures in such a form as that they could be published. So that as a professor he was regarded with a respectful and loving disappointment.

Neither could it be said of his preaching that it was touched with time. It was essentially the old strong Scotch preaching, much of it in the old strong Scotch style. The breath of the new spirit never passed upon him. For Cairns, Newman and Robertson might have never lived. I remember one of his sermons from the words "A delightsome land." He asked what were the characteristics of a delightsome land, and one was, "A delightsome land is a land where there is a pure dispensation of the Gospel." He changed the word "dispensation" in the published version of the sermon into something else. His immense enthusiasm and his real knowledge and ability made his sermons very acceptable to great audiences, and yet he could never have been what men thought he might have been—a mediator between the Church and modern thought.

Mr. Cairns points out that Cairns came increasingly to regard the life of the individual Christian and the collective life of the Church as the most convincing of all witnesses to the Unseen and the Supernatural. So his interest in speculative thought decayed. It is evident from his early letters that he had fine literary ability, but he was no bookman, and I suspect his general reading became more and more limited. In this way a new language grew up which he did not understand, and did not care to understand. George Gilfillan told him the truth in early years, and Cairns did not take it well; but Gilfillan was right. But most of all Cairns's intellectual failure was due to the holding power of his early years. He was made at Stockbridge. What he was then he continued to be. Are we to regret this? No. "The record of a great and pure personality is the best bequest of time," and Cairns as he was will never fade from the eyes of those who knew him and loved him. Some men teach the evidences of Christianity. He himself *was* an evidence of Christianity.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

CLAUDIUS CLEAR.

Helps for Sunday-School Teachers and Christian Endeavourers

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS

By Rev. J. Ossian Davies

JUNE 7.—*Paul's Voyage and Shipwreck* (Acts xxvii. 33-44)

This chapter reads like a page from the log-book of some ancient *Mayflower*. A voyage from Cæsarea to Rome in one of the old dragon-prowed merchantmen was far more tedious than a voyage round the world in these days of swift ocean liners. Luke indulges in a great many local references, and these place-names are genuine marks of truth. His description of the storm is very realistic. It was a storm of storms—a "Levanter"—that seemed to mingle sea and sky in one whirling chaos. How impartial that storm! Captain and common seaman, centurion and soldier, Apostle and criminal, were all tossed about like thistledown. Euroclydon knew no moral and social distinctions. Paul was the most practical man on board, though only a drylandsman! Some men are greater in storms than in calms. As the storm increased, the captain and the centurion decreased; but Paul grew with the growing tempest. He soon became captain over the captain and centurion over the centurion. He was calm enough to say "grace at meals" even in an Euroclydon! He knew that the storm and the bread came from the same Divine Hand, and so he was not so terrified by the storm as to forget the bread. It was for *Paul's sake* that all on board were saved—even the cabin boy and the stowaway. The vessel was wrecked, but, thanks to the Divine promise, every soul was saved! The soldiers wanted to kill the prisoners; but Paul would not hear of it. Paganism is always a blood-shedder; but Christianity is a man-saviour! The "Levanter" was strong; but the promise of the Lord of the storm was stronger far!

JUNE 14.—*Paul at Rome* (Acts xxviii. 16-24, 30, 31)

Rome at last! "Thou *must* be brought before Cæsar." But what of the assassins, and the barbarians, and the vipers—and the great storm on the Adriatic? The Divine *must* is more than a match for them all! God's Apostle never misses the goal, because God's promise never fails. No nobler conqueror ever passed through those Roman gates, and yet he was a chained man! But there are *chains and chains*; for chains worn in a good and righteous cause are worth their weight in gold. And was this man in chains able to do anything? Yes; he preached the Gospel, and converted scores of the Roman soldiers who were chained to him. The man in chains transformed Cæsar's household, and shook Imperial Rome. But why was Paul so anxious to visit Rome? He knew its strategic value as an evangelistic centre. Thousands visited him in his own house to hear his teaching, and he gave to the world its best prison literature—the Epistles to Philemon, Colossians, Ephesians, and Philippians. Cruel men chained his hands, but they could not chain his tongue. They bound the messenger, but they could not bind the message.

JUNE 21.—*Paul's Charge to Timothy* (2 Tim. iii. 14-48)

What a fine subject for an artist—little Timothy at his mother's knee drinking in the word of God! "From a child" he knew the Scriptures, so that he drank it in with his mother's milk. Three generations of Bible students—the son, the mother, and the grandmother! It is never too soon to begin, and no mother can leave to her child a better legacy than a mind well stocked with Divine truth. The Bible is a "God-breathed" book—there is more of God in it than in all the greatest literature of the ages. It makes men wise unto salvation, and it is the only book that does this. Paul, in ver. 1, gives Timothy a charge to "preach the word." Having *studied* the word, it was his duty to *preach* it, for giving must follow getting. "Preach the *word*," for nothing else is worth preaching. Paul says the word must not be preached by fits and starts, but during two seasons—"in season and out of season." Spasmodic teachers are of no value. Paul had preached in all seasons, hence he was "ready to be offered up." Spurgeon looked upon him as a man you would expect to see walk down the pulpit stairs straight into his coffin, and there stand before God ready for his last account.

JUNE 28.—*Quarter's Review*

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR TOPICS

By Rev. H. Elvet Lewis

JUNE 7.—*Lessons from the Rechabites* (Jer. xxxv. 1-11, 18, 19)

The outstanding lesson of this story speaks of the fruitful harvest of a *constant purpose* in virtuous living. Nothing builds like faithfulness—in the case of the individual or of communities. It is sure of its reward in moral strength, if not in worldly success. What Sarah Williams (Sadie) has put in the mouth of "The Old Astronomer," dying, is wholly true:

And remember "Patience, Patience," is the watchword of a sage;
Not to-day nor yet to-morrow can complete a perfect age.

To inherit such family traditions is to hold great responsibilities. The Roman Senate passed a law that an unworthy son of Scipio Africanus should not wear a ring with his father's picture engraved upon it, unless he changed and cultivated his father's courage and virtue.

JUNE 14.—*Gold, or God?* (Luke xviii. 18-30)

It is startling to find a life, so fair the whole round of its circumference, wrong at the centre For wrong it was, in that God did not occupy His place there. Where gold comes first, the vision of God must grow dimmer and dimmer; as in Milton's strong picture of Mammon,

The least erected spirit that fell
From Heav'n; for ev'n in Heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent; admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than ought Divine or holy else, enjoyed
In vision beatific.

Christ asked much of the young man; but not more than He Himself had done. When Alexander's army was once growing indolent through being laden with spoils, the king ordered his own rich treasure to be burnt, so that they should not murmur in forfeiting their share. Christ has lived His greatest commandments in their richest extent.

JUNE 21.—*How to read the Bible* (Psalm cxix. 9-16)

The paragraph brings out some essential elements of true Bible-reading: (1) the use of the "whole heart" in meditation (ver. 10, 15); (2) a place for God as living Teacher (ver. 12); (3) definite purposes of moral improvement (ver. 9, 11); and (4) a sense of constant delight in fresh realisations of Divine truth (ver. 14, 16). Let the Bible reader put these into four questions for himself: Is my heart in it? Do I seek the Spirit's help? Do I wish to be better? Is it mere duty or growing delight?

The doorkeeper of a museum spends more time in the place than any one else perhaps. He comes punctually every day and stays his allotted time. But he leaves as he came, knowing but little of the treasures which he guards. A visitor who comes for the sole purpose of finding out may, in a few hours, get more than the keeper in so many years. Which position in relation to the Bible does each of us hold? A man may be a constant peruser of his Bible, without having really read one page of it.

JUNE 28.—*Home Missions* (Luke xiv. 12-24)

The religious census in London and elsewhere has made the need of Home Missions clearer than ever, and has thrown light as well on the *kind* of mission enterprise that is likely to prove effective. Nothing less than God's own provision is fit to be offered to the exiles of the lanes and streets: "*My* supper." The invitation was changed, but not the feast: what was prepared for the first guests was freely given to the outcasts. God has no Church Gospel distinct from mission-room Gospel.

It is related of Dr. Stoughton's father that on one occasion, when there were special religious services at Norwich and dinner provided for visitors from a distance, he "brought home some very humble folk, saying to his wife that there were plenty of invitations to the wealthy, so he looked after the neglected ones."

The Rev. Henry T. Meakin and the Great Central Hall, Bermondsey

ON the afternoon of Palm Sunday I arrived at the stately Wesleyan Hall at the end of the Bermondsey New Road, intending to spend the rest of the day with Mr. Meakin and his mission workers. It was three o'clock, and the streets were nearly deserted; the trams were almost empty, and the dwellers in the narrow courts and alleys which turn off the main thoroughfare were apparently wrapped in a siesta. Yet, two hours before, the road had been the scene of one of the busiest Sunday open-air markets in London. The only signs of life when I arrived were in the neighbourhood of the old Bermondsey Church, where the graveyard has been transformed into a garden, bright on this April Sunday with tulips, daffodils, and wall-flowers. Here the children were playing softly, and the old men were smoking their pipes or dozing over newspapers, while from within the church came the sweet murmur of singing. Walking back towards the Hall, I noticed that its nearest neighbour is a ragseller's, next to that comes a sweet-shop and a public-house, and between the Hall and the Parish Church I passed two undertakers' windows.

I found the Central Hall quite full in the area for the afternoon meeting, which was addressed by one of Mr. Meakin's helpers. The collection box was passed round, and when it came to me I noticed that it was well filled with pence and halfpence, with an occasional small piece of silver. At the door, as we dispersed, stood Mr. Meakin, a tall, broad-shouldered, genial man, with a merry, twinkling eye. He shook hands with his people and workers as a general might greet the officials of his staff. It is easy to see that, whether present or absent, he is the true leader of the work. His is the creative intellect, the organising brain. The Central Hall was built from plans suggested by himself to the architect. His personality is stamped even on the bricks and mortar. I was not surprised to hear that the new Hall at Deptford, over which Mr. Gregory Mantle will preside, is being erected from Mr. Meakin's ideas and somewhat on the Bermondsey lines.

GREAT CENTRAL HALL, BERMONDSEY: MAIN ENTRANCE

Mr. Meakin's Hall is one of the most commodious and cheerful buildings in the whole of London. It is entered by a wide and handsome vestibule, large enough of itself to contain a congregation, and the favourite seats are in the broad, sweeping galleries. The platform is placed low, and behind it rise the orchestra seats, while as a background of all there is the noble organ, presided over by the daughter of a Wesleyan minister. Every one who desires the conversion of the slums must feel a thrill of joy at the sight of this great Methodist building, which holds two thousand people, and is crowded every Sunday evening. From wall to wall the space is ninety feet. The total cost was £32,000, of which £16,000 was raised by subscription, and £12,000 from Connexional funds, leaving a debt of £4,000.

It was with interest and admiration already awakened that I accompanied Mr. Meakin to his private sanctum, which is hidden away amongst a nest of class-rooms. I remembered that Mr. Charles Booth, in his recent work on "The Religious Influences of London," singles out Mr. Meakin for special notice. He describes him as a minister "of the robuster type, impatient of old-fashioned ways, and bold in experiments. He himself is one, for he started life in the service of one of the great railways, and had good prospects there, which he relinquished in order to prepare for the ministry. He has a sufficient gift of eloquence, and brings to the work that combination of business ability, with simplicity, fervour, and boldness . . . the secret of the success which has attended the recent missionary efforts of the Wesleyans."

Mr. Meakin's Early Life

It is not generally known that Mr. Meakin has an intimate county and family connection with two other prominent religious workers in London. Dr. Clifford was born in a Derbyshire village, like Mr. Meakin, and his parents attended the Sawley Baptist Chapel, to which Mr. Meakin's mother was often taken when a child by her mother, who was a staunch Baptist. She

CHELLASTON VILLAGE

Mr. Meakin's birthplace is the white house at the end of the wall

was immersed in the neighbouring River Trent. Mr. Meakin himself was born at Chellaston, the ancestral birthplace of his family on both father's and mother's sides for many generations. The Meakins, the Dumelows, and the Formans were the ancient and largest farmers of the village, and had inter-married again and again. From the Formans, Dr. Robert Forman Horton, of Hampstead, on his mother's side, immediately descends. Mr. Henry Forman was Henry Meakin's first Methodist Class Leader. Two small villages in South Derbyshire can thus lay some claim to have given the Metropolis three of its most prominent Nonconformist workers.

The recent *Daily News* Church Census returned the attendance at their respective churches as follows: Lyndhurst Road (Dr. Horton's), 1,782 persons; Westbourne Park (Dr. Clifford's), 2,213 persons; Great Central Hall (Mr. Meakin's), 3,005 persons; these being amongst the largest in London.

In the Chellaston village churchyard are the graves of many Henry Meakins—three tombstones stand almost abreast of each other. In the seventeenth century a bequest was left for the benefit of the poor by the Lord of the Manor. It is recorded on the parchment of the Church register, and the signature of the donor is there witnessed by Henry Meakin. The donor, the manor, and the bequest are all untraceable now, but the line of Henry Meakins still continues. One Henry Meakin has twice been Mayor of Geelong, Australia, and another is a principal permanent official in the Victorian Government.

There are gypsum mines at Chellaston, and Mr. Meyer's pulpit at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, is made of stone taken from the village quarries. Henry Meakin's father and mother both received the ordinary boarding-school education of their day. They were members of the Church of England, and Henry might possibly have remained in it for life but for an incident which happened in his boyhood. The Church was in charge of curates, some of whom came from Oxford, and had been influenced by the great Ritualist revival. Their methods offended the people. Mr. Meakin's brother sang in the choir, and because he would not adopt the Eastward Position and the various postures required by the Oxford clergy, he was publicly expelled. The lads then went to the little Methodist chapel. It was built by a local bricklayer, and the bricks for it were carted by the Methodist farmers of the district. A plainer little building could not have been found throughout England than this four-walled chapel near the mines. There is now a handsome Gothic Wesleyan Chapel at Chellaston, the foundation-stone of which was laid by Mr. Whelpton, the famous pill-maker, and Dr. Gervase Smith made the first speech from its platform. Henry Meakin, then a lad, was present, and took down the speech in shorthand.

Of his mother Mr. Meakin says: "She is an earnestly

MR. MEAKIN'S MOTHER AND ONE OF HER GRANDDAUGHTERS

REV. HENRY T. MEAKIN

Photo by F. J. Boyes, Derby

MR. ALFRED COPELAND
The working man who first invited Mr. Meakin to Christ. Mr. Copeland was photographed by Mr. Meakin on April 16, 1903, at the Chellaston Gypsum Works, where he is now the working engineer. Mr. Copeland is also the Superintendent of the Wesleyan Sunday School.

religious woman, and has read her Bible through yearly. I cannot exaggerate the value of her influence upon me." Mr. Meakin was converted while still in his teens. A local preacher conducted the service at the village chapel, and under the sermon the boy was deeply impressed. As he was leaving the building a working man put out his hand and said, "Will you not give your heart to Christ?" For three weeks Mr. Meakin remained in a state of great mental anxiety; but as he was walking one day between the village and Derby on his way to work, the evidence of forgiveness came, and he at once began to organise cottage prayer meetings. He had received his early education at the National Schools in the neighbouring villages and the market town of Derby. His studies were often interrupted by intervals of work on the farm. At an early age he entered the service of the Midland Railway Company. As an indication of the spirit which was in the lad, it is interesting to note that in a very short time he had learned the names of every railway official in the kingdom, and the names of every station and station-master on the Midland system, besides much of the detail of work in offices other than his own. His powers of organisation also early showed themselves, and the office boy invented a system of registering letters which is used at the present time in some of the offices of the Midland Railway.

OLD WESLEYAN CHAPEL, CHELLASTON
Where Mr. Meakin received his first religious impressions

One of the first questions Mr. Meakin asks a youth is, "Do you know shorthand?" He has a great belief in the help which a knowledge of the art of stenography supplies in a business career, for it was the chief stepping-stone to his own success. He mastered Pitman's system during the long four-mile walk which he had to and fro between his village home and the office. He told me how this knowledge gave him his chance. In the early hours of one morning he was sent to deliver a telegram to the chief of one of the offices, who, like all respectable folk who were not at work, was in bed. When young Meakin knocked at the door, an angry head was put out of the window, and an angry voice expostulated at the disturbance. When the official found that an immediate reply was wanted, the prospect of having to write out the message made him angrier still. The youth in the street, however, volunteered

OLD PREACHING-ROOM, BARROW-ON-TRENT
Here Mr. Meakin preached his first sermon at the age of seventeen. The chapel was a loft over a cowshed

to take down the answer. "Do you know shorthand?" was the question. "Yes, sir," said Meakin. Then the official proceeded to dictate a lengthy reply, and retired to rest again, leaving the messenger to deliver it correctly. Only a few days later, when Mr. Harrison, whose name is well known in connection with the Midland Railway, and who then was a rising man in the Company's service, wanted an additional member for his staff, the official who had thus been aroused from his sleep recommended Meakin as the very man he wanted.

In Mr. Harrison's office young Meakin got exceptional experience. Nearly every large question of disputed

Photo by F. J. Boyes, Derby
MRS. H. T. MEAKIN

charge; of railway rate, of proportional division between various companies, and all the other intricate questions which arise on a railway company, and which the layman cannot hope to understand, had to be dealt with by Mr. Harrison, and as his assistant Meakin picked up a great deal of valuable information in pushing him along to more responsible positions in the Company's service. Legal disputes were also dealt with in this office, as the Railway Commissioners' Court had just been formed, and traders' disputes began to arise in great number. The first which occupied the Court was prepared in defence by Mr. Harrison, on behalf of the Railway, and of course Meakin had a hand in the compiling of statistics. It was a dispute over terminals with a great Methodist firm of agricultural implement makers. From that time he was in the midst of legal controversy on matters affecting the great railway, until, as he told me in his own characteristic fashion, Acts of Parliament and Railway Commissioners' decisions were more familiar to him than his Bible. When Mr. Harrison was translated to the chair of the Assistant General Manager of the line he took Meakin with him, and they worked together on the most important questions of railway management during a period of depressed trade, perhaps the most anxious remembered in the history of railways. In short, Mr. Meakin became a walking encyclopædia for his chief and others, and was trusted with the carrying out of the settlement of disputed accounts amounting to many thousands of pounds. On Mr. Harrison's death in 1886 Mr. Meakin was brought into touch with Mr. John Noble, whose confidential assistant he became. He attended the Railway Conferences with Mr. Noble, coaching his chief in his evidence before the Railway Commissioners and before the House of Commons Committees. He told me an amusing story of a conflict he had with the late Sir George Findlay in the committee rooms of the House of Commons, when the then Manchester Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company first sought to project their trunk line to London. Sir George Findlay had been called to give evidence in behalf of the promoters and was evidently making a favourable impression upon the Committee in his argument that the concession of certain running powers offered by the Midland Company were not adequate. In a premier position among railway authorities, Sir George was a difficult witness to cross-examine and disconcert, but an opening presented itself which Mr. Meakin was not slow to seize upon. Sir George had written a book, in which the number of trains daily passing over a portion of his own line was given—a number, be it said, vastly in excess of what it was necessary that the Midland line should carry to give adequate accommodation for both their own and their opponents' traffic. And Meakin produced the book for the benefit of counsel at the opportune moment, the result being that out of his own book the evidence of Sir George Findlay was contradicted and rendered of no account. And, needless to say, the Court laughed! So, step by step, he was gaining favour and position in the railway world.

Then, in 1889, he threw it all up to become a Wesleyan missioner. His friends tried to dissuade him; it made them angry. Others said he was mad. When he told his chief, Mr. Noble was astounded, and offered to ask the directors to make it well worth his while to stay. But Meakin had made up his mind, and no offer, however tempting, would have caused him to change his decision. Mr. Noble was a

Phot from the King's Road Studio, St. Leonards-on-Sea
REV. H. T. MEAKIN
(Taken January 12, 1902)

devout Christian gentleman, and although General Manager of the Midland line, found delight in humbly serving the Church of England as a member of a village choir; and, on finding that Mr. Meakin was not to be moved from his purpose, he said, "I am sorry, but I cannot stand between you and God."

"Now all this—my prospects, and so on—were very satisfactory," said Mr. Meakin to me, "and I enjoyed my work well enough. But as a Methodist local preacher I had taken a good part in mission work during my spare time; in fact, latterly I had given the whole of my free time to a mission in a notoriously wicked part of Derby. When a youth I had wanted to be a Wesleyan Methodist minister, but was obliged to put aside the idea on account of special difficulties. Yet the work I was doing did not seem enough, and the thought kept recurring to me that I must do more direct religious work. By the blessing of God — that phrase is often used in cant, but I have to say it again and again, if I tell the truth — by the blessing of God, then, I had met with success in the mission in Derby, and what was once a dilapidated and practically deserted chapel was soon crowded, then enlarged, and immediately crowded again. Besides my spare time on week-days, I devoted twelve hours every Sunday to this work. The poverty and sin and utter hopelessness of the people were a burden to me, and I felt I must take off my coat and go at it. And whilst I was able to make the old chapel in Cotton Lane a successful mission, that mission made me a successful missioner."

Photo by Winter, Derby
MR. MEAKIN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-TWO

From this point it is easier to understand the transition. This success only emphasised the always growing conviction that his life must be spent, not on the railway, but among the people needing the good tidings of joy and hope; and this success having brought him prominently before the heads of the London Wesleyan Mission, he was invited to come to London to take charge of a hopeless chapel in the heart of Walworth—Locksfields Chapel, which rejoiced in the name, among Methodists, of "the white elephant of Methodism."

His winning personality brought the people; his organising powers kept the work of the mission going smoothly and steadily. The chapel was greatly enlarged, owing to the crowds who came Sunday after Sunday, and when enlarged was at once filled again.

Photo by H. Green, Manchester
MRS. MEAKIN AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN

The success at Locksfields, which is attested by Mr. Charles Booth, aroused a desire amongst Mr. Meakin's friends that he should join the ranks of the regular ministry. He therefore became a candidate in 1892, at the age of thirty-seven! Many of the conservative fathers of the Wesleyan Church viewed the step with suspicion, and opposed it. But the Rev. Walford Green, in whose District Mr. Meakin was labouring, Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, Dr. Stephenson, Mr. J. H. Hopkins, and others stood by Mr. Meakin, and at the Conference he was accepted without open opposition. But he was obliged to pass the usual ministerial examinations, and he is devoutly thankful that, under the genial inspiration of Dr. Moulton, such a task was imposed and successfully undertaken.

After a four years' probation, Mr. Meakin was ordained in 1896. In a description of the ordination service, the editor of the *Methodist Recorder* wrote: "I even saw a black necktie, but it was worn by a man the signs of whose apostleship infinitely transcend the powers of my pen to express." But in that year a greater event happened. Returning from the ordination service, Mr. Meakin wrote to Mr. Price Hughes making suggestions for consolidating the London Mission, and extending its sphere of operations. Amongst the suggestions was "a small order" for the

THE HOME OF MR. MEAKIN'S BOYHOOD
The present residence of his mother, Chellaston, Derbyshire

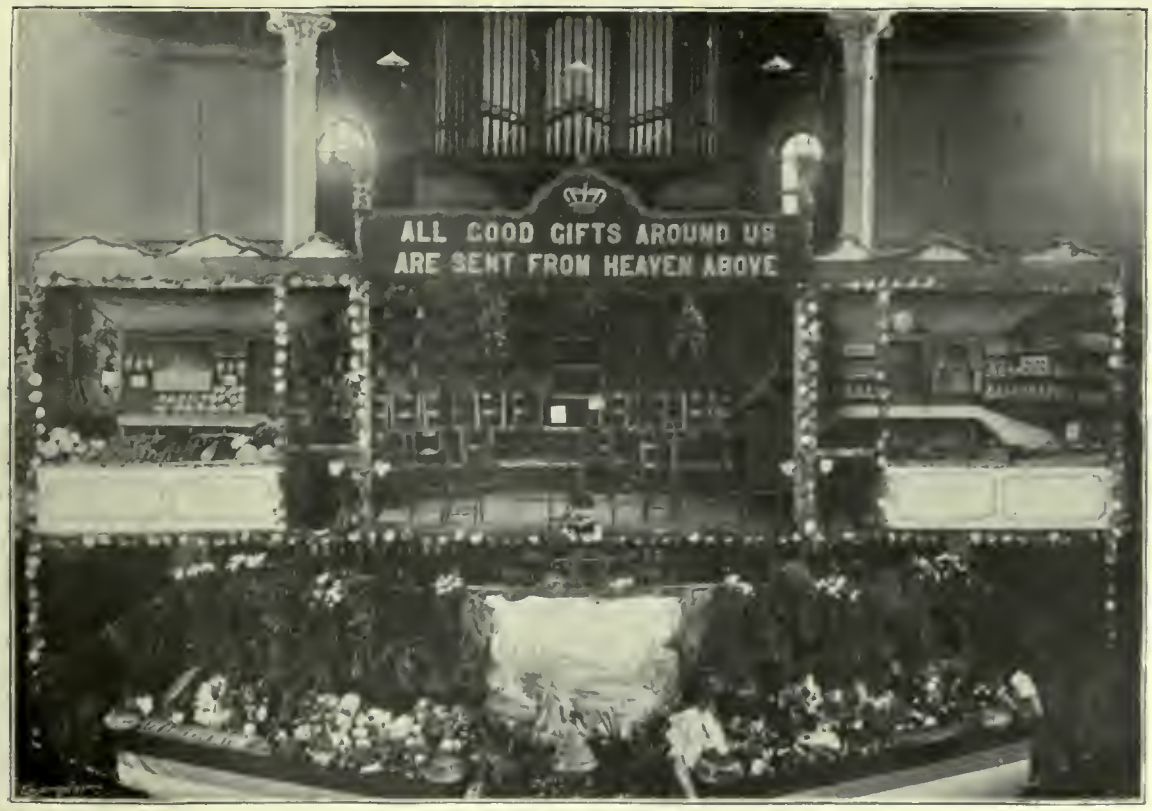
THE OLD SITE OF THE PRESENT GREAT CENTRAL HALL, BERMONDSEY

erection of six great central halls in the poor, crowded, and neglected districts of the metropolis. Mr. Hughes was profoundly impressed with Mr. Meakin's suggestions; but, owing no doubt to overwork, delayed taking action until Mr. Meakin, when sitting at a meeting in a small hall in John Street, had it divinely (he believes) borne in upon him to rise and build one of the six suggested great central halls, in Bermondsey. That very evening he began action, and was repulsed; and then, and subsequently, opposition arose which would have daunted others, and which had to be surmounted. The negotiations connected with the purchase of the site and the carrying out of the scheme occupied four anxious years. The designing of the building and the oversight of its erection was practically left in Mr. Meakin's hands; whilst his colleague, the Rev. J. H. Hopkins, went hither and thither begging for funds. Now Mr. Meakin, as Mr. Booth says, "is repeating the success of Locksfields, and that huge crowds are attracted is certain, and certain also that they consist very largely of the working classes."

There is no space here to detail the many branch organisations of this Hall. I may mention that there is a cycle club as well as a prayer meeting; there are clubs for the men, as well as a mothers' meeting for their wives; there is a gymnasium for the use of lads and girls, and a play hour for cripple children; whilst music — vocal and instrumental — performs a large part in giving the burdened and saddened people of the slums a little recreation. And, by the way, the mission service on Sunday evening is just as crowded as the penny concert on the Saturday.

"How has your railway experience helped you as a missioner, Mr. Meakin?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, in his quiet voice, and with a twinkle in his eyes, "it has given me unlimited illustrations for my sermons. And it is no good preaching to poor, tired working people without illustrations. Their attention must be caught, and they must be interested. They must hear something which applies to things with which they are familiar, or they do not listen. But the most useful thing I bring from my railway life to mission work is the systematic methods of business life—the power of origination and organisation. It isn't a small task to run successfully a place like this, and a man who is only a preacher cannot do it. I have a large staff of helpers to keep at work; there are distinct organisations in connection with this Hall which I have to keep under control. I find it necessary to pit my wits against those of the music-hall proprietor and the public-house manager, and constantly to devise new features for the service, and new methods of attracting the people here."



GREAT CENTRAL HALL: HARVEST FESTIVAL, 1902

In the evening I visited the Hall, and secured an admirable seat in the central gallery, opposite the platform. The ventilation here is perfect, as a great electric fan can fill the place at any time with fresh air. As the last rays of April sunlight fell on the endless rows of brown chairs, and on the platform with its golden flowers, one realised that here is indeed a house of God for the people of London, where the poorest and least instructed can share in the joyfulness of Methodist worship. All the fittings are simple, solid, and convenient for their purpose. There is no meretricious ornament, no gaudy colouring, no stucco angels or cheap stained glass. The many doors tell of safety for the crowd.

By seven o'clock area and galleries were crowded to their utmost limit. The people near me were simply but well dressed. Some of the young women had evidently money to spend on pearl necklets, lace collars, jewelled hat pins, and shell hair clasps. Close to me were three lovely little girls of about nine, "flowers of London town," if ever such flowers have bloomed. I wondered in what Bermondsey home these little ones, with their rose-leaf complexions and soft, bright eyes, were growing up. Some careful mother had prepared them for the service. Two were sisters, and wore cream woollen overalls and little black hats. The third was in a rose-pink frock and Mother Hubbard hat to match. Next to the three were two boys a little older, and all five joined heartily in the singing. Very few old people were to be seen in the galleries, but many young couples of from eighteen or twenty upwards. In the area I noticed many middle-aged folk. Under the musical conductorship of Mr. Maurice Child, the hymns chosen were sung with magnificent enthusiasm, and included such stirring favourites as the following: "I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the other side," "I will sing the wondrous story of Christ Who died for me," and "When I survey the wondrous Cross." Great care is shown in the selection of the choruses and solos, and even if no address had been given the Sunday evening service would have been full of Gospel teaching. Mr. Meakin's sermon was, however, the pivot on which everything turned. It was perfectly heard, and none of the audience listened with more eager interest than the members of the Boys' Brigade, who were ranged in the side galleries nearest the platform. His voice is clear and strong, and at no point was there any sign of effort. The sermon lasted barely half an hour, and was occupied with the events of the last week of our Lord's life.

Every stranger who goes to the Central Hall must recognise in Mr. Meakin the true apostle of Bermondsey. With all his "up-to-date" methods and organising ability, he is, as Mr. Hughes once described him, a *devout* man. He is deeply spiritual, of the old-fashioned Methodist type. He lives, and insists on living, amongst his people and close to his work, within a few doors of the din and noise of the Old Kent Road. He believes in the Methodist class meeting, and has already gathered nearly a thousand people into such classes at the Great Central Hall. These constitute what he calls the inner Church, which he believes all his other agencies lead to, and without which he confesses his work to him and in the sight of God would be profitless and vain. He is helped in this department by his wife, who not only presides over a large mothers' meeting, but conducts an important society class, and does pastoral visitation which her husband could not, in his multifarious duties, find time for. And he has gathered around him a band of voluntary workers, and set apart agents whose devotion to their leader is only second to their devotion to the work carried on at the Great Central Hall.

Hivite and Hittite*

BY THE LATE DR. PARKER

"*He came into the parts of Dalmanutha.*"—MARK viii. 10.

THAT seems to be plain and simple reading. A child could not make any mistake about that. Christ "came into the parts of Dalmanutha." We read in Matthew xv. 39: "And He sent away the multitude, and took ship, and came into the coasts of Magdala." It was on the same occasion, after miraculously feeding the same multitude. What is a plain man to understand by that? Mark says He came into the parts of Dalmanutha, Matthew says He came into the coasts of Magdala. How full of contradictions and inconsistencies the Bible would appear to be! Many men would think they understand all about it—at least, sufficiently to be able to charge the record with discrepancy. Be very careful how you challenge the accuracy of any part of the Bible. It is a dangerous book to challenge: it is fruitful in resource, it is terrible in reply. But how can Dalmanutha and Magdala be reconciled? There is no need to reconcile them; let the sacred story stand just where it is. Both are right; both mean the same thing when the meaning is thoroughly searched into. We must not take apparent meanings; always beware of rushing at conclusions; see that the road is well paved and macadamised before you venture upon it. Magdala was the city, Dalmanutha was the region; the same place is meant, though the names are different. How is it that some people live, so to say, in names? They may become quite a superstition; we may think that a name is religious simply because it is a name. That would not be true reasoning. The name may have gathered upon it many religious associations, then it is a blessed name; but it is blessed, not because the name is this or that, but because the associations gathered around it and upon it are associations that awaken the memory of the heart, and draw forth the spirit of gratitude and of service to God. There are many apparently literal discrepancies; there are many apparent discrepancies in dates. I have myself never met one of those discrepancies that could not be perfectly and absolutely accounted for or reconciled. So I hold on to the Bible, believing that it is a dangerous book to meddle with. All truth is dangerous in some sense; it is as a burning and consuming fire. We had better be well prepared for it before we dare it to do its worst.

Now, the father of one of the three wives of Esau is

* Sermon preached at the City Temple, Thursday morning, November 29, 1900.

called in Genesis xxxvi. 2 a Hivite, and in another case he is called a Hittite. How full of contradiction the Bible seems to be! What have plain people to say about these things? They had better say nothing; these are not the things by which the soul is saved. Whether he was a Hivite or a Hittite matters absolutely nothing to us. But herein is the peculiarity of human nature: when it is half-religious—just religious enough to be superstitious and foolish—it will be meddling with things that are of absolutely no importance. Said the disciples, "Lord, are there few that be saved?" "Few?" said He. "Strive to enter in at the strait gate, and do not be asking questions that may be either frivolous or superficial." "Lord, what shall this man do?" "What is that to thee? Nothing; follow Me." But you cannot get human nature in some of its oddities to attend to the main thing. Said Jesus Christ to one enquirer, "One thing thou lackest," and that is in itself so compendious as to be everything. Said Jesus Christ to one sweet-souled woman, who would have given Him all she had in the world, "Martha, thou art careful about many things; one thing is needful." Often one thing means all things. Why will not men attend to the main thing? If they would do this, they would be wise. Now, the Hivite was special, the Hittite was general, and both the statements are perfectly correct.

See what a discrepancy I seem to perpetrate in the next sentence: John Milton was an Englishman, and John Milton was a Londoner. What a discrepancy! Here is a man who positively contradicts himself in the pulpit. A child could detect the discrepancy; and yet there is no discrepancy in the statement—John Milton was an Englishman, and John Milton was a Londoner; and you may take it from either point you please, or put the two points together, without being guilty of any lapse of words or contradiction in ideas. It is very much so in many parts of the Bible; if we had the explanation we would be perfectly satisfied. Herein is the beauty of the Bible, that every man writes, so to say, in his own way, in his own style, from his own standpoint, and all the men are perfectly reconcilable if we read what they write in the light of true intelligence and under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

I thought of taking this for my text—words, namely, which you find in 2 Kings xxiii. 13: "The mount of corruption." What an awful mount! What a reputation it had acquired for itself. How are reputations made? How is it that certain things cling to certain names, and you seem to be utterly unable to get rid of the painful and degrading associations? How is it? Here is a mountain that somehow or other had acquired for itself the ill-fame of being the mount of corruption. Everything about it dead; the savour was a stench that rose offensively to Heaven. Who would think that any little hill could be clothed with so leprous a reputation? Sin stains the very earth; iniquity puts up a hill beyond the hill which God made and that which God pronounced to be very good.

If we could see things as they really are, we should praise the earth, at least reputationally, very much less. There is a worm at the root of the flower. Take the leaves of the flower to pieces, or bend them so as to see what is going on near the stem, and there is a ravenous insect thieving on the dainty flower. But we take things too much in the lump: we have a way of taking things in the gross, in big magnitudes; we do not study spiritual tare and tret; we think only of one great bulk, and pass it on, bad or good, as the occasion may seem to suggest. Yet, in the eyes of the Lord, the house I live in may be plastered with mortar of blood; the place where the little child plays may have been the scene of a murder; the pictures which the children love to look upon in the nursery may have been painted by drunken hands, hands trembling under the palsy of a shameful iniquity; the fair landscape, if we take the skin off it, may be drunk with human blood; above all, the very altar at which we utter our perfunctory prayer may have been mortgaged to the devil. Here I stand in imagination before a lovely hill, and whilst I am calling it lovely, the prophet says, "This is the mount of corruption; every inch of soil a witness to idolatry, to shameless disobedience, to most horrible revolt against God." What is its name in the geography? if I may modernise the instance. "I am not speaking geography to you," replies the prophet; "I am reading the landscape morally, I am giving you the true spiritual interpretation of these fine scenes." "But what is its name geographically?" Then the prophet answers, "If you would know its name geographically, it is the Mount of Olives—a poet of a name, a song in figure and growth and natural fragrance; it is the Mount of Olives. Yet because of what has been done upon it, it is called the mount of corruption." Thus may names be tortured and debased, and the fine gold may become dim. "How is the fine gold become dim," wept the prophet. So if God were to accompany us in some exploration even of places near to us, he might give them not geographical names or names topographical, he might say, "This is the valley of murder; this is the cave of lust; that is the mount of corruption; yonder meadow has in it seeds which when grown might ruin the heart of the world." Then I turn to him and say, "O Thou Who knowest the secrets of all hearts and all places, tell me the names by which these localities and landscapes are popularly known." And the reply from the solemn voice of God is: "I am not here to talk geography, to recall instances that are perishing and trivial, but to point a moral, to read the moral landscape, to point out the footprint of war and rapine and all evil-doing; to Me the earth is not what the geographers have made it, a globe of coloured paint with names of their own invention; to Me the earth is a moral theatre, a spiritual stage, and the earth is to Me not what men have called it, but what men have made it." How differently would places be named if God named them! Who would dare ask God to give a name to the house we live in? That is the room in which we forged, you remember; you cannot have forgotten how we practised the signature until the hand became deft and expert in cunning wickedness, and I shaded the candle whilst you wrote the name. That is the room—a well-garnished chamber, a place into which we introduce visitors that they may admire the æsthetic taste displayed on wall and ceiling, in carpet and in cabinet. God reads it in the light of the iniquity. Who can bear it? This is the way in which we must look at things if we would look them steadily in the face and confront facts. Who knows what is in that sweet child? To charge it in any way, even by remote insinuation, with being steeped in what the older theologians called original sin, seems to be a lie—just a vulgar falsehood. Look at that mouth, those eyes, those groping, searching fingers; look at the smile. To associate anything like original sin with that little bundle of blessed human nature—why, it were a libel, if we judge by appearances. The bad king made the Mount of Olives a mount of corruption, and it may be that that little child is a budding tyrant, sinner, prodigal. We cannot tell but by remembering and spiritually recalling the transformations or evolutions of ancient times, and by recalling our own bitter and humiliating

experience. Who is sufficiently wise to say that even the fairest flower may not become an instrument of the serpent? Be careful!

Sometimes names degenerate without our being quite aware of the process. What is the name of this place? It is sacred; there is something in the air of it that I like, yet it makes me solemn and reverential. Well it may: this is Beth-el, the house of El, of God. Now you tell me so, I can well believe it. I felt the spirit of the air. I knew it was no common place. Now let Jeroboam handle the place and make what he can of the situation, and after he has wrought his deed of shame the name of the place is not Beth-el, but Beth-aven; not the house of God, but the house of vanity. Ah! my sweet Mount of Olives, thou wast made mount of corruption; my holy Beth-el, God's lodging, God's house, thou hast been made by some evil man into the house of vanity. So it may be with our finest buildings—that is to say, with our most sacred edifices. A church is not always a church because it was once a church. Bad doctrine may divest it of its holiest reputation; bad living may foul the pulpit into a cesspool. The power of degradation would seem to reside in the very meanest of the spoilers. The great cathedral is not great because of its mere magnitude; it takes on a grander bigness when it is realised as the house where God hears and answers prayer. The home may go back again into a mere house; the mere house may degenerate into a mere den and dungeon of darkest iniquity. There is not only in natural but in spiritual things a reversion to type, that is to say, a going back again to that which it came from—a degeneration too awful for words. The house in which we are now assembled may one day be as a den of wild beasts. We have had our opportunities of meeting God here, of reading the Holy Word, and besieging, as an army might besiege a fortress, the altar, known by its crimson hue; and yet some day a man may arise who will deny the Lord that bought him, who will preach a gospel without a Saviour, a salvation without a cross; then write Ichabod upon the frontals of the place, and let it be forgotten as a thing of shame, a memorial of unpardonable treason against the throne of God.

We have before commented upon another parallelism of names, and therefore will but touch upon it now, as in a moment. Laban called the pillar Jegar-sahadutha; Jacob, looking at the same pillar, called it Galeed. They both meant the same thing: they were speaking different tongues, but they were bearing the same testimony; each was saying in his own tongue, "This is a witness between us; this is a stony testimony; every stone in this pillar is a witness of the covenant now established." It is so with what they call the various denominations—on which I pronounce no blessing. They really, in so far as they are true to Christ, mean the same thing; but they love their distinctions. A good minister was lamenting to a friend of mine the apostasy of one of his daughters. What was the child's crime? It was very marked. Said the father of the newly married daughter, "She has left us and gone to the Primitive Methodists." From the parent's manner one might have thought she had gone to the devil. What a crime! Where is there a counsel that will plead the case against the girl? He must be a man of wit and of keen tongue, for the child had left one Methodist body for another. Why do not all these bodies get out of the way and consolidate into one Church of the living Saviour? The devil likes denominations; he plays them one against the other, and a great player is the old devil. Why do we not seek out points of union—points of common trust and masonry? Why do we not create and consolidate a grand fellowship? Let time makes its own reply.

Ah! there is one instance of change of names which is heart-breaking. "Ye have called the blood of the covenant an unholy thing." You have turned Calvary into a mount of corruption; you have sought to obliterate the name of God, and substitute the name of some idol or of some poor vanity. Would God we could be true to the great names, and to all the great facts which they represent and endorse! What name is there greater than the name Christian? But it has been so ill-treated as to become in some places little more than a byword. Men of certain conditions indulge in a certain kind of peculiar frowning smile when the word Christian is used. It ought to be all other names that are good and beautiful and songful in one. A man thinks he is a Christian because he was born in a Christian country. But, first of all, is the country Christian? and how did it become Christian? and what is it to be Christian? It is not a word of Christ's invention; the word Christianity never occurs in the New Testament; there is no such word as Christianity in the Apostolic writings. But men are name-worshippers; they get into the superstition of idolising certain names. Think of it, that the word Christianity never once occurs in the Gospels or in the Epistles. Always distinguish between spiritual-mindedness and any particular form which that spiritual-mindedness may either choose or have chosen for it; always distinguish between religion and theology. Religion, as interpreted in the New Testament, as illustrated in the cross of Christ, is Divine, most beautiful, immortal with the very spirit of eternity; but when we come to theology, who knows what it is? It admits of a dozen different definitions, and it undergoes many distributions of its intellectual and moral material. I thank God that, having met the working classes in hundreds upon hundreds at a time, and from week to week, I never heard them speak one word against Jesus Christ; but I have seen them go into fury when any particular sectarian theology was attempted to be forced upon them. They were right. And we speak of being baptised men! Baptised of what? With water? Water cannot baptise any man. If you want the true baptism you can have it without water, either in dewdrops or in rivers. He shall baptise you with the Holy Ghost: that is the baptism for which I pray. I would more and more be baptised with fire.

We speak of discrepancies, and have given an instance or two of apparent discrepancies. The worst discrepancy is that of our profession not being confirmed by our practice. Think of that discrepancy! Do not trouble your heads, unless you are grammatical and philological and antiquarian experts, about merely verbal or apparent discrepancies and contradictions. But think of this—to be nominally a Christian, and really a pagan! That is the discrepancy which troubles my heart, and which ought to drive me with the driving of love and with the compulsion of penitence to the Cross. If we were as particular about moral discrepancies and inconsistencies as we are about some other discrepancies, there would be great amendment in our conduct. If any man here can rise and truly say to God, not to me, that he is not guilty of any discrepancy as between profession and conduct, I have no message to that man. But if any man can say, "God be merciful to me a sinner, though a professing Christian!" I join that man and say, "Amen; and, Lord, if Thy pity is big enough, oh include me also in Thy gracious answer!"

Dean Farrar

BY W. SCOTT KING

ACCORDING to our annual habit, now that the spring has come, we sally forth to see what effects, what devastation it may be, the winds and storms of the winter have produced upon landscapes familiar and dear. The death-dealing storms and winds of 1902-3 have left the ecclesiastical and religious landscape of England most woefully desolate and bare. Forest trees—against whose mighty trunks we have steadied our weakness, under whose ample and gorgeous foliage we have found shade and benediction, and whose more than twelve manner of fruits have been for the healing of our minds and spirits so often—have fallen, leaving the landscape sadly naked, and the memories of St. James's Hall, the City Temple, and the Deanery at Canterbury enriched for ever.

By no means the least novel and striking of the conditions under which the children of this twentieth century have to make their perilous way is this one: that they have to start it unattended by so many of those inspiring presences which guided the steps of their fathers. Can it be that the memory of the just is more blessed — as a tonic, a compulsion, a light—than their living presence? It may be so. But together with this chilly sensation of being left to our own resources, there seems to be a touch of unkind desertion about these perpetual removals of our strong ones. They leave us when we need them so; they leave us with the battle unwon. We are constrained to cry, as Wordsworth did of Dean Farrar's most admired Milton:

> Thou should'st be living at this hour!
> England hath need of thee.

Photo by H. B. Collis, Canterbury

THE LATE VERY REV. DEAN FARRAR, D.D.

Memories!—that is our heritage. Voices ceasing in the ears of the few, so that echoes may ring in the hearts of the many. Perhaps this is another of the ways in which humbly the servant shall be as his Lord. For did not Christ cease to walk the streets of Jerusalem in order that, unseen, He might walk the streets of every city in the world? Memories, we say. How vivid and thrilling are yet those memories! Old St. Philip's, Birmingham, is crowded from altar to doors with eager-eyed, panting, expectant young men waiting to hear the brilliant author of "The Life of Christ" and "Seekers after God.' Among them is a boy-student from a neighbouring college. Standing erect in the far pulpit is a noble, stately figure with pure, clear-cut features, gentle yet throbbing brow, and silvered hair, and a voice—oh, what a voice! He is telling a story of shame and wrong, and Tom Hood's pitiful lines are falling from the angry, quivering lips:

> Mad from life's history,
> Glad to death's mystery.

Oh, end it!—end it! It is insupportable. The very altar candles flicked like some torch held low and searchingly over the dark waters. The end comes—"Young man! is this *your* handiwork?" And a deep sob as of conscience-smitten remonstrance goes up from the heaving mass in answer.

Again, it is a Sunday morning in May, and the altar is dressed in white lilies, and two thousand of the city's wealthiest and most cultured have gathered to hear the author of "St. Winifred's" and "Darkness and Dawn." It is Temperance Sunday, and the text is awaited almost with fear. Then it came! "Ye shall be hated of all men for My sake." Did they look a martyred congregation —stylishly dressed, well fed, complacent? Then followed the characteristic sermon—quotation upon quotation from Juvenal and Herodotus, from Milton and Browning, metaphor on the heels of metaphor, gorgeous in purple and gold diction, illustrations from London life, Athenian life, from Corinth and Birmingham, analogies from nature, and apothegms from Cicero, from Dante, from General Booth. It has been said that Dean Farrar "thought in quotations," and indeed so it seemed; but the quotations were athrill with molten passion and consuming solicitude, reminding one of what his old friend and master said of him so long ago, "In Farrar the culture of other days is blended with the wisdom of ours."

Both the intellectual and the ecclesiastical position occupied by Dean Farrar embarrasses clear definition. In so many of his social and scientific sympathies he was in the ennobling succession of Maurice and Kingsley, to the former of whom, in his early days at King's College, he tells us he owed so much. In his broad tolerance, rich historic imagination, and healthy grasp of real as distinguished from ecclesiastically conceived human nature, he was the lineal descendant of Arnold and Stanley. Years ago many of his books, among them his world-famous "Life of Christ,"

startled and offended by their free handling of sacred theories, and their acceptance of what was fearfully known as "German" methods of interpretation. Now, it is to be presumed, the Higher Critics will vote him tentative and halting. Ecclesiastically it was his unkind fate to fall between two stools. He was too much of a Churchman, had too keen a historic sense and too great an abhorrence of morbidity and introspection to be a Low Churchman, and he was too little of a priest, had too great a democratic trust in the verdict of the common conscience, and was much too uncircuitous and healthy-minded to be a Ritualist. Only the Broad School was left to him, therefore, and with him—though he was never, so to say, officially connected with it—that school may be said to cease to be. In fact, all his life he kept to himself; and it is probably due to this exclusiveness rather than to any other cause that he owed his lack of highest honours. It was human life in all its struggle and sorrow, aspiration and tragic and pathetic picturesqueness that interested him. The legitimacy or illegitimacy of incense and candles took on an aspect of positively criminal irrelevance while England was digging eighty thousand drunkards' graves a year, and herding a million of the population of her metropolis in one-roomed tenements. And fortunately there is a small minority who survive among us to agree with him.

AN ANCESTOR OF DEAN FARRAR

Dean Farrar was an intense, if not a great, humanist, a passionate lover of all good literature, which a Macaulay-like memory placed always within call, and a worthily popular orator. In another way than the ecclesiastical one already referred to his work entitles him to be called a middleman. He stood between the producers of critical findings, historic lore, poetic treasure, and the consumer. In this way his books on "St. Paul" and "The Early Days of Christianity," "Darkness and Dawn," and—most valuable of all—"Seekers after God," as well as his volume of memorial sermons on the death of Gordon, Gladstone, Darwin, Huxley, Browning, and others, have put knowledge and delight within the reach of multitudes who would otherwise have remained uninformed and uninspired.

Returning to the question of his style again for a moment, it is the fashion to condemn it as being too resplendent in its tropical colours. No doubt it led him at times astray. One remembers, for example, when in his notorious book "Eternal Hope," in animadverting in the style of Maurice on the folly of imposing time-ideas on the word "eternal," he declares that it is giving the lie to that angel who, with one foot on the earth and the other in the sea, proclaimed that time should be no more. We realise that this is rhetoric masking as argument. But, after all, better indulge in soul-intoxicating oratory and run the risks involved in discussing in the pulpit so perplexed a matter as the condition of the lost after death, than wrangle over sensuous millinery and make cap-in-hand overtures to his Holiness.

Dean Farrar must surely be but second only to Mr. Baring-Gould among clergymen of our day in the matter

Photo by J. G. Charlton, Canterbury

THE DEANERY, CANTERBURY

of the multi-production of books and the variety of their subjects. Of "Eric," his first, though amazingly popular, it cannot be said that it is an ideal book for boys. Its morbidity and even taint of priggishness place it far below "Tom Brown's Schooldays." His Hulsean Lectures contain in many ways his best contribution to accurate scholarship, while being a marvel of brilliant wording. With Farrar, too, we lose a great orator of what, I suppose, must be called the old school. We *talk* now. But those who have heard him in Queen's Hall or the Town Hall, Birmingham, and elsewhere, will not soon forget, and will wish to recall a hundred times in the coming fight against "Compensation" this "Chrysostom of Teetotalism."

I have had the good fortune to secure from the son of Dean Farrar, the Rev. Ivor Farrar, and from his daughter the Hon. Mrs. Northcote, some most charming reminiscences of their noble father. But before appending them, the whole career of the late Dean of Canterbury suggests two or three reflections that console and cheer. The first is this: When made the utmost of and with fortunate contributory conditions, there is no life that offers greater scope both for personal culture and national usefulness than that of a dignitary of the Church of England. In running the eye over Dean Farrar's life—Marlborough, Harrow, St. Margaret's, Canterbury—one sees how much a clergyman even of a State-bound Church may accomplish for his fellows. One sees, too, what facilities are offered for the building up and embellishing of fair and strong and well-nourished Christian character — such character, such manhood as is the glory of our race, and of which, together with Dean Church, Dean Farrar was so notable an example. Further, the life of Dean Farrar proves beyond dispute that whatever dislike and distrust of the officials of religion is entertained by the rank and file of England's democracy, these are at once and most joyously laid aside when the official is willing to waive ecclesiastical etiquette and intonation, and comes into life's midst with words of vernacular consolation, admonition, and appeal. Lastly, why should we regret that Dean Farrar did not die Bishop Farrar? Had he done so, should we have loved and respected him more? Possibly less. Besides, what could lawn have added to his renown? What mystery of official oversight is responsible for his dying a Dean we shall perhaps never know. Nor does it matter now. But this we know, that no clergyman of our time has been better known and more enthusiastically listened to and loved on both sides of the Atlantic than Dean Farrar, and he was never made a Bishop.

Photo by A. F. Colborne, Canterbury
DEAN FARRAR AND HIS LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER MABEL NORTHCOTE, 1898

The Rev. Ivor Farrar writes me to the following effect on matters connected with his father: "You will perhaps know that Robert Farrar was an ancestor of ours, one of the martyr Bishops of Queen Mary's reign. He figures in 'Fox's Book of Martyrs.'" Again, he says: "The photograph of the Deanery garden at Canterbury should certainly have a place in any memorial you may write, as it is connected with the Dean as well as with his great friend Dean Stanley. It represents the three famous mulberry trees in the Deanery garden, and my father loved to tell all his visitors their story. 'These three trees,' said Stanley, 'are the three Churches. The oldest one, which has its hollow trunk filled up with brickwork, is the Church of Rome, which cannot stand without foreign support. The second [on the left of the picture] is the Church of England. Once it was a branch of the Church of Rome, but it fell off, and has been planted by itself, and now it is stronger and more fruitful than its parent. The third [on the right] is the little Church of America. It is only a slender sapling at present, but great things are expected of it.' The Dean used also to say that his predecessors (most of whom obtained Bishoprics) used to sit under the mulberry trees until they 'turned purple.' Nineteen were made Bishops.

"No mention of my father's work at Canterbury would be complete without an allusion to his work among the boys of the King's School and cathedral choir, for he had a wonderful gift of imparting to boys his own immense love of all that is best and noblest in English literature. The boys were frequent guests at the Deanery. Four of the senior boys were invited to breakfast every Sunday morning while the younger boys were invited during the summer months to tea in the garden. I was always struck by the high tone which he gave to the conversation among these boys. He spoke of the past history of the cathedral, of the stories of great and noble men in all ages and countries, and of the poets, especially his four supreme favourites—Milton, Dante, Coleridge, Tennyson. He never cared to talk of things of merely passing interest; but however deep the subject might be, he never failed to make it intelligible even to boys of thirteen and fourteen. Still more wonderful was his influence among the little boys of the cathedral choir. My father dreaded lest their frequent

CYRIL LYTTON FARRAR, DIED PEKIN, 1891, AGED 21
IN THE CHINESE IMPERIAL MARITIME CUSTOMS

attendance at long cathedral services should make their religion formal and unreal. To avert this danger, he devoted Sunday afternoons, from two to three, to teaching them himself. Other and less great men would have taken such a class without any special preparation; but on Monday morning the Dean began thinking of next Sunday's class, and he devoted a portion of every day to preparing for it. When his strength began to fail, I was often able to help him by reading aloud to him when his poor hands were too weak to hold a book or even to turn a page. And I noticed that Driver, Cheyne, Stanley, Ellicott, and Westcott were only a few of the books used in preparing to teach these little boys of twelve and under. Still more remarkable, when the lesson came to be given, the learned comments of great scholars had become delightful stories, full of life and thrilling interest, with lessons that any boy could both understand and use. The choir boys never failed to enjoy his class, and the very last piece of work which my father did on earth was preparing for this class the night before he died."

The Hon. Mrs. Northcote, Dean Farrar's daughter, has sent me the following very touching and beautiful memories of her father, and with them I will close these unworthy words:—

"My earliest recollection of my father goes back to 1869, when he was a Harrow master, and we children delighted to look out of the nursery window on a winter's afternoon, and watch him return from a game of football, looking so fresh and vigorous, his muddied dress betraying the activity of his play. Another recollection, relating to days when we had grown a little older, is of our walking with him in the park at Harrow, when he took us to feed the tame swans, and delighted our childish ears with stories —stories of Solomon and the Hoopoo birds, and other

Photo by Elliott & Fry
REV. IVOR G. FARRAR

beautiful legends; or of wandering with him on the Marlborough Downs while he recited to us such poems as 'O Mary, go and call the cattle home.' His mind was such a beautiful storehouse of all that is noblest in English literature, and I shall always love to remember that the best part of our education was our walks and talks with him. He simply *loved* Marlborough. As we climbed the Downs he taught us to spy out the blue-and-pink milkwort and tiny shepherd's purse, to look for the rare orchids that were to be found in the copses, or to gather the wild geraniums in the hedges. My father always walked with his hat off, usually giving it to one of us children to carry, while the wind blew the hair from his forehead. He was a great walker whenever he had leisure, as in the summer holidays, when he invariably stayed some weeks at the seaside. Swanage, in Dorsetshire, was a favourite resort for many years, also Llanfairfechan, in North Wales, and Newquay, in Cornwall. These summer holidays are particularly treasured in our memories as most delightful times. We were a

REV. ERIC FARRAR, DR. REGINALD FARRAR, REV. IVOR FARRAR, AND THE LATE DEAN FARRAR. Taken at Filey in 1900 by F. Percival Farrar

family of ten children, all healthy and strong, and we went out in large parties with my father for long walks over the mountains and along the seashore. These rambles were always enriched by his wonderful talk. He was very athletic. A Scotchman whom he used to visit describes how he went up the mountains with 'the agility of a young deer.'

"I can also recall how in those same summer holidays my father possessed a marvellous power of absorbing himself in his work, in spite of so many children always around him. Many of his books were largely written in the leisure of these holidays, he sitting in the garden, never disturbed by our merry games, or in a room where other occupations were going on around him. In London his sermons were all written in a study that was only separated by folding doors from a drawing-room where his five daughters practised on the piano in succession. His power of concentration prevented him minding in the slightest degree what would have driven so many men distracted. Those sermons in St. Margaret's! how wonderful they were, preached to such vast crowds as, I suppose, no other preacher ever gathered there. Not only were the aisles crowded up with extra chairs, but people sitting on the chancel steps, the pulpit steps, on hassocks put out from the pews, and crowds standing the whole service through to listen to the golden words which have changed for good so many lives.

"It was when he first came to Westminster from the loveliness and purity of the country that he, who till then had always enjoyed his wine in moderation, was so utterly grieved and shocked by the havoc made in so many homes

THE LAST PHOTO EVER TAKEN OF THE DEAN
The work of his grandson Hugh Northcote in 1901

in his parish by drink, that in the strong simplicity of his character he gave it up himself, hoping that his example would help others; and that at a time of life when it is not easy for men to change their habits.

"Then in the Abbey, his sermons were even more powerful, though scarcely more far-reaching, than in St. Margaret's. Oh, how proud we were of our father as a public man, all the while knowing how even more beautiful and influential was his noble home life!

"Eight years ago came the change to Canterbury—a happy, peaceful change to one who was just beginning to feel the stress of London's life and his incessant labours for his people. But he had still vigour enough to organise, and to throw himself with all his heart into the restoration of the cathedral. By his efforts very much was done to beautify and restore its freshness. Wherever he went he made his mark on all the places of worship committed to his care. He transformed the college chapel at Marlborough with exquisite Burne-Jones and William Morris paintings and windows.

"St. Margaret's, in its old days, was one of the ugliest churches in London, and his whole beauty-loving nature revolted at it when he first visited it. It was filthily dirty, had huge unsightly galleries and a "three-decker" pulpit. The tracery of the windows was falling to pieces, and many of the beautiful and interesting monuments were plastered up and out of sight. It became at once the interest of my father's life to transform this grand historical building with light and cleanliness, to fill the windows with the best possible stained glass, and to get the poets among his English and American friends to write verses to put in the church in memory of departed friends and heroes.

"The social life at Dean's Yard was very

Photo by Barraud, 263, Oxford Street, W.
AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF DEAN FARRAR

Photo by H. B. Collis, Canterbury

THE HALL AT THE DEANERY

charming. Around his table he gathered the historians, poets, churchmen, and the eminent in science and art of his day, and by his exceptional geniality and charm of manner not only fascinated them one and all, but got even the most reticent and silent to open out and talk as he did. He also yearly filled his rooms with the rich and the poor alike among his Church workers, having most delightful "At Homes," which, as his enthusiasm for social and philanthropic work widened, grew to many scores.

THE MULBERRY TREES

"During the last years of his life my father preached comparatively seldom, but he strove to make the Deanery the centre of the cathedral and town life of Canterbury. The Deanery was filled with beautiful objects and rich with colour. It was a quaint old house, and my father was very proud of it and of the interesting collection of Deans' portraits, of which not one was missing from the Dean of Queen Elizabeth's time down to his own. Gradually the last sad illness, which began two years ago, robbed him of his bodily, though never of his mental, activity. It was atrophy of the muscles, brought about by a slight fall some years before. But it gradually stole over his whole body, till his hands and arms were so helpless that he could not raise them even to feed himself, and he could no longer hold up his head. Then one by one he had to surrender the occupations that he loved—writing, reading, walking, and serving in God's house. One by one they were laid aside with unmurmuring sweetness, though it was a sorrow unspeakable to him not to be able to administer the Holy Communion, or to read the lessons in the cathedral, or even to read prayers in his own household. He had to be carried into the cathedral for the daily services, yet he bore it all with cheerfulness and a sweet dignity that was very touching.

How the light of love streamed round him when his noble frame was bowed!
In what a Sabbath calmness did the last long shadows fall!
Hushed was the wondrous voice that used to thrill the listening crowd,
But this his latest sermon was the holiest of all.

"But to the last his wonderful memory remained, and his power of clear, full expression of thought in articles and letters that could only be dictated. The last months of his life were happy and peaceful nevertheless. His sons and daughters, who constantly gathered at the Deanery from their different homes, felt themselves to be in a holy presence, and never left him without a sense of calm and strength and uplifting. He was cheered by the diligent presence of many friends who loved to be with him, and he was sustained and comforted and nursed by no hands less tender and loving than those of her who for forty-three years had been his beautiful help-mate, and to whom he owed more than ordinary husbands ever can owe to their wives. There was no distress of farewell at the end. He sank quietly to sleep at the age of seventy-one on Sunday, March 22. The grave in the quiet cloister that he loved is a fitting resting-place for one who not only himself has entered into the joy of his Lord, but who had set the feet of thousands on the same shining road thither. *Tu Christi vixit—tu Christi vivat.*"

Photo by H. B. Collis, Canterbury

THE STUDY AT THE DEANERY

An American Appreciation of Dean Farrar

The Rev. John Reid Shannon, D.D., writing in the *Western Christian Advocate* of April 15, 1903, pays the following tribute to Dean Farrar:—

"The late Rev. Dr. F. W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury, was a most distinguished preacher. It was the privilege of the writer, during a two years' sojourn in England, to hear him on many different occasions, and to study him somewhat in the pulpit.

"His preaching had a spiritual atmosphere; there was in it a subtle, Divine music that moved the soul, an unction which made us feel that, like Moses of old, the preacher had been on the mountain in communion with God.

"Whatever may be said about one or two of the Dean's later books touching the Higher Criticism, nothing can be said against his preaching; for this was along the great central lines of the New Testament. He preached the vital, unchanging, all-dominating, evangelical doctrines that mean the redemption, the regeneration, the sanctification, the glorification of the Divine likeness in man; in his pulpit he stood upon the granite of the old Scripture truths whose musical thunder is born of eternity.

"He believed himself to be abreast of the age when he preached the Gospel, 'Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He believed himself to be up-to-date when he made the cross his theme, and took as his watchword, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ!' He believed himself to be preaching to the times when he preached to the world's sins, and struggles, and poverty, and sorrows, and broken-heartedness.

"Dr. Farrar was a prose poet. His discourses were fragrant with the most beautiful flowers of speech. It was natural for him to speak with golden utterance, with artistic colouring, and poetic efflorescence. He was a weird magician of language; he had a marvellously rich flow of good, racy, vigorous, idiomatic English; a wonderful command of phrase and range of expression; he clothed his ideas with noble, musical, picturesque words, which were as lenses giving clearest vision of the thoughts he presented. The splendours of his rhetoric touched the imagination with flashing lights, not unlike diamonds whose facets throw back upon the eye the lustrous rays of the morning sun.

"There was in his discourses a freshness like the wind that blows around the mountain heights. How he preached inward righteousness! How he denounced formalising priestcraft! How he inveighed against the hollowness and emptiness of religious externalism! He would not have the form put for the reality, the shadow for the substance, which seems to be the trend of things to-day in the Established Church of England; for its glorification of ordinances, its gorgeous, outward religious conformities are, in many sanctuaries, not far removed from the ceremonialism of the Church of Rome. The avowed and uncompromising opponent of all this, Dr. Farrar stood as a teacher and preacher of spiritual religion."

The Madness of Roger Bentley

BY EGLANTON THORNE

"IT is spring already, auntie," said Doris Carrington, as she entered the little garden in which Mrs. Bentley took such pride, holding tenderly in her hand a few dainty violets; "it is so lovely in the woods this morning, and just see what I have found!"

Mrs. Bentley stood on the little grass-plot, goloshes on her feet, gardening gloves upon her hands. The look of grave purpose faded from her countenance as she heard the girl's voice, and she looked with a smile of glad welcome into the bright young face that was as fresh and sweet as the morning. She was not related to Doris; but she had been her governess before she became the Rev. James Bentley's second wife, and the love she gave the motherless girl was very strong and tender. There was another bond which matched it in strength, and that was her attachment to her stepson, Roger Bentley. Since her widowhood, which befell some years earlier, he had become the object of her most ardent devotion.

"What! violets so early in March! This is wonderful!" said Mrs. Bentley. "Yet such a day as this makes me rejoice with trembling. It is sweet to see the green things coming up, and the flowers unfolding, if only one could be sure that they will not get a nip of frost."

"Oh! I don't believe there will be any more frost," said Doris cheerfully. "Auntie, why is it that these violets seem ever so much sweeter and nicer in every way than the great bouquets of violets that I used to get constantly when we were at Nice last winter?"

"It is because you have found them for yourself, I suppose," said Mrs. Bentley. "How do you think my garden looks, Doris? But there! it is of no use to ask you. It must look poor after your lovely garden at the Hall."

"Indeed, auntie, I like your garden ever so much better than our garden. That always seems to belong to Brown rather than to me, for he always frowns if I venture to cut the flowers, and I can never have anything as I like in it. And grandfather cares nothing about the flowers, you know."

"How is Mr. Carrington?" asked her friend. "It struck me, when he drove by the other day, that he was looking more infirm."

"Oh! I think he is much as usual," the girl replied. "He has certainly seemed to grow more and more dull and restless since his connection with the business was finally severed; but he was really not fit for the journey to London, and I think his partners were getting tired of his old-fashioned ways. Have you had any news of Roger since I saw you, auntie?"

She tried to put the question with indifference, and bent to examine some opening primroses while she waited for a reply. But her manner could not deceive Mrs. Bentley.

"Roger came home last night, Doris," she answered gravely. "He has enjoyed his visit, and the people where he went seemed to be pleased with him. At any rate, they have asked him to be their pastor."

"Oh!" said Doris breathlessly. The colour had risen in her cheeks, and her eyes had turned quickly towards the house as Mrs. Bentley spoke.

"Roger has gone to the Manse to have a talk with Mr. Carr," said his mother. "I daresay you have not heard that while Roger has been away, Mr. Carr has sent in his resignation to the Church. He feels that the state of his health will no longer permit him to perform the duties, and now the people want Roger to succeed him, and fill the place once occupied by his father."

"Oh! you don't mean it!" cried Doris eagerly. "Why, that is delightful! Now you will not have to leave Hartley and this dear little cottage that I like so much. I call it the most charming little home in the world. I quite envy you living here."

Mrs. Bentley could not help smiling at the girl's *naïveté*. It was funny to think of the granddaughter and heiress of the retired merchant, whose wealth was said to be enormous, and whose home was most stately and luxurious, envying her simple lot; but she knew that Doris spoke in all sincerity.

"You take it for granted that Roger will accept their invitation," she said quietly; "but I am by no means sure of that. Indeed, I am doubtful whether it would be good for him to do so. There are many things to be considered."

Doris wondered at her manner. She thought there could not be two opinions on the subject. After some further talk, she kissed her old governess and turned her steps homeward, choosing the road which passed the Manse.

Mrs. Bentley sighed as she watched the slight, daintily clad figure pass out of sight.

"I believe she cares for Roger," she said to herself, "and perhaps it is my fault. Yet how could I help their meeting? The child has no friend nearer to her than I am, and I am sure she has needed my friendship all these years. She had everything that heart could wish, except what a girl most needs—a mother's love. And she wants me still, for she is but a child at heart, although she came of age last summer. But Roger can never be more to her than he is—the idea is quite impossible. John Carrington's heiress to marry a Dissenting minister with three hundred a year! It is utter madness."

Mrs. Bentley went on with her gardening operations in rather absent-minded fashion. Her mind was musing anxiously on the future of the young lives so dear to her. Presently she began to wonder that Roger did not return. What a long talk he was having at the Manse! But it was not the minister who was responsible for his tardiness, but some one whom he had met on the way home. His mother had laid aside her gardening tools and was awaiting him in the dining-room when he came in.

"I suppose you did not meet Doris?" she said, as they sat down to luncheon.

"Yes, I met her," he said, and his colour changed. Then she saw that a tiny knot of violets adorned his button-hole, and he was gazing down on them with loving eyes.

She had a momentary sense of irritation. How unreasonable these young people were!

"Roger," she said, "I think it will be best for you to settle at a distance from Hartley."

He looked at her in surprise.

"You speak too late, mother, dear," he said. "I have already decided to stay here, if the Church invites me."

"Has Mr. Carr led you to this decision?" she asked.

"He and—another," said Roger, his dark eyes shining with intense feeling. "I have promised Doris that I will stay here, if possible."

"Were you right to make such a promise, Roger?" she asked.

"I believe so," he said. "Mother, there is no one who is more to me than Doris. I would do anything she asked me—anything right, that is; of course she would not ask me to do what was wrong."

"Not if she knew it," replied Mrs. Bentley; "but oh! my dear boy, it would be wiser for you to part. You can never be more to each other than you are now. Her father is a millionaire, or something of the kind, and she will inherit all his wealth. Do you think he would let her marry you? The idea is madness."

"Then I am mad," said Roger. "I don't care whether he is a millionaire or not. I know that the love I have for Doris is worth all the money in the world. If she loves me—and, little as I deserve it, I am not without hope that she does—she will think the same."

Mrs. Bentley looked at him with admiration kindling in her eyes. In her inmost heart she thought that any woman in the land might be proud to marry him. But she knew the force of worldly conventions, and she trembled for the happiness of this guileless pair.

"You had better go away," she said, "for it can never be."

"But I mean to stay," he said, "and, if God will, it shall be. 'With God all things are possible.' If He has drawn our hearts together, as I believe He has, He will give us to each other in His own good time."

His mother listened, and marvelled at the strength and simplicity of his faith.

A few weeks later it was given her to mark the mysterious working of the Providence that "shapes our ends." The season was a disastrous one in the financial world, but the dwellers at Hartley knew nothing of the agitations and shocks of the money market. One evening Roger brought in the news that their wealthy neighbour, John Carrington, of Hartley Hall, was said to be most seriously ill. It was whispered that he had had a "stroke." On the morrow he was dead.

Mrs. Bentley went at once to Doris, and stayed with her till after the funeral. At the Hall she learned that the fatal seizure was attributed to the shock of bad news. The deceased had suddenly learned of the utter collapse of the great business house from which he derived his income. While to the aged, sleeping partner it had seemed as secure as the Bank of England, it had long rested on a rotten basis, and the convulsions which shook the financial world had brought it to the ground. So utter was the ruin that it was soon evident that Doris, far from being a wealthy heiress, was left with barely enough for her maintenance.

"You must come home with me," said her old governess. "The cottage is small, but there always will be room for you in it."

And Doris went, thankfully, almost joyously, and found the pretty cottage just the restful, peaceful home it had always seemed to be.

"It is too good to think of that I can always remain here," she said. "After a while I must try to take a situation; but for the present I will rest here and learn all I can."

Mrs. Bentley smiled on her with tears in her eyes. She knew that Doris would never need to take a situation. When two summers had passed Doris still shared the home of her old governess, and she had learned to call her "mother"; but she and Roger were looking forward to removing to the larger house on the hill, which was known as "the Manse."

Doris was such a strange girl that she never regretted the luxury and magnificence in which she had lived at the Hall. She thought herself richer in these days; but her former acquaintance could not be persuaded that she was not greatly to be pitied because she had lost her fortune, and had to content herself with a Dissenting minister for her husband.

MOST of those we call friends are acquaintances, and nothing more. Friends of the perfect and ideal sort are necessarily rare—I mean those for whom we have a strong affection, and who have a strong affection for us. No man can hope to get more than a few of them, even during a long life. Keep them when you have them. But friendships, too, which fall far short of the ideal are worth keeping. For the most part, though there are exceptions, I believe our friends must be people whose circumstances, and education, and history are not very much unlike our own. The foolish ambition of many people in a country like this, to push their way into a society very different from that in which they were placed, may end in their getting new acquaintances, but it will hardly end in their getting new friends. I suppose there are some people who drop some friends every time they get a rise in their salary. It is a miserable attitude. For the most part, also—though here again there are exceptions—the closest and most real friendships are formed early in life.—*Dr. Dale on Friendship.*

TO me love seems infinitely higher than knowledge, and the noblest distinction of humanity—the humble minister who wears himself out in labours of Christian love in an obscure retreat a far more exalted person than the mere literary champion of Christianity, or the recondite professor who is great in Fathers and Schoolmen. I really cannot share your longings for intellectual giants to confront the Goliaths of scepticism—not that I do not think such persons useful in their way, but because I think Christianity far more impressive as a *life* than as a speculation, and the West Port evangelism of Dr. Chalmers far more effective than his "Astronomical Discourses."—*Principal Cairns in a letter to Gilfillan.*

The Author of "Wee Macgreegor"

THE literary creator of that interesting and eminently "human" boy who, within the past few months, has become so familiar to thousands of readers on each side of the Border, is one of the most modest and most unassuming of men. In fact, he might almost be said to be self-depreciatory. Unspoiled by the extraordinary, although thoroughly deserved, success of his clever series of sketches, he looks out upon the world with questioning eyes which seem to express a mild wonder. Of his genius and his literary gifts he is in noways vain; rather he appears as if he were a little afraid of his sudden popularity. He seems to regard it as something which he may have difficulty in living up to. It puzzles him to think what any one can find to write about him.

MR. JOHN J. BELL
THE AUTHOR OF "WEE MACGREEGOR"

It is true, in a sense, that Mr. Bell's life has not been an eventful one. He has had none of those dire struggles with poverty and adverse circumstances against which some literary men have had to contend. His lines have, on the whole, been cast in pleasant places. John Joy Bell is a son of Mr. James T. Bell, senior partner of Messrs. J. and F. Bell, the well-known firm of tobacco manufacturers, and was born in Glasgow some thirty-one years ago—although he looks younger than he really is In Glasgow most of his life has been spent. Part of his education was received at the Kelvinside Academy there, and it is worthy of passing notice that Mr. John Davidson, the poet (then unknown to literature and to fame), was a teacher at Kelvinside during part of the time Mr. Bell was a pupil. From Kelvinside Mr. Bell went to the famous academy at Crieff, and of the Rector there, Mr. Strathearn, he entertains very grateful and kindly recollections. Oddly enough, one of the teachers with whom he first came into contact at the Crieff Academy was Mr. John Davidson. Leaving Crieff when about the age of fifteen, Mr. Bell attended Glasgow University for some fifteen months or so. Then he was at business for several years, returning later, however, to the University. In 1895, while at the University, he made his first essay in literature, contributing some verses to the *Glasgow University Magazine*. The following year he became editor of that periodical; and he also began to contribute to London and other magazines. The first contributions he sent out consisted of a batch of four sets of verses. They were offered to the *Pall Mall Magazine*, *Chambers's Journal*, *Pearson's Magazine*, and *The Sketch*, and it is certainly a remarkable fact, as well as a significant testimony to Mr. Bell's abilities, that each of the four contributions was accepted. Of course he was not always as fortunate afterwards. Some of his next "batch," indeed, were returned.

Mr. Bell was a regular and esteemed contributor to the *Scots Pictorial* almost from the time it was started, in 1896, and much of his early poetry appeared in this journal. In 1898 he joined the staff as assistant editor, a position which he held for about eighteen months. That, however, is the only staff appointment he has held on any journal. It is sometimes stated that he is, or was, a member of the staff of the *Glasgow Evening Times*, but this is a mistake, which no doubt has its origin in the fact of his being a regular contributor to that newspaper. Such he has been for several years, and during that time has done a great deal of journalistic and literary work of a varied nature. It was in the columns of the *Glasgow Evening Times*, as most persons are probably aware, that the sketches which have been published under the title of "Wee Macgreegor" first appeared. To the same journal Mr. Bell has contributed many other clever sketches. He also "did" some art criticism. His heaviest piece of work, however, for the *Evening Times* was a series of articles giving the history of Clyde steam navigation from the days of Henry Bell's *Comet*. The subject is hardly one which would be popularly associated with Mr. Bell, but as a matter of fact it is a hobby of his. The articles involved a great amount of research, but he was fortunate in the fact that his father's library includes a fine collection of old Glasgow books, and books dealing with the city and its affairs in bygone years.

There has been a good deal of curiosity expressed as to the genesis of "Wee Macgreegor," and whether Mr. Bell had some particular child in his mind as a prototype. I have alluded to Mr. Bell as the "literary creator" of the Glasgow urchin who has become so familiar to us, and the phrase is used advisedly. "Wee Macgreegor" is, in truth, a creation—a child of the imagination. His Paw, his Maw, Aunt Purdie, Granpaw Purdie, and the rest are equally figments of the imagination. Of course they are types—excellent types, and excellently drawn. So perfect are the presentments, indeed, that it is little wonder many readers have been convinced that Mr. Bell had models—some particular persons in his mind's eye. But this was not so. Of course, as a Glasgow man he knew a good deal of Glasgow life. But the fine picture he has given of the happy home of a Glasgow working man is the more praiseworthy when it is remembered that Mr. Bell's knowledge is derived entirely from the outside. That he is a close observer every page of his little book goes to

show. And his observation is no less kindly and sympathetic than it is keen. There is nothing of the nature of burlesque, nothing of caricature, in his presentment of the Glasgow family Robinson. He has resisted the temptation to exaggerate, and has drawn with artistic feeling and touch a set of characters we shall not readily forget.

Some fourteen years ago, while on board a Clyde steamer at Fair time, Mr. Bell overheard a woman address her little boy as "Macgreegor." It seemed rather an odd "front-name" (as Mr. Bell put it in speaking to me of the incident) for a child, and he never forgot it. This child, however, was not in any way the "Wee Macgreegor" of the sketches; nothing was borrowed but the name. At the time when its oddity struck Mr. Bell he had not commenced his literary career. About a year ago the first of the "Macgreegor" sketches appeared in the *Glasgow Evening Times*; it is also the first in the book, although the others are not arranged in the order in which they appeared. It was the result of a "passing whim"; in fact, Mr. Bell has confided to me that he was "hard up for a subject" at the time when the idea occurred to him of depicting the Robinson family having an outing in Argyll Street. It was a happy inspiration, but he had no thought then of starting a series. His memory of fourteen years previously came back to him, and he dubbed the boy "Macgreegor." The character was afterwards developed, and "Wee Macgreegor" and his relations soon had a wonderful vogue in Glasgow. In response to many demands Mr. Bell collected the sketches, and they were published in book form about the end of November last. "Michael Graham," to whom the volume was dedicated, is the editor of the *Glasgow Evening Times*, for whom Mr. Bell has a very warm regard. Just for a little while the prospects of the book were rather bleak. It almost seemed as if it were not to "take." Suddenly, however, it began to go, and it has been going steadily and rapidly ever since, at the rate of about 20,000 copies a month. Up till the middle of April about 100,000 copies have been sold. At first the sale was practically confined to Glasgow, but in Edinburgh "Wee Macgreegor" soon became almost as popular as in the western city. Before long its success was assured all over Scotland, and a demand also arose for it in London, in the English provinces, and in Ireland. Everywhere it has been praised. Its fame has spread to Canada, South Africa, and Australia; and an edition has also been published in America by Messrs. Harper—without the superfluous preliminary of asking the authority or consent of the author.

"Wee Macgreegor" must certainly have been a surprise to many readers who had doubtless noticed Mr. Bell's name appended to love-songs, rondels, and other verses, short stories, and dainty drawing-room sketches in numerous magazines and periodicals. Yet in many of these will be found that same close observation of men and things, and that light and sympathetic touch which go so far to make the success of the "Macgreegor" sketches. Seldom, either in his verse or his prose, does Mr. Bell strike a false note. He is no cynic personally, and there is nothing of the nature of cynicism to be found in his writings. His personality—a genial, sympathetic, and charitable personality—is reflected in his literary work. Now and again he shows that he is not only a close observer, but that he has a deep insight into the human heart. I recollect being much impressed by some lines of his descriptive of the anguish of a poor street-preacher at the thought that he had won no soul. And there are lines "On Christmas Day" which he contributed to an early volume of the *Scots Pictorial* from which I should like to quote, as showing Mr. Bell's religious feeling:—

I dreamed I stood within the world's great street.
And heard the sombre stones ring sharp and gay
Beneath the tread of millions, glad to meet
On Christmas Day.

* * * * *

They pressed along; and through their midst came One,
Sad-eyed and wan, and clad in mean array;
He seemed the only soul who fared alone
On Christmas Day.

And none perceived Him, till a little lass
Caught at her father's hand, and bade him stay—
"'Tis Christ," she said: "why do they let Him pass
On Christmas Day?"

But surely, surely, dreams mean less than nought.
And yet, O men and women, do we pray,
Lest in our loves the King should be forgot
On Christmas Day.

Mr. Bell has a warm side to children, and seems to have a knowledge of them and their ways which one is inclined to set down as intuitive. In 1898 he published "The New Noah's Ark," and in the following year "Jack of All Trades," both volumes of rhymes for children. His only other book previous to "Wee Macgreegor" was a small volume of verses inspired by the war, which appeared in 1900 under the title of "Songs of the Hour." By the time this article appears there will probably be in the hands of the public a fine illustrated edition of "Wee Macgreegor," with drawings by Mr. A. S. Boyd. A little later a volume of sketches of an entirely different class will be published under the title "Ethel." Some of the sketches have already appeared separately, but some of them are new. As I have said, they are entirely different from the "Wee Macgreegor" series. They are not studies of child-life at all, Ethel being a young lady. They are more of the nature of drawing-room sketches. Then, in the autumn, a collection of Mr. Bell's poems and lyrics is to be published.

So far Mr. Bell has attempted no big literary work, nor has he any present intention of making such an attempt. His belief seems to be that his bent is in the direction of those sketches, short stories, and verses in which his talents have been already displayed. This is as may be. Little more than a year ago few persons could have anticipated "Wee Macgreegor"—least of all, perhaps, the author. Meanwhile Mr. Bell's literary output is considerable. He contributes sketches, etc., regularly to the *Scots Pictorial*, *St. Mungo* (a bright little weekly which comes from the same office), and the *Glasgow Evening Times*; besides which there is a demand for his literary contributions from London and other magazines and periodicals.

A few months ago Mr. Bell took unto himself a wife, and since his marriage he has lived at Blairmore, in Argyllshire—far from the madding crowd and from the smoke, the grime, and the noisy traffic of Glasgow. That city usually sees him only once in the course of a fortnight. He is enamoured of the quiet life he lives. Dull!—he never feels dull, and cannot conceive of any one doing so who has plenty of work. He finds in music (in which he is proficient, and of which he is very fond) his most enjoyable relaxation. His house is near to the beautiful estuary of the Clyde, and the ever-changing sea, whether in calm or in storm, possesses for him a wondrous fascination. His one crumpled rose-leaf is the dread of that time, fast approaching, when the Glaswegian in his cohorts will come "doon the watter."

The Blindness of Madge Tyndall

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

A WEDDING party had assembled in the little church of Bexmouth to witness the marriage of Madge Tyndall, the Curate's daughter, to Dr. Studley. At the last minute the company learns with dismay that the bridegroom has mysteriously disappeared, leaving no trace behind him, except bad debts. Madge, who refused to believe the worst of her lover, thought he had been drowned, or had fallen over the cliffs at Bexmouth, until one day she overheard Jacob Wherry, a "character" in the town, tell her father that he had seen Dr. Studley with a young lady in London. Madge's health was disastrously affected, and for some time it looked as if her life was trembling in the balance. Gradually, however, she revived under the care of a tender-hearted doctor. There was one person in Bexmouth who rejoiced at Madge's returning strength. Squire Sleeman, who had sought her hand a year before, but was refused, thought his opportunity had again come. If John Sleeman "was not so well educated, nor so clever, nor so handsome, nor so young as Dr. Studley," he had, at all events, "a good solid character." Besides, he had amassed a fortune, and a curate in straitened circumstances was not slow to appreciate the advantages of a wealthy son-in-law. When the matter was first broached, Madge was disinclined to listen to her father's counsel to accept Sleeman, but after a time she was persuaded that her duty lay in marrying the Squire, and so improve the lot of her parents. At this point the reader is again introduced to Dr. Studley. On the eve of his wedding he was kidnapped in a dastardly fashion, and is now a prisoner on a vessel bound for Australia. He tries to obtain information from the ship's crew as to the person who had played him this cowardly trick, and what the purpose of it was, but with little success. At Sydney he learns that the voyage may extend over a year, and that the next port of call is San Francisco. There he resolves to try and escape. On the way he gets an important clue from the man at the wheel that may help him in the elucidation of the mystery. Before landing in San Francisco, he procures an old rig-out of sailor's clothes, and, disguised in this garb, he manages to escape from his keeper in a restaurant in San Francisco.

CHAPTER XIII

PLANS RIPEN

There is no voice so simple but assumes
Some mask of virtue in his outward parts.
SHAKESPEARE.

MR. JOHN SLEEMAN had been closeted with the Curate about half an hour when a boy came rushing up from the hotel with a telegram in his hand. Mr. Sleeman took it very quietly, and with an air of unconcern; then slowly tore open the envelope with his forefinger and commenced to read, prefacing the operation by saying, "Please excuse me for a moment, Mr. Tyndall, until I see what this is about."

"Don't mention it," said the Curate. And he walked to the window and looked out upon the garden, where his younger children were enjoying themselves in the cool of the summer evening. For several minutes he stood with his hands in his pockets and a pleasant smile upon his face. The gambols of his children interested him to-night. He was in the humour to enjoy the world and appreciate all pleasant things. Life seemed to be beginning anew for him, and opening out in possibilities of pleasure that once were beyond his wildest dreams. John Sleeman had received his communication with a gleam of delight in his eyes that did him good to see, and had grasped his hand with such vigour that his fingers were tingling yet. He had not said much in reply; his pleasure was evidently too deep for words.

But what he had said was very grateful to Mr. Tyndall. The man's sincerity thrilled in every tone. His passionate love for Madge was apparent to the most casual observer. The worthy Curate had no misgiving about entrusting his daughter to the keeping of so good a man. Indeed, it would be hard to say which was the more delighted, the Curate or the Squire.

After awhile he turned from the window and faced his guest, and was surprised to see the change that had come over him.

"I hope you are not ill, sir?" he questioned, in anxious tones.

But John Sleeman did not heed him. His thoughts were evidently far away; his eyes were staring into vacancy, his face was grey and ashen, his mouth drawn as if in pain. Upon his knee lay the telegram—a long one, and mostly in cypher.

"You surely have had bad news?" the Curate said, coming a step toward him.

John Sleeman started, picked up the telegram and crunched it in his hand, looked at Mr. Tyndall, and tried to smile.

"One cannot get away from the worries of business even in a quiet place like this," he said, speaking with an effort.

"I am sorry to see you troubled," the Curate said anxiously.

"Troubled? Oh, no!" Sleeman answered lightly. "Worried a bit, I grant, but it is what we are used to. Ah! my friend, you professional men have a great deal to be thankful for, after all. Business is an endless worry from January to Christmas. I am sorry I shall have to leave you for the rest of the evening."

"No, surely!" said the Curate, in alarm.

"If I can return later on, I will," was the reassuring answer. "It *is* annoying, to be dragged away this evening, of all others."

"I fear Madge will be very much disappointed," the Curate said, with a mental reservation of his own.

"Do you think so?" Sleeman said eagerly. "Oh! I am so sorry—not sorry that she will be disappointed, but sorry to disappoint her. Convey to her my regrets, please."

"I will do so. But come up again later on, if you can."

A minute later Madge, looking out of the window, saw Mr. Sleeman hurrying down the garden path at a most unusual rate of speed.

"I wonder what can have happened?" she said to herself, giving a little sigh of relief. "Anyhow, whatever it is, it has given me a little respite." And she went and fetched her hat, and joined the children in the garden.

The evening passed, and Mr. Sleeman did not return; but towards ten o'clock a porter came up from the hotel, bearing a note for the Curate, in which the Squire stated, with many expressions of regret, that he was compelled to return to London by the night train, and would probably be absent from Bexmouth for several days.

Madge gave another sigh of relief when her father communicated to her the contents of the letter. But she made no remark. If she had said anything at all, it would have been to express a wish that he might never come to Bexmouth again. But such a remark she knew would be very unbecoming. She had promised to marry him on certain conditions; practically he was her affianced husband. She had no doubt, moreover, he would try to get the wedding over as quickly as possible, and so it was her duty to make the best of the matter, and submit with outward cheerfulness, whatever inward pain she might feel.

On the morning but one following she got her first love-letter from Mr. Sleeman—a letter that was quite a model in its way. There was no gush in it, and yet it was not altogether devoid of sentiment. Its tone was business-like and yet affectionate. He spoke with great frankness and yet with sufficient reserve. He made no apologies, condescended to no explanations. It was a manly, straightforward letter, saying quite enough, and not too much, and couched in terms that could not offend even the most fastidious.

Madge was greatly pleased with it. It seemed to reveal her lover in a new light, and to his decided advantage. In some respects it was a rebuke to her, and made her feel that she had been very unjust to him in her thoughts. From the very first she had to admit he had behaved like a gentleman. When she refused him, he took his dismissal with quiet dignity, though with evident pain, and was careful ever after not to obtrude himself upon her presence. When she became engaged to Frank Studley, he congratulated her in a few well-selected words, and sent her a choice present when the day was fixed for the wedding. Since then he had behaved in the same generous and considerate fashion, and had never once been in the slightest degree disagreeable.

"I ought to be very grateful to him," she said to herself, "for he has treated me with every consideration. Some day I hope I shall be able to appreciate him as he deserves."

A day later her father came to her with beaming face, and an open sheet of foolscap in his hand. "It is all right, Madge," he exclaimed cheerily—"it's all right. After the long wilderness I see the promised land. But say nothing about it. I would not like any one to think he has bribed me in order to get you."

"You need not fear that I shall talk about it," she answered quietly. "Nevertheless, I am glad to see you so happy."

"Such a prospect has made me feel young again," he answered. "Ah! Madge, you little guess the struggle I have had these last ten or dozen years."

"I have felt our poverty, also," she said plaintively; "but I have been very happy, notwithstanding."

"But nothing in comparison with what you will be. Think of being the mistress of Lindley Grange, with horses and carriages and servants, and dresses more than you can count! Ah! Madge, after our long poverty it seems like a chapter out of the Arabian Nights."

"I don't want to think about myself, father," she answered. "I would rather think of you and mother and Jack and the little ones. You will be happy; that is enough for me. You will be able to buy books and have a horse to ride, and Jack will go to the University, and you will never know what poverty is any more."

And she turned away her head to hide the tears that welled up suddenly in her eyes.

Two days later, over the breakfast table, her father surprised her by saying, "What do you say to having a week in London, Madge?"

"Oh! I don't know, father," she said, with a sudden rush of colour to her cheeks. "I have never been in London, you know."

"But would you like to go? Mother and I think of going for a few days, and we thought perhaps you would enjoy the change."

"I might," she said hesitatingly, for she had a feeling that something more was implied in the proposal than appeared on the surface.

"Well, it is for you to choose," he said, speaking in a tone of pretended carelessness that did not altogether conceal his anxiety. "Your mother and I have decided to go in any case."

"Not to stay at the house of Mr. Sleeman?" she asked uneasily.

"Indeed, no," he answered quickly. "We should not dream of such a thing."

"But the expense?" she asked. "Will it not be great?"

"It will be considerable, I admit," he said, with a forced laugh; "but I think for once in a lifetime we may afford it."

For a few moments she was silent. Then she answered, "Yes, I think I should like to go, if you are willing to take me."

"Then it is settled," he said promptly. "We will start on Monday morning."

For the next two days Madge puzzled herself over the question as to what this journey to London portended, but without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. That Mr. Sleeman had a hand in the matter she thought was more than likely. He was detained in London through press of business, and naturally he would want to see her who so soon was to be his wife.

She did not feel any anxiety about the matter, however. She had given up worrying. What did it matter where she went or what she did? Possibly Mr. Sleeman would want to get married without any delay; and if so, what was there to hinder him? For herself, she did not know but that she would be glad to get it over. Anyhow, she was in no mood for opposition; the day of resistance had gone by.

On reaching Paddington, instead of driving to an hotel, they took a cab to Baker Street, where rooms had been secured for them.

"It will be much less expensive," Mr. Tyndall explained, "and much more private."

Scarcely had they finished tea when Mr. Sleeman was announced. Madge looked up in surprise, and began to see daylight.

"I hope you like your rooms," he said, after shaking hands with each; "they were the best I could get, and, you know, Baker Street is very central."

"The rooms are excellent," said Mr. Tyndall effusively—"excellent. I am sure we are very much obliged to you for taking so much trouble on our account."

"My dear sir, it is no trouble; it is a pleasure," said Mr. Sleeman gallantly. "And let me say this, while you are in London, I am at your service every day after four o'clock. And now, what do you intend doing this evening? I hardly like to mention the theatre; but the Lyceum, I can assure you——"

"Thank you," the Curate interrupted. "Mrs. Tyndall and I will remain indoors this evening; we are rather tired with the long journey. You see, we are neither of us quite as young as we used to be; but I daresay Madge would like to go."

"What! to see Irving?" she asked, looking up with sudden interest.

"Yes."

"Indeed, I should. Will you let me?"

"Of course, if Mr. Sleeman is willing to take you?"

So it came about that, escorted by her lover, Madge got her first real glimpse of London, and greatly was she delighted. Everything to her was so new, so fresh, so full of life, and movement, and colour, so startling in its contrasts, so vivid in its outlines, so far exceeding all she had pictured, that she hardly knew if she was awake or dreaming.

That was the beginning of a round of pleasure and sight-seeing that went on day after day with scarcely any intermission. Mr. Sleeman was most attentive, and yet never obtrusive. He knew exactly at what point his company might prove unwelcome, and was careful to withdraw himself at the right moment. He studied Madge's face with as much interest as he studied the money-market, and in a few days was able to read it like a book. He got to know exactly what would please her, and always took care that she should be pleased. She had only to express a wish, and it was gratified. It was a new experience to Madge, and a very pleasant one. All her life before the question of expense had stood in the way of the gratification of her wishes; but when she was with Mr. Sleeman, expense was never considered. Pounds seemed no more to him than pennies did to her father. She had never complained of poverty; but she began to see, as she had never seen before, that plenty was a much more desirable thing.

Mr. Sleeman saw his advantage, and followed it up. Madge was not only pleased—she was grateful. Her thoughts of Mr. Sleeman took a more generous turn. As a companion, he was delightful. He knew everything, and was ready to put himself to any trouble to please her.

On Saturday afternoon a splendid carriage, with a pair of magnificent bays, pulled up in front of their house in Baker Street. A minute later Mr. Sleeman came quietly into the room.

"I have come to take you for a drive in the Park, Madge, if you will come," he said modestly.

"Is this your carriage?" she exclaimed. "Oh, how delightful!"

Half an hour later they were bowling through the Park. Madge gave a little gasp at sight of so many splendid carriages and richly attired ladies. How easily the carriage rolled, how exhilarating the summer air as it played round her cheeks, how charming the long vistas between the trees, the wide stretches of gently undulating green! She lay back among the cushions and furs, and gave herself up to a sense of exquisite enjoyment. It was all so new, so strange, so delightful, that she was half afraid she might wake up at any moment and find it was all a dream. She did not think about the past; she gave no thought to the future. She simply lived in the present, and found it amply satisfying.

A few minutes later her companion recalled her to herself.

"You like London?" he questioned.

"I think it is delightful," she answered.

"And you will not greatly object to live here?"

"No."

"I am glad of that. I want you to be happy, above all things. And now about our wedding, Madge; is there any reason why it should be long delayed?"

"Oh! I do not know," she faltered; "it must rest with you." And she shivered a little, though the warm August sun was blazing down from a cloudless sky.

"Have you any strong desire that the marriage should take place in Bexmouth?" he asked, after a pause.

"Oh, no; none at all," she answered quickly. "Indeed—indeed—I—I——" Then she paused suddenly.

"I would like it soon," he said quietly, "so that we might have a long ramble on the Continent before the summer ends. And if quite agreeable to you, it would be more convenient to have the ceremony performed in London."

"Yes, yes!" she said, with a gasp. "I think it would be better. Anywhere rather than Bexmouth." And she shivered violently.

"We need not wait for the publication of the banns," he said, growing bolder. "A special licence is a much simpler arrangement."

He did not look at his companion while he said this. Had he done so, his words would have been arrested on his lips. She was leaning over the side of the carriage; her eyes

seemed starting out of their sockets, her lips were ashen, her breath came and went in painful gasps, her hands shook as though palsy-stricken.

Her silence seemed to Mr. Sleeman to give consent, and, with a smile of intense gratification upon his face, he became interested in something in the distance.

When at length he did look at Madge, she was reclining among the cushions, with her eyes closed, and her cheeks as pale as death.

"WHAT IS THE MATTER, MADGE?" HE EXCLAIMED IN ALARM. "ARE YOU ILL?"

Instantly he bent over her. "What is the matter, Madge?" he exclaimed in alarm. "Are you ill? Do tell me what ails you!"

She gave a long sigh, and slowly opened her eyes. "Please take me home," she said. "I feel faint and giddy."

"Let me take you to the nearest doctor," he said.

"No, no! Take me home. I shall be better after a while —I shall really."

Instantly the horses' heads were turned round, and in another half-hour they were back again in Baker Street. Madge had nearly recovered herself when they pulled up at the door. But she would see her lover no more that day; and when he called the next morning to take her to church, he found, to his surprise, that she had gone out alone.

CHAPTER XIV

THE WANDERER'S RETURN

Falls have their risings, wainings have their primes,
And desperate sorrows wait for better times.

QUARLES.

SINGULARLY enough, Frank Studley reached Bexmouth on the very day the Tyndalls left for London. After his escape from Spring in San Francisco, he had no difficulty in finding the house of his friend, who was a rising physician in the city, and who, without any hesitation, advanced him sufficient money to take him to England. And so it came about that while Spring and a number of detectives were searching for Dr. Studley in the poorest quarter of the city—it being known he had only a few shillings in his possession—Frank was speeding eastward as fast as the *Lightning Express* could carry him. That he was in a fever of impatience to reach Bexmouth goes without saying. Madge's image was always before him, night and day. Never did a train seem to travel so slow; never did little delays seem so irksome. Outwardly he appeared calm enough. Neither his face nor his manner gave any indication of the tumult that raged within.

On the great steamer that brought him across the Atlantic he seemed the least concerned of all the passengers. It was not his nature to betray his feelings; moreover, during the last nine months he had been daily schooling himself to patience. Time would travel no faster, however much he might worry.

For the most part he sat alone, wrapped in thought. The puzzle of his capture and confinement perplexed him as much as ever. He was disinclined to think that his old steward would play him such a trick, and yet who else would be sufficiently interested in his movements? So, like recurring decimals, the old questions came back, and the nearer he got to England the more they perplexed him. Directly he landed in Liverpool he made straight for Bexmouth. Rising pure and clear above all the riddles of life was the sweet face of Madge Tyndall. To clasp her in his arms again was his chief desire. To see the look of love in her wondering eyes; to hear her voice of music telling him she loved and trusted him still; to feel her kiss upon his lips—that would compensate him for all he had suffered.

It was late in the evening when he reached Bexmouth, and, leaving his small portmanteau at the station, he hurried away to the vicarage. How his heart throbbed! He had to place his hand to his side as he hurried up the garden path. He felt as though the supreme moment of his life had come. What if Madge had turned against him? What if she were dead?

He lifted the door-knob tremblingly and let it fall with a bang, then waited for the sound of a footstep within. It came at last. A bolt was shot back, and the door was opened sufficiently to enable him to see dimly the face of a strange servant. "Is Mr. Tyndall at home?" he asked hurriedly.

"No, sir."

"Never mind; I presume Mrs. Tyndall is in."

"No, she's not, sir."

"Out also? Is Miss Tyndall in?" And his heart gave a great thump and then seemed to stand still.

"No, sir; they be all away."

"All away?" And he leaned against the wall for support.

"Yes, sir. They went to London this morning—all three of 'em."

"To London!" he gasped, as if speaking to himself.

"Yes, sir. Did you wish to see 'em pertickler, sir?"

"I did. Will they be back again soon?"

"There's no knowin'. Maybe a week or two. I reckon Miss Madge's weddin' will be coming off soon, an' so there'll be a lot of things to buy."

"Oh, indeed!" Frank said, feeling as though he had been suddenly turned into stone.

"Yes, sir. But I've no right to be a-tellin' this to a stranger." And she suddenly shut the door in his face.

Frank turned away with a groan and walked slowly down the garden path. Outside the gate he paused for a few moments. It was there he had parted with Madge. How vividly that parting came back to him! He could see her again as she stood under the light of the stars, beautiful as a dream. Was it possible she was lost to him for ever? And he had loved her so—and loved her still. Could she have forgotten him so quickly? Was her love of such shallow growth that it had withered in nine short months? Had she transferred her affections to another so readily and without giving him an opportunity to explain? It seemed incredible; and yet the girl could have no interest in telling him a lie.

What should he do? Should he go away from Bexmouth and try to forget that he had ever been in it? Go back to Reedley Hall, and take up any duties that might await him there, and try to look upon the last few years as all a dream? He had come into Bexmouth unrecognised. It was now quite dark, and so he might go away as he had come, and no one be the wiser! He quickly put aside the thought, however; he would be a coward to let the matter rest where it was. Even if Madge was lost to him, it would be some satisfaction to get at the secret of their separation, and expose the villainy at the bottom of it.

Turning hastily round, he strode toward the town, and a few minutes later he was knocking at the door of Fred Lorrimer. Fred opened the door himself, his mother and the servant having gone to bed.

As soon as the light from the hall lamp fell upon Frank's face, he started back in surprise.

"Good heavens, Studley, is it possible?" he exclaimed.

"Don't be alarmed, Fred," Frank said, with a feeble attempt at a laugh. "May I come in?"

"Come in?—well, yes. It will be interesting to hear what account you have to give of yourself." And he closed the street door and led the way into his den.

Frank followed with an uneasy feeling in his heart. There was a lack of cordiality in his friend's manner, a tone of doubt or suspicion in his voice.

"Take that easy-chair," Fred said abruptly. "You look tired. Have a cigar?"

"No, thanks, I am too troubled to smoke. I want to talk. I have a hundred questions to ask? Will you answer me?"

"If I can. Go ahead."

"Well, first and foremost: Is it true that Madge is going to be married?"

"I believe so."

"Soon?"

"So it is commonly reported."

"To whom?"

"John Sleeman."

Frank gave a loud groan.

"Why groan, man?" said Fred. "You flung her up readily enough. Why should you begrudge her a good husband?"

"Do you think I deserted her of set purpose?" Frank asked.

"Well, it is difficult to come to any other conclusion," Fred answered.

"But might I not be the victim of a plot?"

"You might; but the evidence does not point that way."

"What evidence?"

"Come, man, let's have no bluff of that kind. Let's deal with facts. You raised what ready cash you could, and cleared out two days before the time fixed for your wedding. For more than two months you kept dark. Then Jacob Wherry stumbled across you in Drury Lane, with a young woman upon your arm, and when he spoke to you of your treatment of Madge, you treated the matter as a huge joke, and mockingly sent her your love. After that, it was discovered that you had taken a post as ship's doctor on one of the Australian liners. Since when, nothing has been heard of you till now. How can you get over damning evidence like that?"

"Wait a moment. Did Jacob Wherry say he saw me and spoke to me in Drury Lane?"

"Most certainly he did?"

"The lying scoundrel! Will you go with me to his house and see me punch the lie out of him?"

"Jacob is not at home. I believe he went to London last week."

Frank groaned again. "Look here, Fred," he said at length, "you believed in me once. Will you do me the favour of listening to my story? I have only my bare word to offer; I have no proof to bring. I know my story will sound incredible. I do not ask you to believe it. I only ask you as an old friend to listen to me."

"I will listen with pleasure. If you can explain your conduct satisfactorily I shall be only too thankful. I believed in you, and so did Madge, up to the time of Jacob meeting you in London——"

"Believe me, Fred," Frank interposed, "I have not been in London. The story of Jacob Wherry is a foul and shameful invention—a part of the wicked plot that shall be unravelled yet. Now, listen." And, beginning at the beginning, he told all the story with which the reader is acquainted.

Fred listened without speaking, pulling steadily at his cigar all the while.

When Frank had finished, there was silence for several seconds.

"If your story is true," Fred said at length, "there ought to be some means of verifying it. Moreover, if it is true, those responsible for carrying you off must have had some sufficient motive. Now, who would be likely to gain anything by getting you out of the way?"

"That is the question that has puzzled me from the first," Frank replied.

"You say that the sailor told you that the man who acted as a decoy was called Jacob?"

"Yes."

"And Jacob circulated the story about seeing you in

London. But Jacob himself had no interest in your detention; therefore, presuming that your story is true, Jacob must have been in the employ of some one."

"Precisely."

Fred pulled vigorously at his cigar for several seconds. "I think I begin to see daylight," he said, at length.

"In what direction?" Frank asked eagerly.

"I would prefer not to say just at present. I may be on the wrong scent altogether. Will you leave the matter in my hands?"

"You don't think my old steward is at the bottom of it?"

"No, I don't; but you can soon find out for yourself. Go to him as soon as you can. Drop in upon him unexpectedly; keep your eyes and ears open, and let me know the result."

"Then you don't advise me to stay in Bexmouth?"

"No; go away at once by the night mail. You say no one has recognised you?"

"I think not."

"Good. It is better your presence should not be suspected. You can get off to-night without being seen. Leave me your address, and I will keep you posted up. Find Madge if you can; that should not be difficult. They will be staying at some hotel within a mile of Temple Bar, depend upon it."

"But if she is pledged to marry Sleeman——?"

"Man, you have a prior claim."

"But she may not believe my story."

"That is true; you must run the risk of that. She may, however, consent to wait a reasonable time until you have had an opportunity of verifying your statement."

"If she has ceased to care for me, she will not trouble," Frank said gloomily.

"That may be so; but the plot is worth unravelling, nevertheless. As a lawyer, I am deeply interested."

"And you believe my story?"

"Well," Fred answered, speaking slowly, "I am strongly tempted to believe it, at any rate; you see, I am prejudiced in your favour. But, let me tell you, I don't think any jury in England would credit it for a moment; you see, you haven't a tittle of evidence to offer. On the face of it, your story is about as clumsy as it well can be."

"I know it!—I know it!" Frank said, pushing his fingers through his hair. "The utter lack of motive is the damning thing."

"Exactly; and even if we could put our finger on some one who would be interested in your absence, how are we to find out if, or no, he conspired to get you out of the way. You say your keeper's name was Spring, the captain's name Bender, the owners' names Brown, Brown & Co. What proof have you that all these names are not fictitious? Then you say the name of the vessel was the *Beagle*; well, she may have been re-christened, by this time, if the *Beagle* ever was her name. I tell you, Studley, the whole business has been very neatly done."

"I am conscious of that, Fred—no one more so. But you may be quite sure of this, Wherry holds the secret."

"That may be; and it will be to his advantage to keep it. No, no; you will get nothing out of Jacob, unless he can be caught off his guard."

Frank sighed. "This state of utter helplessness," he said, "is intolerable."

"Don't talk about utter helplessness, man," Fred said cheerfully. "Your first business is to find Madge, and, if possible, prevent the wedding. She has no liking for Sleeman. I believe she would almost as soon die as marry him. But she has been forced into it."

"I understand. Her father is poor, and Sleeman is rich; and Madge is to be sacrificed for the benefit of the family."

"Exactly."

"By heavens, Fred, we shall see." And he started to his feet and began to button his coat.

"The train is not due for thirty-five minutes yet," Fred said. "Come into the dining-room, and I will get you something to eat."

At 11.50 Frank stepped into the train unrecognised by any one, and was quickly speeding through the night towards London.

(*To be continued*)

The Great Misunderstood

BY THE REV. W. L. WATKINSON

"*He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him.*"—ISA. liii. 2.

IT is no exceptional thing that great merit should be ignored or misunderstood. Children sometimes grievously fail to appreciate the love and devotion of the noblest parents. One day, perhaps, they will wake; but for the time being they are mysteriously blind to the great merit that is so close to them. When a great genius comes, his neighbours often fail to understand him. The Cumberland peasantry had a very poor opinion of Wordsworth, and the Freshwater rustics did not think much of Tennyson, and a whole generation is sometimes unconscious of its great saints. The inventors, the scientists, the poets, whose fame will last as long as the world—they were misunderstood and rejected by their generation.

But the great Misunderstood is Jesus Christ. Often the world has not known its greatest men, but once it did not know the greatest Man of all. And when the Light shone in darkness, the darkness comprehended it not. The Old Testament gave a picture of the Messiah that you would have fancied could scarcely have been mistaken when God was manifest in the flesh, but it was mistaken. I read the other day of a journalist in New York who, from mere book knowledge, gave an accurate and brilliant description of a rare flower that he had never seen, and when a little time after some florist showed him a specimen of this blossom, he did not know it. And so the Old Testament gave a sharp and impressive picture of the Rose of Sharon, and yet when the Jews saw it they did not know it and trampled it under foot. "Ah!" you say, "but if that generation did not appreciate Jesus Christ, to-day if great men came we should appreciate them." Do not you mistake. We never know the great men when we meet them in the street. If Demosthenes were to come back, if he were to speak in Westminster and his speeches were reported in the morning papers, I tell you you would begin to skip them. If Shakespeare were amongst us to-day, you would mistake his magic mirror for a bit of common looking-glass. If Milton were here, your critics would declare that his golden trumpet was brass. If St. Paul or St. Chrysostom had been elected by this church as its pastor, it would not have been long before some people would have been getting together quietly in a corner and saying that a change was desirable. No, Jesus Christ is not appreciated by multitudes to-day. When they see Him there is no beauty that they should desire Him. The grandeur of His character does not appeal to them. His magnanimous career does not impress them. His gracious doctrine elicits from them no sympathetic response. He is to them without form or comeliness. To-day He is ignored, rejected. Men crucify afresh the Son of God and put Him to an open shame.

Now, I shall for a moment or two ask how it is that we fail to appreciate the glory of Jesus Christ; how it is that some men remain blind to His unutterable greatness and mission and merit. And I say then, in the first place, that

you fail to see the glory of Jesus Christ whenever you approach Him in a carnal spirit. The greatness of Christ is not the greatness that appeals to the senses; not the glory of greatness, or of opulence, or of taste. Mind, you must never set Jesus Christ down as an ascetic, never set Him down as a Stoic. A catholic life of pure, full pleasure has the entire sanction of Christianity. And Jesus Christ must never be looked upon as a Stoic on the one side, as He must never be looked upon as an ascetic on the other. But if you come to Jesus Christ to find in Him what gratifies the senses, you must miss His intrinsic merit. He has none of the pomp of kingliness, none of the arrogance of the conqueror, none of the splendour of the rich, none of the elegance of the æsthete, none of the roses of pleasure. And if a man comes to Jesus Christ in the mere sensuous mood, he must miss His singular merit. My brethren, if you want a man who lives in king's palaces, if you want one whose raiment is of soft clothing, if you want one who comes with the shows of taste, you must be disappointed in Jesus Christ. Dear brothers, let us acknowledge it. Our Master is a sorry figure by the side of the great glittering shapes that captivate mankind. Jesus Christ is pale and sickly by the side of appetite. He is a dwarf if you measure by greatness. When you see Him mixing with the splendid rich, He is little better than a pauper. He looks sad by the side of laughter, and when He passes through the museums of art He is a mere rustic. Jesus Christ is not a great shape if you look at Him with the carnal eye, and that is the reason to-day why Christ has no attraction for multitudes of men. They live in the sphere of the senses. Their realities are taste, wealth, indulgence, and Jesus Christ has no form nor comeliness, and when they have seen Him there is no beauty that they should desire Him.

And again, you are sure to be disappointed with Jesus Christ if you come to Him in an intellectual spirit. The greatness of Jesus Christ was not intellectual. Let us say it. Mind, the intellectual power of Jesus Christ was really immense; but we never think of Jesus Christ as a philosopher; we never think of Him as we do of Plato and Socrates and Aristotle. His greatness is not the greatness of the poet; we never think of Him as we think of Homer or Virgil. His greatness is not the greatness of a scientist—we never think of Him as we do of Lucretius; or the greatness of literature—we never think of Him as we do of Plutarch; or the greatness of oratory—we never think of Him as we do of Demosthenes. Oh no; Christ was a Master in reasoning, He was an Artist in words, He was an intellectual Genius; but, after all, He did not belong to the intellectual circle. He belonged to another circle, quite distinct. Not that Jesus Christ does not sympathise with intellect, not that Christianity is opposed to reason and logic and literature and eloquence; but if you want learning, philosophy, literature, taste and come to Jesus Christ as a great Shape to satisfy you, I tell you, you will find Him without form and comeliness, and then you say there is no beauty that you should desire Him.

And there is another party that is always disappointed in Jesus Christ, and that is the party that comes to Jesus Christ with a secular temper. Why did not the Jews understand Him? Because the Jews approached the Messiah in a secular temper; sought in Him for a great politician; sought in Him One who would improve their material condition and resources and liberty—and therefore they were disappointed in Him. There was no beauty that they should desire Him. And I say to-day there are men like that: they are disappointed in Jesus Christ because he does not come as One who is to give us material advantages, political philosophy. He does not come to us as One who is to improve our terrestrial condition. He saw a great spiritual universe, and to-day Art is discontented with Christ very often because He put the emphasis on the beauty of holiness, whereas the artist often puts it on the loveliness of form and colour. Socialism is disappointed with Jesus Christ because He does not bring simply material advantages; and Science is disappointed in Jesus Christ because Science often will not recognise anything beyond this tangible universe. And if you come to Jesus Christ in that spirit He is not much. He would not have anything to do with the dividing of property, and He would not touch those questions which were simply political and material. Not that Christianity has not had influence there; but it is not the sphere of Jesus Christ, and I tell you, you have a striking illustration of that if you look at Auguste Comte, the founder of Positivism. Most men see something admirable in Jesus Christ; most men find a great deal that is wonderful and admirable in Jesus Christ; but that great man—for great man he was—saw no beauty in the Nazarene. Look into the calendar of Positivism; it is a most instructive document. There are all sorts of names in it, by the way, names like Plato and Homer, right down to Fenimore Cooper! "Well," you say, "I do not know Fenimore Cooper." Why, he was a novelist. But it has got all these great names, from Homer perhaps on the top, down to Fenimore Cooper, but it has not a place for Jesus Christ. In the calendar of Positivism that Name is absolutely ignored. A name, a great name, for each day in the year, but no day for the recognition of Jesus Christ! And Comte says of Jesus Christ that He was simply one of many adventurers! How does it come to pass that that Adventurer has lifted up His head in glory and to-day rules Christendom that He first made? How that comes to pass does not appear. Says Comte, He was one of many adventurers, and there is no single day in the 365 that is appointed for your Master. There are obscure men, like Fenimore Cooper, and there is many a Barabbas, but he was content that the Jews should crucify Jesus. Why, how is it that great man overlooked Jesus? Because his eye was full of dust. Positivism can only see the surface; Jesus Christ recognises the unfathomable spirit that is in a man and the eternity that broods over him, and Comte could not understand the spirituality of Jesus Christ. And I tell you, if you come to Christ for politics, if you come to Christ for property, if you come to Christ for any of the things that belong to the sphere of time and sense only, you will not understand Him; because first of all he speaks to the soul of man, and it is only as we recognise Him as a great spiritual Teacher that He appeals to us, that we understand His message. As to them that believe in no reality except houses and money, and what shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed, such men are always disappointed in Jesus Christ. To them He is without form and comeliness, and if ever they see Him there is no beauty that they should desire Him.

And let me say this too—there is another man who never will understand Jesus Christ, and that is the conventional religionist. The men who were most blind to Jesus Christ in a blind generation were the Pharisees. Who is so blind as the perfect? That passage found a striking illustration in the blindness of the Pharisees to the moral grandeur of Jesus Christ. There is not anything that blinds a man more to the splendour of Jesus Christ than mere orthodoxy. Superficialities of morality, mechanical Churchmanship, are the things that blind to His intrinsic

greatness. Why, some fifty years ago there was born in France the peasant-painter Millet. He was not recognised as a master. His great opponents really were found in the professors of Art. The French Academy would not look at him. Nobody would buy a picture, and in no splendid place would they hang one. He was without form or comeliness, and when they saw him there was no beauty that they should desire him. To-day his pictures fetch tens of thousands of pounds when they are put up for sale. Every one knows "The Angelus," I was going to say throughout the planet, and his pictures, they are the very jewels of the galleries where they hang. But the critics, the professors, the academic masters, they did not know him twenty-five years ago. The fact was they had got notions of their own. They were conventional, they were the victims of tradition; and when a new, splendid shape came from God, they did not know him. And it was just the same with Jesus Christ. One came from God. The men who were the most blind to His glory were the Pharisees, the ethical and doctrinal authorities of the times; and I tell you, you will miss the glory of Jesus Christ if you come to Him in that spirit. Jesus Christ is more, a great deal more, than a guide to etiquette. He is a great deal more than a master of ceremonies. He is a great deal more than an authority in ecclesiastical law. He is a great deal more than a supporter of mere orthodoxy. Jesus Christ came with a far deeper spirit and with a far loftier message, and any man who comes to Christ as a conventional moralist, any man who comes to Christ as an orthodox thinker, any man who comes to Christ as a mere guide to ecclesiastical order or to any social proprieties, will be disappointed in Him. He will have no form nor comeliness, no beauty that they should desire Him.

Well, you say, how do you get at the grandeur of Christ? I tell you a man always sees the beauty of Jesus Christ just as a man recognises the great needs of the soul. The great needs of the soul: what are they? God. If you are feeling for God, if haply you may find Him, I predict Jesus Christ will soon become precious to you, for we behold the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Does any man say, "My heart and my flesh cry out after the living God—the God of love, of truth, of righteousness"? Then, I say, that man will soon discover the unexampled glory and preciousness of Jesus Christ. "Show us the Father." Said Jesus Christ, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." The great needs of the soul: what are they? When a man feels sin, when a man feels the consciousness of profound failure, when a man knows that he is a sinner before heaven—that is the man who is likely to see the glory of Christ. Simon the Pharisee could not see the glory of Christ, but the woman that was a sinner did. The high priest could not see the glory of Christ, but the thief on the cross did. And I tell you, when a man recognises the burden and the tyranny and the peril of sin, he is ready to see the glory of the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. The great need of the soul: it is the need of Christ. He inspires it, and if a man is seeking for strength to live a new life, he will find that strength in Jesus Christ. But it is the sense of need that interprets Jesus Christ—not the sense of intellectual need or of terrestrial need, but the need of God, the need of pardon, the need of grace to renew, the need of hope in a greater life. And just as a man feels these great needs of the soul does Christ grow in his eye in beauty and in preciousness. Why, you know, when you do not want a lawyer, when everything is going on handsomely with you, what fun you make of a lawyer! There is a tree you find in Australia which they call the lawyer's tree, for they say every time you touch it you bleed. But get into trouble, and an eloquent advocate pleads for you in the court, and your life depends on his pleading. He has become a grand shape to you then; you have seen the beauty you desire then. And it is just the same with the doctor. What fun we make of the doctor when we are all right! We have always got a little bit of satire for him. But when you have arrived at death's door, and you see the strong man step into the room, I tell you it is as if you had seen an angel. It is the sense of need. And when a man feels the need of God, the need of purity, the need of hope, he knows the glory, the fitness, the preciousness of Jesus Christ. What do you think of Him? Is He your wisdom, your strength, your righteousness, your redemption? The sphere of the brain does not belong to Him, the sphere of politics is not His sphere, the sphere of taste is not His sphere, but the sphere of the heart that belongs to Him; and if you want growth, if you want light, if you want grace, if you want hope, He is the fairest among ten thousand and the altogether wise. O Lord Jesus, open our eyes that we may see Thy glory, our hearts that we may taste Thy love, our lives that we may show forth Thy praise!

His D.S.O.

BY MARGARET LYLE

"YOU know how it is with us," Edgar's mother said to him sadly. "It is impossible for you to go into the Army; we have no money. You can't have the necessary education; and if you could, what is to become of us meanwhile?—I will not say of me; but your sister—she has not health or strength to work. It breaks my heart, dear lad; but I am helpless."

"Hush! mother dear!" Edgar Dane choked down the sob in his throat, and straightened himself. "It is selfish of me to fret. I'll never do it again—I promise you!"

He looked very brave and strong as he spoke, and thought—but, being a boy, did not say—that one might be a soldier without using sword or bayonet, and fight a harder battle than was fought at Blenheim or Waterloo; for it was bitterness to him to be forced to give up his cherished dream of going into the Army. He must go into a city office and work as a clerk to keep his mother and almost invalid sister, and be thankful that the opportunity was placed in his way. His father's old friend offered young Dane the position—he could do no more; at any rate, no more could be expected of him, and it must not be declined. Edgar would have entered the Army as a ranker, were he free; but he was not free. His pay as a private would not keep those dependent upon him; his pay as a clerk would keep them in something approaching to comfort.

So he entered the ranks of the army that fights silent battles, that crushes down hopes, ambitions, aspiration, under the iron heel of duty; the army that endures and suffers in silence, for whom there are no Victoria Crosses, no mention in despatches, no cheering multitudes to acclaim, no bright eyes to behold

and bright medals to wear; soldiers whose reward is not of earth, whose laurels are placed on their brows by immortal Hands.

But Edgar was human, and often the battle seemed more than his strength could sustain. He was a born soldier, and he had to plod backwards and forwards to the city, to sit for hours in a stuffy office, and cast up figures and write letters about bales of merchandise and "consignments," and all the "jargon," as he called it, of commerce, when he longed to be studying tactics, joining in manœuvres, and doing all things that were the very antithesis of his present employment. There was no gruff, but kind and wealthy, old general—as there are in novels—to find him out, declare the country could not afford to lose him, and undertake his education, as well as endow those for whom he had to work. He went on his way unknown, unsought. He tried not to repine; he tried always to wear a cheerful face at home and "keep a stiff upper-lip," however much he might suffer in secret. But his mother and sister were not deceived; they saw with the keen eyes of women—and women who loved him.

"Edgar is eating his heart out," Agnes Dane said one day, as she picked up a book on tactics which her brother had been reading. "I believe he knows more about soldiering than he does about his work."

The head of his room told him the same one day when poor Edgar made a huge mistake in his figures.

"You'll never be any good in the city," said the chief clerk severely. "After two years in the office you make a mistake that any schoolboy would avoid. Your head is always running on Army matters, Mr. Dane."

It was true, and Edgar knew it; yet he thought he had succeeded in keeping his master-passion to himself. They had found him out, however—as, indeed, they were bound to do—and he could only promise amendment, and go home in a kind of despair. He was a selfish brute, he told himself; he would lose his berth one day, and then what must become of these two who depended upon him?

He grew thin and white. No wonder! The work did not agree with him physically, but it was the mental strain that chiefly told upon him. But he struggled on, battling against weariness and lassitude—fighting the air, as it often seemed to him. Duty is sometimes very bitter bread to eat—more bitter than flesh and blood can swallow; yet if the young soldier was beaten to his knees, he rose again, for he was not fighting in his own strength; and though his mother said little, he felt, by the look in her eyes sometimes, by the very way she kissed him, that she knew and understood. It helped to brace him to bear his burden, striving against rebellion; for how these women must suffer who knew the depth of his suffering and all that he was yielding up for their sakes!

An epoch in Edgar's life was when he was able to join the Volunteers. All the employés of the firm in which he was joined, and as the heads of the house contributed generously to the expenses, young Dane felt he might so far indulge his ineradicable love for soldiering. His mother sighed when, with kindling eye and quivering breath, he told her of the plan, and eagerly demonstrated the small claims that would be made on his purse; but she did not oppose him.

"I had begun to hope," see said to Agnes afterwards, "that he was beginning to get reconciled; and this volunteering will rouse up all the old longings."

Agnes shook her fair head, and smiled sadly.

"He is not more reconciled, mother," she said; "he has only learned to hide his feelings better, and be more resigned to do the right thing; but he'll be happier for having some outlet for a passion that is part of himself. It will do him good, too; he is so thin and white. You may be sure," and the sister's face flushed proudly, "that Edgar will soon be one of the best men in the corps."

And she was right. There are born soldiers as there are born artists and poets, and Edgar was a soldier from his cradle. In a few months he left behind men who were his seniors, and had been Volunteers before. He was soon a crack shot, and his general marked ability quickly attracted the attention of the commanding officer—a Colonel of Regulars.

"Why weren't you in the Army, Dane?" he said one day. "You've no business quill-driving."

Edgar flushed. "I had to, sir," he replied quickly. "I couldn't afford the Army."

"Hm! That's a pity. If you'd gone into the ranks, you'd soon have risen—though I don't usually favour a gentleman going as a private; still, there is sometimes no other way. Your people didn't care for it, maybe?"

"No, sir," Edgar answered, in the same quiet way; "it wasn't that. I'd a mother and sister to keep."

"Hm!" said the Colonel again. He looked at the young man keenly; then a very soft, tender light came into his eyes. He laid his hands on the young man's broad shoulder. "I fancy you've been a soldier, Dane," he said a little huskily, "though you've never flashed a sword yet."

The days came when there were rumours of war, and all eyes were turned to South Africa; and Edgar's soul leaped within him, and, like the war-horse, he scented the battle, and was mad to be in the fray; but it was not for him! War was declared; troops marched out amid wild scenes of enthusiasm; battles were won and lost; and still Edgar Dane plodded at his desk, and tried to possess his soul in patience.

One evening, when he came home, his sister saw that something unusual had happened; but she said nothing until he had finished his supper—and a poor supper it was, though he strove for her sake to eat. Mrs. Dane was lying down with a headache, so brother and sister were alone.

She rose and knelt down by him.

"What is it, Edgar?" she said gently. "What has happened?"

Then he bowed his head down on her shoulder, and his strong frame shook with sobs that would not be kept back.

"I have prayed for strength to bear it, Agnes," he whispered at last, folding the loved sister very close to his heart. "The Volunteers are going out—haven't you heard?"

"No! Oh! Edgar, it is hard for you! Can nothing be done?"

"Hush! dear—no, nothing." He lifted his head and tried to smile. "You broke me up. I ought to have been braver. I'm a poor soldier, after all!"

"I could not be prouder of you," she said, "if your breast were ablaze with medals."

But, as Edgar said, there was nothing to be done. The employer, like most others, would keep open his clerks' berths for them. "But meanwhile," said young Dane, "what is to become of my mother and sister?"

"Not going!" cried the Colonel, when he heard. "Nonsense, Dane! I counted upon you. Something must be managed."

"I don't know what can be, sir."

"We'll see—we'll see! I'll have a talk with your chief, and between us we'll arrange it.—Men like that don't grow on every tree!" said the Colonel to himself.

And in a day or two Edgar heard the result. His employer and his Colonel together undertook to provide for his dear ones during his absence; and if he should fall—"Well," said the Colonel, "I've made a provisional settlement on them—for, you see, I might get shot too!"

"I don't deserve it!—I don't deserve it!" Edgar almost sobbed, kneeling at his sister's feet, and hiding his face in her lap; "but oh! Agnes, I'm nearly mad with joy!"

"I think you do deserve it," she said softly. "You have earned your freedom, Edgar."

So Edgar Dane marched out with the brave band of Volunteers who gave so good an account of themselves on many historic scenes, and the women at home watched and prayed. But his name came to the fore. He so distinguished himself that he was offered a commission in the regular army; and he accepted it. He came home bronzed, stalwart, and a D.S.O. "A young officer," said a great Commander-in-Chief, not wont to be lavish in praise, "who has markedly distinguished himself, and is destined to rise to very high positions." Such commendation from such a man was worth years of pain to earn them.

"But you won your Distinguished Service Order long ago," said Agnes, as mother and sister clung about the young soldier—"you won it in the city, at the desk."

"I only did my duty," he answered; "what more or less can a soldier do?"

The Sufferings of Christ

BY THE REV. J. H. JOWETT, M.A.

HOW did the Lord endure His sufferings? "*When He was reviled, He reviled not again.*" The bitter attack was not creative of bitter retaliation. The hurled venom did not poison His springs. Amid the environing bitterness the Man of Nazareth remained sweet. I have sometimes heard bitter retaliation justified on the plea that even the sweetest milk will turn sour under the influence of a prolonged storm. I am doubtful of the accuracy of the physical analogy, but I am confident of the inaccuracy of the spiritual inference. It is possible for "the milk of human kindness" to be kept sweet in the most tempestuous weather. "When He was reviled, He reviled not again." Is the example too remote? Come down then from the high, cool altitudes of the Master's abode, and let us see if the milk can be kept sweet in the presumably more sultry vales of common men. Here is a man with a stormy, tempestuous life—"in stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent. . . . Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned . . . in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." Did the milk keep sweet? All these things he suffered of the Jews. When he was reviled, did he revile again? "I could wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they may be saved." I thought that out of the heart of the tempest I might hear the angry shout of retaliation, instead of which I hear a sweet and self-forgetful prayer, sounding like silvery village bells in a night of storm. The spirit was not embittered; the milk was not soured. The Apostle was just the Master over again. "*When He was reviled, He threatened not.*" There was no violent menace in the Master's life. There was no dark, fateful hinting of a day of vengeance. There was no sullen, angry biding of His time for the season of retaliation. He remained quiet, unembittered, sweet, and "*committed Himself,*" in happy confidence, and with ever-increasing assurance, "*to Him that judgeth righteously.*"

Such was the Sufferer, such were His sufferings, and such the way in which He endured them. What were the fruits of this transcendent endurance? If I were even to attempt to give an exhaustive reply to the great enquiry, I should have to quote the New Testament record from end to end. On every page one can find the enumeration and catalogue of the gracious fruits. Their proclamation is the New Testament glory. But just look at the pregnant summary given by the Apostle Peter in the passage of our text: "Christ also suffered . . . *that we might live.*" What is the significance of the word? Out of His sufferings there issues *a vital energy* for the reviving and enlivening of the race. My brethren, it is evidence whose testimony cannot be ignored that when the heart is crushed with sin and is sinking under the burden it turns its eyes to those scenes in the Saviour's life where His sufferings are most abounding. Men in whose vitals the poison of the devil is dwelling, and whose spiritual force is ebbing away, do not tarry at Bethlehem, or even upon the great mount where the great teaching was given. They make their way to Gethsemane and Calvary. It is when we are feeling respectable that Calvary has no allurement. But when the heart is bleeding in unclean tragedy, when life ceases to be a debating society topic, a light subject of controversy for a quiet summer's eve, when the burden of sin weighs down upon us with heavy and intolerable load—then we follow the pilgrim band along the well-trodden way to Gethsemane and Calvary, that in the fellowship of the august Sufferer we might discover the vital energy of a restored and reinvigorated life. "Christ also suffered . . . that we might live." "*By whose stripes we are healed.*" Do not let us overlook the experience because we cannot find an explanation. Do not let us reject the fact because we cannot continue a theory. The sorest places in human life, the raw, festering wounds of indwelling sin, can only be remedially touched by the healing influence of His stripes. The miracle is repeated every day. The sufferer from sin turns for release to the suffering Christ. There is a strange allurement about the "Man of Sorrows" to which the common heart bears witness. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." The word proclaims the magnetic influence of the uplifted, suffering Christ. "*Ye were as sheep going astray, but are now returned;*" ye have come home again, wooed and allured by the wondrous spectacle of a suffering God! Such are the issues of the calm endurance of this sensitive Sufferer—vital energies, full of reviving and healing ministry, and wooing us back to God.

And now this unspeakable ministry of suffering is proclaimed as an example to all men. "Christ also suffered, *leaving you an example, that ye should follow His steps.*" Do not let us shrink from the tremendous sequence. If the calm, strong endurance of the Master has been creative of transcendently blessed ministry, so our endurance will be productive of vital powers which will work for the enrichment of the race. "*Do well.*" Have "*conscience toward God.*" "*Follow His steps.*" Let no revilings make thee desist, let no sufferings turn thee sour, and thy very endurance shall make thee a large contributor to the co-operative forces of the kingdom of God. To remain sweet under coarse reviling is to be a fountain of healing energy. To remain unselfishly prayerful in the presence of menace is to bring currents of heavenly air into the atmosphere of common life. All fine endurance is a force of renewal, which contributes its quota of energy to the ultimate emancipation of the race. I am glad that this superlative passage springs out of counsel to a slave. I am glad that these stupendous heights are connected by a well-made road with this very lowly estate. I am glad that the endurance of Jesus is placarded before a slave. The Apostle tells the slave that he too may be an element and factor in the universal emancipation and redemption. The slave may accomplish more by calm endurance than by hasty, precipitate revolt. Fine, noble endurance is energy—an energy which raises the common temperature, and to raise the temperature will more effectually remove the burden of icy bondage than the hasty attacks of ten thousand men armed with the pick-axe of premature revolt. Let us do well; let us have conscience towards God; let us endure, if need be, the contradiction of sinners; let us persist, even through sufferings; and, by the very nobility of our endurance, we shall be leavening the world with the emancipating forces of the Christian redemption. "Christ also suffered, leaving you an example." "The things which happened unto me have turned out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel." "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."

The Home Department

Result of the Competition

A VERY large number competed this month, and the task of selection has been no mean one. In the first place, it having been decided that the quotation from Tennyson's "In Memoriam" bore the palm, it was found that seven competitors had sent in the same lines, word for word, and were therefore equally eligible for a prize. The second position was given to Robert Browning's lines "Spring in England," and here there were three equally deserving competitors.

Under these circumstances, I have had to divide the prizes once more, and, instead of the one book offered, there will be sent to each of the following first prize winners a copy of "Isopel Berners," by George Borrow, in the dainty little Red Leather Series—

MISS A. S. KENYON, High Street, Bracknell, Berks,
MRS. MARTIN, Wordsworth Road, Harpenden, Herts,
MISS E. L. MASON, "The Rowans," Station Road, Knowle, Warwickshire,
MRS. MITCHELL, Auchreddachie, Keig, Aberdeenshire,
MR. R. M. MOFFATT, Purleigh, Frome,
MR. T. J. STOREY, Temple Croft, Alston, Carlisle,
MISS L. WELHAM, Suffolk House, Paradigm Grove, Heworth, Yorks,

for the following:

Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are lighter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream and distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives

From land to land; and in my breast
Spring wakens too, and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

"IN MEMORIAM," CXV.

The second prize must be divided, and a copy of "Cinnamon Roses," by M. E. Wilkins, in the same series, will be sent to—

MRS. COATES, Long Melford, Suffolk,
MR. E. W. PAPE, The Manse, Castle Grasley, Burton-on-Trent,
MISS G. D. WILLIAMS, Ashtor, Harpenden, Herts,

for the following:

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

Oh to be in England
Now that April's there!
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings in the orchard bough
In England—now!
And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops at the bent spray's edge.
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower—
Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

R. BROWNING.

One marked feature in this competition was the excellence of the original verse sent in, and one cannot but admire the pluck and energy of those who sent original work. More than one deserved a prize. But though their trouble and skill really merited recognition more than those who merely quoted, the rules of the competition had, of course, to be observed, but I am sure they will not feel that there is any slight in being outdone by such men as Tennyson and Browning.

For original work Mr. D. J. Gass is especially worthy of mention, also Mr. W. J. Fawcett and Mr. P. C. Fitzgerald. I wish I had space to quote their lines.

For quotations Mr. A. Jacka comes first in order of merit with lines from Tennyson's "Early Spring." For the same reason these cannot be quoted here. Next come Miss A. Papps, Miss J. E. Hall, Mr. E. McLaren Dynes, and Miss H. M. Jones.

New Competition

The prizes next month will be presented for the two best open letters to any prominent man the writer may choose, either preacher, poet, author, artist, actor, soldier, journalist, etc. The letters must be original, and not more than one hundred and fifty words in length. Each competitor may only send one letter.

The first prize offered will be four volumes of the uniform edition of Mr. J. M. Barrie's works; the second prize will be a copy of the new edition of "The Life of the Master," by Dr. John Watson.

The name and address of the competitor, and whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, must be on each competition paper. Competitors must please write on one side of the paper only. All contributions must reach me on or before June 1. Address to "Anstice," THE BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Notice

THE BRITISH MONTHLY is published on the 20th of the month preceding that it is dated. The July number will be ready on June 20. Competitors will therefore have time to prepare their papers by the 1st.

Friends to Stay

Life without friends would not be life, in the best sense of the word, at all. It would be existence of the dullest and bleakest type—a world without sun, as Cicero said some few centuries back. And in this respect at least the world has not changed much since that time, though we are not so prone to admit our dependence on each other. This is partly accounted for by the numbers of friends and acquaintances one meets, and the facility with which we can get at each other. When one knows a large number of people, one is apt to express a longing for peace and quietness, to get away into solitude. But what do we mean by solitude? Not a going away by one's lone self. We always mean a retiring with one's family, or a few chosen friends, or both, to some place where one has greater opportunities of cultivating and enjoying the society of those specially chosen companions.

It is the fashion, and quite a right one doubtless, to draw, in theory, a hard-and-fast line between acquaintanceship and friendship. Most of us profess to dislike mere acquaintanceship. Yet friendship in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred began with it. It is the first step. When it stops at the first step it is apt to become tiresome, or at any rate unsatisfactory. At the same time it often gives one a sense of pleasure to meet even a mere acquaintance, and exchange a smile, a bow, or a handshake. The whole colour of one's mind can be changed and brightened by a few minutes' chat with one.

One of the most delightful of all the joys of friendship is to have friends to stay with one in one's own home. A week together within the same four walls draws people into closer and more friendly intimacy than months of casual calling and entertaining.

Of course it is the most expensive form of entertaining, and, unless one has a large house and servants, it entails a good deal of inconvenience, very often, and hard work for the hostess, as well as cost, but it is worth it. Friends are so invaluable. A few real ones count for more in one's life than scores of acquaintances. One enjoys spending money and time and trouble on them; in fact, one does not count the time and the trouble—it is only so much pleasure. But, unfortunately,

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those who are not well blessed with this world's goods have to count the commonplace but necessary pounds, shillings, and pence. It cannot be left undone, and it is that that prevents so many from offering the hospitality they long to offer.

It would be a great step gained if we would only all make up our minds to live a simpler life, and enjoy simpler pleasures and food and drink. Entertaining then would be so much easier, and more possible. After all, it is the friendship we want, not the elaborate food and delicacies; long talks and laughs, and simple excursions perhaps, not five or six courses at dinner, the opera, or balls, or picnics.

For friends close by, or acquaintances, a friendly tea, or a chat after dinner, or supper—supplemented, perhaps, by a cup of tea or coffee—can be made enjoyable, sociable, and unconventional. The great passion for "killing off" as many of our friends—save the mark!—as possible at one blow, is killing oft friendship and social enjoyment as fast as they can be killed. What hostess or guest enjoys a "squash" "at home"? It is a form of entertaining which is destroying all right sense of hospitality. Hospitality is in dire need of resuscitation, it is so lavish and so bad. One is either overwhelmed by the costliness of it and depressed by one's inability to compete or in any way return it, or one leaves a house, after one of the popular "squashes," feeling sick and sorry and vexed at having wasted so much good time to so little purpose. As likely as not one does not even see the hostess to receive a greeting. After having stood solitarily for an hour or less, one leaves the house unnoticed, unmissed. The refreshment offered is, usually, a cup of indifferent, and quite cold, coffee.

What is the mystery of the coffee? Why is it never hot or fresh? If one arrives within ten minutes of the earliest moment one is asked for, the coffee is tepid. Is it made over-night? Is it made with lukewarm water? Coffee at other times does not go quite cold in about ten minutes.

The tea and coffee, hostesses are content to give to their guests on these occasions, speak as plainly as anything of the low state to which hospitality, or rather entertaining, has sunk.

Answers to Correspondents

B. M. H.—Thank you for your card; it was kind of you to send the answer.

WOODRUFF is anxious to know who is the author of the following beautiful lines, and where they may be found. Will some of my readers kindly help her?

And deepest grief
Is that we bear alone for other's sake,
Smiling the while lest loving hearts should break
For our relief.
O hearts that faint
Beneath your burdens great, but make no plaint,
Lift up your eyes!
Somewhere beyond, the Life you give is found—
Somewhere, we know, by God's own hand is crowned
Love's sacrifice.

I am very glad to welcome you as a new correspondent, and am sorry not to welcome you with a prize. There have been dozens competing for the prizes this month, and the difficulty in awarding them has been great.

E. McL. D.—Thank you for your kind words of praise of THE BRITISH MONTHLY. I was very sorry to hear of your great loss and sorrow. It was good of you to send when you had so much else to think of. I liked your choice greatly, but I think you will agree as to the greater beauty of those lines selected for prizes.

K. A. appeals through these columns to the kindness of BRITISH MONTHLY readers. She is very anxious to know if one of them has a copy of "The Black Rock," by "Ralph Connor," that he or she can spare in a good cause. A used copy would be very greatly valued by the Milford Total Abstinence Guild Library. Milford is a small village where good books are scarce and difficult to get, and any help is most valuable.

I was very pleased to hear from you again, K. A. Your lines were charming; I liked them very much; but they were not the best. Can any reader, I wonder, tell us who wrote them?—

SPRING

The work of the sun is slow,
But sure as Heaven we know,
So we'll not forget,
When the skies are wet,
There's green grass under the snow!

When the winds of winter blow
Wailing like voices of woe,
There are April showers
And buds and flowers
And green grass, under the snow!

We'll find it, even so,
In this life's unseen flow;
If we only wait,
Though it may come late,
There's green grass under the snow!

E.—I am very sorry to find from your card that you are ill, but hope by this time you are on the high road to recovery. The magazine you named I used to see very often, but I gave away my copies, or I should search them now for your name. I am sorry you missed the prize, as you really needed it; but another copy will be offered some day, and then I shall hope you will try again. Do you not think you would like the new competition? Is this the pseudonym you wished me to use? I envy you being in the lovely place you wrote last from. I know it; but it is two years since I was there.

G. W. T.—I am pleased you like your prize. My remarks referred to the majority of the hymns sent in, not so much to those that won the prizes. It is very tiresome that you should have such delay in getting your copy. Only under exceptional circumstances is THE BRITISH MONTHLY later than the 20th, and it should certainly reach you on the 21st. Yes, I do prefer the word "of" instead of "the" at the beginning of the line you mention. It seems to me more musical, and more strictly correct. What do you yourself think?

M. D.—I thought you would be pleased with your success I was. Thank you for your kind letter of thanks. It is good to find so enthusiastic and loyal a correspondent.

F. B.—I had been wondering what had become of the little correspondent who was amongst the first of my BRITISH MONTHLY friends; and I was very pleased to hear from you again. I did like your verses. There were faults in them, of course, but the ideas were fresh and pretty. In the last line, for instance, the last word should not be "dowers." It should have been "dower" to have been grammatical; but then it would not have rhymed. I hope you will go on trying. I am sorry you found the competitions too difficult; they had not struck me as being so.

J. T. S.—I am very glad to welcome a new reader, and very sorry that the magazine should have been so late: you could have had it days earlier.

HYACINTH.—Blouses will be as popular as ever this summer, and prettier than ever, I think. As to advising one what gowns to get for the summer, it is a difficult thing to attempt. I have not been able to make up my mind for myself yet. Some say it is to be a wet and cold season, in which case you would not love me if, on my advice, you had gone and got cotton, muslin, or thin silk costumes; and if I advise stuff gowns and it turns out very hot, as others predict, I shall be equally out of favour with you. It is very, very hard to know what to do, and one of course needs to be preparing in advance. I think I would have a nicely made cloth coat and skirt—it is bound to be useful sooner or later; and if you have a silk or delaine bodice to match, you will be able to manage to wear it even on hot days. One or two washing dresses would be almost certainly useful too. My advice is, never save a cotton gown for occasions that *may* occur. As often as not they do not occur; or, if they do, the weather is not suitable for the gown, and then you find you have wasted many occasions when you might have worn it, and been comfortable. The opportunities during an English summer are never many, and why not get all the comfort out of a gown you can? My advice is, never save your gowns from season to season; if you do, they never look new and fashionable, and you are always behind the times, wearing out last year's clothes.

DANIEL GRAINGER.—Your original lines were decidedly good, and very poetical. I hope you will compete again when the prizes are for original verse only. I am really sorry not to be able to award you a prize.

ANSTICE.

Anstice will be pleased to hear from correspondents, and answer any questions they may care to ask connected with the "Home Department."

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The Children's Corner

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

The Precious Stone Competition was very popular, and I had some difficulty in deciding which papers were really best, so they were all compared and gone over with special care, and the result is that the first prize is won by—

MURIEL WEATHERHEAD (aged 14),
61, Laurel Road,
Leicester;

and the second by—

FANNY E. DICKINSON (aged 14),
1, Upton View, Hoole Road,
Chester.

An extra prize will be sent to—

ELLA LOFTS (aged 13),
East View, Grove Hill,
Middlesbrough.

SPECIAL MENTION

Rosa Cratchley, Jessie Gait, Ellen Welham, David M. Brown.

HONOURABLE MENTION

Constance M. Muirhead, Lilian Williams, W. R. Maries, Ellen F. Williams, Ivy Wardle, Bessie Coates, Ronald Paterson, Leonard J. French, No name (Cardiff), Bertie Walker, Annie Law Brindle, Kenneth Dickinson, Mary Isabel Muirhead, Anelia E. Moir, Gordon James Jessup, Leonard French.

Jessie Gait gave a splendid list of references in her paper. —Mary Isabel Muirhead sent in a good list. I hope she will try again, also her sister.—Your list did not come up to the level of the prize-winners, Bertie Walker; but I am very glad you tried, and hope you will go on trying.—I am glad Gordon Jessup has begun to compete.—You very nearly won the prize, David Brown; the arrangement of your paper was particularly good.—I thought Amelia Moir did very well. Amelia tells me that the beryl stone is found in a quarry in Aberdeenshire.—William R. Maries is very pleased with his prize.—Thank you very much for your nice letter, Leonard French.—Fanny Dickinson says, "We quite long for THE BRITISH MONTHLY to come out to see how we have succeeded. I noticed that onyx is mentioned a lot in the Bible. I hope that the boy who is saving up for a motor car and has got £1 will soon get it. I thought saving up for a bicycle was bad enough." How much did you save, Fanny, and did you get the bicycle at last?—Ellen F. Welham's list of precious stones was extremely good; she nearly won a prize.—Rosa Cratchley must have taken great great pains. She did very well, and I was very pleased with her careful work.

I have much pleasure in printing this little story by Margaret Douglas:—

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD

ONCE upon a time there was a little cottage in the middle of a wood. In it lived an old man and his daughter Miranda. One day Miranda went through the wood to show some travellers, who were passing, the way to a town called Barbury. She went the whole way to the town. The travellers were very glad of that, and one of the women said to Miranda, "My name is Lucy Olympia, and I would very much like to give you a present."

She then gave Miranda a purse with a sovereign in it.

"This does not look much," she said; "but as often as you spend this sovereign you will find another in the purse."

Miranda then said good-bye to the travellers, and returned home.

As they were now so rich, she and her father moved into a large house in Barbury. Once settled, Miranda determined to try her magic purse. She went to a jeweller's shop, and bought a pearl ring which cost a sovereign. She paid the money and then looked into her purse. There, by magic it appeared, was another sovereign! It was always so, whenever she bought anything.

She and her old father lived ever after happily. The Prince of the country soon saw Miranda, loved, and married her, she becoming a Princess, and her old father a Duke.

MARGARET DOUGLAS.

I think you will enjoy this story, and I hope Margaret and all of you will send me some stories that I can print from time to time.

I thank Guy Wiehen for his nice little letter, which I give below.

THORNLEIGH, RYDAL ROAD, STREATHAM.
April 29.

DEAR AUNT MATTY,

I am going to tell you about some tit-mice. We hung up a cocoa-nut, with an opening at each side, in our garden, through a piece of string, out of the reach of cats. The tit-mice like it very much, and some stay very long; sometimes they sit on the string and chirp. Sometimes there are as many as four all together.

The sparrows and robins never go. We do not know whether they do not like it, or are too heavy to cling on. I have enjoyed my holidays very much; I go back to-morrow.

With my love,
I am your loving
GUY WIEHEN.

Amy Tait is tired of trying the competitions; she says she is sure she will never get a prize. A great many nephews and nieces feel like this, I daresay, Amy, and yet I know some that try regularly, and have never yet been successful; but I admire their pluck and patience, and believe they will succeed some day.

Agatha Burney has been to a flower tea. Every child had to wear a badge representing some flower. Agatha had a picture of Lord Rosebery pinned on her dress. This meant *primrose*, for that is Lord Rosebery's name. Agatha's sister wore a drawing of a lion with a top hat on and a walking stick. This meant dandy-lion!

Gordon Smith has two hundred and ninety postcards, all of *Scotland*. Can any one beat this?

Marjorie George sends me the following little letter:

DEAR AUNT MATTY,

I wish you could tell me, please, if there are really any fairies. Tom (my brother) says of course not; how could there be?—but I think he is wrong. I like to think of good fairies floating about in the air. Tom says it is very silly. Do you think so? I love fairy books. I have all the coloured fairy books except the Red, and I am going to get that on my birthday.

Your loving
MARJORIE GEORGE
(aged 8).

Will some of Marjorie's BRITISH MONTHLY cousins send me a reply to her letter?

AUNT MATTY.

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The name of an Apostle.

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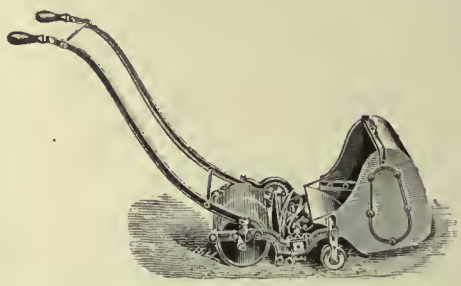

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The British Monthly

An Illustrated Record of Religious Life and Work

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NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, 27, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

The Editor will be glad to receive interesting photographs, with short accompanying paragraphs, from the readers of the magazine. Every effort will be made to return unused contributions when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed; but the Editor cannot be responsible for the return of manuscripts or photographs which are sent to him. Contributions for the next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, *to be published on* JULY 20, *should reach the Editor by* JULY 1 *at latest.*

Illustrated Notes

The next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be published on* JULY 20, *and should be on sale at all Newsagents' and Booksellers' on that date. The Publishers will be greatly obliged if readers who have any difficulty in securing copies of* THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be good enough to communicate with them.*

THE attractive feature of the August number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, which will be published on July 20, will undoubtedly be an illustrated article dealing with the career of Robertson of Brighton, from the pen of W. Scott King. Half a century will have elapsed next month since this prince among preachers prematurely passed to his rest, but his influence is still widely felt, and the younger portion of our readers especially will doubtless be glad to learn more about the man and wherein lay the secret of those thoughtful sermons which Sunday after Sunday were delivered to spell-bound crowds in Trinity Chapel. In addition to the article on Robertson of Brighton, there will, of course, be the usual features—Illustrated Notes, a Sermon by Dr. Parker, the Christian Endeavour page, several short illustrated articles, and a further instalment of Silas Hocking's thrilling story "The Blindness of Madge Tyndall."

Photo by Moffat

THE LATE REV. HUGH MACMILLAN, D.D.

DR. HUGH MACMILLAN, who died the other day in Edinburgh, was a unique man. He was brought up in the Free Church of Scotland, and became a minister of that body when there was very little sympathy with literature among its ministers. He was one of the first to make himself heard by the wider world by contributing to such periodicals as *Macmillan's Magazine*, and pursuing earnestly the study of science and art and books. His fine gifts and rich culture became widely known when he published his "Bible Teachings in Nature," which has been his most popular production. But all the time Dr. Macmillan remained in full sympathy with his Church, and one of her most loyal and devoted ministers. There was never a suspicion of heresy raised against him, even in the days when most men of the broader mind were suspect. We remember Dr. Andrew Bonar speaking of him with the warmest admiration and affection. So it continued to the end. Dr. Macmillan was of a shrinking nature, most averse to controversy, and could hardly be induced to take a stand on any disputed question. He did his own work in his own way, steadily accumulating and giving to the world a store of knowledge and thought. His style had a winsome simplicity and was softly touched with poetry. In manner Dr. Macmillan was extremely gentle and genial. He never seemed in a hurry. There was no harder and more persevering worker, but he was of the quietly efficient sort who go on without haste and without rest. As a preacher he was very interesting and instructive, and only a certain lack of force and vitality prevented his coming to the first rank. But he filled a position which was occupied by no other, and has left behind him a most blameless and fragrant memory.

THE REV. GEORGE PARKIN, M.A., B.D., who has held the office of Principal of the Primitive Methodist College, Alexandra Park, Manchester, for five years, will, according

Photo by Coulbeck, Darlington
REV. WILLIAM JOHNSON, F.L.S.
THE NEW PRINCIPAL OF THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST COLLEGE

to the constitution of the Connexion, retire at the forthcoming Conference, and be succeeded by the Rev. William Johnson, F.L.S., Superintendent of Hartlepool Circuit. Five years ago the Conference, recognising Mr. Johnson's fitness for this post, elected him Vice-Principal, and in July, when the students return after the vacation, he will take up the Principalship of the Institution. Mr. Johnson became a local preacher when he was eighteen, and two years later was received into the full ministry. His first circuit was Maryport, and he has since "travelled" in the following stations; Staithes, Alston, Gateshead (twice), Whitehaven, Hartlepool (twice), South Shields, and Shildon. For six years he was District Building Committee Secretary for the Sunderland and Newcastle District, and for five years acted as Secretary of the Darlington and Stockton District Committee. As a preacher Mr. Johnson has had a successful career. All his circuits have prospered during his ministry. He is in the full strength of his manhood, with his powers well developed and a keen enthusiasm for helping, enlightening, and saving men. He will, it is confidently anticipated, exert a fine influence over the seventy or eighty ministerial students placed under his care. Mr. Johnson is one of the leading authorities on British lichenology, and was elected a Fellow of the Linnæan Society in 1888. His recently published book, entitled "Nature and Naturalists," has been very favourably received.

CARVED STONE HEADS, MEMORIAL CHAPEL, DOLANOG

THE foundation-stone of a memorial chapel has been laid at Dolanog, Montgomeryshire. Of the names associated with it, the most interesting is that of Ann Griffiths, the young hymn-writer who died in 1805 in her 28th year, but whose hymns, mostly rescued from oblivion by the good memory of a servant, have become a national treasure. No likeness of her is known to exist; but the carved face represents the minute word-picture of her biographer. Another name associated with the neighbourhood, and contemporary with her, was the Rev. John Davies, missionary to Tahiti. The four heads represented, reading from left to right, are those of the Rev. Robert Roberts, Dolanog; Rev. John Hughes, Pontrobert; Ann Griffiths (Dolwar Fechan); and Mr. David Davies, Cae'nymynydd.

THE REV. JAMES HOLMES, of Gunnersbury, who has accepted the invitation of the Rev. C. Silvester Horne to become his colleague at the new Central Mission of the London Congregational Union at Whitefield's Tabernacle, has been closely identified with Mr. Horne's work at the Thomas Binney Institute. He has shown a rare capacity for organisation, there and also in his two pastorates at Wolverton and Gunnersbury. The rich experience which he has gained in this connection will be of the greatest service to him at Whitefield's Tabernacle. Mr. Holmes has had a most successful ministry at Gunnersbury, where he has been for the last ten years. The Church, which

Photo by C. Henwood, Chiswick
REV. JAMES HOLMES
REV. SILVESTER HORNE'S COLLEAGUE AT WHITEFIELD'S TABERNACLE

was in a backward state when he began his work, is now in a more prosperous condition than ever before in its history, there being not a particle of debt.

THE Baptists have borne witness in a very striking way to the need for aggressive Christianity by a large and important mission which was inaugurated under most promising auspices at Bradford the other day. The movement, for which the Churches of the Bradford district of the Yorkshire Baptist Association are responsible, has been started on a large scale, and will, it is confidently believed, be fraught with far-reaching results in the moral and spiritual uplifting of the non-churchgoing portion of the community. During weekdays the Central Mission, as it is called, has its headquarters at Bethel Chapel, but on Sundays the work is transferred to Westgate New Hall. This building, which was formerly the old Westgate Chapel, was sold some years ago by the congregation on its removal to Manningham, and has now been transformed, at a cost of £14,000, into a handsome hall capable of seating a thousand people. When the work was completed, the committee in charge requested the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare, M.A., to recommend a suitable man to take charge of the Mission, and the choice of the genial Secretary of the Baptist Union fell on the Rev. A. H. Tolhurst, late of Leicester, who has just begun his arduous labours.

Photo by Heawood, Leicester
REV. A. H. TOLHURST,
SUPERINTENDENT BAPTIST CENTRAL MISSION, BRADFORD

The new Superintendent of the Baptist Central Mission, Bradford, has played many parts in his time. His life-story is deeply interesting, while his work has been that of a pioneer. An Australian by birth, having been born in Melbourne in 1863, Mr. Tolhurst was educated in England at a private school kept by Mr. Henry Leeding, who was at one time tutor to C. H. Spurgeon. At an early age he entered a large French bank, and remained there about eight years. Subsequently he returned to Melbourne, where he entered the Bank of Victoria, and it was while in that city that he joined Albert Street Church, the pastorate of which he declined only last month. As a child Mr. Tolhurst was taught in a Congregational Sunday school, but by a most singular turn of events he found his way as a boy treble into the choir of the Brompton Oratory, and was actually christened and confirmed there, without his mother's knowledge and without understanding what was being done to him. Along with members of the Oratory choir, Mr. Tolhurst was frequently engaged to sing at Drury Lane and other London theatres, and thus became acquainted with a side of life happily not often revealed to children. From the Brompton Oratory he passed to St. Luke's Parish Church, Norwood, where he was also a choir-boy.

It was while in South London that Mr. Tolhurst experienced the great change. When a lad of seventeen he entered the Chatsworth Road Baptist Church one evening with his mother, and there new desires began to spring within him. He went again and again, till one evening the minister shook hands with him and said, "Ought you not to give your heart to God?" The answer was, "I suppose I ought, sir"; and before long Mr. Tolhurst made the great surrender. His wish was then to become a missionary, his heart being set on going

HILL LODGE, ENFIELD, REV. R. J. CAMPBELL'S NEW HOME

Photo by Faulkner & Dalby, Woolwich
MRS. WILSON, WIFE OF THE PASTOR OF WOOLWICH TABERNACLE
A sketch of whose career appears on another page

to the Congo. He saw Mr. Baines, of the Baptist Missionary Society, and was passed by the doctor; but, yielding to his mother's earnest solicitations, he continued his work at the bank, occupying his leisure with mission work among the poor. In this Christian work he laboured for ten years, teaching in the Sunday school, preaching in the streets and in mission halls, and by invitation taking services in the wards of two large hospitals, first in London and subsequently in Melbourne. It was while travelling in the bush in New South Wales that he was asked to take charge of a small Baptist church. He did so, but soon discovered that the charge was virtually a "bishopric," including seven congregations, some of them thirty miles apart, and all to be visited on horseback in a rough and mountainous country. A year later he was on his way to England, Principal Rooke, of Rawdon College, having accepted him as a student. In 1894 Mr. Tolhurst was settled at Leicester, where he threw himself into the task of raising a new cause in a populous and neglected district. In three years Carey Hall was built, with a chapel seating nine hundred persons and a Sunday school accommodating six hundred scholars. The building, which cost over £5,000, was opened by Dr. Clifford, and a Church was formed, the membership of which at the end of five years numbered two hundred and fifty. Mr. Tolhurst is one of the few Nonconformist ministers who are able to preach to a French congregation without the aid of an interpreter—thanks to the years of toil in the French bank.

THE group which we reproduce was taken on the occasion of the Whit Monday pilgrimage in connection with the Young People's Union of the Congregational Union to Amersham, Jordan's Meeting-house, and Chalfont St. Giles. The building in the background is the recently restored Congregational Church at the last-named place, which was first erected in 1662, and stands nearly opposite the cottage in which John Milton lived. In this church the Rev. C. Silvester Horne gave the young people a capital address on Milton—poet, patriot, and prophet. He sympathised with those who loved and honoured Milton more than Cromwell, because, after all, the power of the mind was greater than that of the sword.

A GROUP OF CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS
Taken on Whit Monday

A better neighbourhood could not have been chosen for the young people, and a better holiday could not have been provided, for a day with the "Stalwarts," and a talk about the "Stalwarts," cannot but have left them stronger for the conflicts which confront them. The Rev. W. H. Summer's address in the Jordan Meeting-house on William Penn was also keenly enjoyed by all. The group includes the following: Rev. J. P. Rogers, B.A., Mr. J. Minshull, Mr. C. Stancliff, Mr. McCrae, Rev. A. Ramsey, Rev. G. Currie Martin, M.A., B.D., Rev. C. S. Horne, M.A., Rev. J. Holmes, Rev. W. H. Summers, and Rev. W. H. Whitbread.

HYDE PARK EDUCATION DEMONSTRATION
Dr. Clifford reading telegram from Rev. R. J. Campbell

THE veteran missionary Dr. Griffith John, of Hankow, is making an urgent appeal for help through the London Missionary Society. In a

letter asking aid for the erection of a new high school, he says the progress of Christianity in China will in the future greatly depend on the attention paid by the missions to the educational department of this work. There is in China to-day a great demand for Western education, and the question we have to face is this: Shall the attempts be made by the Christian missionary, and the teaching be made conducive to the interests of the Christian Church? or shall it be met by men who are out of sympathy with Christian missions, and the teaching be made subservient to the diffusion of anti-Christian principles throughout the Empire? The Christian Church in China must have her own schools of learning if Christianity is to become a power in the land. In three years Dr. John will have completed fifty years of service as a missionary in China, and it is felt that the erection of these new buildings would be a fitting crown to his life of noble and self-denying consecration.

DR. AND MRS. JOHN WATSON, of Liverpool, celebrated their silver wedding on Wednesday, June 3. A most interesting gathering was held on that evening at Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, when the congregation presented "Ian Maclaren" and his wife with tokens of goodwill. The chair was taken by the Lord Mayor, Mr. W. W. Rutherford, M.P., who was accompanied by Mrs. Rutherford. The Lord Mayor said it was an honour and privilege to him to be there that evening, and as a member of the congregation. In his other capacity as Lord Mayor he was delighted to take part in doing honour to one of their most distinguished citizens. That present was a small though heartfelt acknowledgment from the members of the esteem, respect, and love which they felt for Dr. and Mrs. Watson. Their minister had been one of the greatest powers for good in the city for many years past, not only among his own congregation, but among men of all opinions and positions. He believed that there was no pulpit in the city where they had heard better advice and civic patriotism than in that church. They asked their minister to believe that the presentation came from their hearts. They were making it not only on behalf of themselves, but on behalf of the city.

Photo by Horsburgh

REV. GEORGE ROBSON, D.D.
In his robes as Moderator of the United Free Church of Scotland

Councillor John Lea made the presentation. He said the congregation had never regretted the appointment of Dr. Watson. When he came to Sefton Park, it was Scotland's loss and England's gain. After he had been with them for a short time the accommodation did not meet the demand, and several rooms had been added to the church. They were now connected with another Church, and it was a source of great pleasure to know that the joint congregation was a thousand, and that both were free from debt. Sefton Park Church, by Dr. Watson's efforts, had become famous. Ever since he had been with them they had been a united congregation, and this was largely owing to the tact of the minister and his wife. The gifts included a diamond pendant mounted in platinum and attached to a platinum necklace, and set with forty white brilliants; a richly hand-chased solid silver tea-kettle, stand, and lamp, the shields on either side bearing the initials of Dr. and Mrs. Watson and the date; and a handsome rosewood cabinet containing a complete set of solid silver table plate and cutlery of one hundred and five articles. The silver tray was inscribed as follows: "Presented to the Rev. John Watson, M.A., D.D., and Mrs. Watson, on the occasion of their silver wedding, by the congregation of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, as a token of their affection, together with other articles in silver, a portrait of Dr. Watson by Sir George Reid, R.S.A., a complete edition of Ruskin's works, and a pendant of diamonds to Mrs. Watson."

Mrs. Watson made a graceful speech in reply, and Dr. Watson, in the course of a touching and largely personal address, also returned thanks for the gifts. He said he was very proud and thankful to be a citizen of Liverpool. Referring to his connection with the Church, he remarked that so long as he was able he would never leave them. His was a great charge, but the moment he felt he could no longer fill his task as it should be filled he would resign the charge which was given him nearly twenty-three years ago, and he would hope to pass it into the hands of a man of richer knowledge.

Helps for Sunday-School Teachers and Christian Endeavourers

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS

BY REV. J. OSSIAN DAVIES

JULY 5.—*Israel asking for a King* (1 Sam. viii. 1-10)

A new generation wanted a new form of government. Tired of a theocracy with its invisible King, Israel cried out for a human king, which could be seen and heard and handled. This popular clamour was an insult to Jehovah as well as to Samuel—it was practically a "notice to quit" to them both. "Away with the theocracy, away with God and Samuel, and let us have something new and showy." God trained them by letting them have their own way, and ere long they saw their own folly in all its native ugliness. Fashion is often a dangerous guide. Israel wanted a king "like all the nations." They wanted to be in the fashion, utterly forgetting that it was their glory to be out of the fashion as a "peculiar people" unto the Lord. Avoid a bad fashion as you would a viper!

JULY 12.—*Saul chosen King* (1 Sam. x. 17-27)

Samuel called a convention—half religious, half political—at Mizpah. After reminding them of Jehovah's mighty deeds in Egypt and elsewhere, he rebuked them for their disloyalty to Him. To reject a Divine King for a human king was the height of treason. The final lot rested on Saul. But think of rejecting such a God for such a man! Worse still—think of rejecting the lovely Jesus for wretched Barabbas! Saul was chosen; but he hid himself among the stuff. There was a little modesty still left in the young giant. As soon he was discovered, the sons of Belial shouted with all their might, "God save the king"; but ere long they despised and insulted him. But there was another band—"a band of men whose hearts God had touched," and instead of despising Saul, they followed him all the way to Gibeah. Christians are the best citizens! "God-touched men" are the true loyalists. If all the kings of the earth had such a body-guard, the statelier Eden would soon return.

JULY 19.—*Samuel's Farewell Address* (1 Sam. xii. 13-25)

This is the old man's final charge, full of holy earnestness and lofty statesmanship. He emphasizes five points: (1) Fear the Lord; (2) Serve Him; (3) Hearken unto His voice; (4) Rebel not against His commandments; (5) Be followers of the Lord your God. What magnificent imperatives! They are strong enough to save any nation from decay. When the "hand of the Lord" is against us, it matters not how many hands are with us. God is not the Great Absentee, but the perpetual Lord of Nature. The thunderstorm was a direct answer to Samuel's prayer, and it awed the multitude. The man who has the ear of God is still a great force in the world. The people implored Samuel to pray for them. Nothing so enlarges the soul and warms the heart as intercessory prayer! Think of Him who intercedes for us day and night at the right hand of the Majesty.

JULY 26.—*Saul rejected as King* (1 Sam. xv. 13-23)

Saul was very sanctimonious under Samuel's rebuke at Gilgal. Samuel pierced the hypocrite's mask with the question, "What meaneth this bleating of the sheep in mine ears?" No man can lie himself out of his own disobedience. "Be sure your sin will find you out," though buried ten thousand fathoms deep. You can only hide your sin in one place—*at the foot of the cross*. Saul blamed the "people" for sparing the sheep and oxen. Cowards always blame the "other man." Adam blamed Eve, and Aaron blamed the crowd. If you commit a sin, be man enough to acknowledge it, for a refuge of lies can never stand long. Do not deal with your sins as Saul dealt with the Amalekites, but destroy them *utterly*. Leave not a vestige behind, not even the darling sin. Saul was deposed for his lying hypocrisy. No monarch has a Divine right to govern wrong. *God had done with Saul!* He let him alone; and when a soul is let alone by God, the isolation is terrible. Rejecting God cost Saul his throne, and rejecting Christ has cost many a man his heaven.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR TOPICS

BY REV. H. ELVET LEWIS

JULY 5.—*Endeavourers and Public Life* (Neh. v. 1-13)

When Dr. Dale, full of ardour, was giving much time and mind to municipal progress, a Roman Catholic priest asked him one day, "Dale, when do you mean to quit politics and look after your soul?" "I have given my soul to Christ to look after," was the reply; "He can do it better than *I* can: my duty is to do His will, and to leave the rest with Him." In one of his sermons he declared: "Not to vote is to act the part of the unfaithful servant, who hid his talent in the earth, and made no use of it. To vote corruptly is felony; it is to appropriate to our own purposes what we have received as trustees for the town or the nation."

No one can be a follower of Christ, and look unmoved on a wrong done. Whatever the hope of Heaven brings, it cannot rightly bring indifference to the world's misery:

> He is a coward who would borrow
> A charm against the present sorrow
> From the vague Future's promise of delight.

JULY 12.—*The Indwelling Spirit* (John xiv. 16-26)

He "shall be *in you*." Lacordaire once said, "A great soul in a small house is the idea that has always touched me more than any other." But here is a still sublimer conception—the Holy Spirit of Truth in the erring heart of man: how great the Guest, how small the house! But the Guest will give His own greatness to the house, and His glory will be its light. By His indwelling man's heart shall become all truth.

He "shall teach you *all things*." God has nothing to hide from those who love Him. Nor will He leave the weakest of His children till he is taught "all things," and so is able to "comprehend with all the saints." What all know, every one shall learn.

> Can I know it?—Nay.
> Shall I know it?—Yea,
> When all mists have cleared away
> For ever and aye.

JULY 19.—*Week-day Religion* (1 Peter iii. 8-18)

"I think you are quite right in your conviction," wrote Horace Bushnell to his wife, "that we ought, as Christians, to be *always girded*, and can have the freedom of the spirit in no other manner. There is a girding which is quite consistent with rest. The soul should be as positive in its conformity to God as if God were to be conformed to it; that is, it should still be, think, desire, do, act from its selfhood, as if it were not lost in the deep sea of God's own fulness. Pray for me, that God may prepare me to a state so difficult to conceive, and so much more difficult to realise."

Dr. Livingstone never forgot the death-bed advice of a good old man at Blantyre: "Now, lad, make religion the every-day business of your life, and not a thing of fits and starts; for if you do, temptation and other things will get the better of you."

JULY 26.—*An Evening with Continental Missions* (Acts xvi. 8-12; Rom. i. 9-15)

The Macedonian cry, the sigh of Europe, is not yet silenced. Only, the face is not turned towards Asia's shores to-day; rather is it the South crying to the North. Within the last few years scenes have been witnessed in France and in Italy which may be prophetic of great movements for the freedom of religious faith. But let it be earnestly remembered that the reaction from Romanism may drive these nations into the wastes of infidelity, "neither heresy nor schism, but sheer incredulity under the form of Indifferentism," wrote Father Curci twenty years ago—a prophecy too well fulfilled. Protestant peoples ought to watch the course of events, not with mere curiosity or even grave concern, but with helpful sympathy and constant prayer.

The Rev. John Wilson, of Woolwich Tabernacle

THERE is no Church in London which Mr. Charles Booth, in his recent volumes, has commended more warmly than the Woolwich Tabernacle. The truth of his statements is admitted by the members, one of whom remarked to the present writer, "We could not have written it better ourselves." The poorest part of Woolwich is the "Dust Hole," a network of narrow, crowded streets in the parish of Holy Trinity. Woolwich, as Mr. Booth reminds us, has three aspects: first, that of the barracks and the military; second, the Arsenal and its artisans; and third, the "Dust Hole" and its depravity. This bad area lies in the corner made by the Arsenal wall and the river, and is bounded by Beresford Street, High Street, and the Free Ferry. Its lodging-houses are occupied by tramps passing in and out of London, and the lowest class of women inhabit the district. Mr. Booth describes the "Dust Hole" as the Notting Dale of the north-west, although it may also be compared to Dorset Street in Whitechapel. Woolwich would thrive all the better if this bad corner could be done away with. Mr. Wilson sends his young men and women to hold services in the lodging-house kitchens during the winter, and to preach in the open air during the summer; but he confesses that the results are small. The Salvation Army has a large barrack not far from the Tabernacle, and does its utmost to rescue the degraded people. The Churches, one and all, are deeply dissatisfied with the results, and no stranger could visit the "Dust Hole" without realising that it is one of the darkest spots in the whole vast area in London.

Photo by Russell & Sons

REV. JOHN WILSON

Passing along Beresford Street, we have on our left the great red-brick Tabernacle, and a little farther on the church of Holy Trinity, with its strangely carved tower surmounted by a cross. Grey, cheerless, and dismal is the impression made by Holy Trinity on a brilliant summer evening. Out of the Tabernacle hundreds are pouring, but the Parish Church seems to have no attraction for these crowds who fill the Market Place and stream along the narrow winding streets of the borough. The contrast is painful, and we turn away with a shiver from a House of God which is in no sense a home of the people, to ask about the warmer life and modern methods which Mr. Wilson has introduced in the Tabernacle.

Fifteen hundred children are taught in the Sunday schools, and the Bands of Hope number seven hundred. The young people use two mission chapels as centres of work. "In all this," writes Mr. Booth, "their pastor takes little part. He cannot. It is his duty to occupy his pulpit with power, to fill his church, which holds two thousand people, and to maintain the membership, which stands at fifteen hundred. He has to breathe life into the whole organisation, and he does it. His spare time and surplus energies he gives to public work. He is a member of the London School Board, and takes a keen interest in all local affairs. In religious matters he is an uncompromising Protestant to whom High Church views are anathema, and in politics an ardent Progressive." It ought to be mentioned that last autumn Mr. Wilson retired, after ten years' service, from the School Board, and the South London Progressive Association presented him with an illuminated address and a beautifully bound set of Ruskin.

It is not surprising that, as Mr. Booth tells us, one of Mr. Wilson's Church of England neighbours should have said, "Wilson, the Baptist at the Tabernacle, is the most successful man with the working class. But I do not see in what his particular strength lies, though I have tried to find out his secret. . . . Mr. Wilson is a man who always has a book in his hand, keeping his mind active; though not a student, he gives his congregation a great deal to interest them, and also a great deal to do for him; he appears to delegate his authority, but in reality rules." Mr. Booth himself attributes Mr. Wilson's success in the broad sense to the warm sympathy which prevails at the Tabernacle between pastor and people.

Mr. Wilson's Life-Story

The Vice-President of the Baptist Union has been for over twenty-five years at Woolwich, and has all but completely lost that Scottish accent which he brought from his

native Forfarshire. He was born on May 25, 1854, in the small farmstead of Whiteburn, near the village of Craichie, three and a half miles from Forfar, and not far from "Thrums." He received his first instruction at the Parish School of Craichie, where he won the first prize. He was only fourteen when his father gave up his farm and removed with his family to the ancient, historic town of Dunfermline, once the seat of the Scottish kings. The dust of good Queen Margaret and of the famous Robert Bruce are mouldering in its abbey church.

Religious Influences in Alloa

John Wilson was only sixteen when he went to business in Alloa. He there came in contact with a remarkable man, Mr. David Brown. Mr. Brown introduced him to the Y.M.C.A., whose President, one of the noblest of men, Mr. William Landells, greatly influenced him. Mr. Brown, it may be said, is now pastor of the little Baptist Church in Portobello. He is also manager of a bottle works. Mr. Wilson well remembers the first Evangelistic meeting he attended at Alloa. The audience consisted mostly of women, and he came away wearied and annoyed. His feelings underwent a complete change when he mingled with the earnest Christian men connected with the Y.M.C.A. Their meeting was held on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. The sixty members and one hundred and fifty associates gathered together for prayer and study. "When I heard one after another speaking on the chapter we were studying," says Mr. Wilson, "I felt in my inmost heart that these men had a shield to protect them through all the difficulties of life, and I longed that I might possess it also. I went next evening to Mr. Brown's house, and for four hours we were occupied in Bible reading and prayer. It was through Acts xiii. 38, 39 that I was finally led to decide for Christ. When converted, I longed to live the life that is life indeed, and no one can say more truly, "By the Grace of God I am what I am." Mr. Wilson will always look back with peculiar affection to the peaceful little town of Alloa, on the banks of the Forth, for it was there that he met his earliest and best friends, and definitely resolved to live for the Lord's work.

Many leading men of the town were devoting themselves to the cause of Christ, especially the late philanthropic David Paton, whose name was a household word in Evangelical circles, and who built the handsome premises of the Alloa Y.M.C.A. Mr. Wilson received much help from the Rev. G. Elder, M.A., of whose Church he became a member, and who has for years, as minister of Greenwich Presbyterian Church, been one of his neighbours and friends.

Early Christian Work

Mr. Wilson at once began to take part in Christian work. He felt a good deal of shyness at first in speaking and praying in public, and his earliest efforts were in conversing with people individually. At the age of seventeen he was engaged as colporteur in the district of Kincardine-on-Forth, and was the youngest agent ever appointed by the Scottish Colportage Society. He was frequently in request for meetings throughout the neighbourhood, and carried on a successful Evangelistic campaign in the town itself. This was the period of the great revival, and only a few years ago, when Mr. Wilson revisited Kincardine, he met many old converts and helpers who came to shake his hand, and wish him success in his great work in London.

It was Mrs. Holmes, wife of a former M.P. for Paisley, who first suggested that Mr. Wilson should have a hall. She was driving in her carriage, and heard him preaching at the corner of a street. Next day she sent for him, and expressed the earnest wish that he might gather the people together in some regular place. With the charming modesty which has characterised him all through life, he hesitated on the ground of unfitness. But Mrs. Holmes insisted on the hall being hired, and there, every Sunday morning, a children's service was held. Mrs. Holmes and her sister Miss Buchanan attended and helped to keep the children in order. This was the only occasion, as Mr. Wilson has sometimes laughingly told, when he has had "carriage folk" amongst his hearers.

Mr. Wilson was still a Presbyterian and a Pædo-Baptist. But his mind was much exercised on the question of Baptism. Once it happened that Mr. McCaig, now Principal of the Pastors' College, and some of his friends were prosecuted for holding Gospel meetings at Cowdenbeath. In connection with their trial a letter appeared reflecting on the preachers in a very unjust and vindictive way. Mr. Wilson's chivalrous feelings were stirred, and he wrote an earnest letter to the newspaper in defence of the accused, signing himself "A Friend of Truth." The open-air preachers were much encouraged by the letter, and wondered who could be its author. Shortly afterwards Mr. McCaig took part in a service in the village of Oakley, six miles from Kincardine. Mr. Wilson, who happened to be in the neighbourhood, went to the meeting, and introduced himself to the stranger as "A Friend of Truth." From that time onwards a close friendship grew up between them, and no one knows Mr. Wilson's life-story so intimately as the Principal of the Pastors' College. He has described it with graphic pen in *The Baptist Magazine* and *The Sword and Trowel.*

The question of Baptism was raised by Mr. Wilson, and to his surprise he found that his friend had lately been immersed. He now studied the question fully, and was much impressed by a book on Baptism written by a gentleman who was the translator of the Lord's Prayer into fifty languages. The authority of such a linguist had its natural influence on Mr. Wilson, and the book proved to be the very help he needed. He was baptised in Dunfermline by the late Pastor Charles Hill.

Entering the Ministry

Mr. Wilson now began to think of the ministry. He had always been an enthusiastic admirer of Charles Spurgeon, and longed to enter his college. He had some months to wait, and was not finally accepted until he had paid a personal visit to the great preacher. "If you must come to college, then come at once," said Mr. Spurgeon; and in October, 1874, about the same time when his friend Mr. McCaig entered a pastorate at Offord-Darcy, in Huntingdonshire, he entered college. Mr. McCaig afterwards removed to Ireland, where he studied at Trinity College, Dublin, and so distinguished himself as a scholar that he became a professor, and finally Principal of Mr. Spurgeon's College.

Mr. Wilson has a vivid recollection of the Sunday morning when he and his friend stood for the first time in the top gallery of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and heard Mr. Spurgeon preach from the text, "My beloved is mine, and I am His." It ought to be mentioned that his devotion to Mr. Spurgeon was begun at Alloa. There he had lodged in the house of a godly widow, on whose table there

lay a pile of Spurgeon's sermons. He read them with delight and profit, and resolved to become one of Spurgeon's men.

Mr. Wilson was very happy at college, where he won the affection of his fellow-students, and where his ability was recognised by his teachers.

For more than a year he had charge of the work at Chiswick, and when his appointment to the Vice-Presidency was announced, this Church sent its sincere congratulations. The Pastor, the Rev. Arthur G. Edgerton, wrote: "This Church gratefully recognises the services you rendered her, now nearly thirty years ago, and wishes by this resolution to assure you of our unfeigned joy in the great use God has made of you. We also take this opportunity of according you our sympathetic support in our prayers, that you may be Divinely sustained in this honourable and arduous position. We beg to express our wishes for you in the words of an ancient minute in our Church book, penned there concerning yourself, when you resigned your student-pastorship in December, 1875, 'May the Lord bless his efforts wherever he is, as God has done while in this Church.'"

The Work at Woolwich

Mr. Wilson was also instrumental in forming a Baptist Church at Launceston, Cornwall, which still flourishes. But his real work began in August, 1877, when he settled at Charles Street Chapel, Woolwich. It was a small, old building, for which a rent of £24 annually was paid. The Church was earnest and was making real progress. Mr. Wilson threw himself with ardour into work amongst the immense population of Woolwich, and soon a wonderful revival began. The membership rose from ninety to two hundred, and the building became overcrowded. The work was then transferred to another chapel at Parson's Hill. Ultimately the magnificent Tabernacle was erected.

I cannot, in this short article, give any adequate account of the many branches of Christian service which are clustered around this one grand centre. The subject of "Woolwich Tabernacle as it is To-day" will, I hope, provide another article at some later time. The total cost of the present building near the Royal Arsenal gates was £14,500. The building is constantly crowded; baptisms are frequent, and many striking cases of conversion have occurred.

Mr. Wilson's boundless energy has, in the course of years, made him the foremost man in Woolwich. He is in the forefront of social, political, and educational work, and is on the friendliest terms both with his Anglican neighbours and with the Labour leaders of the Borough. He did much to secure Mr. Will Crooks's great victory at the recent by-election, and has taken a vigorous share in the Passive Resistance movement. Mrs. Wilson, who was a member of the Woolwich congregation in the early days of Charles Street, has helped him in all his efforts. It is difficult, indeed, to realise that Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are on the eve of celebrating their silver wedding, for both look young, and Mrs. Wilson's charming appearance and bright vivacity, no less than her earnest religious devotion, have their own share in the prosperity of the Church. She is President of the Mothers' Meeting and the Dorcas Society, and is full of interest in all the affairs of the people. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson have five delightful children, who are growing up to be a comfort and help to them.

The "Manse" is a good way from the Tabernacle, in the Lower Road, Charlton, and has a long, shady garden at the back, with flower beds and fruit trees. Here, on Sunday afternoons, Mr. Wilson can sometimes enjoy an hour's rest; but, truth to tell, his friends are a little anxious with regard to his health, and they hope that he may find time for a long holiday before he enters on the Presidential duties. As a boy in Forfarshire he took part in the village games, but now his work leaves him scarcely any time for recreation. The nervous strain is so great that it would be well if, like Mr. Wilson Carlile, of the Church Army, he could keep a cottage in the country, and spend at least one day a week away from Woolwich.

As regards his preaching, I should never agree with Mr. Booth that he is not naturally eloquent. He is in all respects one of the most remarkable preachers in London. Each sermon is the result of ripe reading and conscientious toil. The prosperous artisans of Woolwich can appreciate intellectual preaching, and would despise mere emotional appeals. In one sermon alone I heard him quote from Richard Baxter, Lord Macaulay, Dr. Whyte, of Free St. George's, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, Canon Girdlestone, David Brainerd, and Wesley's "Journal." Each quotation was introduced with perfect appositeness, and the closing appeal, illustrated from the dazzling, but melancholy, career of Gambetta, had the force and fire of the true orator. Watching the long lines of young faces which were turned so intently to the pulpit, one could understand that in this stirring district, crowded with the highest class of worker, Mr. Wilson reigns as Dr. Clifford reigns in Paddington. It was an inspiration to visit the Tabernacle, and I came away with a feeling of boundless admiration for its minister. In any list of noted Scotsmen of the day, the name of "Wilson of Woolwich" must take high rank.

SCOTLAND'S INDEBTEDNESS TO THE SABBATH.—Scotland and her children owe much to the manner in which they were taught to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. All the preaching and catechising and reading, whereby the people obtained a remarkable familiarity with the grand truths of the Divine word, and even the profounder questions of theology, contributed much, I believe, to their thoughtful and intellectual cast of mind, and to their national and proverbial "hard-headedness," as it has been called. . . . As to the plea set up for Sabbath walks and excursions for the sake of health by the working classes, there is no truth in it. . . . I feel certain that statistics, which have no bias to either side, would show that the good old Scottish way of hallowing the Lord's Day is most favourable to morals and health and length of days; that Sabbath keepers have happier houses and longer lives than Sabbath breakers; and that in this, as in other things, "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

THE SPIRITUAL DAWN.—The experience of saints is widely different. Some can fix the time, giving day and date, the hour, the providence, the place, the text, the preacher, and all the memorable and ever-interesting circumstances associated with their conversion. . . . It is not so, however, with all, or perhaps with most. Unconscious of the change when it began, they knew not when or how it happened. And thus, with many, the dawn of grace resembles, in more respects than one, the dawn of day. It is with the spiritual dawn of many, with the breaking of their eternal day, with their first emotions of desire and of alarm, as with that faint and feeble streak which brightened and widened and spread, till it blazed into a brilliant sky.

Keeping*

BY THE LATE DR. PARKER

He that keepeth Israel.—PSALM cxxi. 4.

THE text is the word "keepeth." What is it to keep? Has the word "keep" many meanings and applications? Do we know them all? We may know some of them, and little by little we may grope our way to larger significances and applications. This will surely be at once an interesting and profitable exercise. The great difficulty in giving many lessons is that people suppose they know the lessons before they hear them, and a greater difficulty still is that when they do hear them they imagine they always knew them. There is no position so difficult as that of a religious teacher. First of all, nobody is bound to listen to him; secondly, very few people can listen at all—it is a gift, a genius, bestowed by God; and in the third place, people come and go and think they can pick up religious instruction in a way that would be absurd if applied to arithmetic or to the study of any science. We work among all these difficulties: what wonder if our sheaves are few and starved-looking?

Let us begin low down and see if we can climb a rung or two of this ladder, the head of which is in Heaven. Take Genesis ii. 15: "The Lord put him into the Garden of Eden to keep it." That would seem to be very simple. Brethren, there is nothing simple; everything belongs to the Throne and to the Majesty on high. We think it must be easy to keep a garden, simply because we never kept one. When we look at the artificer, we think that he has chosen a very easy occupation—he has but to hammer and to file and to fit in piece after piece, and then the work is done. So it is with agriculture. And yet God is the Agriculturist; this also cometh forth from the Lord of Hosts, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working. It was God that ploughed the first furrow; it was God that made the plough. But all things seem so perfectly easy that to keep a garden might be left to any creature old enough to take wages which he never earned. Yet a garden is a puzzle, a mystery, a thing to be watched, a most wonderful piece of creation. You need not take care of the rock, but you must take care of the flower; it will wither, it will shrink away, it will shame you, because you have neglected it, not having understood its nature and what it requires in the way of water and fresh air. Yet this may be taken as an elementary definition of "keep." He had no gate to bolt, because there was no one outside; he had no weeds to cut down, because there were none—the flowers became weeds when the gardener fell. All these weeds, if we could have seen them in their original place in the Divine purpose, were tropical flowers, overflowing with life, flushed and coloured like wine which God has made. We made the weeds: the weeds are orphan flowers, starved outcasts, neglected and insulted messengers of God. One would think that the garden would keep itself, if you once plant the flowers. It is not so. I passed by the field of the sluggard, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and I never saw such a sight in my life, the very wall was shrinking into the earth, and as for the products, they were not worth gathering; yet they might have been such a harvest, such a bloom, such a perfectness of beauty, such a fulness of satisfaction! But what can anything do in the hands of a fool?

If we go to Gen. xxviii. 15, we come to a still higher signification of the act of keeping: "And behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee." The man is keeping the garden, and God is keeping the man. What a stimulus, what an inspiration, what a comfort to every honest and true man, that in doing honest and true deeds God is with him! What will God do for him? Keep him warm, keep him strong, keep him in good cheer, keep him safe; will watch over him, will be eyes for him, and will be round about him sevenfold in concentric circles of fire. You cannot penetrate to the good man; no stone can reach him, no dart can pierce him: so long as he is in the path of obedience, so long will God keep him. When we feel exposed to difficulties, and when we are riddled through and through with the shot of the enemy, we ought to ask some religious questions: What have we been doing? What have we left undone? How is this? An enemy hath done this. How did the enemy get into the field? Not a few of us can use this text as a kind of corner-stone in our faith, "Behold, I am with thee, to keep thee." Yes, that is so. Do you remember the time when the ground was very insecure? Do you remember when it was a difficulty for you to get ways and means exactly to meet and mutually to co-operate? Yes, you remember that; and you also call to remembrance the wonderful interposition which brought you the very thing you wanted within one hour of the time when you most needed it. Yes, then you were religious, and you spoke about providence. That word has gone out of vogue. Once we were not ashamed of it; we said, "By the good providence of God" we have come to this and to that stage in our progress; now we sacrifice to our own net and to our own drag, and we say how wonderfully we have done this and accomplished that. It is an irreligious age; the altar is but unconsecrated dust, and it is falling into disrepair at every angle, and in the middle of it is a ghastly, horrible dilapidation. Well for you if you had been kept poor! you might have been religious to-day, you might have sung the sweet old hymns with a heart glowing with love and throbbing with music. Others, again, have been enabled by the grace of God to hold fast: they have grown more than the money has grown; they have always kept the bank balance under their feet; they have seen God rather than man; and they have been conscious of the Divine keeping. What it is to be conscious that an invisible and an intangible hand has been drying our tears for a lifetime! This is the evidence we must give of religion if we would be really religiously influential; the evidence must be in ourselves—personal testimony is worth more than the most elaborate and closely reasoned argument. There is always a way out of an argument—you can at least vex and confuse it; but what way is there out of personal consciousness of obligation to God and personal gratitude to the Keeper of the soul?

In the Levitical books the word "keeper" often occurs. In Exodus, for example, we read, "Thou shalt keep this service"; and again and again through the Pentateuch we have to keep the day, keep the ordinance, keep the statute. That is another kind of keeping: it is a precious and most educational kind, because if I have to keep a covenant I must at least occasionally read it; it might slip my memory; there might be some minor clauses that would

* Sermon preached at the City Temple, Sunday morning, November 18, 1900.

fade away from my recollection. If I am a faithful, good steward, I must often read the lease and see that I am keeping it to the letter. It hath pleased God to give us certain services to keep: they are very simple, but they are most profound, and their simplicity is not lost in the profundity, but is ennobled, illuminated, and made more precious still. It is not unreasonable that God should give us something to do. That is how He began our human training; almost the first day He set men to work. I do not wonder that people are miserable who do nothing: idleness is enough to kill any man. We must have something good and useful to do, and we must do it by the clock, otherwise we shall soon be conscious that our best faculties are falling into desuetude, and that our very muscles are melting. Have something to do. God gives us ordinances, appointments; He gives us a lamp to light, a door to open, a sabbath to keep. It is not simply a sentimental arrangement; there is discipline in sabbath keeping, and the most discipline when we dislike it most. People think that to keep the sabbath is a mere observance and mechanical arrangement, whereas it is a part of the great discipline as well as the great beneficence of God's government. Do give the man something to do, however simple it may appear to be, insist upon his doing it; for doing is an aspect of religion when the thing done is good and useful. Get away from narrow meanings. Do not be afraid of the word Sabbatarian—really, it is not a cannon ball: it is the merest slang of the lowest grubbers on the face of the earth. Sabbatarianism is not Pharisaism; it is not an empty keeping or an empty doing: it has a wonderful ennobling influence on the soul, as all obedience has; and sabbath keeping is only an aspect of obedience. We look well when we are working well. I do not object to seeing a horse with his harness on. We should be sweeter, happier, more humane, and more Divine if we had more to do, and did it with grace, simplicity, with an honest motive, and with a warm heart.

Then there is another aspect of keeping, which is very disciplinary. In Exodus xxiii. 7: "Keep thou far from a false matter." There is the keeping of restraint, self-keeping, self-watching. Do not see how near you can go to the edge of the abyss; see how far away you can get from it. Do not dangle with evil, do not fall into the irreligiousness of a compromise, do not run with one party and hunt with the other; be clear in this matter. Touch not, taste not, handle not; let the abstention be complete and invincible. That was in the olden time, when people rose early in the morning and went through the river to their day's work; were first baptised by the spirit of cleanliness, and then went forward to do the commandments, the holy decalogue of true industry and wage-earning. All that is changed; we now are so mixed up with other people that the authorities get thirty of us all together and ask some outsider to say which was the thief: "You see these thirty people; now which was the man that robbed you?" Very sad! There may be such a shading and grading into one another in the matter of identity and personality and crime-doing that the man who has been robbed would find some difficulty in saying which was the thief. "Keep thou far from a false matter," so that to suggest that you were the man would be to provoke the laughter—derisive, scornful—of every man who knows you.

In Numbers vi. 24 we have a still higher aspect of keeping: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee." How does He keep His people? By many ways. By angels; the angels are hovering about the redeemed. We cannot see them; but what can we see? and what do we mean by "see"? and who has any eyes to see? Has he who has only seen the November dawn seen the midsummer glory? What we call light may on the other side be only an aspect of darkness. When we boast of the glory of the light, some angel might gently and graciously mock us and say: "You have not yet seen light; one day you will see it, and see how full it is. All things on your little earth are full of life, and all things that you have not seen are excluded from you by the very light." Light is a kind of darkness under certain conditions; you cannot pick up a little piece of dust under your own feet that has not a universe in it. All things are full of life. That little, hardly measurable insect lays millions of eggs in one season, every egg having in it millions more. We know nothing about this except what we see through the microscope. So it is with light exactly as it is with life. It is all light—God's light. So that, when we talk about seeing, let us be very careful lest we be talking foolishness. The angels are invisible, but they are round about us. The air is not only full of farewells to the dying: the air is full of Bethlehem anthems, but only the shepherds of God can hear the music. "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee." Say so to the child leaving home; say so to the man who is about to voyage on deep waters; say so to those who are about to enter the valley of the shadow of death. "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee," and bring thee safely out at the other end to be a citizen of the heavenly Jerusalem. Never let go the idea of Divine preservation, Divine keeping. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." That declaration ought to be made in every prayer and in every discourse; it is the reflection that makes life worth living, and that turns every moment into a glowing jewel.

Now we go back again to the other kind of keeping, Deuteronomy xvii. 19, "Keep all the words of this law." That will mean study; that will mean responsibility; that will mean a thorough, full-hearted investigation into the laws under which and within which we live. How terrible is this! All gates that open upon kingdoms worth possessing are narrow gates, straight gates, just space enough to get through without a bundle, without an encumbrance, without a parcel of vanity, even almost without our own shadow, lest that should take up some room. That is the law of entrance into the Christian gospel; it is the law of entrance into every condition that means security and that means abiding satisfaction.

The Lord will have us keep ourselves in certain great significations of the word. You find, then, in Joshua vi. 18, "Keep yourselves from the accursed thing." That accursed thing happens in every sphere of life; it does not happen once for all. There is no enjoyment which has not some relation, direct or indirect, to an accursed thing. Enjoyment sometimes trembles upon sorrow; our highest delights occasionally suggest the nearness of the slimy serpent. There is only one thing for us to do if we have a temptation, and that is to keep away from it as far as we possibly can. So I repeat what has already been said—not how near we can go to the edge, but how far we can keep away from it. If you know that your besetment lies in a certain direction, you ought to flee the other way; not say, I will test myself, to see how much I have grown in self-control. "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." You have been given up to some evil habit, and you are simply saying to yourselves, it may be, "I think I have overcome that habit very much; I feel now as if I were tolerably secure. I am tired of this social restraint; I think I could just see whether one glass would hurt me, one effort would weaken me, whether the mere approach would scorch me,

as it used to do. I feel stronger, and I am going to make an experiment. "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." It is not for you to make experiments; keep to solid ground, keep to healthy discipline; learn to say no to yourself. "But all these things were in the olden time." Quite true, and everything that is true is at once ancient and modern; not one hair has perished from the head of Truth. That which was once binding, because it was essentially and spiritually true, is binding for ever.

Now we come upon a point that is thorny, but thorny points must not be evaded by true teachers, or by teachers who would heartily desire to be true. Psalm cxxvii. 1, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain." The God of cities, the God of the larger units, the God of the individual, the God of the family, the God of the nation, the God of the whole world—that is how the unit runs, self-expanding, and yet always going back again to the fount of creation and to the tabernacle of inviolable security. It is right for us to do what we can for the house and for the family; but except the Lord build the house, their labour is but vain that build it, and except the Lord watch the city, the watchman crieth but in vain. A non-religious city is a blot upon geography, is a Sodom that needs burning, and will one day be burned.

Now let us hasten, for we are going to and fro, now on the Divine side, now on the human side; but let us approach our close by getting nearer to the spiritual comfort of the word "keep" and "keeping." In Isaiah xxvi. 3, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind [or heart] is stayed on Thee." God is again the keeper. He has set us to keep a garden, but with the assurance that He would be in the garden every morning and every evening; He has set us to keep certain little services and ordinances with the assurance that obedience means peace, and disobedience means tumult and sorrow of soul. If our hearts or lives are fixed steadfastly upon God, we need not trouble about the peace; God will see to the blessing of tranquility. There is a peace that passeth understanding. We have not to sigh and sentimentalise about that peace; we have to do the law, to obey the command, to seek the Lord, to watch steadfastly the course of our daily life, and then the peace will be there in all its depth, all its fulness. Do not be anxious at the wrong end. If we expend our anxiety in endeavouring to do the law and keep the commandments, we need spend no anxiety whatever about the peace; God will guarantee that. Let us humbly, and in the spirit of the Christian, endeavour to do what duty lies next to our hands, and God will guarantee the benediction.

In Philippians iv. 7 the Apostle uses a great figure: "The peace of God . . . shall keep your heart." What is that figure? The figure of a fortress—keep that figure steadily before the mind's eye—a fortress within which souls are kept; and the peace of God is represented by the figure of a sentinel standing at certain points or walking along certain lines clothed in the panoply of God, a mighty, invincible sentinel; and that sentinel keeps the fortress, and keeps them at peace who have been gathered into the love of God by the grace of Christ. "I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him." If I have done this honestly and in the right spirit, God will do the rest. It will be God that fails, and for God to fail is impossible.

The Day that Never Comes

BY W. SCOTT KING

Author of "Behind the Granite Gateway" and "The Seekers"

"NOW you are through your exams. successfully, I should advise you to throw all your books aside—you'll have plenty of them when you get to college—and go into the open air as much as you can."

The adviser was the village doctor, a kindly, sensible old practitioner, who had somewhat strained his conscience in signing satisfactorily his young friend's medical certificate. And the advised was a youth of twenty, who had a few days previously finished running the pulpit, medical, theological, and literary hurdle-race that leads to the gate of the ministry. Youth is not eminent for taking advice, but the youth proved to be for once an exception to the rule. He donned a cricket suit, picked up a magazine, unloosed his father's fox-terrier, and strolled into the fields. It was early in July. Two days before the breathlessly awaited telegram bearing the magic word "accepted" had been received. His father had said, "Well done!" his mother had cried; his four sisters had hugged him one after the other; and even Elizabeth had run into the sitting-room to ask respectfully if any one was dead.

Dead! Not likely! How everybody laughed!

"No blood spilt, Elizabeth," cried the accepted one proudly. "I'm going to be a minister, that's all!"

"Ugh! I thought they'd got some money left them," grumbled Elizabeth, as she returned to the kitchen.

The heavy fragrance of summer burdened the air, and the youth drew a long breath. No, he would not think. He had done quite enough of that during the last few weeks. And yet how could one help thinking? Some of his comrades in the race had not reached the goal. He must think of them a moment, and think with as little conceit as possible. Well, it was no wonder if they had failed. Fancy asking them what the cosmological argument was! Fortunately he knew—his minister had spoken to him about it but a week before he went up. But how could young drapers and board school teachers, or even ministers' sons themselves, be expected to know? He wandered on and on till noon; then he sat down and opened the packet of sandwiches which one of his adoring sisters had cut for him, and another had put the mustard on, and a third had packed, while the fourth had looked on sympathetically. After the sandwiches were eaten, he went down to the stream and drank some water; then, flinging himself on the bank, slept till almost sundown. Then he sat up and looked around on the sleeping, sun-dyed fields. How beautiful everything looked, and how happy! He himself had never felt happier in his life. At that instant something started in the tall bracken behind him, and before he could turn his head the report of a gun rang out, and a rabbit with a tattered, bleeding ear rolled over almost at his feet. The youth sprang to his feet, tingling in every nerve with a horrible revulsion of feeling.

"Caught 'im just right," shouted a harsh voice up the bank behind him. But the youth walked away.

"After all, it's a cruel world," he thought. "That poor little creature, getting his supper so happily a moment ago, had just as much right to live as I." Then he stopped. "God is the All-good, All-kind, All-merciful One," he repeated aloud, recalling his theological handbook. "Is He?" It was only a shot rabbit, that would be sold in the village directly for one and

twopence, but it had set a door ajar in his mind that had been locked till now. Then another thought came to push the door open a little wider. His friend that he had met at the examination, whose family was poor, but who had been denying themselves to secure for him the necessary preliminary instruction—had he passed? he wondered; and, if not, then all the self-denial had been thrown away. He would hurry home—there might be a letter for him. The day that had begun so radiantly was dying in gloom, and the air seemed chilly. As he neared the last stile before the path ended in the main road, he saw two labourers coming towards him. They were laughing, and then, out on the still air, came the sting of a foul word. He stepped aside for the men to pass him, then turned round and looked after them. The word seemed still to cling to the atmosphere. "Vile!" he said to himself. Then, looking round upon the white mists gathering on the gold and crimson horizon, he added, "No wonder somebody said, 'and only man is vile.'"

"Give a definition of sin," he could hear the strangely complacent voice of the theological examiner asking him. "Sin is a transgression of the law," he had replied; and the man next to him had supported by saying, "All unrighteousness is sin." How unreal, how far removed from life, from the living sin of filthy oaths, these glib definitions sounded to him out there in the misty fields! He got over the stile and went home, moodily at war with his definitions.

"Poor Rycroft has failed. He has wired you. We opened it because you know, dear, telegrams always frighten mother so." His sister met him at the door.

"It's not poor Rycroft," he answered; "its poor Rycroft's people, who have half starved themselves to give him a scrap or two of education. Why are things like this, Ada? Why should I pass and he fail? Don't you think it's a funny world we live in?"

Ada was silent. Then she said, "But you passed, dear, so never mind. Perhaps they didn't go without as much as you think."

That evening, when the rest of the family had gone to bed, he sat over the dying fire with his father.

"Father!"

His father put down his newspaper. "Well? Had a pleasant day doing nothing—eh?"

"Not very. Do you know I have been thinking about things and all that. I mean—doesn't this world puzzle you sometimes, father? It was such a lovely evening, and I felt as happy as a king. And then Boyse shot a rabbit close to me, and it fell with its ear torn. Then I heard some fellows swearing, and now poor old Rycroft is plucked! Why do you think God allows cruelty and vileness and disappointment in the world? He made it, and He is omnipotent, and could stop it or prevent it if He liked. Why doesn't He?"

His father moved in his chair and gave a short laugh.

"My dear boy, I'm sure I don't know. But you ought to, after all your reading and study."

"Ought I?"

"To be sure. But I daresay you haven't read deep enough yet. You'll understand all that sort of thing when you go to college. That's what they send you there for."

With a much restored spirit the youth laid his head on the pillow. Things troubled him now—the mystery of iniquity and pain and sorrow—but he would soon know all about them. He would worry over them no longer; college would explain everything. There were books there without number, and the wisest of the wise gave lectures. How glad he was that he was going to college—to "understand all mysteries"!

II

As some travel-worn pilgrims might feel catching sight in the distance of the tapering minarets of Mecca, or the uplifted dome of St. Peter's, so the tall, square clock-tower of the old Theological Seminary brought a thrill of satisfaction to the heart of the student. The gates were opened, the wide white steps climbed, and he stood in the grey corridor before the marble bust of the Founder. "At last! Now I shall know everything." And he heaved a deep breath. A burst of most untheological merriment caught his ear, and arm-in-arm some half-dozen "old" students came singing towards him. He had come to enquire in a temple; the rollicking strain jarred. Five minutes later, and he stood in the bare little study that was to be his home for the next three years. A table, two chairs, a case of empty book-shelves, the rules hung on a nail, and a trap ventilator! Such were the instruments with which he was to prosecute his search for Divine truth.

At supper in the long dining-hall he found himself next to a third year's man, arrayed in regulation clerical collar and coat.

"Well! how does it strike you so far? Jolly old place, isn't it?"

"Yes," he answered, though jolly was not the best word, he thought, for describing a House of Truth. "But, of course, I have not had time to get to know much yet."

"Of course not," agreed his friend; "but the tutors will set you grinding soon enough. Meanwhile, do you play cricket? We are going to have a match to-morrow—freshmen *versus* old."

The following morning he found his way into the big, shadowed library. It was empty, but through the open windows came the cries of the players in the tennis courts. He gazed round him in awe. Here were the garnered thoughts of the masters, of those who knew. On these mighty shelves were the secrets, the keys of life, if he only knew which books to take down. A title caught his eye—"Christ and the Problems of Life," by Dr. ——, and he took it carefully down. The table of contents promised good things. Sin, sorrow, pain, mystery, ignorance—they were all there. He turned to page 106, to the chapter on the Problem of Pain. Page after page he read, but with little understanding. To his innocent mind it seemed as if the writer was spending his time contradicting the ideas and theories of other men. He replaced the book; no doubt his choice had been an unfortunate one. He looked up and saw a short, stout little man of about fifty, wearing a very large pair of eye-glasses, coming towards him.

"Good morning! You are one of the new men, I conclude."

The pilgrim pleaded guilty.

"You have begun early," went on the classical tutor, noticing the ill-replaced volume.

"I am so anxious to know, sir. I have been puzzled about a good many things lately—why God allowed sin to come in and spoil the world, and why——"

The tutor interrupted him.

"I see—I see; but you will have plenty of time for that later on. Do you know Greek and Latin, or any Hebrew? If not, you mustn't waste these precious college years in foolish speculative reading—I disapprove strongly of desultory reading—but get a good grounding in Greek and Hebrew first, then other things will come."

The following day there was handed to him a list of books that he was required to get—a text-book of Psychology, a Hebrew lexicon, a short account of Textual Criticism, Dr. So-and-So's this, and Professor So-and-So's that.

"What have these to do with it?" he asked of a man in his second year.

"Oh! you'll see presently," was the easy reply; "but I should advise you to get them second-hand at Lowe's, in King Street—they're not worth buying new."

They were in class one morning with the cherry-faced professor in divinity, and it was his turn to answer.

"What do you mean by retribution, Mr. Tristram?"

The pilgrim thought a moment.

"It always seems to me, sir, that to punish a man for ever, for——"

"Thank you, but kindly give me Dr. ——'s idea; I fear your own will not help us much."

And so the three years flew by, and though he acquired a large assortment of other men's ideas—most of them mutually self-destructive—he was still in doubt as to why an oath should be permitted to mar a summer evening's hallowed peace, or a dying rabbit to stain the soft turf with its life-blood, still more why self-denial should not avail.

The cool quadrangle was filled with the friends—mostly lady friends—of the students, gathered there for the closing festivity of the term. To-morrow college life would drift behind into memory, and life would take the foreground.

"Stroll about here, a minute, Ada; I want to say 'good-bye to the old doctor."

"Well, Mr. Tristram, so you are off to-morrow. I hope you have enjoyed your college years."

"Yes, on the whole. But, doctor, in a way I am leaving disappointed."

"Ah! we all do."

"Yes; but I mean I thought when I came that college would settle all my intellectual difficulties for me. I thought I should know the why and the wherefore of life's mystery and sin."

The old doctor smiled.

"My dear fellow, college is not for that. There's only one school in which you can learn those things, and that is the school of active work. Practical life is the only teacher of those lessons. When you have had half a dozen years of ministerial life in a big city, or even in a country village, you will get to know these things. Good-bye."

Life, not college! Ah! he had been misinformed, then. His father had been wrong. He had a little farther to go, and then he would really know. Welcome life! welcome work! welcome actual contact with reality! then the sea of mystery would give up its dead secrets.

He packed his books in the morning with a brave heart. He was on the threshold of knowing all things.

III

IT was well for him that he had been industrious at college, for what with sewing meetings, tea meetings, platform meetings, guilds, boys' brigades, innumerable committees, and the treadmill of two new sermons a week, he had little time for study. But though deep in the heart of the wood, and maybe lost in it, he had not abandoned his quest of the way out. His Church was in a poor neighbourhood, a depressing district illumined chiefly by the flaunting lights of gin-shops. Over and over again, as he moved among his flock, the persistent, hungry questions came to him—Why? What does it all mean?

After a toilsome, heart-breaking day in the small-pox houses of his stricken parish, he made his way home. On the table awaiting him were three of life's delectable things—a shaded reading-lamp, a new book, and tea. He threw his damp overcoat on a chair and sat down. The tea was delicious because it had been standing about half an hour and was black and strong. And so was the title of the new book—"Christianity and Evolution." He was not yet too old to feel his heart leap—though it had often leaped in vain—at the prospect of a possible discovery of truth. He dropped two lumps of sugar into his second cup of tea, and turned to Chapter I.

"The doctrine of Evolution, when rightly apprehended, will be found to provide not only a satisfactory answer to all these problems that have so long distracted the human mind, but the only satisfactory answer."

He lifted his cup to his lips. This promised well.

"Pain and travail," went on the writer, "and even sin and death, are thus seen to be educative elements, or, as the Bible says, with its wonderful anticipation of modern scientific discovery, the world grows perfect through suffering."

He laid the book down by the tray. Was it so? He had taken the dying message of a worn-out profligate earlier that day. There had been sufferings with a vengeance—bodily and mental; where had the "perfection" come in? How the little children of his parish suffered, too! Did their cries and hungers accomplish anything? Was the world bettered thereby?

His landlady entered and announced a brother minister. No, he had taken tea, thank you. What a miserable day it had been. What was he reading in that book?

"It's a new work on Evolution, and the writer says that it provides an answer to what we call the miseries of life. It shows how they really conduce to the world's good."

The visitor smiled. He was a man of fifty, whose thirst for truth had abated years before, perhaps partly by having to give way to overwhelming domesticities.

"My dear Tristram," he began, "do you know what my advice to you is?"

"I'm afraid I do—the old thing, I suppose?"

"You may sneer as you please, but there's only one remedy for a questioning mind like yours—get married. You never learn really the meaning of things till you have a family of your own. I don't know the author of your book, but paternity has taught me more about the meaning of pain and sacrifice and disappointment than all the books I ever read. But I must be off. See you at the Sailors' Home committee at seven, I suppose?"

Yes, he had led a solitary life, he knew, and perhaps a selfish one. God ordained that men and women should live in families—"He setteth the solitary in families." Perhaps his colleague was right. Perhaps if he assumed the primal responsibilities of husband and father he would then—at last—attain. He rose and took from his desk a photograph. Yes, it was a beautiful face—affectionate, intelligent. Should he?

A week later "Evolution and Christianity" lay unopened on the table of an empty room.

IV

"I'M afraid it is useless; we have tried everything. Now the oxygen has failed to give relief. You had better go up."

The light was lowered, but the white face on the pillow, with its surrounding halo of soft brown hair, was painfully visible. Mute and still on the white quilt at the foot of her mother's bed sat their child.

He bent tenderly down.

"Are you in much pain now, my precious one?"

The eyes opened, and she smiled.

"Not much, dear." Then she raised her hand and pointed to the foot of the bed. "I want to kiss her once more."

An hour later he softly closed the side door, and moved with slow steps into the small back garden. There was the tree under which he had seen her sit so often—first in the fresh loveliness of her bridehood, later with their child at her knees. And she would sit there no more! With a sob he laid his arm against the friendly old trunk, and pressed his forehead against it. Then up from the well of his deepest heart came the undying prayer, question, agony—Why? O God, why?

And after all was over many comforters came. Some praised the dead for her gentle deeds. Some caressed his motherless little one. And some dared to say, "How cruel!"

When they had gone, he picked up a letter from an old friend. "I know you are unable to see God's love and wisdom just now. It is not in human nature to do so. But wait! The meaning of such a sorrow as yours takes time—sometimes years—to reveal itself. But some day you will see it all, and even bless God for it."

Would he? Time was a healer; was it a teacher too? He would try. Perhaps long experience was, after all, the royal turnpike to meaning, to explanation.

V

IN the sweet meadows near to what had once been his father's house and his own home, the same meadow where a lifetime before he had heard the foul word that had stained the purity of that summer eve, a man is walking with slow step. Out of his pocket peeps the edges of a book—not a Latin grammar, not a manual of theology, nor yet "Evolution and Christianity," but a worn copy of the New Testament.

"Grandpa, look at me!"

He turned round and walked with a kindly smile to where a little child of some six or seven years was sitting, holding a fluffy dandelion in her hand.

"Look, grandpa!" she cried, distending her ruddy cheeks and blowing the fluff away in immemorial childish fashion. "This year—next year—some day—never!"

He looked down at the child, and a mist came before his eyes.

"This year—next year—some time!" he repeated slowly. "Ah! it has always been next year that I should know, and then some time, and now I know that it will be 'never.'"

He turned away and pursued his path. Then he paused, and, taking the worn little book from his pocket, he read, "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

"Grandpa!" called the child, "it all blew away at 'some time.'"

Dr. Guthrie

BY ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E.

A strong-breasted, fervid-hearted man,
Who from dark dens redeemed, and haunts of sin,
The city waifs, the loose unfathered clan,
With prouder triumph than when wondering Rome
Went forth, all eyes, to bring great Cæsar home.
JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

FEW men have owed more to their forefathers and to circumstances of early life than Thomas Guthrie, the centenary of whose birth we now celebrate. He came of country people on both sides who had a grand religious history; devoted to great principles, they were ready to work and to sacrifice for them. He was always fain to trace a direct connection between his branch of the Guthries and that famous Guthrie who testified as a martyr. If he did not succeed as he would have wished to succeed there, the aspiration had its own effect on him, as on many others of his family. Speaking of this effort in his Autobiography, he says:

"I failed; yet am conscious that the idea and probability of this has had a happy influence on my public life, in determining me to contend, and suffer if need be, for the rights of Christ's crown and the liberties of His Church."

THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.

He tells, with pardonable pride, too, how, when the venerable and eloquent Willison, slandered and persecuted by the Popish, Episcopalian, and Jacobite party, had accepted a call from Dundee, and was about to leave Brechin, where he had done great work, and the neighbouring farmers, who were overawed by their landlords, would not let him have horses and carts to convey his furniture and other goods and chattels from Brechin to Dundee, his great-grandfather—a tenant farmer—came forward, and, in spite of risks, did that service for the good divine. "My great-grandfather," he says, "hearing this, stepped forward, volunteering to do this kindness to God's servant, cost what it might. A brave exploit, in days when farmers were the slaves of lairds, and, worse than submitting, as now, to be driven up to the polling-booth, went out at their bidding to fight—some for George and some for Charlie." Here we see the bold independence and readiness to sacrifice, combined with business talent, tact, and power of management, as we find these qualities came out in nearly every crisis. It is a genealogy of which a great preacher might well be proud; and it is not to be forgotten as we follow Dr. Guthrie's career, for now and then it might seem as though one forbear after another reappeared in him, sustaining and inspiring him.

In appearance, however, and in some other traits, Thomas Guthrie was his "mother's bairn." She was "a woman of a steady mind," and of a courage and resolution rare and grand, and with such a reticence as, when combined with grace, fashions for noble action. The intrusion of an unpopular minister into the collegiate charge of Brechin led her to leave the Church she had been brought up in, and to join the Secession Church under Mr. Blackadder at Maisondieu Lane; and so it happened that, when her husband, as Provost of the town, escorted by the town officers in their quaint uniforms and with halberds in their hands, proceeded to his seat in the "Magistrates' Loft" of the Parish Church, she, with some of her children, made her way to the humble Secession meeting-house. Dr. Guthrie himself, when speaking in the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland in 1863 on the proposal for union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches, spoke thus:

"One of my parents—a sainted mother—became a Seceder, and (in consequence of the accommodation in the Parish Church being deficient) when we were young we were sent to the Secession Church. Indeed, till I became a 'preacher,' I generally worshipped in the Burgher Church of Brechin, and I do not think I lost anything by that."

Such a testimony as this on a mother's part might determine not a little in a son, who in many ways was not unlike her, when changes brought strife, and the Church's

By Colvin Smith, R.S.A.
ALEXANDER GUTHRIE, SURGEON, BRECHIN
DR. GUTHRIE'S ELDER BROTHER. Died 1869
From the painting presented by subscription on the completion of fifty years of professional and public service

adays with many stacks of chimneys scattered through it; for its chief industry in the old days was hand-loom linen-weaving, and often as I was led into it as a boy have I listened to the rattle of the looms in the Tenements, softened and made musical by distance, and this hand-loom weaving naturally yielded to steam-power and mills in due course. The South Esk here, not without touches of picturesqueness, its banks at points feathered with leafy trees, brushes by the town; the Castle, with its many memories of old Lords, amusing if not always edifying, from its height a little distance off looks down on the waters; and not far off the old Cathedral, with its strange and striking companion, the ancient Pictish round tower, rears itself above the surrounding tenements, and, seen from almost any point of approach on a clear day, looks not unimposing. Beyond, the ground gently rises and forms a pretty sweep of country, as on one side it stretches away to Menmuir—the parish with which the forefathers of the Guthries were for ages so closely connected, taking their names from the farms they held, as then was customary in that part, "Knowhead," "Findowrie," "Balfour," "Cookston," "Pitmudie," and so on—and on the other away towards Edzell and Glenesk and Lochlee, which Dr. Guthrie so dearly loved, and in which, in later years especially, he spent so many happy summers, and in which he often preached in the open air, as Sir George Harvey has effectively represented in one of his great pictures.

liberties had once more to be fought for.

I

Thomas was next to the youngest of thirteen children; born at Brechin — the old Cathedral town of Forfarshire—on July 17, 1803. It is a quaint, rather irregularly built town, its chief street lying along the side of a valley-slope, and now-

MAJOR CHARLES GUTHRIE, 46TH REGIMENT, H.E.I C.S.
DR. GUTHRIE'S YOUNGER BROTHER
"At school, at Brechin, my brother Charles and I were chiefly distinguished for two qualities—fun and fighting."—*Autobiography.*

EARLY PORTRAIT OF DR. GUTHRIE

Thomas was a lively boy, fond of fun, apt to put questions, and at the same time thoughtful and very sympathetic. An old servant in the family then, many years afterwards vividly described him, at eight years of age, in her own way. She said he was a "real, ready-witted, sympatheesin' kind o' a laddie!" The child was father of the man. He was very independent too, and keen to resent what he thought injustice; for, after a time at a dame's school, to which he was sent at the early age of four, and a couple of years at a school kept by a young Seceder, he was entered at what would be called the High School of the town. He soon came to loggerheads with the master, notwithstanding that he was at the head of his class. The teacher was hasty and fiery-tempered, and the dux was strong and resolute, and once or twice there were struggles for physical mastery. "If I was wrong," writes Dr. Guthrie, "he was much more to blame, since, instead of beating me so savagely, he should have turned me, for my insubordination, out of the school. Seeing me return next day with a

ARBIRLOT, NEAR ARBROATH
To this parish (his first charge) Dr. Guthrie was presented by the Crown in 1830

REV. JAMES GUTHRIE, MINISTER AT STIRLING

REV. WILLIAM GUTHRIE, OF FENWICK

"Guthrie is the name of a very old family in Forfarshire, the Guthries of Guthrie. Greater honour still, in these words, 'Famous Guthrie's head,' it stands with Argyll's and Renwick's, on the Martyrs' Monument in Edinburgh. Rev. James Guthrie, of Stirling, was described by Oliver Cromwell as 'the short man that could not bow.' This famous martyr was of the family of Guthrie of Guthrie; and the Rev. William Guthrie, of Fenwick, who was banished from his charge and home for the cause of the Covenant, was also, like most of the leading Covenanters, a well-born man. To establish what certain circumstances made highly probable, the connection of my family with those heroes of the Covenant, was an object of my ambition; and I am conscious that the idea and probability of this has had a happy influence on my public life."—*Autobiography.*

brow and face all marred and swollen, he regretted, I believe, his violence, and was very gracious. I had no choice but to return. My parents were wiser than my teacher, my mother telling me, when I said I would not return, but tell my father how I had been used, 'You had better not; he will lick you next!' We were brought up hardier *loons* than the present generation, and did not get on in life any the worse for that."

II

After a short time with the Rev. Mr. Simpson, schoolmaster of Dun, a few miles from Brechin, to prepare for the University, at the ripe age of twelve, along with this Mr. Simpson, he set out for Edinburgh. There were neither steamboats nor railways then; indeed, on some bits of the road there was not even a coach. They thus walked great stretches, bearing their impedimenta, took the coach when they could get it and could afford it, and were sometimes very glad of a "lift" in a carrier's cart. This mode of travelling, however, had its own advantages, if it was slow and trying. Not only could a youth in going along see something of the country, he could make real acquaintance with the people, and he had full leisure, too, to reflect on what he saw and heard. You may be sure an observant, reflective, curious, questioning youth like Thomas Guthrie did not lose by that long, toilsome journey.

DR. GUTHRIE'S MOTHER (CLEMENTINA CAY)

"It was from my mother that I learned a reverence for the Bible as the inspired word of God; that I learned the peculiarities of the Scottish religion; that I learned those principles of civil and religious liberty which have made me hate oppression and resist the oppressor, whether a Pope, a prelate, a patron, or an ecclesiastical demagogue."—*Autobiography.*

Guthrie began his life in Edinburgh after the manner of most Scottish students—in the most economical way. "Our one apartment," he says, "was bedroom, parlour, and study. For it, with coals, attendance, and cooking, we only paid five shillings a week. We lived in Bristo Street. Our landlady was a highly respectable woman, the widow of a banker's clerk, whose children, wisely and piously trained at home, fought their way up through straitened circumstances to affluent and highly honourable positions."

There was so much

"THE LEADERS OF THE DISRUPTION"

This group of portraits was drawn by Crombie, who produced the once famous "Disruption Caricatures," which were designed in good-natured ridicule of the Evangelical or Free Church Party in the Church of Scotland. Dr. Chalmers occupies the centre; Dr. Candlish and Dr. Gordon are on the left; and Dr. Guthrie and Dr. Cunningham on the right.

stir and excitement in Edinburgh in that year, 1815, that there was some excuse for a youth with good spirits and a fair share of patriotic feeling for little whiles, at all events, forgetting his classes and his text-books. The Napoleonic scare had come to an end at last, and the Scottish regiments which had fought at Waterloo came home to receive their due share of honour and welcome and feasting. Guthrie tells us that he saw the entrance of the 42nd Highlanders into Edinburgh—quite the sort of scene to make a deep impression on his memory, as he records that often afterwards he discussed it, and even in old age recalled the incidents with others who had been students in Edinburgh, in places far distant, when he was travelling abroad. "It was a grand procession—the grandest I ever saw, save one"—the march of the Disruption ministers and elders to Canonmills, where the first Free Assembly was held, in 1843.

He confesses that he was no way distinguished at College, though he had become interested in Mathematics, and worked well under Sir John Leslie, and in Moral Philosophy under Thomas Brown, and had even got fond of Natural Science and Natural History. But, as is his wont, he finds an advantage in this. "It saved me from self-conceit; no prizes inflated me with vanity, making me, as they have done not a few whom I have known, fancy myself a genius, who might rest on his laurels and dispense with hard work. My extreme youth also rendered it advisable that for the first three years at College I should be under the charge of tutors; and as these were grown men attending divinity classes, whose associates were fellow-students far advanced in this course, I was thrown into the society of such as were in age and acquirements much my superiors. . . . Elsewhere than in taprooms it is a dangerous thing to be 'the cock of the walk.'"

III

Four years at the Divinity Hall followed, not marked by any specially striking incidents, though it is evident that Thomas Guthrie had greatly grown in intellect and in wisdom and in experience in many ways. He was now only twenty, and could not pass for licence till he was twenty-one. Another year was therefore spent in study in Edinburgh, which was not without its own fruits. He saw something of the shady as well as of the sunny side of city life (for he had visited poor people in the Cowgate and Canongate), and he never forgot it.

He was licensed (that is, admitted to Holy Orders; ordination in Scotland only takes place after having been called to a parish) by the Presbytery of Brechin in 1825. He preached his first public sermon at Dun soon afterwards. He had resolved that he would not read but

From a painting by Sir George Harvey, P.R.S.A., in the National Gallery, Edinburgh

"QUITTING THE MANSE." AN INCIDENT OF THE DISRUPTION

The minister was compounded by the artist of Dr. John Bruce's picturesque head and Dr. Guthrie's figure. On the extreme left stand Lord Cockburn, Lord Rutherfurd, Hugh Miller, and Fox Maule (Earl of Dalhousie); while the first Legal Adviser of the Free Church of Scotland (Mr. Murray Dunlop, M.P.) appears near the centre of the picture. Dr. Chalmers said of this picture, "It will do more for our cause than a hundred of our pamphlets."

deliver that discourse; and on trying to repeat it as he walked from Brechin to Dun on the Saturday afternoon, his memory failed him so often that he over and over again said to himself, "I have mistaken my profession! I shall never succeed as a preacher!" He was oppressed with nervousness the whole time, and says that it was a real relief to him when he had got through it. That sermon remains, and I have read it; it may well afford encouragement to all students. It shows how much Dr. Guthrie grew—how his great powers were attained in large measure by application, perseverance, and concentration of faculty. That sermon is well laid out, and is more logical than pictorial; it shows little or none of the imagination and wealth of imagery that later distinguished him. He tells us that, in case of need, he had put his MS. before him in the open Bible.

He was now a candidate for a parish. It was the day of patrons and patronage in Scotland. The Moderates—mere moralists in preaching and indifferentists in many other things—were then in power and influence. He was Evangelical; he had little to hope for from Moderates. He tells us that the only offer he had implied as a condition voting with the Moderate party, and, with great regret, he declined it.

As no sphere of ministry opened for him, and as it was not necessary for him to take up tutorial work, he now made up his mind to go to Paris, with the view of following up some of the extra subjects he had entered on in his last extra year in Edinburgh—medical and allied to medical studies. We are assured that this was simply for the love of knowledge, and with no idea of his ever becoming a doctor; yet in the days before medical missions were so developed and accepted as they are now, Thomas Guthrie may well have had an idea that, as a country minister, a little medical knowledge would often be found useful. He went by coach to London and spent some time there, seeing something of distinguished men—among them Dr. Waugh and Mr. Joseph Hume, M.P. Then he set forth for Paris, where he saw and heard a great deal, not only in the lecture-halls and operating-rooms of the famous Dupuytren, Lisfranc, and other famous surgeons, and at the lectures of men like Gay-Lussac, but also something of the laxity of French social life. In the boarding-house where he was they were evidently a very mixed company. Of some of them he speaks in the highest terms, as good and devout; of others he speaks in a very different tone. He mentions that the French found it very hard to pronounce the "th" in his name; and as he was very tall—six feet two in his stockings—he went by the name of "le grand Monsieur."

Besides attending classes, he walked the hospitals; and as the clinical visits of the doctors were gone through before breakfast, he got up in the dark winter mornings by six o'clock. Necessity being the mother of invention, he then learned to shave in the dark, as there were no lucifers to light a candle!

He returned home by Belgium; the journey between Paris and Brussels, now done in eleven hours, then took by *diligence* three days and nights. After several weeks on the road, he reached home safe and sound. He had sailed down the Thames in a smack bound for Dundee, and "passed the bodies of pirates hanging in chains and dropping in pieces on the banks of the river." He had a good deal to tell to his friends and neighbours at home, for a man who had crossed the Channel and studied at the Sorbonne was not met there every day.

DR. GUTHRIE AS THE MODERN SAMSON

This caricature has reference to the splendid work Dr. Guthrie accomplished in 1845-6, when he raised in eleven months £116,000 for providing Free Church manses.

IV

He had some hopes of being appointed to the living of Eassie, in Forfarshire; but his Evangelicalism was against him, and, in spite of the influence of the Maules and Lord Wharncliffe, he was passed over. He was meditating an escape from the *ennui* of his position by a season of study in Germany, when an unforeseen circumstance called him to active life, though not yet as a pastor. His elder brother John, who had carried on a bank agency in Brechin, was suddenly cut down in the prime of life, and left a son, David, then little beyond boyhood. In a few years, could the bank agency be but kept on, David would then be able to take up the management of it. So Thomas Guthrie relinquished the idea of study in Germany, and took his place behind a

DR. GUTHRIE AND THE "CITY ARABS" AT THE WEST BOW OF EDINBURGH

desk in the bank, "passing," as he says, "two busy and by no means lost years in that employment. These years formed not the least part of my training and education. I became conversant both with mercantile and agricultural affairs; and those who, both in the country and the town, afterwards became my people, did not respect me the less when they found that their minister was something else than a 'fine bodie,' who knew no more about the affairs and hopes and disappointments and temptations and trials of men engaged in the business of the world than any old wife or the 'man in the moon.'"

THE NEW PREMISES OF DR. GUTHRIE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL AT LIBERTON

Mr. Don—a friend of the family—well remembered that "beside the ledger lay the invariable open volume which Thomas Guthrie perused with avidity during the lulls in bank business." Mr. Guthrie was, however, carrying on a study of another kind. From behind that counter he was, during these two years, studying human nature in its many aspects, the knowledge of which proved of great use to him in dealing with men and women in another sphere. Through life this faculty of keen observation was a marked feature of his character, and ceaselessly at work. He combined with it an equally constant habit of putting questions to all sorts of people on all sorts of subjects, by means of which he was ever adding to his stores of information.

Twelve years thereafter, we are told, he wrote to his youngest brother, asking his aid to collect some money in Brechin for the building of a school in his destitute Edinburgh parish, and thus humorously referred to these old banking days: "Give my compliments to all my old acquaintances who used to do business with me in the bank, bearing in mind that, as I often gave them out money on their order, I hope they'll now give me a little on my petition."

V

At last, in 1829, nearly five years after he had received licence, and when he was in his twenty-seventh year, he was appointed minister of the parish of Arbirlot, in his own county. It was almost a purely agricultural parish, with a sprinkling of weavers. It had a population something over a thousand, and was not without a character and beauty of its own. It hung, as he says, on a slope that gently declines to the German Ocean, fairly well wooded inland, and with grand sea-views—the Bell Rock Lighthouse tower within sight. "The air," he writes, "loaded with the fragrant perfume of flowers, rang to the songs of larks and woodland birds, and long lines of breakers gleamed and boomed upon the shore, and ships with white sails flecked the blue ocean." In calm it was splendid and soothing; in tempest it was awful. Many a picture of shipwreck and desolation he afterwards so powerfully painted, moving crowds of people, some of whom had never seen the sea, were drawn from observations and experiences here. Stories of the past mingled with the sense of what he saw at such times.

DR. GUTHRIE VISITING AMONG THE SLUMS

There in days not so very remote the people had indulged in wrecking, as they had done in so many other places on the Scottish coast. All this passed into his mind and heart, and supplied him with many references afterwards, as in his chapter "A Winter Gale," and elsewhere.

Though the parish had sadly suffered from neglect of several former incumbents in its material condition, it had been well attended to spiritually and educationally. There was only one grown-up person in it who could not read. To the man filled with a desire for improvement there is always room enough for effort. The church was bat-haunted, and the manse was a wreck, letting in the rain copiously, and some of the floors sloping, so that it was hard to get seated in comfort. First he attended to the church, and made it watertight and cleared it of noxious creatures, putting up with the manse meanwhile. As the parochial machinery was not what it should be, he bent his mind to improving that. He established a library, organised prayer meetings in different parts of the parish, set a-going a number of Sabbath schools; and as he saw it his duty to encourage providence, especially as a means of lessening drinking and other evils, he instituted a savings bank. This he conducted entirely himself, and soon had in it some hundreds of pounds, where otherwise the working people, to whom all the deposits belonged, might not have saved as many half-pence. He says the bank, beyond this, was of the utmost service, by bringing him into familiar and frequent and kindly contact with the people. The Saturday evenings were given to this work, and that meant commencing preparations for the pulpit earlier in the week. "These and other such labours," he says himself, "showed the people that I was seeking to live for them, not for myself."

Above all, he found that dull, dry preaching would never bring people to church, or, if they came, keep them awake, alive, and interested, and eager to come back again. He discovered the power of imagery and illustration, of picture and story and anecdote.

> Though truths in closest words shall fail,
> Yet truth embodied in a tale
> Shall enter in at lowly doors.

"When I went to Arbirlot," he says, "I knew pretty well how to speak sermons, but very little about how to compose them; so I set myself vigorously to study how to illustrate the great truths of the Gospel, and enforce them, so that there should be no sleepers in the church, no wandering eyes, but everywhere an eager attention. I studied," he goes on, "the style of the Prophets and the Gospels, and found that He who knew what was in man, what would best illuminate the subject, win the attention, and move the heart, used parables or illustrations, stories, comparisons, drawn from the scenes of Nature and familiar life.

"I was careful to observe the faces of my hearers, and also to mark, by the account the more intelligent of my Sunday class gave of my discourses, the style and character of those parts which had made the deepest impression, that I might cultivate it. After my discourse was written, I spent hours correcting it, latterly always, for that purpose, keeping a blank page on my manuscript opposite a written one, cutting out dry bits, giving point to dull ones, making clear any obscurity and the narrative parts more graphic, throwing more pathos into appeals, and copying God in His works by adding the ornamental to the useful. To

THE ORIGINAL RAGGED SCHOOL RAMSAY LANE, EDINBURGH

this, with my style of delivery and self-possession, and command and flexibility of voice, and power of throwing myself into the characters I was depicting—thereby feeling their emotions, and expressing them in such language and looks and tones as they themselves would have done—I attribute the 'popularity' which I early gained and maintained for well-nigh forty years of a public ministry.

From a painting by Sir George Harvey, P.R.S.A., belonging in replica to Sir Charles Tennant, Bart., and to Mrs. W. F. Ford

DR. GUTHRIE FISHING ON LOCHLEE

The other occupants of the boat are his son Patrick (now Agent of the Bank of Scotland, Morningside) and his daughter Annie (Mrs. Williamson).

"These things I mention for the instruction and encouragement of others. Here, as in other spheres, 'prayers and pains' will do anything."

He held an "exercise" for the young on Sunday afternoons, and he especially noticed how by this style their eyes brightened and their interests were engaged, and how constantly they brought others, their companions, with them.

Nor were his interests confined solely to spiritual things. He fancied he might do something to promote improvement even in farming matters. He was a practical farmer now—no doubt utilising many a remark he had heard or hint he had got in the bank at Brechin. In addition to his glebe, he hired some forty acres of land from Lord Panmure, which he managed so well as to profit by it, thus putting more money at his disposal for the parish. His biographers say: "We have heard him tell of his amusement, if not annoyance, at a visit paid to him one evening in the manse by a decent countrywoman, who was ushered into his study. He had at first supposed she had come to consult him as her pastor on something relating to her highest welfare. 'They tell me, sir,' Mrs.—— commenced, 'that ye bring up grand calves, the best in a' the pairish; an' I've just come ower to hear what's your plan.'"

In October, 1830, Dr. Guthrie married Anne, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Burns, one of the parish ministers of Brechin.

VI

His call to Greyfriars, Edinburgh, was not in any way of his seeking; it really was the result of friendly efforts. When it came, it looked to him the more a call of Providence. Much to his grief, as to the grief of the Arbirlot people, he resolved to go to Edinburgh, and all with the idea of being the poor folks' minister. Though he had no fear of getting on well with his colleague, Mr. Sym, yet one of the great attractions held out to him and which weighed much with him was the prospect of a new parish (right in the heart of the densest and most poverty-stricken region of Edinburgh) being carved out of the old one for him. Practically there were already two churches—Magdalen Chapel in the Cowgate, and the

SABBATH IN LOCHLEE

This famous picture, representing Dr. Guthrie preaching amid the beautiful scenery of his summer retreat, was painted by Sir George Harvey, P.R.S.A., in 1858 for the Earl of Dalhousie. On the left is Hugh Miller. On the right beyond the old woman in the mutch is Professor Miller, of Edinburgh University; and behind him Fox Maule, Earl of Dalhousie. Two of Dr. Guthrie's sons are also among the congregation. Charles John, now Sheriff Guthrie, K.C., listens attentively on the extreme right; while on the left his brother Alexander (now of Balfour, Guthrie & Co., San Francisco) and he are represented playing with the pet dog "Charlie" near the preacher's feet. Of the men, women, and children in the group, only four survive.

Greyfriars, both of them Pre-Reformation; and Thomas Guthrie avowed that he liked best to minister in the Cowgate one. Seldom were any of the real poor of the parish to be seen in Greyfriars; the Gospel had to be taken to them.

Though already the loud roar of controversy was beginning to rise over non-intrusion, abuses of patronage, and interference of the civil courts in spiritual matters, Guthrie for a considerable time devoted himself to the dark corners of the city (having taken a house so near that he might be said to be within the poverty-smitten area); and in his visitations, which were constant, he met with such scenes as he had hardly even dreamt of—among the fallen, the drunken, the idle, the worthless, the degraded, the criminal. Once he found himself in danger in a den of thieves, and was glad to escape sound in life and limb. But he got to know pretty well the people there. He let go the plummet and sounded the depths, with two results that confirmed former convictions: (1) that drink was at the bottom of nearly all the evil, and therefore that Christian workers in such spheres must go, as he did, for temperance—become abstainers; and (2) that a machinery which would grapple with it must be absolutely located in the midst of it, with a network of agencies, of which the Church itself was but the centre. While others were debating and agitating, he was intent on the great idea of setting down a church at the very door of the poorest and most degraded; carving a new parish, in spirit as in outward fact, out of the lower districts of an old one, and thus practically illustrating those grand ideas of territorial Church extension which the great Dr. Chalmers had so long proclaimed and worked for. The Government would give no effective help; thus the men who had preached the impossibility of coping with such evils unhelped by the State had to fall back, in practical refutation of their theory, on the voluntary principle. Dr. Guthrie, through his power and tact and genius for organisation and administration, was the man perhaps who most powerfully applied the principle.

DR. GUTHRIE AT THE AGE OF FIFTY

But, ah! here comes in the tragedy—the heart that impels to such a self-chosen work as this is also the heart that feels most intensely; and, through its sympathy and pity, must often seem to be more exhausted than through the sheer physical strength put forth in the endeavour.

He could say: "I have seen famine. I have seen it in my old parish in Edinburgh, looking out of hungry eyes and hollow cheeks. Once, for example, when I was speaking to a mother about her soul, the withered-looking baby in her arms kept muttering and moaning to her. I asked, 'What is the child crying for?' 'Oh! sir,' she replied, bursting into tears, 'it is crying for bread, and I have none to give it.' I shall never forget, when I had sent out for a loaf, how that child, with its half-naked, skeleton brothers and sisters, fell on the bread, devouring it like wild beasts in their ravenous hunger. Yes, I know how famine looks—what it is; and many and many a day have I returned to my house, and all but sickened as the sight of the comforts on my own table recalled by contrast the want, the hungry looks and emaciated forms and abject misery I had seen."

There was one house—one of those high, many-storeyed houses, with winding, spiral stone stairs, and foul-smelling, which itself contained nigh two hundred souls—"a parish in itself" was Dr. Guthrie's description of it; and such a parish! "It is all very well," he wrote to Dr. Burns, of Tweedsmuir, "for men who see nothing but our noble castle, our spires and towers and palaces, to expatiate on the beauties of Edinburgh. They see but the white-washing and ornaments of the sepulchre; if they would come with me to the Cowgate or the College Wynd or the Bow, I would let them see as much of the rottenness within as would break the charm."

His preaching in the Greyfriars was spoken of, noised abroad. Other places tried to tempt him away; the spell of the Cowgate was on him. London cast envious eyes upon him for Regent Square; Dr. Duff called to him from India. He was fixed and rooted, and would not listen to any call.

VII

In November, 1840, the new church in the West Bow, St. John's, was opened. Any apprehensions he may then have felt were not due to lack of courage and spirit for the duty immediately before him, but to the murmurings and mutterings, which, like the low growl of thunder, foretold a storm. Already in February he had felt called on to go down to Strathbogie—ominous name in pre-Disruption records—where, in the parish of Marnoch, a man had been imposed on the people as their pastor against their wishes, for only one man of doubtful character had been got to sign the call. The Presbytery, by a majority, had at first declined to proceed to the ordination of this presentee; but afterwards, on his proceeding to the Court of Session, and getting its order, they consented to do so. This majority was, by an overwhelming vote of the General Assembly—121 to 14—suspended from ministerial functions for disobeying the Assembly while obeying the Civil Court. Here truly were cross-purposes of function. The suspended ministers were averse to allowing their places

to be filled by the men—of whom Guthrie was one and the revered McCheyne another — named by the Assembly to minister in the various parishes, either to preach or to administer the Sacraments. The Interdict was granted—at first merely against preaching in churches and schools, and afterwards by an *Extended Interdict* even against preaching, etc., in the open air anywhere in the area. When Dr. Guthrie left Edinburgh, the First Interdict had been served; the Second or Extended Interdict was put in his hands at Keith, on his way to Strathbogie.

DR. GUTHRIE AND HIS COLLEAGUE IN FREE ST. JOHN'S, DR. HANNA SON-IN-LAW OF DR. CHALMERS AND HIS BIOGRAPHER)

The Court of Session had declared the Veto Act illegal — by that Act of Assembly the voice of the people was to be heard and effective in such a case. The famous Lord Cockburn clearly saw that this annihilated all distinction between the civil and ecclesiastical law, and absorbed the latter in the former altogether. The Second Interdict served on Mr. Guthrie was simply an incitement to him to defy it. But he remained calm and clear in mind. "The Interdict forbade me," he said, "under penalty of the Calton Hill jail, to preach the Gospel in the Parish Churches of Strathbogie. I said, the Parish Churches are stone and lime, and belong to the State; I will not intrude there. It forbade me to preach the Gospel in the schoolhouses. I said, the school-houses are stone and lime, and belong to the State; I will not intrude there. It forbade me to preach in the churchyard; and I said, the dust of the dead is the State's, and I will not intrude there. But when those Lords of Session forbade me to preach my Master's blessed Gospel and offer salvation to sinners anywhere in that district under the arch of heaven, I put the Interdict under my feet, and I preached the Gospel."

His preaching attracted vast crowds, and many years afterwards he had proof that the seed then sown was not cast on stony ground. He excused himself from taking the position in the Edinburgh Presbytery that he had done at Arbirlot, saying that they spoke by counsel—there was no need to say anything after Candlish, Cunningham, and their allies had spoken. He was oftener at the guns than at the wheel, as he put it. The work of rousing the country, he felt, was his work. Thus we find him writing to his venerable mother on January 16, 1841:

"I have been busy this last week with anti-patronage meetings. All Edinburgh is astir on the subject—nothing to be seen on the walls but immense bills (white, buff, and blue) announcing our district meetings. We had Captain Ramsay in the chair last night, who did uncommonly well. I have so far relaxed my resolution not to leave Edinburgh as to have agreed to go to Greenock and Kilmarnock, and address anti-patronage meetings. Cunningham and I do so next week. The war is getting fiercer. Lord Cunningham, in finding the action of damages against the Presbytery of

SHERIFF HERIOT. DR. IRVING. FREE ST. JOHN'S KIRK SESSION, EDINBURGH DR. HANNA. J. C. BRODIE, C.B. DR. GUTHRIE. SIR JOHN STRUTHERS.

The Session consisted of Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Hanna, and twenty-two elders. The elders represented all classes. Hugh Miller was one of Dr. Guthrie's office-bearers; Laurence Oliphant, the traveller and novelist, taught one of his Bible-classes; Sir J. Y. Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform as an anæsthetic, was a member of the congregation; and in the elders' seat, although not an elder, there was no more familiar figure than Professor John Stuart Blackie. In the pews of Free St. John's have been seen Lord Macaulay, Thackeray, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Bishop Wilberforce, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord John Russell, John Ruskin, and Mr. Gladstone.

Auchterarder competent, has pronounced a most ferocious interlocutor [judgment], going the length of holding that every proceeding of a Kirk Session is liable to review by the civil courts. I am glad to think that things are coming to the worst; they will not be better till then. And if the Act of Queen Anne justifies the Judges of the Court of Session in their tyrannical and oppressive proceedings, it will teach the country all the more impressively the necessity of having it repealed."

And only fancy what must have been the feelings of this very independent and decided old lady in receiving such letters as these from her youngest son, seeing that in the most practical way she had borne her testimony against the evils of patronage many, many years before! The men high in power, with few exceptions, could not be got to see clearly whither matters were tending; if they could have done so, surely they would have brought some relief to prevent the Church of Scotland being rent in twain.

DEPUTATION TO LONDON ON KING EDWARD'S MARRIAGE IN 1863

The group consists of Dr. Guthrie (Moderator, 1862); Rev. Sir H. W. Moncrieff, Bart., D.D. (standing); Rev. Robert Buchanan, D.D. Glasgow; and Robert Paul, Esq.

DR. GUTHRIE IN COURT DRESS

VIII

It is beyond our scope to follow up in detail the progress of the Disruption movement, which issued in the formation of the Free Church of Scotland in 1843. Suffice it to say that Thomas Guthrie, having once put his hand to the plough, did not turn back. Much as he grieved over the withdrawal of so much time and energy from his special work in the slums and dens of the Cowgate and College Wynd, he felt it his duty to comply with the call of the Church at such a crisis. He worked, he spoke, he agitated for the rights of conscience and the liberties of the Christian people of Scotland. As a natural result, he was one of the ministers who marched foremost in that memorable procession from the old Assembly Hall (St. Andrew's Parish Church) to Canonmills to form the Free Church of Scotland — after having tabled their Protest — leaving behind them churches (even in some cases churches which they had practically built), manses (which they had adorned and beautified and come to love exceedingly), the status of State-sanctioned, State-endowed ministers, to throw themselves entirely on the liberality of those who followed them from the Church of their fathers. Hugh Miller, Dr. James Hamilton, Dr. Peter Bayne, and many others with graphic pens, have done justice to that historic and touching scene. The panoramic part that could be witnessed or chronicled,

DR. AND MRS. GUTHRIE

Taken in 1862, in which year Dr. Guthrie was Moderator of the Free Church of Scotland

BUST OF DR. GUTHRIE

Sketched in clay by Sir John Steell, R.S.A., in 1854 for Lord Rutherfurd, and finished in bronze in 1895 by Pittendrigh Macgillvray, R.S.A., for the National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh.

though grand, was not the most memorable to those who were behind the scenes. There were the partings of friends and even relatives, the bitter alienations of those before in love and amity, the turnings from long-loved doors never again by them to be entered, the last fond, lingering look behind at abodes that were sacrificed, and now to be tenanted by others.

The moment the Free Church was formed, everything had to be done from the beginning; and it was done with a wonderful power, equalled only by the faithfulness of those who supported their leaders in contributing funds with a generosity perhaps unparalleled. Churches and schools had to be built; a Sustentation Fund set a-going, by which in effect the more fortunate ministers should assure to the less fortunate a fixed minimum of stipend; a Manse Fund, to provide suitable houses for ministers; missions to be provided for; and "schemes" manifold set on foot. The masterly way in which this was done belongs to ecclesiastical history for a model and an encouragement, the names of Chalmers, Candlish, Cunningham, and Guthrie standing pre-eminent. After matters had been so far arranged in Edinburgh, Thomas Guthrie devoted himself to the Manse Fund, going throughout the length and breadth of the land, speaking ceaselessly and holding conferences, to raise money adequately to house the Disruption ministers. He made a grand success; but, as in all such cases, there are passages behind the scenes, learned afterwards, which add a halo to the efforts in revealing the losses and self-denials of the individual actors. We find him writing thus on February 3, 1848, his to sister Clementina:

"They talk of the ups and downs of life. Yesterday—indeed a memorable day—this order was reversed. In Providence they were the *downs* and *ups*. Having been, on Manse Fund business, so much away, I had only then learned that, in consequence of the diminution on the church-door collections of St. John's, they had run short of funds. This I learned indirectly the night before last; and, as the Kirk Session were to hold a meeting on Friday, I had written Mr. Torrance a letter to be laid before it, to the effect that my supplement should be reduced, and that, if they would let me know how much it should be so, I would square my house-expenses, etc., to that. Mr. Torrance called yesterday morning, and the result was the prospect of my income being down—at least for a year or two—some £40 or £50 a year. . . . By shifting to a cheaper house, constituting Christina teacher of Clemy, Anne, and Tucker, getting some hour or two's teaching for David, by a more extensive use of the porridge-pot and other appliances, I saw pretty distinctly how, if God spared me, we would in two or three years wear ahead. Now, when we were bracing ourselves up for a struggle, which was to last some two or three years, it was certainly a most wonderful and blessed Providence, a matter of great thankfulness to God with us all, that this gift came so opportunely."

This was the opportune gift of some £500 from private friends, which well deserves to be noted, even if we should note yet more the spirit in which Dr. Guthrie braced himself to meet the crisis. That was the spirit he was of.

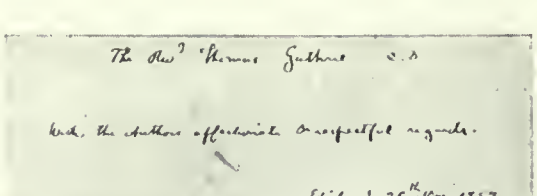
With all his energy—his infectious energy—and fine enthusiasm, even he could not be in two places at once. The work in the Cowgate, however, in midst of all this upturn, did not pause. A new church and new schools were speedily built, and Free St. John's in the High Street was soon as crowded as St. John's in the West Bow had been, if not even more crowded.

DR. GUTHRIE LISTENING TO THOMAS CARLYLE'S RECTORIAL ADDRESS AT EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY, 1866

Dr. Guthrie is sitting on the speaker's right. The chairman is Sir David Brewster, Principal of the University. Immediately behind him are Professors Tyndall and Huxley, the former being on the Principal's right and the latter on his left.

IX

And now, among many other projects, what is perhaps the greatest work of Dr. Guthrie's life began to take definite form. A man like him could not move about in these squalid, poverty-stricken, disease- and hunger-haunted closes and tenements without being moved to profoundest pity for the children, the waifs and strays, uncared for, and certain to grow up to be the pests and curses of the next generation. Their only training was for beggary and theft; their only end the jail. If they could be but laid hands on in time, and taught and trained to usefulness and good, what a gain for the world! what a blessing for the Church! Dr. Guthrie had heard of John Pounds and his work for the poor children at Portsmouth; he confessed that a picture of the old cobbler teaching the ragged street-children as he worked had deeply affected him—humbled him. He never forgot it; but, in the midst of other calls, he had had to put aside the oft-repeated impulse to go and follow in the cobbler's



RUSKIN PRESENTED DR. GUTHRIE WITH A COPY OF "STONES OF VENICE" BEARING THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION

path. He only waited for the due opportunity. There was a large underground room or hall at Free St. John's, and questions had been asked what use it was to be turned to. Dr. Guthrie soon found a use for it; he filled it with ragged children drawn from the streets, the closes, and the courts, and besought his congregation to aid him in maintaining it as a Ragged, Feeding, Industrial School for some twenty or thirty waifs.

Then, having had some experience of this, and great hopes raised, once more he took to the platform and agitation. He saw before him vast possibilities, could he but get support. By-and-by, as the thing grew, he issued his first "Plea for Ragged Schools." It was not only a revelation, reciting facts and experiences; it was a cardiphonia—the record of a man's heart on fire to save—an appeal, winged with words in the spirit of a true apostle. It produced an effect almost unparalleled, with its graphic pictures, its pathetic incidents, its grand intercession, and its brave tone of hope, alike in the benevolent feeling of his fellow-men when such good cause was shown and in assurance of grand results. A second "Plea" followed by-and-by, supplementing the first, and soon a larger and more suitable building was found. Dr. Guthrie was not long in discovering, as men earnestly intent on such work will discover, that the little points that separate Churches are but small matters after all, when you come to a hand-to-hand fight with heathenism and savagery, either at home or abroad, and he made the religious teaching utterly unsectarian. Even with sections of his own Church he sometimes had to do a bit of fighting for his much-loved Ragged Schools. To Mr. Maule, in 1850, he wrote: "The jealousies and bigotry and narrow-mindedness of many are sickening. These men are never without a pair of Free Church spectacles. I suppose they sleep with them on." And again he wrote: "I long and pray for the time when such unfortunates will be educated by the State; nor from such prayer will I ever come down to consider schemes of sects. I don't care, if the people are saved, whether the scheme crack the crown of St. Giles' or hurl Free St. John's down the West Bow. I love my Church as well as any one, but I love my country more than I love my denomination." The schools should be in the best sense non-denominational, and, after much fighting, he succeeded in this, as in other points. The schools grew and grew, till they became one of the sights of Edinburgh. Lord Jeffrey confessed that he envied Dr. Guthrie "beyond all your contemporaries, though far less for your extraordinary genius and eloquence than for the noble use to which you have devoted these gifts"; and he went on: "This last effort of yours is the most remarkable and important, and among the many thousand hearts that have swelled and melted over these awakening pages, I think I may say that none has been more deeply touched than my own. If I were young enough to have the chance of tracing his passage to manhood, I believe I should have taken a boy on your recommendation; but, as it is, I can only desire you to take one for me, and to find him a better superintendent; and for this purpose I enclose a draft for £50, which I beg you to apply in the way you think best for the advancement of your great experiment."

DR. GUTHRIE'S FAMILY. 1865

In his second "Plea" Dr. Guthrie had shown that, after educating the pupils of all the Ragged Schools of the city, there were still at least fifteen hundred children "growing up to disturb and disgrace society, and destined to entail, in their future career of vice and crime, an enormous expense on the country." If this was true of Edinburgh, it was the same all over the kingdom. Much, therefore, as private benevolence had effected, the necessities of the case could never be met in this way alone. About two thousand pounds had been subscribed annually for the Original Ragged Schools, but experience now fully justified application to the State for aid. In bygone years the State had spent millions in punishing criminals, and the success of prisons as reforming agencies had been grievously small.

But the State was found to be a broken reed to lean on

in a cause like this. Their policy was "penny wise and pound foolish." "I do not wish to speak evil of dignities," said Dr. Guthrie; "but there are some things in respect of which it is difficult to keep one's temper, and this is one of them. For a brief period, in answer to an importunity like the widow's, we got fifty shillings a year for every child of the abandoned classes trained within our school—only one-third of the cost. But now, and all in a day, these fifty shillings have been reduced to five. Five shillings in the year comes to about half a farthing a day. Munificent donation! To the man who, like a fool, postpones education till the child falls into crime, and is brought out of the jail to school, the Government gives one shilling per day; and to the far wiser man who, catching the child, so to speak, on its way to the prison, and by education destroys crime in the egg and germ, the Government grants but *one half-farthing* a day. What a monstrous state of matters!"

His appeals for aid by circular-letters now before me are eloquent and touching. He left no stone unturned. His Ragged Schools were all in all with him now. His heart was wholly in the work. He felt that, could he but have carried out as he wished that great work, Scotland would have come near to getting rid of a lapsed, vicious, criminal population. One day we find him jubilant, in spite of ill-health and disappointments, because he has just seen among the men capped at the University one who had been first taught at his Ragged School.

Men like Ruskin and Thackeray came and saw, and were touched to finest issues, subdued to affectionate admiration and reverence. Turning to Dr. Guthrie, with tears in his eyes, the so-called cynic said, "This is the finest sight in Edinburgh!" "Humane, kind-hearted man, Thackeray—nearly as big as you!" said the doctor, writing to one of his own family.

His experience in the Original Ragged Schools at Edinburgh, where no doctrinal catechism was employed, led him thus to express himself in 1869: "I would not propose the Shorter Catechism, nor the Wesleyan Catechism, nor the Church of England Catechism, but a catechism that would embrace all that is general in religion, all that it would be necessary to teach the children in the schools." And he is sure that the heads of the Episcopalian, Wesleyan, and Independent bodies could prepare such a catechism in a few hours.

Dr. Robertson, of Old Greyfriars Parish Church, in his funeral sermon on Dr. Guthrie, well said: "It is not the single school which Thomas Guthrie established under the shadow of our ancient fortress which is his real monument, but the hundreds of ragged schools which the powerful pleading of his eloquent tongue and pen has planted in half the cities of the British Empire. It signifies little who it was that established the first ragged school in Edinburgh or in Scotland; but it was Thomas Guthrie, beyond all question, who gave such an impulse to the noble general movement in behalf of those miserable young outcasts which has done such great things already, and which is destined, I do not doubt, to do greater still."

X

He had suffered more or less, intermittently, with threatenings of heart trouble since 1850, when he had to submit to a medical interdict against such an excess of work and preaching as he had hitherto indulged. He can even be earnestly humorous about that. He had to tell Lord Panmure, who had wished him to come to London to preach then: "I am not so strong as people take me to be. My doctor has issued a positive interdict against my undertaking this work, and I am not free to do with that as I did with the Strathbogie one. They are both indeed directed against my preaching, but they rest on very different grounds, and I feel the medical interdict rests on as good grounds as the legal one did on bad."

With abstinence from certain kinds of work, the aid of an able colleague, Dr. Hanna, and great care, he went on till 1864, when there came a more absolute and unqualified medical interdict still—the opinion of three distinguished Edinburgh medical men, reinforced by that of a very famous London one—that he must give up regular preaching

and a regular charge, and speak only occasionally. He remained Pastor-Emeritus of Free St. John's, dropping all emoluments, but retaining his seat in the Presbytery. He then took up the pen of the editor. The *Sunday Magazine* allowed him scope, which he welcomed, to plead the causes he had still at heart, and some of his most finished writings appeared in it.

We have no room to dwell more at length on these later years, filled though they were with beneficences manifold: no great cause but he sympathised with it; no evil of suffering humanity but he would fain have lessened it. He wiped away many a tear and brought many a smile to worn cheeks.

He enjoyed greatly the summer holidays spent at Lochlee in Glenesk, in a little house put at his disposal by Lord Panmure. My friend Mrs. Mayo has often told me of the sweet calm of the days she spent there — of the walks, the talks, and, above all, the unique family worship, with all classes mixed and sharing in the doctor's heartfelt petitions. Continental travel, too, he was fond of, and now his leisure enabled him, in measure, to gratify it. He had visited Switzerland for the first time in 1856; he was in the Cottian Alps in 1864 and 1865, and fell quite in love with the Waldenses, and never ceased to plead their cause in Edinburgh, London, and other places. He made tours in Italy in 1861, 1865, and 1869; but he never realised his two travel-dreams, Palestine and America. He saw Rome in 1865, and described it with his own peculiar vigour and vividness of touch: "I felt on entering Rome that now, for the first time of my life, I was on peculiarly sacred ground, in so far as those streets had been trodden by the feet of an inspired man—the greatest of the Apostles. The Appian Way, by which Paul approached Rome, still exists as it did eighteen hundred years ago, and in not a few places you see and walk on the broad, large stones that paved it then, and so I knew I walked on the very road he had trodden."

Photo by R. S. Webster, Edinburgh

MRS. GUTHRIE

Born at the Manse of Brechin, 1810. Photographed 1896

He sent home to members of his family letters recounting his doings and experiences on all these later tours—letters which were carefully kept, printed, and circulated among the family and friends. Glancing through such of these letters to his family, printed for preservation, as, through the kindness of Sheriff Guthrie, I have had access to, I was much struck with two things: (1) the perfect pictures he carried with him of the scenes about Brechin, Glenesk, and Menmuir, by which he could most aptly illustrate and bring home to the minds of those who read the pictures of the scenes on which he now looked, whether in France, Switzerland, Italy, or Holland; and (2) his wonderful sympathy with the foreign peoples, and readiness to see good points in them and their customs. Brechin and Lochlee especially are often called in to give the strange new scene a local habitation for his correspondents, and Edinburgh has its place.

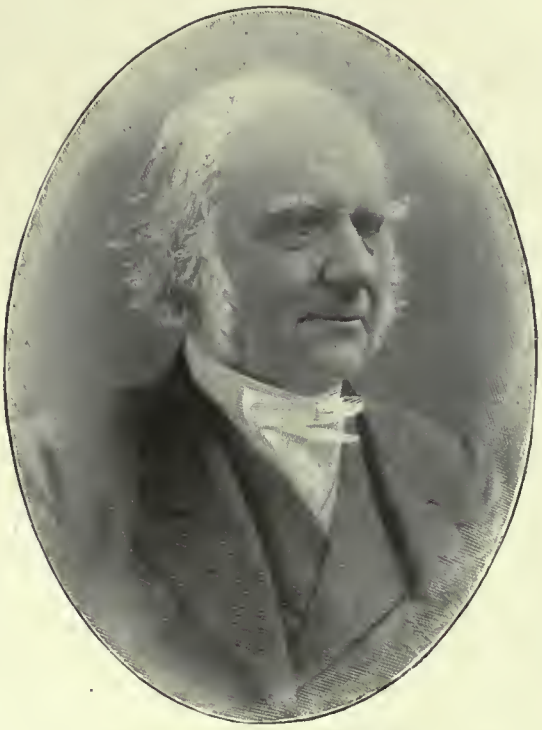
In one of his runs from France into Switzerland in 1861, he says: "I bow to all the women in the fields from the windows of the railway-carriages, waving my hat or handkerchief. Some of them look stupid; others, and the most, bow and wave and smile back again, taking me for some passing acquaintance, or pleased with being noticed."

Again: In Venice "they have a proportion of very narrow-paved streets, like our Edinburgh closes, but most of the streets are water. . . . This morning I crossed the Rialto Bridge, celebrated in Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*. Like old London Bridge, but on a large scale, it has shops all along—three thoroughfares on the bridge, and two rows of shops."

In Switzerland, between Visp and Zermatt, he is delighted to find some of the plants recall Lochlee: "We were pleased to recognise in lady's bedstraw, blue-bells, some wild thyme, the wild strawberry, and the blaeberry and the dog-berry, etc., some Lochlee plants; but the flora of these valleys is, on the whole, very different from ours."

Ruskin, it will be remembered, said of Turner, that everything that reminded him of Thames' shore and Maiden Lane he delighted to paint, even should it be muddy and ugly; and so Dr. Guthrie carried with him clear pictures of his past surroundings, more especially his early ones, with which every new thing he saw was to be contrasted or compared. He was as though always in search of his own home; he carried it with him, though only that he might find the more to love and remember in what he saw away from it. In this manner he realised fully and in the best sense the shrewd words of the great German that the true art of living is to be everywhere at home.

Human romances he finds too, and genially records.



PORTRAIT OF DR. GUTHRIE TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH

Thus he writes to his daughter Annie (Mrs. Williamson) from La Tour in June, 1869, after duly celebrating the beauty and the historic interest of the Waldensian Valleys, and more especially of Rora:

"And in that wild mountain hamlet, where the houses stand huddled together as if to keep each other warm, each with their rude balconies and iron-barred windows,—in that eagle's nest, who do you think we found living, happy to see us, and crying when we turned away to leave, but a bright, blooming Scotch lass, who knows my brother the Doctor well, and spent some years at Muirton (as it used to be called), in the neighbourhood of Brechin, in the parish of Stracathro, and within two or three bowshots of our road to Lochlee? Dr. Gibson, the proprietor, had some years ago, on his way from India, wandered up to this corner of Italy—had asked some one to get him a man for a valet out of these valleys—got him, carried him to Muirton; there he met this girl! The Waldensian valet fancied her, as he well might, for she is now one of the prettiest flowers on the hills of Rora; and urged by his friends to turn his steps back to the mountain homes they love so well, he and she came here. She cannot yet speak but a few words of the tongue, having been here only a few weeks; but seems happy, and says that her husband's family overflow with kindness to her. She is teaching them a little English, and her sister-in-law, a nice dark Waldensian lass, seems proud of her acquirements, having, when I asked her 'Comment vous?' etc., replied, to her great satisfaction and our amusement, 'Verra wall!'"

In May, 1869, in Dijon, he finds it necessary, because of French cooking—"the French cooks excelling for the same reason that we Scotch excel in farming: we having poor soil and they poor flesh, and necessity being the mother of invention"—to betake himself to a pharmacy. He naively tells that, "though not well up in the French terms for drugs, I made the lad in the French pharmacy understand me, and knowing, at any rate, as much of medicine as to take care that he did not poison me, I set out on my return."

What he then saw, and vividly described in touching and sympathetic terms, was what caused this incident to dwell in my recollection:

"On my way I passed a door, the top and sides of which were dressed in mourning—black velvet bordered with white. It was evidently a house of death; and I stopped to see a new and curious custom. Dozens and scores of people, both men and women, some arrayed in mourning, and some in their ordinary attire, came up to the door, and gave a card or a piece of paper to a boy who sat by it. On receiving these, he ran a cord through each, stringing them together like a lot of old accounts. I presume each contained the name of the person giving it, and was intended to express their sympathy with the bereaved. This, no doubt a spontaneous act of respect and sympathy on the part of the people of all classes, I thought a very kind and pretty custom—better than intruding on grief, and much better than drinking whisky to the memory of the deceased. Most of the people passed on, but a few went in, carrying missals. These I supposed to be particular friends or relatives, who were to attend the celebration of the burial service."

That is a beautiful mourning custom. Here is record of an equally touching baptismal custom of the Waldenses:

"On the minister descending from the pulpit to baptise, I wondered where he was to find water, for the white-covered table to which he had to come held nothing but three silver wine-cups and the plate with the bread under a white linen cloth. Bending to the man who stood beside him, who held the infant, he got the name from him; then, passing him who held the child, he came up to the young woman, and shaping his hand into the form of a cup, he held it out to her, whose bearing all throughout had been the perfection of modesty, and who had the most sweet expression in a face as lovely as any you have ever looked on, and who might have sat as a Madonna to a painter of some sacred piece. As I wondered what he held out his hand to the woman for, she solved the problem in a fashion that appeared to me singularly beautiful, touching, and indeed symbolical. On the minister holding out his hand, she put hers into her bosom, and drawing out thence a small crystal vial, warm from her heart, she unstopped it, and poured the water from it into his hand, which, naming the child and baptising it in the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, he poured on its face; and it flashed on me, as I, wondering, saw that new and striking custom—the custom of the Valleys—that it might be regarded as a symbol of the Holy Spirit poured by the hand and drawn from the loving bosom of our

From a pencil drawing by Professor Hubert von Herkomer, R.A.

MRS. GUTHRIE IN 1885

blessed Lord and heavenly Father on His redeemed ones."

On this tour a large party of a round dozen was made up, in which Miss Miller, a daughter of Hugh Miller, and Miss Flyter, vivacious and active, were included — through France to Italy, Turin, Florence, Venice, then into the Waldensian country and back by Switzerland. At Florence Dr. Guthrie tells that he made a pilgrimage to the memorials of Savonarola, and stood on the spot "where he was burned, going from that to visit the Monastery of San Marco, of which he was the Prior. There we saw the garments of office which he wore as Prior and donned at the stake as a martyr. He was a reformer before the Reformation. We were in his cell, where they show, carefully preserved under a glass case, the MSS. of some of the celebrated sermons he preached, flinging them like blazing torches among the crowds that hung on his lips. . . . Now Florence honours him whom in other ages her tyrants put to a cruel death."

DR. GUTHRIE AND HIS FIRST GRANDCHILD
ARCHIBALD WILLIAMSON (BALFOUR, WILLIAMSON & CO., LIVERPOOL), 1860

XI

He had a serious illness in the end of 1872, from which he seemed to rally. But appearances were deceptive: he fell back again, and it was found advisable to try a milder climate. On January 31, 1873, he was conveyed to St. Leonards, near Hastings, where he lingered till Sabbath, February 23, bearing his sufferings with unspeakable patience and cheerfulness, sometimes even indulging in gentle humour. It comforted him on his last day to be reminded that prayers were about to be offered in many churches on his behalf. Lying quietly in the course of the afternoon, he was heard to say, "A brand plucked from the burning." He passed away quietly as a child.

His body was taken back to Edinburgh, and he was buried in the Grange Cemetery, where lie many of his friends. It was a vast, varied, and imposing procession — some thirty thousand persons being present — that followed him to the grave, on a sharp, clear day, when winter yet had hold on spring. Conspicuous in it were the Ragged School children, who sang, with touching effect, "There is a happy Land" by the open grave. I can recall that day as clearly as though it were yesterday, for I was there, and walked by the side of the Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Camberwell

DR. GUTHRIE, HIS DOG "NOAH," AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN
THOMAS AND LAURENCE A. GUTHRIE, KATE GUTHRIE (MRS. CARPHIN), ANNA GUTHRIE (MRS. LENDRUM), AND ANNETTE GUTHRIE (MRS. WILSON), 1872

XII

I had the privilege of meeting frequently with Dr. Guthrie, in his later years more especially. He was even then young at heart, and it was astonishing how he would lighten up, and, as it were, throw his whole being into a story or an anecdote, and always with some high end in view, even in what seemed lightest and most humorous. If ever a man felt that humour was a gift that could be consecrated, it was Dr. Guthrie.

He had produced a wonderful impression on his own generation, and could hardly help being alive to the fact, making it felt, but never in any hard, haughty, or repellant manner. He was too broad, too human for that. His glow of satisfaction in efforts put forth, and in work achieved, was touched always with the finest sympathy. He was quick to feel; tears and laughter alike lay near him. In this combination he was perhaps unique; on occasions he would completely unbend and become like a little child. Indeed, his fun and humour, his anecdote and reminiscence, even then sparkled and gleamed borealis-like. He could abandon himself wholly to innocent delight—youthful among the young—and his laugh was very full and hearty. He had the happy art of gently putting aside the unpleasant or unwelcome. In his glowing anecdotic mood his tall figure bent and swayed in a characteristic way, and his long hair would fall slightly forward as he bent towards you, laughing. He delighted to turn off a difficulty or to get rid of a knotty point by a bit of humour, and he never failed for racy anecdote or story; but they always bore a good tone, however homely, and had an earnest air under their fun.

His pathos was equally effective and infectious, and the wonderfully sudden transitions, which were managed without any sense of contradiction or inconsistency, surprised you. Yet there was no conscious art in them, only nature. He indulged in none of the delicacies of high-spiced refinements of the intellectual epicure—they were wholly foreign to him. He worked on the common fibre of the heart, in the full light of common human experience, and had a gift peculiarly his own of lifting these up into a higher atmosphere, into a finer light of holy emotion and association. He was in this not unlike his own namesake William Guthrie, author of the "Christian's Saving Interest," of whom it is told that on one occasion he had been entertaining a company with stories and

humorous anecdotes, and being asked just afterwards to engage in prayer, he poured out his heart with such fervour that all were much moved. When they rose from their knees, a Mr. Durham, of Glasgow, took him by the hand, and said, "Willie, you are a happy man; if I had laughed as much as you did a little while ago, I could not have prayed at all for four-and-twenty hours." Dr. Thomas Guthrie, too, in the sense Durham meant, was a happy man.

And in all this he was much helped by a most mobile countenance, and by a voice which seemed to have in it all tones—from that of the rushing Boreas to the soft, soothing whispers with which a mother lulls her child to sleep. No touch of pity or of gladness was lost upon him; yet he had complete self-control, a sweet and ready adaptability to the feelings and susceptibilities of others. In the latest days of his life, when he suffered a good deal, I saw him in Edinburgh, just before he proceeded to St. Leonards, and his calm patience and sweet reasonableness were beyond expression beautiful to behold.

One can well understand the feeling out of which the late Mr. Gladstone wrote, in January, 1897, when answering a communication from the *Youth* Committee of the Free Presbytery of Glasgow respecting the Little Life of Dr. Guthrie, by his son Charles:

"My personal intercourse with Dr. Guthrie made and left a deep impression upon me; and to resemble Dr. Guthrie is enough, under any circumstances, to secure a warm homage from me. I saw in him an assemblage of all the virtues and graces which adorn the Christian. If he had any faults, I wanted either time or discernment to detect them. He and Dr. Chalmers were the two noblest specimens of Presbyterianism that I ever was so happy as to fall in with; and they were, indeed, men whom any scheme or system on earth might rejoice to own for children."

I remember well how a very different type of man, and not given to sentimental admirations—Archibald Forbes—came to me with sad looks on hearing the news of his death; and when the Memoir came, he looked out for it, and reviewed it in the *Daily News*. "He was a brave soldier too," said Archibald.

Great alike as a preacher, a pastor, a platform speaker, a philanthropist, an educational reformer, and an ecclesiastical statesman, though he would never have claimed that title, his name is one of the most revered of the nineteenth century. His work will live, and remain a noble incitement; and even when his preaching has become but a tradition, ragged schools will witness for him; and the battles he fought for them will be fitly recalled to mind as new fighters arise to battle with new enemies on their behalf—for "the poor (and the ragged) ye have always with you."

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

One of a series of pictures drawn by Sir John Millais, P.R.A., for Dr. Guthrie's articles in *Good Words* on Our Lord's Parables

Dr. Guthrie as a Preacher

To sum up the qualities of Dr. Guthrie as a preacher is not easy, simple and artless as his methods appeared. Here, as in many other things, art and nature were strangely mixed in securing a grand result. But, first, I would put his quick sympathies; second, his strong imagination; third, his simplicity; and, fourth, his voice and expression and gesture.

I. *Sympathy.*—Every phase of human nature, in joy and sorrow, in love and hate, found ready echo in him. He was responsive to every sound, but more; he reserved it, treasured it, to give it forth again with new accompaniment, with new tone and suggestion. Speaking at Liverpool in 1863, on behalf of the Lancashire Relief Fund, he said:

"When thunder, following the dazzling flash, has burst among our hills, when the horn of the Switzer has rung in his glorious valleys, when the boatman has shouted from the bosom of the rock-girt loch, wonderful were the echoes I have heard them make; but there is no echo so fine or wonderful as that which, in the sympathy of human hearts, repeats the cry of another's sorrow, and makes me feel his pain almost as if it were my own." So too with human joy, with human pleasure. He was no anchorite, no monk-souled man, grudgful of others' delights. No, he saw that innocent joy as infallibly calls forth as clear and compelling an echo as the other; and so his wide, healthy sympathies kept him healthy, hearty, affecting.

And not only human nature, nature itself, with its many voices, was faithfully and constantly waited on also, closely listened to, and the two were harmonised in his personality, to produce the most wonderful effects. Calm or storm, the winter with its frost and snows, the summer with birds' songs and sunshine, the trees budding or struck by lightning and laid low, a mass of wood and leaves, it was all the same—they were images of human life. Nature was, in his mind, not foreign to man, but illustrative. He learned the secrets of the sea at Arbirlot, the secrets of the mountains in Glenesk and Lochlee; both had witness in his preaching, and both he skilfully made tributary to the broadest and the finest effects. He loved the open air, the far-stretching panorama of life unfolded in vast areas, as well as the more minute revelations of nature's wonder. He was always open-eyed and listening; and so, by fine sympathy alike with nature and human nature, he found the key to unlock human hearts. Here truly he was a poet, though he did not write in verse: there was measure, rhythm, and cadence in his speech. As we have seen, he tells himself, unconsciously, how much he was poet—how he found for success he must give play to the dramatic element, as we might call it. He showed

the people at Arbirlot, first, how he "was seeking to live for them, not for himself"; and as a result of it, he was led more and more to cultivate the power of throwing himself into the characters he was depicting, thereby feeling the emotions and expressing them in language, looks, and tones such as they themselves would have used. Thus we have sympathy, first, outwards to his people; secondly, inwards, on subjects and characters studied—a double sympathy, to become finely one, in the act of preaching.

II. *Imagination.*—Put yourself in his place, that is the root of it—see for him, feel for him, make excuses for him, show him the better way. You may draw where you cannot drive. Dr. Guthrie was fain always to draw, and not to drive. He showed, by his sanctified imagination, the best that was in those he addressed. If you read such a volume as that titled "Gems of Illustration from Dr. Guthrie," by an American clergyman, you will at once see what is meant. He is always thinking of others, not of himself. "Vicarious thinking," has been said by a wise man to be the foundation of all true art and all true creation. Dr. Guthrie, without any self-conscious straining after it, made it effective in his preaching, and so raised his preaching to the level of art. He was constantly painting pictures, in which he conveyed much of himself, but all to impress on others what they might be; he threw himself forward upon them to show to them, as in a glass, a finer image of themselves. Christianity, as he regarded it, was the medium that so transfigured humanity and presented it to itself as it might be. On one occasion, when he had paid a visit to the studio of a well-known painter, he had ventured to offer some criticisms or suggestions, which it is rather to be feared went home, since the artist was a little restive under them, saying, "Dr. Guthrie, remember you are not a painter." To this he replied, "I beg your pardon, I *am* a painter, though I paint in words and not with colours." And not only was he a painter: all his work was conceived in the finest spirit of imagination—a free going out of self to meet and to welcome and entertain others heartily, the sense of one brotherhood as of one fatherhood supreme. See how it comes to practical illustration in passages like this—his avowal of solidarity, of the fact that the one gain of life is the loss of the selfish instincts: "I would not be the man that could revel in luxuries when others had not the necessaries of life! I would not be the man that had a heart no larger than his coffin, just big enough to contain himself! He may go to what Church he likes, be an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, or an Independent, but such a man is ripening for perdition as fast as ever he can. He is no Christian, for he has not the mind of Christ." There is the finest combination of sympathy and imagination, crowned by the personal confession, fortified by the daily experience and conduct.

THE PIPERS OF DR. GUTHRIE'S INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, LIBERTON

III. *Simplicity.*—He used the simplest Saxon words. He used no word that any one in his audience might be doubtful about—nothing obscure to perplex or confuse or divert the mind from the main point. The simplicity he aimed at was the child of his sympathy and imagination. He realised the ignorance, lack of cultivation, the backward drift of prejudice, of sin and vice; and lo! in speaking, with full force and conviction to that, he spoke to the most cultured, refined, and critical, with fullest effect also. We have seen how at Arbirlot he devoted hours to revising his sermons, cutting out dry bits, giving point to dull ones, making clear any obscurity, and the narrative parts more graphic. Sympathy and imagination were here, too, at work; for to detect such defects belong to them. The man without sympathy and imagination cannot detect them, and so he remains dry and dull.

IV. *Voice, Expression, and Gesture.*—His voice was naturally of great compass—full range; but it too had been cultivated, and his habit of committing to memory his sermons, as though he were actually delivering them in the pulpit, was much in favour of this. His expression was as free, plastic, and varied as the voice, and went finely in accord with it; his gesture was in no way *outré*—natural, free, and unforced.

Dr. Hanna, his colleague in Free St. John's for several years, has said: "No readier speaker ever stepped upon a platform; but such was his deep sense of the sacredness of the pulpit, and the importance of weighing well every word that should proceed from it, that he never trusted to a passing impulse to mould even a single phrase. Yet in his manuscript there were often phrases, sentences, illustrations, that one on hearing them could scarcely believe to have been other than the suggestion of the moment, linking themselves, as apparently they did, with something that was immediately before the speaker's eye. The explanation of this lay in the power (possessed in any considerable degree by few, possessed by him in perfect measure) of writing as if a large audience were around him; writing as if speaking, realising the presence of a crowd before him, and having that presence as a continual stimulus to thought and constant moulder of expression. The difference in fact that there almost invariably is between a written and a spoken address was, by his vivid imagination and quick sympathies, reduced to a minimum, if not wholly

obliterated. Herein lay one secret of his great power as a preacher."

But he was in no sense a dull follower of his own draft. Even in the pulpit he improved. Not being the least dependent on the paper left him free—he could condense, sharpen, and introduce figure and illustration often on the spot. These, he says, were always effective. "If you do not read," he writes to a young minister, "you are more free to avail yourself of those thoughts and varieties (improvements in expressing even what is prepared) which the animation and heat of the pulpit naturally give. When the soul is excited, thoughts and even language acquire a fire and brilliancy which they have not in the calmness of the study."

Here is a little note in reminiscences of preachers heard in Edinburgh when I was a young man:

"The first in genius, and in power and attraction was Dr. Thomas Guthrie, at Free St. John's, where, when he preached, there was always fresh, vivid impression. What a master he was! No aim at *thinking* or ambitious show of learning, no self-conscious attempt at fine effects; yet what a grip he had of the common heart and sentiment! He could draw such pictures of a house on fire; a life-boat being launched and started out to the aid of a foundering vessel—seas like mountains rolling over her, her masts broken, her shrouds in shreds, the crew in the rigging; a railway accident, or an incident in a great battle,—such as you could never forget. He was a powerful painter in words, and we never tired of listening to him—G. P. Chalmers (later R.S.A) and I, most frequently standing all the time in one of the passages."

I can see him, in imagination, even now as I write, his tall figure swaying and bending, as with pent-up emotion, in a kind of cadence or rhythmical sweep peculiarly his own, such as I have not seen in any other preacher. Iron-grey hair, later white, waving round his neck, as now he would throw it back, as he rose to the more impassioned turns of his discourse, dropping his eye-glasses on their chain as he did so in a way most characteristic, and retiring just half a step in the pulpit. To those who had oft listened to him, this was a signal—a prelude to a great passage, a revelation of the power of the man; his countenance delicate, keen, expressive, eager, but full of gentle suggestion, changing with every change of thought that his theme presented; and always these bold pictures direct from life and nature—of shipwreck or war, or the sad parting of friends, or the glad return of long-lost travellers, of tempest and the life-boat, of fire in the city and the firemen to the rescue—always finely illustrative of moral or spiritual truths, with touches unexpected, tender, pathetic, poetic, that took the heart and held it. There was much of poetry in it, but poetry that needed no interpreter and brooked no commentary.

> The world is full of wondrous likenesses;
> The poet's business is to sort them out,

sang Bailey in the "Festus." Dr. Guthrie was in the true sense a poet in the pulpit—finding unexpected likenesses, sorting them out, and making them all tell for true edification. His broad touches were never coarse; a peculiar manly fineness and tenderness showed itself throughout and silenced captious critics. He brought the open air of life and nature with him into the pulpit; he dramatised the dry and too logical theology of the Westminster Confession before the crowd and humanised it. One realised then how true was Professor Blackie's description of him when he called him "the Homer of Preachers."

Here, taken almost at random, are three specimens of his illustrative imagery:—

"I have seen the characters of the writing remain on paper that the flames had turned into a film of buoyant coal; I have seen the thread that had passed through the fire retain, in its cold grey ashes, the twist which it had got in spinning; I have found every shivered splinter of the flint as hard as the unbroken stone; and let trials come, in Providence, sharp as the fire and ponderous as the crushing hammer, unless God send with these something else than these, bruised, broken, bleeding as the heart may be, it remains the same."

"While silver resists the influences that tarnish the baser metals, gold is absolutely indestructible, resisting the action of fire itself. Expose water to fire, and it dissolves in vapour; wood, and it vanishes in smoke and flame, leaving but grey ashes behind; iron, and it is converted into rust; but fire may play on gold for a thousand years without depriving it of a degree of its lustre or an atom of its weight. Beautiful emblem of the saints of God, gold cannot perish—their trials, like the action of fire on this precious metal, but purifying what they cannot destroy."

"The lie, the foul and false insinuation which bad men use to destroy the reputation of the good, is like mud—while it is wet, it sticks; but drying, it falls off of itself."

The Blindness of Madge Tyndall

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

CHAPTER XV

FACE TO FACE

> Her angel's face,
> As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
> And made a sunshine in the shady place.
>
> SPENCER.

THE next two days Frank Studley spent in searching hotel registers. Then he discovered that he was running short of money. The amount his San Francisco friend had advanced him was exhausted, with the exception of a sovereign and a few shillings. He would have preferred not interviewing his steward until after he had found Madge, if that had been possible, but since his money was done, he had no choice in the matter. So on Thursday morning, with a very disconsolate look on his handsome face, he took train for Reedley, much wondering what kind of reception Mr. West would give him.

It was a lovely day in August. On all hands harvest operations were in full swing. The air was still and drowsy, and heavy with the breath of the fields. Frank sighed wearily as the train bore him on, past pleasant homesteads, through yellow cornfields, across green and shaded valleys, and underneath overhanging forests. He was going home, and yet the word was almost meaningless to him. The poorest cottager in this respect was richer than he. He had no home. He was the owner of Reedley Hall, with its ten thousand acres of wood and pasturage; but ownership did not make home. No one would be there to give him welcome; no one cared whether he came or stayed; perhaps his servants preferred his absence to his presence. Ah! he had hoped, when next he visited Reedley, to bring Madge with him. With her sweet presence the great house would be home indeed. Without her it was only a prison.

"I will not go up to the Hall," he said to himself, knitting his brows. "Why should I? The sooner I can get back again to London the better. I shall never rest till I have seen Madge, and heard my fate from her own lips. No; I will drive straight to West's office. Won't the old man be surprised! Oh! he has a tell-tale face; I shall know in a moment if he has had any hand in this business."

It was just on the stroke of twelve when Frank stood before the door of Mr. West's private office. The clerks downstairs wanted to come up before him and inform Mr. West of his arrival; but Frank would not permit them.

"You stay where you are," he said; "I know my way." And he ran quickly up the stairs, paused for a moment to recover his breath, and then gave the door a gentle knock.

"Come in!" was the quick response.

And turning the door handle, he quietly entered. Mr. West was busy writing, and did not look up for a moment. When however, he raised his head and looked at his visitor, he started to his feet as though he had been shot. The next moment the tears filled his eyes—hard-headed lawyer that he was—and grasping Frank's hand, he exclaimed, "The Lord be praised! I was afraid, my lad, some evil had befallen you. You have been silent such a long time."

"I have been silent a long time," Frank answered huskily. "But it has not been altogether my fault."

"Well, well, I'm glad to see you home again, I am indeed. Now I trust you have come to stay."

Frank looked into the old man's clear, honest eyes, and felt inclined to take him into his confidence and tell him everything, and ask his forgiveness at the same time for having harboured a wrong thought of him.

Time, however, was too pressing. He was eager to be back in London again. There could be no coming to Reedley to stay until he had found Madge and exposed the villainy that had wrought him so much pain.

"No, Mr. West, I haven't come to stay just yet," Frank answered at length. "I have a few things more to do first."

"More Quixotic enterprises, eh? Now, my lad, do be careful."

"Oh! you needn't fear," was the laughing answer. "Meanwhile, can I have a little cash to be going on with? I haven't drawn any lately, you know."

"CAN YOU FORGIVE ME, FRANK?" SHE SOBBED AT LENGTH. IN A MOMENT HE WAS BY HER SIDE

"Yes, I know. I've been wondering how you've kept yourself, and here's the money piling up faster than I know how to invest it."

"Oh! that's a satisfaction. I'll make it spin when I come back to the Hall for good."

The old man smiled good-humouredly. "You're not of the spending sort," he said. "We'd better talk about a good investment. The Lindley estate is in the market, and has been for some months. It joins Reedley, you know. I've wanted to buy it for you badly, and so have been on pins and needles for your return. There's a fellow in London—a company promoter, bank director, building society organiser, and I know not what else—who wants it badly. But Sir Ralph Pennington promised

me he would keep it open till the first of September, so that if you returned before then you might have the first refusal of it. What do you say?"

"Have I sufficient money at my disposal?"

"Ay, and a lot to spare."

"Then let's buy it. I'd rather trust to your judgment a thousand times in such matters than to my own."

"I'm sure you'll not regret the purchase, sir; and, by-the-bye, you'll have two livings in your gift, one of which has just come vacant."

"Oh, well, we'll easily get over that difficulty. There's always a poor curate——" Then he stopped suddenly, for his thoughts flew back in a moment to Mr. Tyndall.

"Lindley Major is worth nearly a thousand a year, so that it is a prize for some one," said Mr. West.

"To a poor curate it would seem like Paradise, eh?"

"It would, indeed." And then followed an hour's talk on business matters generally.

Frank journeyed back to London in the cool of the evening, and was, on the whole, in a more complacent mood than in the morning. His doubts respecting Mr. West had been set at rest. To that extent the mystery had been narrowed. He believed he knew now the name of his enemy; but how to bring the charge home to him was a problem he could not yet solve.

The next day he continued his search for Madge, after setting a detective to watch the movements of Mr. Sleeman.

"He will certainly know where the Tyndalls are staying," he reflected, "and by watching his movements I'm certain to find them sooner or later."

But Mr. Sleeman made such free use of hansoms that the detective was completely outwitted. And so Saturday came, and Frank was almost in despair. The suspense was becoming intolerable. The fear that he might be too late to prevent the marriage was growing into an agony.

After lunch he went out into the park, and sitting down in the sunshine, tried to forget his misery in watching the gay throng of carriages driving past. But forgetfulness was not so easy. His anxiety was too deep to be put aside. To come home after nearly ten months of enforced absence and find that his bird had flown was the bitterest drop of all. The suspense of the last few days seemed more intolerable than all the rest.

Strangely enough, during all the long months of his absence he had scarcely thought of the possibility of Madge getting married. That she might at first refuse to believe his story he had regarded as probable enough, but he did not despair of getting sufficient evidence to convince her and every one else in the long run of its truth. If he could once get back to Bexmouth and follow up his clue, he had fancied the result would be certain. How terribly his calculations had been upset! He was foiled at every step. The conspiracy of evil encompassed him still. The plot to keep him and Madge apart had ramifications he had not dreamed of. How did he know even now that his movements were not watched? He was in London alone; what was to hinder his enemy from kidnapping him a second time? He was so friendless that his absence would scarcely excite a suspicion. Other men could not disappear without being missed—with him it was different. His enemy might lock him up for a year and no one be the wiser.

He pulled his hat over his eyes and shifted uneasily in his seat as these thoughts passed through his mind. He might be running a grave risk in remaining in London unprotected. His enemy was unscrupulous, that was clear enough; it was also evident that money with him was no object.

"I will wire to West," he reflected, "and ask him to come up and keep me company for a few days. But stop, will my enemy have any suspicion that I am in England? Would Spring advise him that I had escaped? Not at first, very likely; for he knew I had no money, and would hope to recapture me. But finding I completely foiled him, he would probably wire to his employer. Hence my presence may be suspected. Still, no one but Fred Lorrimer has seen me, and he will keep the matter dark. No, I think I am safe enough yet."

And he raised his hat again, and began to take an interest in the endless line of carriages rolling slowly past. Suddenly he started to his feet, with a little cry upon his lips. There was Madge looking straight at him, beautiful as ever, only paler than when he saw her last. The carriage in which she sat was rolling onward like the rest; but she leaned over the side, and still looked at him, sadly, pityingly, he thought. He raised his hat and tried to smile, and ran a little way after the carriage. He thought she smiled at him faintly, but he could not be sure; and then the crowd of carriages and people swallowed them up, and he found himself once more alone.

Staggering to the nearest seat—for his legs trembled so that he could hardly stand—he sat down and tried to think.

"She will be round this way again directly," he reflected. "I will wait here till she comes, and then I will speak to her."

For nearly two hours he sat in a fever of impatience, till hope gave way to despair, then he slowly rose to his feet and made his way out of the park. His first glimpse of Madge had brought with it very little comfort. He was not sure that she had condescended to recognise him. Perhaps she believed him to be all that his enemies tried to represent him. Still, he was not disheartened; he would be able to prove his story yet. His great fear was lest Madge should marry Sleeman before he could get his proofs together.

He spent the evening in going from one place of entertainment to another, in the hope that he might catch another glimpse of her; but in that he was disappointed.

On the following morning, directly breakfast was over, he hurried away to the park again, and secured the very seat he had occupied on the previous afternoon. He felt that his quest contained but the faintest promise of success, that the chances were a hundred to one that Madge would not come near the place.

Still, even the off-chance was not to be thrown away. He was certain of one fact. Whatever might be her present feelings, she loved him once; and it might be for the sake of the past, or from a sense of fair play, or, if for no other reason, from a natural curiosity, she might desire to hear an explanation of his conduct from his own lips. Hence there was the bare possibility that she might return to the spot where they had seen each other.

It was a warm, dreamy morning. A thin haze overhung the park, obscuring its distant reaches, and imparting an air of mystery to everything a few hundred yards away. The sound of church bells came muffled and indistinct. The noise of traffic slept. It would wake again all too soon; but, for the moment, the roaring city might have been a hundred miles away.

Picking a daisy from the sward, Frank began plucking its tiny leaves, one by one, to while away the time, and saying as he did so, "She will come—she will not." So round the rim of the daisy his fingers travelled, till only two tiny leaves remained. "She will come," and the first of them went. "She will not," and the last leaf fluttered to the ground. Then, with a sigh, he threw away the stem, and glanced around him.

There was no one near; the part of the park in which he sat was completely deserted.

"She will not come," he said to himself, half aloud. "She does not believe in me."

A minute later his attention was drawn to a girlish figure coming slowly along the drive towards him.

"It's Madge!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet. Then with a sigh, "No, no; I'm mistaken."

"But I'm not mistaken." And he started to meet her.

A minute later all uncertainty was at an end. They stood face to face.

CHAPTER XVI

FRIEND AND FOE

> Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say aye;
> And I wilt take thy word.
>
> SHAKESPEARE.

MADGE was the first to speak. She was pale to the lips, but calm and self-possessed.

"Do not come any nearer," she said, in a voice strangely hard and unnatural. "I concluded if you wished to speak to me you would be here again to-day, and I have no desire to condemn you unheard."

"I ask no favour, but that you will listen to me," he said coldly, for her manner, as well as her words, struck a chill through his heart.

The colour came to her cheeks in a moment, and she moved to a seat and sat down. He followed her slowly, and stood at the end of the chair. She lifted her eyes to his, but did not

speak. Her self-possession was rapidly leaving her. His eyes were so calm and fearless. His face was not that of a guilty man.

"You are justified in keeping me at a distance, Madge," he said calmly. "I know the poison that has been poured into your ears, the lies that have been circulated about me."

"How do you know?" she asked quickly.

"Fred Lorrimer told me," he answered.

"And does Fred believe in you?"

"That question he must answer for himself."

"When did you see him?"

"Last Monday. As soon as I escaped, I went straight to Bexmouth, and, finding you had flown, I sought Fred."

"As soon as you escaped?" she questioned.

"That is my story. I am afraid it will seem incredible to you; and, unfortunately, I have only my bare word to offer."

"Let me hear your story," she said quietly, "and then I shall know how to judge."

She did not speak during its recital, but every now and then she caught her breath as though something stabbed her.

When he had finished, he looked at her in silence, but she was too agitated to speak. With a woman's quick intuition she rushed to the truth in a moment. The motive that had been hidden from him so long was clear to her as noonday.

"You do not believe my word," he said to her after a long pause.

She lifted her eyes to his and tried to speak, then burst into tears.

He made no attempt to go to her. He kept his position at the end of the seat.

"Can you forgive me, Frank?" she sobbed at length.

In a moment he was by her side. "My darling, do you love me still?"

"Oh! Frank, my heart has broken for you. But why did I ever doubt you?"

"The case against me was so strong, sweetheart—is so strong still."

"No, no," she said. "The villainy of that man is so clear. Oh, how blind I have been—how blind we have all been! Why did we not guess at the truth sooner? And to think I have promised to marry him! Oh! Frank, how shall I ever look you in the face again?"

"You were coerced into it, darling. He promised your father impossible things, and, heroic soul that you are, believing that I was lost to you, you were prepared to sacrifice yourself for others. Thank God, I have arrived in time to save you!"

"But what will become of father?" she said, with a wail. "He has been promised the living of Lindley Major if I married Mr. Sleeman. It was for his sake I consented, and he has built so much upon it. Oh, it will nearly break his heart!"

"It will be a great blow to him, no doubt," Frank answered, "though it may be somewhat mitigated when he knows that the living of Lindley Major was never Mr. Sleeman's to offer, and that the promise was not worth the paper on which it was written."

"Are you sure of that?" she asked.

"Absolutely certain, Madge."

"Oh, dear!" she sighed. "I have resented father calling me blind, but I have been blinder than even he thought."

"Sleeman is a cunning man," Frank said, "and not easily thwarted. And he had made up his mind to win you by fair means if possible, no doubt; but if not, by foul."

"Oh, what a deliverance!" she sighed. "And father believed him to be such a saint."

"And you believe in me, Madge?" he asked, looking at her earnestly.

"Absolutely," she answered, lifting her swimming eyes to his.

"And you will let the marriage be soon?"

"As soon as you wish."

What followed during the next half-hour has not to be recorded. But when they walked away together all shadow of restraint had passed from between them, and in their eyes glowed the light of absolute confidence and perfect love.

They did not heed a dark and sinister face that peeped from behind a bank of foliage as they turned toward the city, nor did they hear the curses, deep and bitter, that followed them.

John Sleeman had been considerably troubled the day before at Madge's sudden illness, and at her persistent refusal to see him again. Naturally he was suspicious. The long telegram he had received a fortnight before acquainted him with the fact that Frank Studley had escaped. It was for that reason he had been so eager to get the Tyndalls to London, and so anxious to have the marriage performed by licence at the earliest possible date. He knew that Frank was practically penniless. But that, in his eyes, was a small matter. Being an adept himself in the art of raising money, he saw but little difficulty in the way of other people doing the same. Hence his rival might appear upon the scene at any moment.

To get the marriage over at once was, therefore, his chief anxiety. Only let the knot be tied, and he would risk all the rest. He had set his heart on marrying Madge. He fancied that he would care for no woman whom he could win easily. Madge's very dislike of him made him all the more determined to possess her. He enjoyed the excitement of performing a difficult feat; he was rarely impatient, always calm, and exceedingly fruitful in resource. He had no conscience, but that was atoned for in a large development of caution and cunning. He had enjoyed the excitement of getting rid of Frank Studley. He had planned the whole manœuvre himself, and had planned it so carefully that he believed it would be next to impossible to trace his hand in the affair. There were only two people who knew of his share in the transaction—a man by the name of Quipp, a lawyer by profession, but who had been struck off the rolls, and Jacob Wherry. And both these men were so completely under his thumb that he anticipated no danger from them.

There were, however, two other factors which entered into his desire to marry Madge Tyndall which ought to be mentioned. The first was that, after his own fashion, he loved her; the second was that a crusty old millionaire, who visited Bexmouth every year for his health, and to whom Madge had been very kind on one or two occasions, had told Sleeman in confidence that he intended to leave her all his money, partly out of gratitude, and partly to spite his relatives, who for ten years, at the least, had been very devoutly praying for his death.

It is not improbable that this last fact was the determining factor in John Sleeman's conduct, particularly as the old Crœsus was bordering on ninety, and could not be expected to last much longer. But, whatever may have been the reason, or reasons, to marry Madge Tyndall had been for several years John Sleeman's chief ambition. He had succeeded in most other things, and he was determined, by fair means or foul, to succeed in this.

Madge's sudden agitation and illness, as they were driving in the park, naturally set him thinking. And when he called at Baker Street on Sunday morning, and found that Madge had gone out alone, he jumped at once to the conclusion that she had seen her old lover on the previous day, and had now gone to meet him.

He remained with the Tyndalls till nearly eleven, and then excused himself on the plea that he would go to his own church, which was a considerable distance away.

"I never like missing my devotions under any circumstances," he said, with a smile, and then withdrew.

His devotions that morning, however, were of a somewhat peculiar kind. Hailing a cab, he drove at once to the park gates, and then made for the neighbourhood where Madge had been taken ill the previous day. His worst fears were very quickly realised. Sitting side by side were Madge and Dr. Studley, engaged in what appeared to be a very pleasant and animated conversation.

"By heaven! they've made it up!" he muttered to himself. And he stole quietly round to the back, and hid himself behind a clump of evergreens. He heard only snatches of the conversation, but quite sufficient to convince him that without some master-stroke on his part his game was up.

When Frank and Madge at length walked away together, John Sleeman moved off in the opposite direction, muttering anathemas as he went. He was not, however, by any means in despair. He had been used to difficulties all his life and rather enjoyed them. For years past he had been—in more senses than one—walking on the edge of a precipice, and on the

whole he liked the sensation. Life without excitement and a sense of risk would be a humdrum affair indeed.

"So, my pretty maid, you are like all the rest of the women, are you?" he muttered to himself—"a simple, gullible fool, who will believe any story, however absurd, if told by the man you love. By gad, I got that fellow painted black enough to disgust any woman. I didn't think, even if he turned up, that you would have taken him to your heart right off, after this fashion. Good Lord! what creatures women are! However, I'll give him another coat of paint before the day is out, and considerably diminish the sphere of his operations." And he laughed to himself cynically. Then he hailed a cab, and gave a number in what was then Euston Square.

"Quipp will be able to manage the matter beautifully," he muttered to himself, as he lay back and closed his eyes. "He's good at most things, is Quipp, and knows more about law than the Solicitor-General himself. By gad, I'll blanch his handsome face for him, and if he ever sees his friends again it shall be more by good luck than good management. He'll regret before the day is out that he ever showed his face in London. Poor fool! he thinks he's happy now, but he'll laugh with tears in his eyes before the day is out." And a malignant smile played round the corners of his mouth.

After a while he leaned forward and, resting his elbows on his knees, began to whistle. Then he began to smile, then to mutter to himself.

"My plan will work out splendidly," he said, and he sat up and rubbed his hands complacently. "Walls have ears, have they? Well, these walls have no ears, at any rate. Return won't be so easy next time. Young man, you are a born fool, and you will know it before midnight."

Then the cab pulled up before the number given. Sleeman got out quickly, paid the cabman a fare and half, ran nimbly up the steps, and gave the bell a vigorous pull.

(To be continued)

The Home Department

Result of Open Letter Competition

THIS has been one of the most interesting of all our competitions, and a number of the letters sent in have been quite excellent. Lord Rosebery, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, and the Rev. R. J. Campbell had the largest number addressed to them, while others were to the Prime Minister, our Editor, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, etc.

The first prize has been awarded to—

THE REV. S. CHESHIRE,
4, Market Square,
Stony Stratford, Bucks,

for the following:

TO REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A.

You have won me by your obedience to the heavenly vision. The Holy Spirit wooest men through your store of knowledge and manifold experience. God be thanked!

If I may, I would help you to see yourself as some others see you.

After your sermons intelligent hearers have said they have been "lost in the clouds." You often fail to make bridges for less nimble minds than your own to pass from height to height of truth. Illustrations appear before the mind has been made ready for them. We thus miss the cohesion of thought by which a discourse becomes a permanent addition to knowledge.

Pardon the suggestion: take time to prepare. Less services may secure more service. Listen not to secretaries who would capture you for collections. Train God's people to sacrifice; no other way lies purity and fulness of Godliness.

Faithfully yours,
S. C.

The second prize is awarded to—

MRS. KNIGHT,
The Old Rectory,
Rushden, R.S.O., Northants,

for the following:

DEAR MR. O'CONNOR,

Anstice is as rentless as—adamant! My tether is a rope of one hundred and fifty words, or I would more fitly express, in a coil of as many pages, my appreciation of your splendid sermon upon gambling [in *M.A.P.*, May 23].

I thank you for censuring so strongly the folly and vulgarity of losing and winning money at cards. Every woman should read your denunciations, and discourage gambling in her own house.

I know the pinnacle upon which you chivalrously place our sex, whose "emancipation" should consist of healthy liberty, and not in vulgar licence. We say that "Bridge is dangerously fascinating": if this craze filters down to women of the middle classes our nation will suffer.

Your name is a household word; you are read in places where sermons never enter; and as modern sins need a modern apostle, preach on, brave Crusader!

Yours sincerely,
M. E. K.

Next in order of merit come Mr. P. C. Crump, Mr. H. J. Chambers, Mrs. E. Anderson, Mr. E. S. Kick, Mr. A. Stallan.

I am sure my readers would like to read many of the letters sent in, but want of space prevents my quoting more.

New Competition

Next month two prizes will be given for the two best and most original short stories. They may be of any style, they must be original, and not more than two hundred words in length. One might almost call them "etchings" in words. Each competitor may send in only one "etching."

The first prize offered will be four volumes of the uniform edition of Ian Maclaren's popular works. The second prize will be a copy of that most interesting book "The Household of Faith," by G. W. E. Russell.

The name and address of each competitor must be on each competition paper, and whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Competitors must please write on one side of the paper only. All contributions must reach me on or before July 1. Address to "Anstice," THE BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Notice

THE BRITISH MONTHLY is published on the 20th of the month preceding that it is dated. The July number will be ready on June 20. Competitors will therefore have time to prepare their papers by the 1st.

Pretty Summer Things

One of the prettiest and most useful additions to a summer toilette is the shoulder cape, as it is called this year—the pelerine of last summer. Shoulder cape is certainly the more descriptive term now, for this season it really is a cape, the frills coming well over the shoulders, the edge of the lower one as a rule being made to reach the elbows.

A Pretty Present

These capes are quite simple to make, and not costly; in fact, one can be made at home for about half the cost of a ready-made one. Paper patterns can be procured through "Myra," or any of the reliable fashion papers.

The capes can be made in black or white spotted net (one takes about four and a half yards of double-width net), and are prettier if finished with a row or two of the narrowest ribbon velvet. The black ones are particularly useful to those who are in mourning, and to elderly ladies; they make a plain gown look dressy, and give an air of finish and style to every wearer, particularly when made with stole ends.

Capes in Silk

In the thinnest of silk, or in silk muslin, these pelerine capes can be made most successfully, and they are so very dainty and picturesque. The silk ones are, of course, more useful and substantial, but nothing looks so dainty as the silk muslin.

A Charming Gown

It would be difficult to imagine anything more charming and picturesque for a summer gown than one of silk muslin—or ordinary muslin—made with a plain full skirt, gathered many times about the top, so as to fit nicely over the hips, a bodice not too elaborate, but neatly fitting about the waist,

Seasonable Table Delicacies!

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JULY.

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and finished with a pretty pelerine of the same material, with stole ends. To make this quite successful a separate silk underskirt should be worn. A silk underskirt sounds extravagant, but if made at home it will not be found so, and it will be useful for any number of muslin day gowns, or evening gowns of light or gauzy materials.

The Hat

Of course, the hat to wear with this costume would have to be carefully chosen, both as to style and colouring. It should be light and dainty and picturesque. One of the delicately tinted straws, trimmed with flowers or pretty light ribbons, would look well with such a costume, or a black picture hat. The latter might be more becoming to many wearers.

Linens

If, though, our summer is going on as it has begun, it will be more a season for linens than muslins, for linens have these advantages—they are warmer, and they bear wet weather with more equanimity than do muslins. Their disadvantages are their weight and their crushability. I cannot help thinking they should be "got up" with less starch in them than the laundress usually puts. A linen gown, too, is not so suitable for dressy occasions as the more fussy, dainty muslins; but it is everlasting wear, and will bear numberless visits to the wash-tub, and not come away with the dejected air of the much-washed muslin. The great point to observe in getting a linen is to select a good one of a reliable firm, and give a good price for it; otherwise you will probably find yourself the possessor of a shrunken, washed-out garment, which will be a constant eyesore and annoyance. A shrunken gown is a most hopeless thing; nothing sets it right. You may let it down, or let it out, and spend no end of time and patience on it, and it will look a shrunken gown to its last moment.

Answers to Correspondents

S. J.—Your pretty verses were too late; the lists were made up and gone to press before yours reached me. I am sorry you were not able to send earlier.

ERMINE.—My experience has been that the gauged skirts are the most useful and certainly the prettiest for such thin materials as muslins. The skirt has a fulness all round which is almost necessary to the good appearance of muslin frocks. No; most certainly you must not stretch it on a lining. Have a separate lining, if you like, or wear a separate underskirt. The latter plan is the simplest and easiest for a home dressmaker, I think. If you can afford a silk lining, it will make your gown look a very superior article altogether, and will give you constant satisfaction. You could use the underskirt for various day or evening gowns, so I am sure you will find it useful and economical in the end.

CARTVALE.—The correspondent you mention found great relief by using turpentine for her corns. Apply it at night with the finger or a match-end. She told me she suffered severely, but on applying the turpentine the relief was incredible, and the cure was effected in a week or two. I have also known soda cure soft corns, and quickly too. Take a small lump of the common washing soda, and either melt in an old spoon at night and apply with the finger or a match, or hold the lump to the gas or candle to dissolve it a little, and apply in the same way. After a few nights of melting, a fresh piece of soda will be required. Another way is to take about half a teaspoonful of soda, and pour on it just enough boiling water to cover it; apply this liquid at night. I prefer the dry methods myself, having ruined a bedroom carpet by upsetting the liquid. Once a day—say at bedtime—is often enough to apply the soda; it can, of course, be applied in the morning too, but it is apt to make the flesh painful. In any case, the corns will probably be rather more painful for a few days; but it is, after all, only for short time, and the relief after that is immense. Warts can be easily cured by the same means, but in the case of warts the soda may be applied several times a day.

SWEET-TOOTH.—Chocolate caramels are comparatively easy to make, and not expensive, if one does not count time and trouble; they are cheaper than bought ones, and decidedly superior in every way. You must have three-quarters of a pound of stick chocolate, quarter of a pound of good butter, half a breakfastcupful of brown sugar, and quarter of a pint each of milk and golden syrup. Break the chocolate into a saucepan, and add water enough to dissolve it; crush and mix it with a spoon. Then add slowly, well stirring the while, the sugar, milk, and syrup. Boil, stirring all the time, and when it becomes crisp when dropped in cold water, it will be ready to pour into the buttered dishes or tins, which should be ready prepared. When partly set, mark out into small squares, but do not divide until quite cold.

TESSY.—You can improve your eyebrows by brushing them with a soft brush night and morning, and also after wearing a veil. A mixture of glycerine and water is a good thing to brush them with now and again, using a soft tooth-brush for the purpose. Boracic and rose water make an excellent lotion for bathing the eyes with once or twice a day, and a smear of boracic ointment at night will help to allay the irritation and the clogging of the eyelashes.

MOTHER.—Black stockings should never be hung in the sun to dry. A tablespoonful of black pepper added to the rinsing water will prevent their losing their colour.

ALICE.—As simple a way as any I know to prevent moths from setting up their establishments in your chests or drawers, bureaux, or chests, is to uncork a bottle of chloroform occasionally in the article of furniture, and close with the open bottle in it for a few moments.

A. W. H.—Your verses were too late, I am sorry to say. I regret it all the more as they are original, and have much merit.

L. W.—Thank you for your letter. I am glad you are pleased with your prize. I was very pleased to award it to you.

WOODRUFF.—A correspondent has kindly supplied the information you asked for. The beautiful lines you quoted are part of a poem by Maria Upham Drake, called "Love's Sacrifice." My correspondent says they are to be found in a little shilling book of American poetry, the name of which he is not quite certain about. It is something like "Everybody's Book of Poetry," or a title of that kind. The lines in full are:

LOVE'S SACRIFICE

Gethsemane
Denied our Lord all human sympathy,
And deepest grief
Is that we bear alone for other's sake,
Smiling the while, lest loving hearts should break
For our relief.
Oh, hearts that faint
Beneath your burdens great, but make no plaint,
Lift up your eyes!
Somewhere beyond the life you give is found;
Somewhere, we know, by God's own hand is crowned
Love's sacrifice.

E. M.—Thank you for your kind letter. May I add my congratulations on your silver wedding, late though they will be, I fear, when they reach you. Our Editor, I am sure, will be interested to hear who it was performed your marriage ceremony twenty-five years ago. I shall hope to number you amongst the competitors in the next competition.

MARCIA.—Very glad to hear from you again, and have you competing. I hope you will be pleased with the book which has been awarded you.

H. G. R.—I am sorry to say your contribution reached me too late. I have read it with interest, and wish it had been sent in earlier. Do you not think, though, you are a little severe on the age and its lack of poetry—or I should say poetic feeling? True, few great men stand out as Heaven-born geniuses, but the number of smaller geniuses was seldom greater, I should imagine. Have you made a study of the modern poets? I ask with real interest, for it seems to me that great injustice is often done to the sweet singers of our own day. It has become so much a habit to despise or overlook what is of our own time. I think the truth is we have too many books of poetry and prose: we get bewildered, and have not the energy or courage to venture into the unknown; we buy what others recommend or boom. And you may take it that a much-boomed book is as a rule a bad one. We should experiment for ourselves.

E.—Thank you for your letter. I hope to answer it soon; at present I am very much pressed for time. It was very kind of you to write me such a long letter, and enclose that charming little sketch.

JEANNETTE.—To whiten the dirty boards use one part unslaked lime and three parts white sand. Or moisten some fuller's earth to a paste, and lay it thickly over the stained parts, leave it for about twenty-four hours, then rub it in gently,

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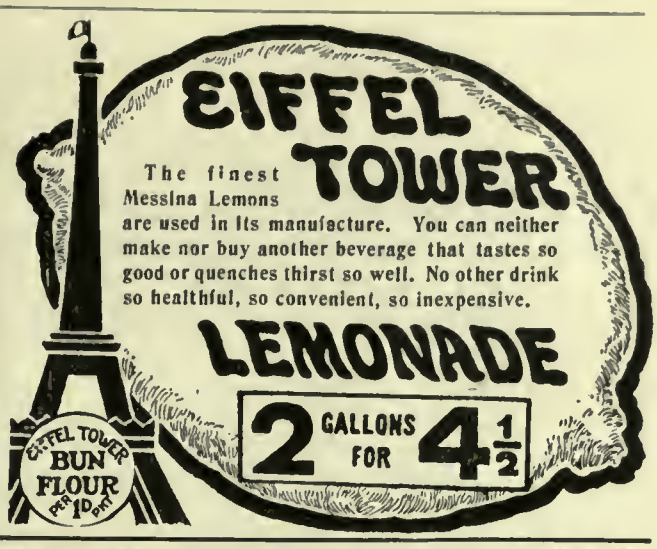

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and finally remove all the earth. It must be a great trial to find your new home in such a dirty state. I am quite sure many persons are quite blind to dirt and the details that make a house look dainty and well kept. Just as there is a tone-deafness there is a dirt-blindness. They do not mean to be dirty; they would probably feel awfully insulted if you were to tell them that they were so: they are simply incapable of seeing dirt. This is particularly the case with laundresses. They will bring linen home nicely ironed and got up, but——! One of the most neglected sciences on the face of the earth is the art of washing linen. People are so economical of water, and their own strength. But I do think the fault partly lies in the fact that they have never been trained to see.

PRAM.—The leather of your beautiful perambulator can, I think, be improved somewhat by washing the leather with a mixture of half an ounce of oxalic acid in half a pint of water. At any rate, it will remove the dirt which is such an offence to you.

AMATEUR COOK.—One way of making Bearnaise sauce is as follows: Take two shallots and cut them up finely, and boil them in half a gill of Tarragon vinegar until the vinegar is reduced to one tablespoonful; add a gill of thick white sauce, and bring to the boil: stir in the yolks of two eggs, boil till cooked, then remove from the fire, and add half an ounce of butter cut up into fine pieces. Strain into a sauce boat, and serve quickly. When making tartlets for jam or fruit to be placed in, brush the pastry which will be under the jam with the beaten white of an egg. This will prevent it from becoming sodden and heavy.

M. Y. R.—It is no use whatever to take no steps, but just wait for orders to come to you. Editors like to have specimens of work sent to them. It stands to reason they cannot be satisfied merely with the statement that you can do such and such work. They probably have scores of such applications, of which four out of six would very likely be quite unsuitable, or very bad work. It is amazing how much bad work there is. I can only advise you to make some of your fashion sketches and send them round to editors of weekly and monthly fashion papers. Go or write to the managers of some of the big outfitting firms, too, with specimens of your work. I am quite sure if they knew how much depended on the illustrations in their advertisements, they would be only too glad to find a skilful artist. ANSTICE.

Anstice will be pleased to hear from correspondents, and answer any questions they may care to ask connected with the "Home Department."

The Children's Corner

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

The correct solutions in the Jumbled Names Competition were—

Ruth, John, Gilgal, Bethel.

The first prize for correct solution and longest list of names is awarded to—

STANLEY HOATSON (aged 10),
The Manse,
King Street, Leek, Staffs;

the second to—

NINA M. JOHNSON,
Sunnybrae,
Walm Lane, Willesden Green.

A special prize is awarded to—

JESSIE GAIT,
Post Office,
Farringdon Gurney, Near Bristol.

SPECIAL MENTION

is awarded to J. W. Cockersole.

HONOURABLE MENTION (Not in Order of Merit).

Guy Wiehen, Gertrude Burgess, Ellen F. Welham, Kenneth Dickinson, Marie P. Swan, Minnie Hollins, Fanny Dickinson, Hilda Currie Martin, Mary Bessie Gifford, Constance M. Muirhead, Mary Isabel Muirhead, Edith V. Engvall.

I am exceedingly sorry that the following names were accidentally omitted from the list of Honourable Mention last month: Dorothy Lambert, Elsie Hickox, H. W. Taylor, Stanley Adamson, Jean Bartholomew, Minnie Hollins.

I have a letter in reply to one from Marjorie George, asking if fairies are true. I am very glad to print some of it:

1, UPTON VIEW, HOOLE ROAD, CHESTER.
May, 1903.

DEAR MARJORIE GEORGE,

I think that your brother Tom is like my brother Kenneth. I think that boys are not much good except when they work. I am sure that there are some fairies, because I have seen a round ring where they danced and sat on mushrooms. It is a large ring, just as you go into Hawarden Park from Chester; and my father tells me he has seen ever so many fairy rings when he has been out seeking plants for his botany collection; and, besides, I have a book that tells all about fairies.

KITTY DICKINSON.

Ella Lofts is very pleased with her extra prize. I hope her relative who was ill when she wrote is better now.

I thank Ellen F. Welham for her letter. I always notice that Ellen, if she does not gain the prize, sends in very good papers, and I am glad she is so persevering.

Gertrude Burgess, in a nice letter, says: "There is one thing I very much like about your competitions—they are so instructive. In going through the Bible, I found such a lot of names which I did not know about before; so I shall have gained some knowledge, if not a prize." Gertrude's list was very good.

Marie P. Swan is a new niece, and I am very glad to have her. Her names were correct, but her list of other names not quite long enough.

Fanny Dickinson tells me she did not in the least expect to get the prize, so it came as a nice surprise. She says her brother is saving up for a bicycle. Fanny's list was excellent.

Hilda Martin did very well.

Harold M. Grey sends me the following verses:

I'd like to be a sailor,
And sail in the Yellow Sea,
And come to port in China,
And taste the China tea.

I'd like to be a sailor,
And sail in the black Black Sea;
And I'd take THE BRITISH MONTHLY,
As interesting reading for me.

I'd like to be a sailor,
And sail in the cold White Sea,
And skate about on the rivers cold:
How jolly it would be!

I'd like to be a sailor,
And sail in the warm Red Sea,
And pace the deck and whistle and sing,
While the days passed merrily.

I like Harold's poem very much, and I offer a book prize for the best set of verses sent to me before July 1 on "Holidays."

Will you all please remember that if your papers are even a day later than the limit mentioned in the Competition announcement they cannot be judged?

AUNT MATTY.

New Competition

For the best solutions to the following puzzles two book prizes are offered. Send in your papers, with name, age, and address clearly marked, to "Aunt Matty," BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London, before July 1.

SINGLE ACROSTIC

My initials, read downwards, form the name of a woman mentioned in the Old Testament:

An evangelist.
A stone of remembrance.
A prophet.
A King of Tyre.

JUMBLED NAMES

Transpose each correctly, and it will form a place mentioned in the Bible:

YTLARS
NCITOHR
SNODI
OADMTR

DIAMOND PUZZLE

My centrals, read downwards, give the name of a river of Damascus:

A vowel.
To flow away.
To look fixedly.
A number.
A vowel.

RIDDLEMEREE

My first is in add, but not in sum;
My second in deaf, but not in dumb;
My third is in nine, but not in six;
My fourth is in thick, but not in coarse;
My fifth is in therefore, but not in that;
My sixth is in lace, but not in hat;
My whole is a book of the Bible.

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(5) IS FREELY ADMITTING 67 new cases every week from all over the Kingdom.

(6) SEARCHES FOR AND SEEKS OUT Necessitous Children in the Slums of all our Great Towns.

(7) EARNEST EFFORTS are unceasingly being made to bring all the Young Inmates to a personal knowledge of Christ.

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(9) TOTAL ABSTINENCE is inculcated as a life-long duty.

(10) NO ELECTION; NO WAITING LIST; No Money Promise; No Barriers on account of Age, Sex, Creed, Nationality, or Physical Health. Destitution is the only and essential qualification.

(11) An Organised System of EMIGRATION to our Colonies is in active operation, about 1,000 Boys and Girls being emigrated annually.

(12) Has already RESCUED, TRAINED, and PLACED OUT IN LIFE 49,219 Orphan Waifs.

(13) AT LEAST £200 PER DAY is required for Food alone.

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THE CAUSE OF JADEDNESS IN SUMMER

SIR,

In face of scientific facts, how many people sit down to breakfast in the summer months and drink tea and coffee—an utterly unscientific practice in itself—and follow this up by partaking of a more or less quantity of fresh food.

Just think for a moment.

The injurious effects or frequent indulgence in tea are well known; and coffee, usually used as a means of keeping people awake, is commonly seen on the breakfast table at an hour when people certainly require no waking up! It is simply compelling the stomach to digest food which the system does not require, and which it cannot get rid of.

Drugs and medicines are worse than useless in such circumstances; they simply assist in the clogging process.

What is wanted is not so much food as nourishment, and a partially digested Food-beverage such as Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa would, if universally used during the summer, as its merits deserve, do much towards relieving the distress caused by carelessness in choice of food.

It is at this season, too, that families on pleasure bent are more liable to overlook such facts as the above, with the result that, what should have been a holiday and release from business worries, is simply made an excuse for over-filling the body with unsuitable food, the severe effects of which make themselves felt at a time when health and vigour should, if the natural laws of health had been studied a little, have been firmly established.

Every portmanteau and hamper should, therefore, contain a supply of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and it ought to be on every breakfast table.

The tired, languid feeling referred to disappears when Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is daily used. This is owing to the great sustenant and vitalising powers which Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa so readily gives to those who use it regularly.

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NAMES OF BIBLE CHARACTERS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED

A pronoun, a large bag.
Something you pay, a verb.
What we breathe, a preposition.

Violet

"GOOD-BYE, Violet," said Aunt Lizzie, who was going home after a fortnight's visit to Violet's home, No. 30, Anstey Road, Charrington.

Charrington was a pretty country town; No. 30, Anstey Road, was a pretty house in a shady road; and Violet West was a happy little girl of ten years old.

She was sorry her aunt was going away.

"Goodbye, Auntie. Come back soon," she said, holding up her face to be kissed as they reached the gate.

Aunt Lizzie felt in her pocket for her purse.

"I want to give you sixpence, Violet," she said. Then she looked into her purse. "Here is one," she exclaimed. "Take this threepenny bit too, dear, and spend it as you like.

"Oh, Auntie!" said Violet. She grew scarlet with pleasure. 'I never had ninepence before, except on my birthday!" she said, hugging the kind lady.

"Well, I hope you'll enjoy spending it. Good-bye, my love!" And Auntie was gone.

Violet went slowly back to the house, holding the money in her hand. She went straight to her own room—such a pretty room it was! All the furniture was white, with a little blue line on it, and there were blue curtains at the window, and a blue carpet.

Violet went to a drawer, and got out a little notebook, where she kept a list of all the things she wanted.

This was the list:

Doll in Miss Shepheard's window.	A doll that will float.
Doll's bath.	Ribbon for Molly's hair.
	Present for Nurse's birthday.

This list, written in a big round hand, took up three pages in the notebook.

"Oh!" said Violet, after reading it, "I believe ninepence will buy the bath and the floating dolly and the ribbon! How splendid! But I won't decide quickly; I'll think about it."

However, by that afternoon she had made up her mind, and implored mother to take her to the toy-shop.

They were going there—Violet's face very bright under a big muslin hat, for these were summer days—when they met a little beggar girl dragging along a fat baby. They looked very hot and tired and ragged.

"Poor things!" said Violet, turning her head and looking at them as they went wearily along the sunny road. "I'll ask God in my prayers to-night to bless them and make them not so poor."

"Have *they* got dolls and a doll's bath, mother?" she asked, as they stood in the toy-shop a few minutes later.

"No, dear," said Mrs. West, "I'm afraid not."

"Then *I* will buy them a doll and a bath," cried Violet in a sudden outburst. "I will. I've got ninepence!"

"You haven't enough money to get *them* a doll and a doll's bath, and yourself a doll and a doll's bath too," said Mrs. West, looking at her little daughter tenderly.

"Oh! but still, mother, I can save up!"

So they bought a doll and a bath wrapped in nice brown paper, and Violet began to run down the road where the poor children were walking. She found them sitting on a bank, the baby crying hard and the little girl not trying to stop it.

"Oh! here's a present for you, dear," said little Violet, hurrying up and pressing the parcel into the child's hand.

She waited while the parcel was being undone. The poor little beggar girl was so delighted she could scarcely say "Thank you," but she hugged the doll, and held the bath tightly, and smiled in a kind of rapture."

"Mother, isn't it lovely to give things!" said Violet, when she came back to her mother. "I think it is *really* nicer than getting presents yourself."

"So do I," said her mother.

Things Worth Noting

KELPION is the name of an iodine ointment which does not stain or blister the skin, thus obviating the disadvantages hitherto experienced in the external application of iodine. At the same time Kelpion brings into service all the remedial qualities of that valuable drug in many cases where its use was formerly quite impossible. Kelpion is highly spoken of by the leading medical journals, and has been very favourably received by both physicians and the public. A unique distinction is the fact that Kelpion was the only medicinal preparation officially included in the marching kits of the City Imperial Volunteers, many hundreds of whom have testified to its efficacy in the Boer War. As a reliable scientific remedy for rheumatic and gouty joints, enlarged glands, chronic skin diseases, sprains, bruises, cuts, etc., Kelpion has proved not only invaluable in the household, but indispensable to travellers, athletes, and all followers of sport. It is sold by chemists in pots at 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, or can be obtained post free from the proprietors, Kelpion, Ltd., Norgrove Buildings, 59A, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

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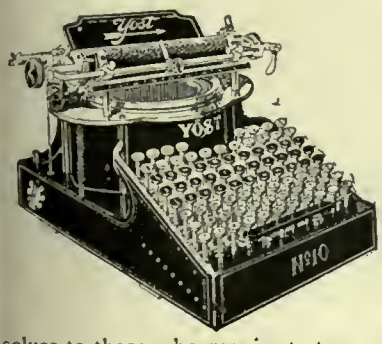
NEW MODEL YOST TYPEWRITER.—The well-known machine of which we give an illustration has been on the market for a number of years, during which time it has become very popular, and now its votaries can be found in every corner of the globe. Minor improvements have, from time to time, been incorporated, particularly in respect to the carriage and spacing mechanism, although in its broad detail the "Yost" remains very much the same as it left the hands of its talented inventor. The "Yost" presents a number of special features which readily commend themselves to those who require to turn out the very best quality of work. These are the absolute and unvarying regularity of the writing, secured by means of a centre guide, which locks the type against all movement whilst in the act of printing; an ink pad, which gives fine, well-printed lines; a pointer, which indicates the exact spot where the next letter will print, etc. The latest form of the "Yost," which for distinction is known as the "No. 10 Light-Running Yost," retains all these points, and at the same time incorporates others which go to help towards making the "Yost" as nearly perfect a Writing Machine as is possible to have. The carriage is easily removed, the platen can be revolved in such a manner as to permit of writing on ruled lines, the key tops and types can be easily changed to permit any special letter or sign being added for permanent or temporary use, the margin stops are absolute and under ready control of the operator, the carriage runs on ball bearings, and improvements of a very useful nature have been made in connection with the paper feed. The machine is practically noiseless, and the ease and lightness of the touch will permit a long day's work to be done without undue fatigue or exhaustion. To the weary, overstrained nerves of the busy man of business the low and subdued click of the "No. 10 'Light-Running' Yost" will be especially welcome. The Yost Typewriter Co., Ltd., 50, Holborn Viaduct, E.C., have a dainty little booklet setting forth the merits of this new machine in detail, and will send a copy to all those who may write to them for it.



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NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, 27, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

The Editor will be glad to receive interesting photographs, with short accompanying paragraphs, from the readers of the magazine. Every effort will be made to return unused contributions when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed; but the Editor cannot be responsible for the return of manuscripts or photographs which are sent to him. Contributions for the next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, *to be published on* AUGUST 20, *should reach the Editor by* AUGUST 1 *at latest.*

Illustrated Notes

The next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be published on* AUGUST 20, *and should be on sale at all Newsagents' and Booksellers' on that date. The Publishers will be greatly obliged if readers who have any difficulty in securing copies of* THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be good enough to communicate with them.*

THE September number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY will be published on August 20, and will contain several bright and interesting features. Perhaps the most important will be a finely illustrated article dealing with the great Mission of the Primitive Methodist Church in South-east London, and the career of its founder, the Rev. J. Flanagan, under the guidance of whom the work has proved so triumphant a success. Mr. Flanagan's life-story is most remarkable, and will, we feel sure, be read with both pleasure and profit by our readers. The September number will also contain an article on Dr. MacGregor and his celebrated ministry of St. Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh. Much fresh light is thrown upon the career of this far-famed Scottish preacher. The sketch will be greatly enhanced by an excellent set of portraits, several of them entirely unknown to the general public.

Photo by G. R. Morton, Newcastle-on-Tyne

REV. T. H. HUNT

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE PRIMITIVE METHODIST CONNEXION

THE new President of the Primitive Methodist Church, the Rev. Thomas Hankey Hunt, has for many years occupied a commanding position in his denomination. He was born at Hatton, near Runcorn, in Cheshire, sixty-one years ago, and became a local preacher when he was seventeen. Entering the ministry in his twentieth year, he has since laboured in many of the most important circuits in the Liverpool and Manchester districts. At present he is the superintendent of the Liverpool Fourth Circuit. For five years he was at the head of the Sunday School Department, and for seven years has been engaged in organising the temperance societies of his Church. He is a member of the Council of Forty of the United Kingdom Alliance, and a member also of the National Temperance Federation. For twenty years he has edited *The Primitive Methodist World*, and his recently published volume on "The Liquor Problem, And How to Solve It," is a concise, well-arranged, and admirable manual for temperance workers. He is a progressive educationalist, a leader of the Free Churches, an eloquent preacher, and a brilliant platform orator. He was proposed for the chair of the Primitive Methodist Conference by the Rev. James Travis, the President of the National Free Church Council, and, like Mr. Travis, is an ardent supporter of the Passive Resistance Movement. For fifty years he has been a total abstainer, and he is also a non-smoker. His wife is the second daughter of the late Rev. Dr. William Antliff, who was President of the Conference in 1863 and 1865. Our illustration shows him seated in the presidential chair.

THERE is no more loyal Congregationalist in England than Alderman Wycliffe Wilson, who is senior deacon at Nether Chapel, Norfolk Street, and whose term of office as Lord Mayor of Sheffield has been such a conspicuous success. His younger

daughter, Miss Rosalie Wilson, has taken an active part in the life of the congregation and in the charitable work of the city. At her marriage with the Rev. Frederick William Walker, of the London Missionary Society in New Guinea, several members of the Corporation were present, and the wedding gifts included useful and beautiful articles from the members of the City Council; the Board of Guardians, in whose Cottage Homes Miss Wilson took a deep interest, presented her with a tea and coffee service in a handsome case; the members of the Sheffield Y.W.C.A. gave a portable organ, which Mr. and Mrs. Walker will find useful in their far-off mission home. They are to superintend the stations in New Guinea which were established by the heroic James Chalmers. The interest which the marriage aroused in Sheffield was very evident. Long before the time of the ceremony Nether Chapel, which holds twelve hundred, was crowded to the doors. At the reception, given by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress in the Town Hall, many hundreds were present. The bride is admirably fitted for a missionary, as she has been accustomed to public speaking, and has even addressed gatherings in country villages from the pulpit of the chapel. Another of Alderman Wycliffe Wilson's daughters is a doctor. The Wycliffe Wilsons are closely related to the Pye-Smiths, who have also done so much for Congregationalism.

Photo by C. D. Delf, Clarendon Street, Hull
REV. F. W. WALKER

Photo by Henderson, 229, Glossop Street, Sheffield
MRS. WALKER (MISS ROSALIE WILSON)

The town of Gubbi is lifted out of the commonplace by its association with the names of Thomas Hodson and William Arthur, pioneers of the Wesleyan Mission in the Mysore State, South India. William Arthur's "Mission to the Mysore," recently republished, keeps his memory green. Two-thirds of a century have rolled away since he prayed, on his arrival at the first Gubbi Mission House, for mercies that would crown the future. This building, after long occupancy by native Christians, has fallen into decay. It forms the background of the photograph of the Christian community, the single European among them being the missionary now in charge. Christian worship is at present conducted in one of the rooms of the more recent Mission House, which is approached by an avenue of stately banyan trees. The members of William Arthur's family in England have recently given a handsome sum for the erection of a memorial church on the scene of this missionary's former ministry. It is sixty-five years since the first seeds were sown on this hard soil. After long waiting, there is a good hope of a rich harvest, which will be as the rice grain, cast upon the waters, to be seen, after many days, in ripened ear. William Arthur's dying message is at once an experience and a prophecy: "The Lord crowneth the year with His goodness."

We have pleasure in reproducing a portrait of the

AN INDIAN WESLEYAN MISSION GROUP

Rev. W. Kingscote Greenland, minister of the Wesleyan Church, Shanklin, Isle of Wight, whose new novel, "The Seekers," has been most favourably received, and is regarded as the book of the hour in Methodism. Mr. Greenland (W. Scott King), as readers of THE BRITISH MONTHLY do not require to be told, is one of our regular and most valued contributors. In addition to "The Seekers," Mr. Greenland is the author of that delightful story "Behind the Granite Gateway."

REV. W. KINGSCOTE GREENLAND (W. SCOTT KING)

THE REV. JAMES JOHNSTON, senior minister of St. James's United Free Church, Glasgow, recently celebrated his ministerial jubilee. The congregational social meeting at which the presentations were made was of a most enjoyable description, there being a large attendance of members and friends. Mr. Johnston received congratulatory addresses from the London Presbytery, from the Free Church ministers in St. Leonard's-on-Sea, where he has been residing for several years, and from his old congregation in Glasgow. Mr. Johnston was ordained by the Manchester Presbytery in 1853 as a missionary to China. After four years' service there his health broke down, and he had to undertake work at home. In 1857 he succeeded Dr. David Brown, who was called to a chair in Aberdeen Free College. After twenty years' work in Glasgow Mr. Johnston had to retire, owing to ill health. For the past twenty-five years he has been able to do good service to the foreign mission enterprise. Two of his daughters are at present engaged in foreign mission work, and one of his sons is a probationer of the English Presbyterian Church. We have placed side by side the photograph of Mr. Johnston taken on his being ordained fifty years ago with one taken in Glasgow on the celebration of his jubilee there in June.

Photo by J. Whyte, Glasgow
REV. JAMES JOHNSTON

Photo by J. Whyte, Glasgow
REV. JAMES JOHNSTON

PRINCIPAL FORSYTH raised an interesting point at the hundredth annual meeting of Hackney College. Since he came to Hampstead, he said, he had discovered the enormous loss to a student for the ministry of having been obliged to spend the best years of his teens in business. How much easier it would be if more men were carried straight on to the college from school and from the university! A correspondent wonders whether the loss is really so great in the long run. The preaching of the ministers who know from personal experience what are the trials of the shop or the office frequently appeals more strongly than any other to business men. For instance, there is no doubt that the Rev. F. B. Meyer owes much of his influence over city clerks and workers generally to the lessons he learned when "I was in the tea trade in Billiter Square."

THE REV. C. SILVESTER HORNE closed his thirteen years' ministry at Kensington on the last Sunday of June. A very large congregation was present at Allen Street Chapel. Mr. Horne made a touching reference to his distinguished predecessors, and, looking back to his settlement, recalled the names of Henry Richard, who had been one of the first to welcome him; J. A. Draper, the noted Temperance advocate; and Thomas Walker, one of the editors of the *Daily News*. There was no title or honour, he said, that these men cared to win, save that men should take knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus. Mr. Horne appealed to his friends not to let the traditions of Allen Street decline. "Do not be ashamed to be unfashionable or to be in earnest. The motto of the Church ought to be '*Noblesse oblige.*'" At a social meeting in Kensington Town Hall,

WESLEY MEMORIAL CHURCH, EPWORTH
Where the recent Bicentenary Celebrations took place

held on June 30, Mr. Gurney Salter, Secretary of the Church, paid a warm tribute to the work of Mr. Horne's ministry, and announced that, as a permanent memorial, the congregation wished to present him with his portrait, to be painted in oils by Mr. Hugh Riviere. This young artist is a son of Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., and is about Mr. Horne's age. Like his distinguished father, he began work as an artist in his boyhood, and is already well known as an exhibitor.

In view of the centenary celebrations of the Sunday School Union, which have just passed off so successfully, there is peculiar appropriateness in reproducing the cottage in St. Katherine Street, Gloucester, where in 1780 Robert Raikes held his first Sunday school. It is customary to speak of Raikes as the founder of Sunday schools, but this is not strictly accurate. There are several claimants for the honour, one being a Scotsman. In the church of Brechin there is a monument which records that to one Blair, a former minister of the parish, belongs the honour of instituting Sunday schools, he having commenced one in Brechin several years before any were opened in England by Raikes. Moreover, the idea of teaching children on Sundays was in being long before Raikes's day, for it occurred to a Roman cardinal so far back as the sixteenth century. What Raikes really did was to draw public attention, principally through the columns of the *Gloucester Journal*, of which he was proprietor and editor, to the utility of Sunday schools in the moral upbringing of children, and thus to give an impetus to a movement which since his day has grown to such gigantic dimensions. Raikes was, therefore, the promoter, rather than the founder, of Sunday schools. The movement spread with astonishing rapidity. Six years after Raikes founded his Sunday school in the Gloucester cottage, two hundred thousand children were being taught in England, and Wesley in 1784 mentioned in his Journal that he found Sunday schools springing up wherever he went. It is an interesting fact not generally known that Sunday-school teachers were at the start of the movement generally paid. In Gloucester, for instance, they received remuneration down to 1810, when difficulties arose about their maintenance. The dispute, however, was settled by some young men resolving to carry on the schools gratuitously. One of Raikes's admirers was no less a person than Adam Smith, the author of "The Wealth of Nations," who declared that no plan more simple and effective for the improvement of manners had been devised since the days of the Apostles.

One of the pleasantest features of the Sunday School Union Centenary programme was the address of the Rev. F. B. Meyer at the Scholars' Service in St. James's Hall. Mr. Meyer's words to the children at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, on Sunday mornings are always most attractive, and he is greatly beloved by the young folk among the congregation. At St. James's Hall he fairly captured the hearts of his little hearers. They were greatly amused by his idea of sleeping backwards and waking next morning a hundred years ago, in order to realise the changes that have taken place since the time of Robert Raikes. The most delightful point of all was reached, however, when, after carefully unwrapping a mysterious parcel, he produced a silver salt-cellar, which he used as an illustration of a Sunday school. He called the children "you little bits of salt," and told them how to behave so that when sprinkled all over the world they might keep it from getting bad. Mr. Meyer produced a couple of candles to illustrate his next point. One of them he lighted, but the other would not burn, for the very good reason that he had dipped it in water. This unsatisfactory candle, he said, was like the scholar whose mind was so full of play, or the first smoke, or something silly or evil, when he came on Sunday that it was impossible for him to benefit by the teaching.

THE COTTAGE WHERE RAIKES HELD HIS FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOL

Among the band of noble missionaries who have led lives of heroic devotion and self-sacrifice for Christ's sake, there has been none greater than "Fiji" Langham, who has just passed to his rest. Only a few months ago Glasgow University, at the instigation of Sir William Macgregor, who had witnessed his work in Fiji, conferred upon this venerable missionary the degree of Doctor of Divinity; and now comes the sad news that his earthly pilgrimage is ended. Dr. Langham's labours recall those of another patriarchal hero of the South Seas, happily still with us—Dr. John G. Paton, of New Hebrides. Both missionaries had much in common. Dr. Paton's characteristics—unquenchable hope, a courage which knows not fear, and a joy in the performance of Christian service in the dark places of the earth, which only intensifies as the evening of life approaches and the shadows lengthen—shone with equal lustre in Dr. Langham. Born in Tasmania, he very early came to the conviction that his life-work was to be out on the mission-field. In 1858 he was appointed by the Australian Conference as a missionary to Fiji; and there he laboured for forty years, sailing from island to island in canoes and small boats, inspecting the day schools and preaching the Gospel to the islanders. As the result of his untiring energy, native churches and schools sprang up everywhere, until now the whole group of islands has become Christian.

Photo by W. A. Thomas, Hastings
THE LATE DR LANGHAM, The Famous Fijian Missionary

Dr. Langham spent the last five years of his life revising the Fijian Scriptures, which were first translated and published in the native language in 1865—an event which caused a great stir among the Fijians, as would appear from a letter which Mr. Langham wrote at the time: "How the natives rejoiced at the sight of the complete Bible! I was greatly excited, and ran with a copy to the King's house, followed by a troop of people, who shouted, 'Look at it!—look at it!'" As showing the colossal nature of the task of revision, it may be mentioned that more than forty thousand alterations were made, many of them minute. Dr. Langham, who was ably assisted by Mrs. Langham, an expert in the language, and their adopted daughter, born and educated in Fiji, regarded the revision of the Fijian Bible as the crowning work of his long and useful life, and great was the joy that filled his soul when the work was completed. His labour has not been in vain, as the revised Bible has been received with profound gratitude by the islanders.

Dr. Samuel Smith, of St. Paul, Minnesota, whose presence at Westminster Chapel during the month of June attracted such unusually large congregations, is now travelling in Germany. Before leaving London, he was careful not to indicate by any public remark whether he was or was not attracted by the opportunity of Westminster. On his last Sunday morning he thanked the congregation for letters received and kindly appreciation expressed. His own people at St. Paul are most anxious for him to return, as he has built up in that city a strong and powerful Church.

The American papers for the last month have been full of accounts of Mr. Campbell's visit. The minister of the City Temple has gained innumerable friends in the United States, and has addressed immense audiences. Before leaving England he said that he did not intend to return with the D.D. degree, but the newspapers have already conferred it upon him. "Dr. Reginald J. Campbell" has been the favourite name for him, and that is the inscription placed below the New York *Evening Journal's* three-quarter length portrait of Mr. Campbell, who appears in a tall hat and large great-coat. Mr. Campbell has, from the first, been very independent with regard to his programme. He refused to be dictated to, and definitely declined to speak at Yale College. On one occasion, when he was addressing a ministers' meeting, there was a crush at the doors, and he was interrupted by the disorder. He stopped in his address, and remarked that it had always been his experience that the worst-behaved crowds were those in which ministers predominated.

Aberystwyth has again been chosen for the summer gatherings of the British Chautauqua, and from July 29 to August 26 the charming Mid-Wales town will be the headquarters of the committee. A very attractive programme has been arranged. Amongst those who will take part are Dr. McClure, Headmaster of Mill Hill School, Dr. Agar Beet, Dr. Monro Gibson, Rev. C. H. Kelly, and Dr. Lorimer. As in former years, the excursions will form a strong feature of the programme.

Photo by A. & G. Taylor, Sheffield
REV. W. HOOKINS
New President of the Methodist New Connexion

The Rev. William Hookins, the new President of the Methodist New Connexion, is a native of Somersetshire. He was educated at St. Mark's College Schools, where he was made a chorister and took part in the daily Episcopalian service. He did not, however, sever his connection with Methodism. For several years he was a successful local preacher, after which, in 1869, he became a student at Ranmoor College. At the age of twenty-six he was welcomed into the Methodist New Connexion ministry, and for thirty-two years Mr. Hoskins has been a popular and successful minister, beloved by the people among whom he has laboured, and not less by the Connexion as a whole. Mr. Hookins's present sphere is at Leeds.

To Amateur Photographers

Prizes of a Guinea and Half a Guinea

We again offer monthly prizes of **One Guinea** and **Half a Guinea** for the best amateur photograph illustrating religious life and work. Each photograph must be accompanied by one hundred or two hundred words, giving particulars as to the picture. For the copyright of all photographs used, in addition to the prize photographs, **Five Shillings** will be paid. All photographs must bear on the back the full name and address of the sender. Photographs must reach us by August 1, Address, "Photographic Editor," British Monthly Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London.

By the death, after a long and painful illness, of the Rev. William Burt Pope, D.D., the Wesleyan Church has been called upon to mourn the loss of a ripe scholar, a brilliant theologian, and a great and good man. Dr. Pope did not win his high reputation in the pulpit, for his preaching was not of the popular order, nor in the arena of ecclesiastical controversy, for which he cared little, but as one who brought to bear upon the deepest questions in theology a singularly keen and penetrating intellect. For nearly half a century Dr. Pope lived a strenuous intellectual life, and if he was not known to the generality of Methodist people as he ought to have been, it was simply because he preferred the quiet, unobtrusive life of the student, "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone." He was never happier than when in the study surrounded by his books. Born in Nova Scotia in 1822, he was brought to England by his parents while yet an infant. His boyhood was spent at Plymouth, and there he came under the best Methodist influences. He studied for the ministry under Dr. Hannah, and with that famous Wesleyan teacher he ever remained on the warmest terms of personal intimacy. In 1841 he received his first appointment as a circuit minister, and it was during those early years that he laid the foundations of his vast learning. It was at that time, also, that he made his first contributions to *The London Quarterly Review*, which he afterwards was to edit so ably for many years. In 1867 he succeeded Dr. Hannah in the theological chair of Didsbury College, and for nineteen years he filled it with a brilliancy which was recognised far beyond the limits of his own Church. Dr. Pope's Fernley Lecture on "The Person of Christ" received, for instance, the warm admiration of the late Bishop Westcott. Dr. Pope was President of the Conference which met at Bristol in 1877.

We give a portrait of Mr. Thomas Charles Smith, who has earned the distinction of being the first man to be prosecuted in the passive resistance struggle against the Education Act. Mr. Smith is a farmer near Belper, Derbyshire, and is described as a fine specimen of a sturdy Nonconformist, whose countenance expresses honesty, candour, and conscientiousness.

Photo by J. L. Hart, Ashbourne
MR. THOMAS CHARLES SMITH, OF ASHLEYHAY, WIRKSWORTH
The First "Passive Resister"

Bad Reasons for Worship*

BY THE LATE DR. PARKER

I will sacrifice to them, that they may help me.—2 CHRON. xxviii. 23.

THIS is the foolish speech of Ahaz, son of a good man. "I will sacrifice unto any god from whom I can get anything." This was the mad speech of Ahaz, who had a praying father. You never know what the boys will do; they may sell your altar for gold. When Ahaz saw that the gods of the king of Syria helped his people, he said he would become like them; he would go over to that religion. He was determined to be religious; he must have a cloak of some kind. "Now," said Ahaz, "if any god in the whole universe will help me, he shall have my patronage, be his name what it may." He made a bid to the gods. And to this our sons may come; nor can we help it! We are not to blame godly fathers for ungodly children in all cases. There is mystery behind all these things which it is not in our power to solve. What can the poor soul do but do its best and leave it? Do not be discouraged, Jotham, because your son Ahaz is a fool. There is no key yet in our possession that can unlock the whole conception and action of what is known as heredity. God does such wondrous things along that line. He causes the generations to intermingle and confuse one another; then every now and again we see a connecting nerve organising and uniting the whole action of misery; then the great fog days when the day is but a cloud. We see nothing; we can but grope our way and ask questions of one another in the blinding mist. Then suddenly there comes a day of explanation and illumination, and for the passing, gleaming moment we say, "All is clear; the Lord reigneth. We have seen the pillars of His throne; and the Lord shall yet be enthroned in all hearts." Is the speech of Ahaz dead? Is there no man now who is next-of-kin to the dead monarch? Are there no persons now who say, "We go to church, to chapel, to this ceremony or to that, because we can get more out of it than out of anything else"? I wonder if that is so; if I myself have been caught in that knavery. If you go to the one hand, you will find flowers and song and hilarity and good-fellowship; if you go to the other, you will find disappointment, bereavement, discipline, hard tasks of all kinds. To which side shall I go? If I can permit myself to ask the question, I have already gone to the wrong side. There are some questions that ought not to be asked; they are forbidden. A man must not haggle with the spirit of discipline, duty, and worthy sacrifice. It must never come that a man should say, "Shall I take this, or not? I know there is a stain of blood upon it." There are some questions, I repeat, which ought not to be asked. It is written long, long ago, "Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing." That is a policy of negation; but negatives may by multiplication come to be in a mysterious way positives. Some of us can only work on the negative side at present because we are so weak. We think a great thing has been done if we say "No," and in reality the saying of that "No" may be a great thing: God knows, and God will account for it; He will not forget even our negative attempts to be manly and good. Why will He not? Because He Himself is good, so good, infinitely good, and therefore He would seem sometimes to impute Himself to us. A great mystery is the spiritual universe! We speak theologically of imputed righteousness, but I am swallowed up in the deeper sea when I think of God imputing Himself to me as if I had done it. This mystery runs through the whole redeeming action of Jesus Christ. Said He, "Daughter, go in peace; thy faith hath made thee whole"—treating the woman as if she had worked the miracle. "Thy faith hath made thee whole." He does not ignore the Divine ministry: He only sets it in a new light; He expresses faith as God's gift. Faith is the gift of God, and what we do by our faith, God-given and God-inspired, God almost traces to ourselves, as if we had begun it, conducted it, and ended it. This is the mercy of God.

Then there may be bad reasons for doing religious things. "I will sacrifice to them, that they may help me." I do not disguise the reason: I want what help I can get; I am sore driven; and if there is any god in any star, whatsoever his name may be, if he will help me out of this war, he may rely upon my suffrages. We do not say that, yet we may do so. We would not for the world choose that form of expression; but may we not do some things without putting the reasons into formal language? Only the man can know himself. Whatever you do, you cannot tell the reason of it. You can hint at it, you can give some broad indication of your purpose; but the secret is in the secret of the heart, in the deep, inmost sanctuary of motive and soul, away down in the region where there are no words. What we give as reasons may be altogether mistakes or partial readings of the mystery of life. It is so hard to live.

The bad man never really gets what he plots for. Ahaz did not get it. If you read verse 21 you will see that. "For Ahaz took away a portion out of the house of the Lord, and out of the house of the king, and of the princes, and gave it unto the king of Assyria"; and then he said, "Now, what is your answer?" Nothing—"but the king of Assyria helped him not." That is history; that is simple, plain fact; that is the story of your own experience. You plot knavishly, irreligiously, or selfishly—call it by what name you please; but you never get from the devil what you pay him to give you. Why? Because he is the devil. You cannot change his nature; it is not within my poor little power to convert the devil. I can protest against him; I can show him what I would do if I could; and I fail, and fail every day, and he knows it, and comes to seek me, not in my strength, but in my weakness. When I am an hungered, he says, "Turn the stones into bread, and don't hunger any longer." Kind? Never; it is not the devil's desire to be kind or to speak the truth or to be genuine in anything but devilry. And if you read the 23rd verse you will find also that Ahaz was sacrificing to false gods, and he would take up any kind of association and fellowship: "Only get me out of this trouble, I will pay you: deliver me; put my name down in your list of devotees." What was the upshot of it all? It is in verse 23: "But they were the ruin of him." It is always dangerous to play with fire. If you go into anything with a false motive, you will be ruined; but if you repent of that motive, and utterly search your heart as in the sight of God, and truly want to be right and just, you will be brought out of it all with the

* Sermon preached at the City Temple, Sunday morning, December 23, 1900.

victory of God's omnipotence. Do not sacrifice unto the gods of Assyria for the reason that you want them to help you. If you think they are true gods, worship them; if you are going over to the Assyrian altar in good faith, go; we shall see you back again in due time, confessing that the cistern you hewed out to yourself was a broken cistern that could hold no water.

But all this was of course a limited action; Ahaz alone was injured. Surely a man has a right to injure himself? My answer to both these positions is an emphatic negative. A man cannot confine his actions to himself. No man has the right to make less of himself. There is no right of spiritual amputation; there is no right of moral dilapidation or mutilation. God gives us something to begin with, not that we may fritter it away, but that we may increase, enlarge, and multiply it. In what relation does this thought stand to the text? It stands in direct relation to verse 19: "For the Lord brought Judah low because of Ahaz king of Israel." You thought Ahaz might do what he liked under his own crown. He could not. You said, "Surely a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own?" He has not. We live within lines of definition and demarcation. God draws the moral frontiers, God makes the map of the soul. Here is Judah brought low because the king has gone over to the altar of Assyria. That is an extraordinary thing. It is a fact, and you know it; it is the fact of this day. When the head of the house does wrong, the whole house suffers for it, is brought low by it; a cold and killing wind sweeps through the bad man's house. You say sometimes, "The drunkard hurts no one but himself." That is a lie; that is an impossibility. No man can hurt only himself. You cannot catch the bacilli that are in the air, the germs that go out of your own moral habit; they are away, and they are poisoning other people—through the nostril, through the throat, through the soul in its most spiritual and psychical moods. "Have I not a right," says the man who is addicted to this habit or that, "to take as much of this liquor as I please?" You have not, is the answer. "May I not swear and profane God's name if I choose to do so?" The answer is, No. The oath that you speak heedlessly or with wantonness and profanity falls a black smudge on your child's character. It is hard to be the good son of a profane and wanton father: the child is placed under too heavy a burden; he ought not to have been saddled with that great sorrow—the sorrow that he has first to get rid of his father before he can begin to be a man. The son ought not to be so surcharged. Give the boy a fair chance; be noble, simple, pure-hearted, charitable, and then you give your boy an opportunity of being really his very best self. But think of it. If he has first to get rid of you before he can show his face in the open daylight, how hard, how almost impossible to live! Fathers, leaders, think of these things, and be merciful.

Sometimes the Lord answers prayer in a way that appears to be cruel, and yet it is the only true way. The passage upon which I am founding this remark is to the effect, "The Lord gave them the desire of their hearts, but sent leanness into their souls." "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Is that not a poor bargain in which a man lays down his soul and gets an empty nothing in exchange? You who are bargain-makers, you who work in the city, consider this problem: may you not pay too high a price for your advantages? The Lord would seem to say in effect, "These people clamour at the door of Heaven; they beat upon it importunately; they will not be denied. There is but one way of educating these men, and that is allowing them to have their own way for a time, but showing them that what is given with one hand may be taken back by the other." There is no cure that can befall a man so black, tremendous, disastrous, as that his soul should be starved. "Behold, the day is coming, saith the Lord, when I shall send a famine upon the earth; not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the word of the Lord." We do not know what the sanctuary is until we can no longer go to it; to be shut out of the sanctuary is isolation, orphanage, utterest loneliness. Yet who thinks about it? We are so familiar with it all; we are so surrounded by all its privileges, and almost nauseated by all its wealth of thought and of sympathy and of prayer, that we think little or nothing of it; when we are starved for a time we shall begin to think what we have lost, and mayhap begin to pray. Then what should we go to church for? We should go in a spirit of reverence, that we may develop the noblest and best aspects of character. The laughing man builds nothing. If his laugh be but a very small part of his training, it is permissible, and may be really healthy and good; but if he is crying out all the while from mere frivolity and bubble, he will go down, he will go out, he will be forgotten. It is in the sanctuary that reverence is trained, developed, sanctified. Have hope of any man who can stop before a great sight, and wonder, for he is on the way to prayer; but frivolity kills wonder, selfishness makes prayer impossible, selfishness turns prayer into mere asking, solicitation, begging. It is a species of spiritual mendicancy; whereas true prayer is reverence, communion, sympathy with all things sublime, and an earnest desire to be like God as He has been made known to us in the person and priesthood of Jesus Christ.

It is in the sanctuary that all that is best in us is strengthened. Curious enough it is how strengthening influence comes to us whilst we tarry waitingly and lovingly beside the true altar. We cannot tell from what quarter of the service the real good may come; God has His Own way in this whirlwind also. Sometimes the poor soul is awakened by some remembered tune or hymn or psalm. The soul says, "It is thirty years since I heard that psalm. I remember where; I recall the occasion. My father was there; I sat near my mother. It was in an old and poor place of a church; but when I heard that tune to that psalm I went right back thirty years and more, and a ghostly but not unfriendly feeling crept over my heart." Sometimes the strengthening influence comes from the reading of the Word of God. A verse we have heard a thousand times we hear again in a new music or in a new setting, coming upon us with a new force. It is read with an explanatory emphasis; the voice was a commentary. Sometimes it is the prayer that helps us up to Heaven, and sometimes a little sentence in a discourse may alight upon us like a descending angel, and we go out of the sanctuary wishing we could have been longer there, for we were feeding on fat things and drawing strength from the very heart of God.

If we go for these reasons to church we shall not go in vain, no matter what church it is, no matter who the preacher is, no matter if there is any preacher at all. The minister is not essential to the church. Sometimes he is its burden and its drawback; but there shall be found something in God's holy house that we cannot find in any other house, and we shall return, saying, "The tabernacle of God is with men upon the earth, and it was good to be there." So the churches, sanctuaries, of all names and denominations, are doing good, each in its own way. The important thing is, What good is being done? Not where it is being done, or by whom it is being done; but is the good

itself done in the sense of administering a tonic to the soul, and a tonic that does not want another tonic, but that stirs the best appetites of the spirit of the man and calls out his desire to feed on the Bread of Heaven, the Bread of the very heart of the Son of God? We cannot live upon tonics; they only help us to live. "Take this tonic," they say. For what purpose? "To awaken your appetite, to give you an interest in the very training of your own physical system." That is right. The counterpart is in the church and in all spiritual ministry. Now and then we need a fillip, we need a help, a tonic, a stimulus; and we shall know that the stimulus has been adapted to our necessity when we cry out for the living God. And having heard of the body of Christ, and having heard Christ say, "Except a man eat My Flesh he hath no life in him," we say, "Lord, give us Thy Flesh to eat; Lord, give us the true Bread from Heaven." For no man can eat that Bread without having such a consciousness of access of strength that he must go out and spend the force in doing good to other souls.

A Hope Long Deferred

BY EGLANTON THORNE

"THE whole Bible is full of it," Grace said to herself wearily: "Only believe," "Wait patiently," "Have faith in God." But I am sick of believing, weary of waiting. Truly "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

It was still early in the afternoon, but dusk was falling in the old city church into which Grace had wandered. She was secretary to one of the partners in a well-known city firm; but her employer was going out of town, and had dismissed her earlier than usual to day. She hardly knew what to do with the unwonted freedom. She had no wish to hurry back to the two rooms where she lived solitary, so she had strayed into the church with a vague hope that there she might regain the faith that was slipping from her.

Grace was no girl, but a woman of thirty-four, and her life was shadowed by a great disappointment. Yet she thought less of her own loss than of the pain and loneliness which another had borne so patiently during many years.

The time was long past in which Grace Warren and Leonard Medland had looked forward to joining their lives. Seldom did a union promise more happiness. She was twenty-two, and he, her senior by eight years, already filled a responsible position in a Government office. Clever, distinguished, high-principled, he was a man for whose honour no one who knew him would hesitate to stand surety. Grace had more reason than most betrothed girls for believing her lover a hero. It was to her an astounding thing that a shadow could fall on Leonard's good name.

It seemed that there was a traitor amid the employés at the office. Some one had divulged facts that should have been guarded with strictest secrecy, and they appeared prematurely in a certain newspaper. The matter produced a stir. Suspicion fell upon Medland, and deepened when he absolutely refused to answer certain questions. Refusing to give full explanations, his assertions of innocence went for nothing. He was requested to resign, and retired from his post with a stain upon his reputation.

The first thing Leonard did was to set Grace free from her engagement. He had no right, he said, to ask her to take a dishonoured name. The hand he had offered her was clean; but that was not enough. The man she married should be above suspicion. As long as this cloud rested on his honour he would never approach her as a lover.

Grace's heart had a ready response to these words. She did not desire such freedom; she asked nothing better than to share the pain and obloquy of the man she loved. But the question was decided for her. Her father, a retired naval officer of choleric temper and inflexible pride, would have summarily dismissed Leonard had he not taken the initiative. Captain Warren professed to believe in Leonard's guilt as firmly as his daughter believed in his innocence.

It was an old story now, forgotten by all save a narrow circle. Only Leonard's intimate friends knew why he had made no mark in the world and was merely an ordinary clerk, gifted with such musical talent as enabled him to increase his income by officiating as organist in a London church. Yet perhaps it was the congenial occupation rather than the remuneration which he prized; for what incentive had he to earn money? He was a lonely man, living in chambers. No sweet home-ties made life worth living for him. And Grace, whose father had passed away, was lonely too with the loneliness that weighs so terribly on a woman's heart. The pity of it that these two, who would have found happiness in caring for each other, should be held apart!

The man's pride was now the barrier. He would not wed Grace till he could bring her a stainless name. Though he never sought her, their paths would sometimes cross. Then he would greet her with the old friendliness, and they would talk together on any subject save the one which by tacit agreement they never mentioned. It was well for Grace that these meetings were so rare, since the joy of seeing him had to be paid for in renewed and terrible anguish.

She had never been in St. Cuthbert's Church before. Humanly speaking, it was by chance that she tried the door, and finding it open, entered. As she passed up the aisle she was dimly aware of a female form, kneeling in one of the pews, over whose shoulder fell a widow's veil.

Grace slipped into a pew and sank on her knees; but she could not pray, till presently there floated through the church the immortal music to which Mendelssohn has wedded the sublime words, "O rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him."

How entrancingly sweet was the music! The organ, with its pathetic "vox humana," seemed to sing the words she loved to hear. Who was the organist? She could have fancied it was Leonard, so touching, so heartfelt, was the expression with which the strain was rendered. Surely he was one who had suffered, and who knew the dreariness of hope deferred, the difficulty of such patient waiting for the heart's desire. Her tears fell fast as she thought of her long patience of hope. Yet while she listened the music fulfilled its mission. Faith and hope revived within her. Once more she waited on the Lord, and her heart was strengthened.

The music ceased, but still Grace knelt, reluctant to break the hush that had fallen on her spirit. At last she rose and moved towards the door. Some one came down the stairs from the gallery and met her.

"Grace!" said the voice which alone had power to thrill her heart.

"Then it was *you*," she said tremulously. "I wondered that any other could play that air—just so. I did not know you had any connection with this church."

"I am the organist," he said, "and proud of my beautiful old instrument. 'O rest in the Lord' is a favourite with us both, is it not, Grace? It means so much for those who have to wait for their heart's desire."

It was the first time he had spoken openly of their trial of patience.

"It is a long probation," she replied in faltering tones; "will what we desire ever come to pass?"

"As I believe in God, I believe that my honour will yet be established," he replied; "and, Grace, something tells me that the time is near when I shall be released from my vow of silence, and at liberty to prove my innocence."

"Ah! then it is as I thought," she said. "You were silent for the sake of another."

"You are right," he said.

"That other must have been very dear to you," she said, "since you were willing to sacrifice honour and happiness for his sake."

He made no reply.

They were at the open door now, and the light from without fell on Grace's pale, sad face.

"It has cost you a great deal," she said.

"Ay," he returned with something like a groan; "more than you can ever know."

"Grace," he said, when they were in the street, "do you still live at Brixton?"

"I do," she said.

"May I see you home?"

She shook her head. She would not that he should see the poor little house in which she now dwelt.

"It is too far," she said; then relenting—"but you may walk part of the way with me, if you will."

"You do not surely walk all that way?"

"Not always," she replied; "but to-day is fine and dry underfoot, and, you know, I am fond of walking."

Crossing Westminster Bridge, they lingered to admire an effect such as Turner loved—the declining sun breaking through the smoky haze which overhung the river. Did they discern a parable in it as they walked along with hearts too full for words?

Leonard was not to be persuaded to say good-bye till they were within the borders of Brixton. Then they parted, and Grace went on alone.

It had been so sweet to see him again, to listen to his voice, to walk beside him, that she had been lifted out of herself; but when he had gone, the burden of the actual fell on her with renewed heaviness. Her heart sickened at the thought of returning to her unhomelike rooms. She felt to loathe her lonely life.

But a surprise befell her as she entered the little house.

"A lady to see you, miss," said her landlady. "She is waiting upstairs."

Full of wonder, Grace entered her sitting-room. A tall woman, dressed as a widow, advanced to meet her. As she threw back her veil, Grace recognised in the worn, thin face, with its highly marked features, a woman whom she had known in earlier life as a proud, fashionable, and much-admired woman, the wife, moreover, of Leonard's most intimate friend in those days.

"Mrs. Dean!" she exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes, Miss Warren, it is I. How many years have passed since we met; and, if you knew all, you would not wish to receive me now. I have given you cause to hate me."

"To hate you?" repeated Grace.

"I have come back from India, where my husband died two months ago, to make what amends is in my power," said the other. "I wanted to find you and Leonard Medland, and to-day God's Providence has led me to you."

"How?" asked Grace.

"Listen," said Mrs. Dean. "I had gone into St. Cuthbert's, wearied by a trying interview, to rest and collect myself. Five minutes later you entered. As you walked up the aisle, you pulled out your handkerchief, and in so doing dropped this." She held up to view an old envelope on which Grace had jotted down some items she wished to remember. "I was about to restore it, as I thought, to a stranger, when I caught sight of your name. Below it was your address, which I had been anxious to obtain. Startled by the discovery, I sat down and watched you as you quietly enjoyed the music. When it was over, I would have spoken to you; but as I advanced from my dusky corner I saw you joined by Leonard Medland. I shrank out of sight, and I heard all that passed between you. It made me wretched as I realised what I had caused you both to suffer."

"I do not understand," said Grace. "Oh! was it for *your* sake Leonard kept silence?"

"Not for mine—for my husband's," said Mrs. Dean quickly. "They were such friends, chums at school and college, then working together in the same office—another David and Jonathan, you may remember."

"I remember," said Grace. "Well?" Her tone was hard.

"In those days I used to write for the editor of the *Evening Tattler*," continued Mrs. Dean. "He paid me at a high rate for spicy bits of Society gossip, sketches of fashionable functions, and the like. My tastes were extravagant and outran the limits of my husband's income. I was driven to all kinds of straits to raise money for my dressmakers' bills. The editor once hinted that he would pay me well for any items of official intelligence that I could coax my husband into telling me. But Will was like adamant where his office was concerned."

"Not more so than Leonard," said Grace proudly.

"No, no; do not misunderstand me," replied Mrs. Dean. "Leonard was not to blame. It was thus: One day I called at the office for Will. He was out, and Leonard invited me into his room to await his return. While I was there a letter was brought in which I could see greatly excited Leonard. He went out with it in his hand to consult with some one, then came back, still visibly moved, and presently laid it down and went out again. My woman's curiosity was roused. To satisfy it, I did a mean thing. I drew the letter out of its envelope and hastily perused it ere Leonard's return."

"And you made it public?" cried Grace. "You were so vile as to sell the intelligence you had stolen?"

The other woman winced.

"Ah! yes," she said, "I deserve your scorn. But I did not realise then how despicable was my action. And my editor tempted me."

"And so," said Grace, in tones quivering with passion, "it was for your sake that Leonard's career was ruined and his character clouded. He was sacrificed that you might pay your dressmakers' bills!"

"No, no; again I say it was for my husband's sake. When I learned the effect of my deed, I was overwhelmed. I confessed all to Leonard, but I could not tell Will. He was expecting his Indian appointment, and, if the truth had been known, he would never have had it. I could not bear to spoil his life."

"To destroy Leonard's prospects was nothing, I suppose?" said Grace bitterly.

"Forgive me! I did not think. I promised Leonard I would tell Will all when we got away; but I was a coward. I never told him till—till he lay on his death-bed. Ah! then I had my punishment. He could hardly forgive me for so wronging his friend. But I have done all that he bid me. This morning I saw Lord Devonport. He was the head of the department in the old days, you know. He has promised to clear Leonard's character. Oh, forgive me, Grace!"

"I cannot," cried Grace passionately. "It is too much. I will never, never forgive you."

She sank on to the sofa, and, covering her face with her hands, sobbed aloud. Mrs. Dean slipped away and left her thus.

Presently there was a knock on the house door, and steps hastily ascended the stairs; but she knew nothing till a voice said "Grace!" and, with a dawning of comfort, she felt loving arms thrown about her.

"You must not weep any more, darling. It is all over now."

"You here, Leonard! I thought you had gone home."

"Forgive me, darling, that I turned and followed you. I wanted to see the house that sheltered my Grace. And it was well, for by your door I encountered Mrs. Dean."

"She is a bad woman, Leonard—a mean, contemptible woman. She has spoiled your life. I will never forgive her."

"But my life is not spoiled; and you must forgive her, because we are going to be so happy, Grace—you and I."

"But I can't forget what you have suffered," sobbed Grace; "and the years—the years that have been wasted, the years in which we might have been so happy."

"And in which you have lived so lonely, when I might have been caring for you," he said, with a break in his voice. "It does not do to think of that. Yet even those years God can restore. He can make up to us for what we have suffered, and crown our lives with an aftermath of blessing."

Grace's face brightened as for her, too, there beamed through the mist and gloom of the past the sunshine of hope.

A Wesleyan Preaching Family

It would be difficult to mention a family more highly esteemed in Methodist circles than that of which the Rev. W. D. Walters, General Secretary of the London Wesleyan Mission, is the honoured head. Equally true is it that the Walters family at the present time exert an influence over the fortunes of London Methodism which is both deep and far-reaching. And now that one of its members, the Rev. C. Ensor Walters, is to fill the vacancy caused by the lamented death of the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, we may confidently expect that that influence will be greatly increased. In one respect, at all events, the Walters family occupy a position which is probably without parallel in the Wesleyan Church. They are a family of preachers. True, Mr. Walters and his five sons do not all follow the ministerial calling, but, they are all preachers, and, in the case of two at least, preachers of some distinction.

The head of the family, the Rev. W. D. Walters, has had a most interesting career, and has done valuable work for Methodism in various important spheres which is gratefully remembered by those who have the best interests of the Wesleyan Church at heart. One can never mention Mr. Walters's name without recalling the memory of his dear departed friend Mr. Price Hughes. They began their ministerial life together, they fought many battles side by side, and—may we not add?—they were privileged to witness not a few victories. Mr. Walters entered the Wesleyan ministry at the Conference of 1865, and in relating the fact one recollects with interest that at the examination before the Synod Mr. Walters stood by the side of Mr. Price Hughes. His first appointment was to a small Welsh village. Mr. Walters's gifts at once attracted attention, and, as was only to be expected, he was not allowed to remain long in this obscure sphere. He was still a young man when he was called to succeed the Rev. W. O. Simpson at Liverpool Road, Islington, which was then one of the most important London chapels. Altogether Mr. Walters had twenty-four years of circuit life. Then came his appointment to the general secretaryship of the London Wesleyan Mission, a position which he has held for the past thirteen years. It is in this sphere, as every one knows, that Mr. Walters's best work has been done. The duties have been arduous and exacting to a degree, but he has been more than equal to them, and has fully justified the choice made more than a dozen years ago. As General Secretary of the London Wesleyan Mission, Mr. Walters, who is a member of the Legal Hundred, took a leading part along with Mr. Price Hughes in the Forward Movement. Indeed, as already indicated, the connection between Mr. Walters and Mr. Hughes was always of the closest. When Mr. and Mrs. Price Hughes paid their very successful visit to America, it will be remembered by many that they were accompanied by Mr. Walters.

Photo by Hellis & Sons, London
MR. T. C. WALTERS

Photo by A. R. Perry, Hastings
REV. G. ERNEST WALTERS, Curate of Emmanuel Church, Hastings

Mr. Walters has two sons in the Wesleyan ministry, while other two, Messrs. T. C. and H. C. Walters, are Wesleyan local preachers in the Highgate Circuit. The eldest of his preaching sons, the Rev. G. Ernest Walters, is a clergyman of the Church of England. Ordained by the Bishop of Llandaff in 1893, Mr. Walters acted for some time as curate at a large Evangelical church in Bristol. Subsequently he was appointed by the Colonial Secretary Civil Chaplain of Seychelles; but after three successful years his health unfortunately broke down, and he was obliged to resign the chaplaincy and return to England. Mr. Walters is now chaplain to the Hastings Union, and officiates at Emmanuel Church.

Comparisons are invidious, but, if one may say so without offence, interest chiefly centres, so far as Methodism is concerned, in Mr. Walters's second son, the Rev. C. Ensor Walters. It is difficult to realise that one who was accepted as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry so recently as 1892 is now, or at all events will shortly

REV. C. ENSOR WALTERS

Photo by Russell

Photo by Russell

REV. ARTHUR WALTERS

be, at the head of the great West London Mission, guiding its multifarious agencies. Mr. Ensor Walters has reached this exalted position, not by influence, but by sheer force of natural ability. He has climbed the ladder of promotion with astonishing rapidity; and yet those who listen Sunday after Sunday to his inspiring discourses from the platform of St. James's Hall have little cause to wonder. He has already made a preacher's name for himself in West London. The overflowing congregations which were such a feature in Mr. Price Hughes's time do not diminish, surely a striking testimony, if ever there was one, of the pulpit power of this young preacher. Mr. Ensor Walters, unlike his father, has never known circuit life. After three years at Richmond Theological College he went straight to the West London Mission to assist Mr. Price Hughes, whom he has now been unanimously chosen to succeed. Mr. Ensor Walters has already manifested a deep interest in public work in London. He has served on the St.

Photo by Russell

REV. W. D. WALTERS,

General Secretary of the London Wesleyan Mission

Pancras Vestry, and has been a member of the St. Pancras Borough Council, and chairman of the Public Health Committee.

Mr. Walters's third son, the Rev. Arthur Walters, is also a Wesleyan minister of considerable promise. In 1898 he was accepted as a candidate, and, after three years at Richmond Theological College, was appointed minister at Harrow, in the Great Queen Street Circuit. At Harrow Mr. Walters has had a very successful ministry, the congregations having outgrown the present chapel. As an instance of how the work is extending under his charge, it may be mentioned that a scheme has been inaugurated to erect two new chapels, at a cost of £14,000. Mr. Walters has been well received by the masters of Harrow School, and they have honoured him by electing him a member of the Harrow Fifty Club.

W. F. G.

Helps for Sunday-School Teachers and Christian Endeavourers

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS.

By Rev. J. Ossian Davies.

AUG. 2.—*Samuel anoints David* (1 Sam. xvi. 4-13)

The Lord commanded Samuel to anoint David, but he hesitated to obey. "Alas! the best of men are but men at the best." When God says "Go," let us all be "on the go," whether we see the reason for it or not. Samuel grieved for Saul; but our grief must not lead us away from duty. We must never hesitate to anoint the man whom God selects. Samuel had to go to Bethlehem for the real thing, for the sceptre was to fall to Judah. Eliab, the tall and stately, was first presented; but the Lord wanted moral quality, and not physical bulk. "He looketh at the heart." He desired inward fitness, and not outward appearance; and so He ordered Samuel to pour his oil on the ruddy stripling David. "Arise and anoint him, for this is he."

AUG. 9.—*David and Goliath* (1 Sam. xvii. 38-49)

Goliath was a giant ten feet in height, and his deep voice rang through the valley of Elah like a peal of thunder. Young David offered to fight the giant single-handed, and Saul offered him his coat of mail, but the help was a hindrance. "I cannot go with them," said he, and he took his shepherd's sling instead. Go into every battle as yourself, and not as another. Cultivate individuality; be voices, and not empty echoes. David chose five stones and used only one, so that he had ammunition enough to slay four more giants. David went into battle in the Name of the Lord, hence his triumph over the blustering blasphemer.

AUG. 16.—*Saul's Jealousy* (1 Sam. xviii. 5-16)

"Saul *eyed* David," and it was with the green eye of the monster Jealousy. When the women sang their chorus, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands," the King was wroth. It was a National Anthem, with the King put in the background, and of course Saul did not like it. David was the nation's idol, and the King was filled with envy of one greater than himself. One day he hurled a javelin at David as he was playing the harp; but it only hit the wall. A javelin for a harp—murder for music: it was a cruel return! Saul was angry with David because the Lord was with him. The man who has not God fears the man who has!

AUG. 23.—*David and Jonathan* (1 Sam. xx. 12-23)

What so beautiful as the friendships of the young, when duly sanctified? The souls of David and Jonathan were knit together as one. There were two bodies, but only one soul. Jonathan was a brave, generous, large-hearted man who made a covenant with David and his house that he would find out his father Saul's intentions, and fly the danger-signal in time. These young men had common faith in a covenant—God; hence the splendid genuineness of their friendship. They had opposite interests, and were in a sense rivals for the throne, and yet their love was unquenchable. More than once Jonathan saved David's life. He was a friend at court who never played false. He befriended David at the risk of offending his own father. The highest kinship is not that of blood, for Jonathan was more closely related to David than to his father Saul.

AUG. 30.—*David spares Saul* (1 Sam. xxvi. 5-12, 21-25)

Saul was found soundly asleep in a trench, and Abishai wanted to kill him; but David was magnanimous enough to save his life. "The Lord shall smite him." "Vengeance is Mine." God often puts our enemies into our hands, not for their destruction, but for their salvation. By killing Saul David would have removed the last obstacle in his way to the throne; but he spared him. Saul was deeply touched by David's magnanimity. "I have played the fool," said he. And every sinner is a moral madman. The biggest fool in the universe is the man who clenches his little fist in the face of Omnipotence!

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR TOPICS

By Rev. H. Elvet Lewis

AUG. 2.—*Paul and his Hindrances* (2 Cor. xii. 1-10)

Payson wrote of himself: "I have been all my life like a child whose father wishes to fix his undivided attention. At first, the child runs about the room, but his father ties up his feet; he then plays with his hands, until they likewise are tied. . . . Then, when he can do nothing else, he will attend to his father. . . . God has kept cutting off one source of enjoyment after another, till I find I can do without them, and yet enjoy more happiness than ever in my life before."

The wound of the thorn can never be deeper than the healing of the balm. If it takes long to heal, it means that the hand of the Divine Physician will be often there. For the sake of His hand, what wound but can be borne?

AUG. 9.—*Paul's Life-Passion* (2 Cor. v. 11-21)

A passion too often, like the ivy plant, injures the faculty which it uses; but when Christ becomes the passion of a soul, it gives perennial freshness to all its faculties. It is the fire that sets the bush aflame, without consuming it: one-half of it, as in Peredur's vision, "is in flames from the root to the top, and the other half is green and in full leaf."

Tholuck passed through severe difficulties of faith before he found peace. At one period he placed Christ beneath Buddha and Confucius; then he made Him equal to them. But when he reached the mount of God, he saw Jesus only. His motto and favourite words to his students were, "Christ must be nothing less than the *passion* of your souls!"

AUG. 16.—*Paul's Tactfulness* (1 Cor. ix. 15-23)

"*I am made all things to all men.*" While there is evidently a point where such an action becomes unlawful and unworthy, there remains a considerable sphere of service where it can be nobly exercised. The limits of the sphere must be defined according to the mind of Christ. There is what is admirably Greek, or admirably Jewish; there is what is indifferently so; and there is what is neither admirable nor passable: the latter marks the limit.

A Christian worker does not enter Christ's vineyard to cut down, uproot, and burn; he enters rather to help, and heal, and cultivate. To aid the most unlikely vine to bear fruit is to earn a good degree; merely to condemn it, or neglect it, is to forfeit, at close of day, the Master's rewarding smile.

AUG. 23.—*Paul's Ideal* (Phil. iii. 7-21)

The moment our ideal ceases to give us any pain, it is no longer an ideal. To the climber, the unreached height is both trouble and prize; to the Christian also, the unattained perfection yields both fear and hope. "Never allow yourself to feel equal to your work," said Phillips Brooks.

An old Zulu, pointing to the lofty crest of Mount Kenia, overtopped only by the loftier blue, and called by the natives "the finger of God," remarked to a traveller, "A man might look on it for a thousand years, and yet still be hungry to see it!" Such hunger, with more rapture than pang in it, does "the high calling of God in Christ Jesus" produce.

AUG. 30.—*An Evening with our Colonial Missions* (Isa. lx. 1-11, 17-22)

What would be thought of a gardener, who spends laborious weeks at his toil, and then one morning lets budding flowers and springing plants be taken out of the garden and left to die in the fields? Religious advantages in the mother-country create the religious claims of our colonies.

Of all bonds, the bond of religion is the strongest and safest. The colonies and the mother-country are united by means of language, trade, and law; but Christ's Cross is the profoundest and most permanent influence in holding all together.

A Broken Faith

BY INA L. CASSILIS

"YOU don't deny it," the girl said half bitterly.

"I can't deny it," the man answered. "What would be the use? You know the truth!"

"Yes, I know it at last," said Marjorie Lester slowly. "But not from you. You deceived me—acted a lie, if you did not utter one. Here is my engagement ring." She drew it from her finger and held it out.

"Marjorie!" he cried passionately. "You are mad! You can't mean to break with me——"

"You broke with Nellie Sandford!" said Marjorie sternly. "Your word was given to her, and you left her, without explanation, without excuse——"

"Not without excuse," exclaimed Ernest Langton, interrupting again. "I own that I loved her once; but I met you, and my love for her was as nothing compared with what I bore you."

"And she," said Marjorie, "who for five years has trusted you, waited for you, been true and faithful, and is now cast aside as if you had both been playing parts in some drama, and nothing was meant, and no one was hurt—what is she to do with the rest of her life?"

Langton's handsome face flushed scarlet, his eyes sank. For a minute he could not answer, then he stammered:

"It was better to leave her than to marry without love."

"And your honour?"

"Has love no rights?"

"Has honour none?" said Marjorie. "Have truth and faith none? Is it to be all self? That seems to be the doctrine now. It is not mine."

"You don't love me," cried Langton hoarsely, "or you could not speak and act so!"

"I don't love you, because I will not trample on every principle of honour for your sake. You belong to another woman—not to me! You have deceived us both; and if you are an honest man, make what reparation is in your power."

"Marry a woman I don't love!" said Langton almost savagely, the more angry because his conscience convicted him. "You may call that honesty; I do not. How was I to know you had such extravagant ideas?"

Marjorie turned away, too deeply wounded for words. It was "extravagant," then, in Ernest Langton's code, to stand by solemn promises, to be truthful in act as well as word, to have any other standard than that of self-pleasing. How little she had really known the man with whom she was to pass her life!

"Religious people always have over-strained ideas," added Langton, as a parting fling.

He turned on his heel and strode through the grass to the stile, vaulted it, and vanished in the wood.

Marjorie sat down with a sort of stunned feeling. She had held to the right, but it cost her more than perhaps even she herself realised at first. It was not only the parting with a man she deeply loved; it was the disillusionment, the shattering of ideals. Yesterday, all the world was rose-coloured; to-day, grey shadows lay over the landscape, though the sun shone in a cloudless sky.

> Then she took up her burden of life again,
> Saying only, "It might have been!"

"She'll get tired of high falutin'," Langton said to himself, still in white heat of wrath and disappointment. "If a woman really cares for a man, she can't throw him over so easily!" And it did not occur to him that Nellie Sandford might have said this of him, and with more justice, for he had deserted her merely to please himself, and not from any claims of principle.

He waited six months, and then he went to the village where Marjorie lived with her aunt, and waylaid her on her homeward way, having ascertained that she had gone through the fields by a path he knew well. Unseen, he watched her as she drew near: she looked thin and pale; her step seemed to have lost its elasticity; she suffered—he could see that in her face, in her mien. Surely she needed but a word from him to relent! He stepped out from his shelter into the path before her, and she started with a little cry, and stopped dead.

"Marjorie!" he cried, stretching out his hands—"Marjorie!"

Recovering herself after that momentary weakness, the girl looked at him steadily.

"Why have you come?" she said. "It was cruel!"

"Cruel! How could I keep away? You have suffered—we have both suffered! Forgive me, and let the dead past bury its dead!"

"I forgave you long ago," Marjorie said; "but there is only one way of killing the past—by making restitution!"

"What!" he said, almost harshly, "you harp still on that key? The restitution you mean is preposterous—impossible! Do you suppose that even if I returned to her, Nellie Sandford would marry me now?"

"If she would not," said Marjorie quietly, "I would not. I love you still, Ernest—I will not deny it; but I cannot honour you, or trust you. Besides, Miss Sandford's refusal of you now would not blot out the wrong you did her."

"Is this your final answer, Marjorie?"

"My final answer; and this must be good-bye!"

"You call it religion to spoil a man's life?"

"What do you call it, Ernest, to spoil a woman's life?"

He turned away, baffled and furious, and for the second time left her. The answer was unanswerable; it struck home. He had spoiled the lives of two women—devoted, unselfish women—who loved him; he had deceived them both; and though he had loved them both, it was selfishly, with no thought of any obligation more binding than his own wishes. He had been a blind and willing devotee of the modern doctrine that the individual (meaning self) is everything, and the concrete (meaning other people) nothing, and honour a fine thing to talk about, but in action not to stand in the way of Self; and now he was hoist with his own petard, and found that a woman could teach him what truth and honour meant—not words to play with, but principles to rule one's life, to live for as well as to die for, with claims to which even love must bow. He did not acknowledge all this at once, nor for a long time. He had to experience the humiliation of being rejected with contempt by the woman whose long devotion he had so cruelly betrayed. He had to suffer as he had made others suffer; nay, more, for they at least were guiltless; and though he came out of the refiner's fire a better man, he was hardly a happier one; but he owned that he had not earned happiness, and he had learned that self-pleasing is not the alpha and omega of human existence, even here below. It was no new lesson to Marjorie Lester; but she was not unhappy, though she had missed some of the brightest flowers that grow in a woman's life. Maybe she would gather them, brighter and fairer than ever bloomed in earthly garden, in the land where love and duty walk always hand in hand, and ideals are realities.

THE OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH.—I am convinced there is a deep truth in the strict view which many take of the observance of Sunday. I am *certain* that their arguments are wrong—that the Sabbath is not a perpetual obligation; that it was Jewish, and that it passed away with Christianity, which made all days and places holy. Nevertheless, I am more and more sure by experience that the reason for the observance of the Sabbath lies deep in the everlasting necessities of human nature, and that as long as man is man the blessedness of keeping it, not as a day of rest only, but as a day of spiritual rest, will never be annulled. Almost everything may become an object of doubt; but, in the midst of a wilderness of shadows, broken and distorted in every way, of one thing I am certain—one thing is real—the life of God in the soul of man. I am quite sure that there is One who is seeking us rather than sought by us, that He will seek and find the earnest; and I am sure that this hidden communion may become an object of actual experience as soon as the seeking is reciprocal.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Frederick W. Robertson: A Critical Estimate

BY W. SCOTT KING

NATUS, 1816; *obiit*, 1853! Thus reduced to barest simplicity does the inscription on the bust in the Bodleian Gallery proclaim at once the glory and much of the tragedy of the life of Frederick William Robertson of Brighton. The glory and the wonder of it! He accomplished all he did for English thought and pervaded every section of the Christian Church with his spiritual essence before he reached the prime of manhood. The tragedy! While yet but thirty-seven he was taken from a world to the martial music of whose progress he had rejoiced to step with so brave a tread. Thinking of his wide-reaching influence and of all the name of Robertson of Brighton has stood for these sixty years, one is smitten with a wondering incredulity to find *Aged thirty-seven* written upon his tomb. To realise it you think of some example of immature manhood whom you know, or possibly of yourself, and of how you promise yourself that in a few more years you will begin. And so the wonder but deepens, and with it the conviction that of all standards of measurement for human lives, that of years is the least reliable. Will any one presume to say that his life was cut short? Has any one the effrontery to express a regret that no cure was found for that fatal disease which killed him—that malady so strangely compounded of cerebral decay, spiritual consumption, and heartbreak? Had Keats and Chatterton but lived to the age of Wordsworth, we fatuously say, what glories they would have added to English literature! Would they? What an irreparable loss to theological thought is that work on Inspiration, so long planned, which Robertson carried to his grave unwritten. Is it a loss? Would his fame have stood higher or his influence penetrated farther had he completed it?

REV. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A.
Taken from the original water colour portrait in the possession of Mr. C. B. Robertson, and reproduced by his kind permission

Surely such futile regrets should be cast out upon the refuse land where lies for ever abandoned that other presumptuous banality of a gone-by criticism, which delighted in speculating upon what a man might have been if only he had been other than he was. If only Robertson of Brighton had not been the Robertson he was, and had not lived at Brighton! He was too morbidly sensitive, said this negative criticism, and lacked the diplomancy which would have conciliated much of the Evangelical irritation from which he suffered. He should have spared himself, have taken things less to heart, should have masculinised the essential womanliness of his temperament, and above all, have hung over his study mantelpiece in letters of gold the text "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." Perhaps he should; but one thing is certain. Had he done so, he might have become a greater man, and his influence might have been wider—no one can say. But his name would not have been Robertson of Brighton. No; he was best as God made him, a millionfold more to be valued and estimated for what he was and possessed than for what he was not and lacked. And so it is but with tolerant surprise and curiosity rather than with pain and anger, that we turn to the *Guardian* of 1865 and read from that pen which was not wont to forget itself and talk partisan foolishness—the pen of the late Dean Church: "It [*i.e.* the "Life and Letters"] is a record disclosing a man with great faults and conspicuous blanks in his nature, one with whose principles, taste, and judgment we constantly find ourselves having a vehement quarrel." Such has *not* been the verdict of the world. Rather has it re-indorsed with every added year and every new volume of sermons published the inscription placed on his tomb by his adoring, sorrowing congregation:—

HONOURED AS A MINISTER,
BELOVED AS A MAN,
HE AWAKENED THE HOLIEST FEELINGS
IN POOR AND RICH, IN IGNORANT AND LEARNED;
THEREFORE IS HE LAMENTED
AS THEIR GUIDE AND COMFORTER
BY MANY WHO IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT.
GLORY TO THE SAVIOUR, WHO WAS HIS ALL.

Just fifty years ago Robertson preached for the last

time, taking for part of his text words which later came back to the memory of his congregation laden with pathetic though unknown fitness, "Finally, brethren, farewell!" In outward happenings, those movements of material things which have unjustly monopolised the word "events," the life which came to an end on Sunday, August 15, was as meagre as it is familiar. The early passion for a military life, which lived with him to he end; the Oxford years of unchartered reading, cramped Evangelical creed, and impastioned Union debates; curacy at Winchester, commenced with the characteristically selected text, "Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ"; acceptance of a curacy at Cheltenham; those agonising months of spiritual and mental storm and stress amid the mountains of the Tyrol, when faith lost every foothold but that of "the grand, simple landmarks of morality"; the return to Cheltenham and removal to the town for ever linked with his name; and then that wonderful ministry, perhaps the most potent personal ministry in England of the last century—so daringly conscientious, so penetratingly revolutionary beyond the borders of Holy Trinity, so clairvoyant in sympathy, so emotionally intellectual, so passionately admired, so cruelly misinterpreted, caricatured, denounced, so rapturously espoused by the troubled and the parched and weary in many lands and in every Church. It is more than well worth while to accept the still unsurpassed guidance of Mr. Stopford Brooke, and pass again over these familiar roads; for though we have been compelled to let the grass gather upon them while we elbowed our course in the thronged wake of Darwin and Spencer and other and later pioneers, the flowers by that enchanted wayside are yet fragrant and can hardly be found elsewhere, and the watersprings still murmur of an inspiration that cannot but refresh. And what is more, there must be many of this newer time to whom Robertson is unknown. These must be gently but firmly pressed into these old paths, for their quickening and purifying influence is not to be neglected even by the very latest student of either Mr. Booth or Mr. Yeats, and certainly not of Professor James and Dr. Harnack.

If a writer on Robertson aspired to fairly cover the ground, it would swiftly appear to him that his material, as by magnetic attraction, tended to group itself round four luminous centres: the man himself; his principles or dominating ideas; his actual work; and the question of the ministerial office generally—its special temptations, qualifications, and essential peril, and the particular features incident to a man possessed of no conventional order of mind, exercised amid a rancorous religious and a fashionable social atmosphere.

From a miniature by L. T. Mitchell

COLONEL ROBERTSON, OF THE WESTMINSTER VOLUNTEERS, (GRANDFATHER OF F. W. ROBERTSON)

It was at the London house of this distinguished officer, who was wounded in the service, that the famous preacher was born, February 3, 1816.

First, like half of the life-material, let us succumb to the attraction of the second and third luminous centres. Robertson, we have reminded ourselves already, died fifty years ago. Half a century! That is a long time, and the last fifty years have been more than usually long and filled. Most important of all, Robertson had been laid to rest in a hollow of the Downs he loved so well six years before Evolution was born. And to be pre-Darwinian is to have breathed an atmosphere, no less in theology and sociology and religion than in science, wholly re-tinctured. How, then, has it fared with the

F. W. ROBERTSON'S MOTHER

The preacher owed much to parental influences, and he was always wont to regard his early home as his most honoured recollection. Robertson's deep veneration for his parents was one of the most beautiful traits in his character.

principles he laid down with such compelling lucidity and authoritativeness? What of Time's revenges upon the architecture of his actual work? Are they invalidated, and has it crumbled and fallen away? Under the thousand and one solvents of the last half-century, have they suffered disintegration? Has the all-rearranging hand of progress unseated the masonries he cemented with such industrious care? Let us see.

Of his rules we need take no account. He himself never tired of saying to his many correspondents, "Grasp my principles, not my rules." In another sense let us try and do so now. No one will question the right to the first place among the principles which ran throughout Robertson's ministry and personal character being accorded to this fundamental: that the essential of a creed as of a life was not its form but its spirit. Doctrinal forms decay; the spirit lives on under new forms. With this magic, but now so commonplace, key he approached the New Testament, the doctrines of Christ, and the dogmas of his own Church. And with what spirit-freeing result, and to the roar of what orthodox cannonading we all know. "The letter killeth, the spirit maketh alive," he cried in every sermon, every letter, every address. And the rejoinder was the old rejoinder of the terrified literalist in all ages, "You are undermining our faith." No; but he was certainly laying bare those foundations to see if there was any real faith there. This great principle led to two weighty though contrasted goals: first and properly, to a relegation of dogmatic forms to a secondary and subordinate place, called by his detractors a despising of ancient and sacred formularies; secondly, it re-acted in strong affection for those very forms, because of the precious treasure of truth which they had so securely guarded against injury in the stormful past. This was called inconsistency by those to whom secondary is synonymous with useless. But this principle led Robertson yet farther, and lighted his way in a quite new and admittedly perilous though right direction. By it he interpreted such phenomena as the worship of the Virgin, and the Socialism of his friends Maurice and Kingsley. Mariolatry, he contended, had been the base casket which had embalmed the eternal fact of the Motherhood of God, the eternal truth that Christ was as much the ideal of womanhood as manhood, having no sex but being the Son of Man. So with Maurice and Kingsley. Of their definite theories of co-operation and the like he thought little. But he contended that that was but the economically unsound husk which enshrined the imperishable truths of the dignity of manhood, the rights of labour, the responsibilities of men of wealth, and the necessity for an elevation of the working classes. Forthwith the Evangelicals called him a Papist in disguise, and the *Record* a Socialist.

Photo by Vandyk

CAPTAIN ROBERTSON (F. W. ROBERTSON'S FATHER)

Captain Frederick Robertson, who survived his famous son twenty years, belonged to the Royal Artillery, and was the personal friend and comrade-in-arms of Sir Charles Napier. In June, 1805, Captain Robertson was embarked on board the *Victory*, when Nelson's fleet of twelve sail of the line took troops on board at Barbadoes, and went in pursuit of the Toulon squadron. Our Scottish readers may be interested to know that the future preacher's happy childhood was spent at Leith Fort, where his father was stationed for five years.

And how has Time dealt with this principle? Has Darwin taught us that the bark is of more value than the root and the sap? Robertson's principle is absolutely unchallenged and unchallengable to-day. From the time

of its stormy enunciation in Brighton we have never gone back.

Take another of his favourite convictions. Fifty years ago the great organ of truth's attainment was deemed to be the intellect. The royal road to a knowledge of God was the reason. Now Robertson was an intellectual man, his sermons then and since winning their irresistible way by virtue of their splendid thinking. Yet over and over again he declared that the knowledge of God was not to be arrived at by severe investigation, but by innocence of life and singleness of heart. The pure in heart see God, and they alone. This grossly offended the proud intellectualism of the time, seeing that it placed beyond its reach the chance of winning any other than life's secondary certainties. You may discover the underlying principles of mechanics and chemistry and art, said Robertson, and even plumb the very cosmic process—as later they so brilliantly did—but you will not find God. He is the goal at the end of quite another road. Fifty years have gone since then. Was he right? The least observant man to-day cannot but notice the way in which Robertson's view is reasserting itself in the spiritual schemes of all the younger thinkers. "Back to spirituality! Back to imperishable mysticism!" has been, and is, as insistent a cry, alike in the laboratory as in the pulpit, as "Back to nature" was with Wordsworth or Darwin. A final proof of this is furnished by the Gifford Lectures of Professor James, which have thrilled the heart and mind of every thinking man this last twelve months. Here is the first psychologist in Europe boldly saying that in spiritual matters the only voices that carry authority are the voices of the spiritually minded—Billy Bray, Elizabeth of Hungary, Tolstoi, Brainerd. As Robertson contended, or rather as St. Paul asserted nineteen hundred years before, spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and God is a spirit.

Think again of Robertson's favourite philosophic tenet. He knew and felt, none more acutely than he, the unescapable logic which declares that the will is not free—that man is a creature of circumstances, and the child of his ancestry. He knew, too, as surely as Mr. Mallock, that if man is not free, away goes responsibility. And remorse, resolve, repentance are emptied of all meaning. Through what door did he escape? He affirmed the right of the practical judgment to a respectful hearing. Though I am bound, yet I am compelled—all civilisation and religion depend on it—to act as if I were free. And this inconsistent wisdom is justified of her children; where men believe they are free they rise to all that is most admirable in character and life—in a word, they *are* free. Does the twentieth century sanction this way of escape? Is the door Robertson set ajar, still ajar? It is; and every enlightened and spiritual thinker in Europe to-day has his foot between that door and the post. Slam to it cannot, for the world's march is *viâ* that door.

Again, every lover of Robertson knows, if he knows anything at all of his hero, that Shakespeare's saying about "the soul of good in things evil" was the mastering quotation of his tolerant life. Had it not been, what sorrow and misunderstanding would have been spared to him! He *would* see his antagonist's position. No zeal should blind him to the truth concealed in the error. Channing was a Unitarian, therefore to be shunned and denounced, said the Trinitarian. Therefore to be loved and admired for his passionate devotion to Jesus Christ, corrected Robertson. Kingsley was a Socialist, and Socialism involves the denial of those social distinctions inherent in the very fabric of society. No doubt, replied Robertson; but better a thousand times the warm heart of Kingsley than the callous indifference of the well-to-do.

Another of his key-notes, and then the last and probably the greatest survival of all Robertson's life-principles. In a letter he once said that Christianity required not the extirpation but the regulation of all natural instincts. To the hard, pseudo-Puritanism of his day this was misconstrued into a sanction of unholy appetites and a Romish concession to the baser heart of man. Yet with what triumphant endorsement have we now, shall I say come round? to this position! From every young man's pulpit and platform where Christ's Gospel is preached intact, this gospel of the consecration of all human functions as against the heresy of Manichean mutilation is reproduced.

But beyond all Robertson of Brighton stands to memory as he who unfurled again Christ's drooping flag of life as distinguished from creed. Christianity is pre-

CHRIST CHURCH, CHELTENHAM

Robertson laboured here as a curate 1842-1847. Those years marked the "transition" period. Robertson went to Cheltenham with religious ideas and experiences "floating in solution"; he left it for St. Ebbe's, Oxford, with both character and principles fixed for life. At Chr st Church he always preached in the afternoon, and it was here he began to exercise upon his congregation his peculiar power of fascination. Robertson himself, however, was under the strange delusion that his sermons were unintelligible, and he took no pleasure in recollecting the Cheltenham days.

Photographed by kind permission of the Trustees of the Pocock Collection, Brighton
REV. F. W. ROBERTSON

eminently a life! How often he affirmed it. Religion is devotion to Him Who is the ideal of Humanity, and the fruit of such devotion. That was fifty years ago; and now comes Professor James with his cry, "Not 'roots,' but 'fruits.'" And with Robertson this also was a key. What is prayer? Is there an immortality? Can I do what I ought? Is it wise and safe to obey conscience? Can Christ save from sin? Take Him into your heart and you will know, was the great preacher's answer. And not a few who have lately listened to the Thursday morning services in the City Temple have discovered that Brighton is again to stand for a Gospel that finds the answer to all life's questions, not in intellectual explanations, but in loving devotion to a living Master and Lord.

From these brief reminders of some of F. W. Robertson's leading principles it will be readily seen how and why he was so systematically attacked. He founded no school; he refused to be labelled, and so was libelled instead. Men love extremists. "Take the sides," they cry; "one way or the other." "But both sides are right,

if you get high enough up to look down on them," replied Robertson. And so they hated him—with cause. He repudiated the word eclectic, but an eclectic he was, as all men must be who are not prepared to go through life with but one eye and maimed—a method, be it always remembered, commended as a desperate means of salvation, but not of attaining full-orbed Christian perfection.

From photo kindly lent by Mr. R. B. Homewood, of Brighton

TRINITY CHAPEL, BRIGHTON, AS IT WAS IN ROBERTSON'S TIME

Of Robertson's work little must be said. Of the influence of his published sermons on the preaching of England in our churches it is hardly possible to say too much. Most church and chapel goers have heard Robertson's sermons preached, though they never heard Robertson preach them. Who has not preached them? It is the shy admission of every rectory study and manse that once know Robertson's divisions of a text, and you can never find any others. Great, too, was his influence upon social life. No man was ever idolised by working men before or since who dared to disappoint their prejudices so faithfully. Who among us would dare now to stand in a Mechanics' Institute and enforce "unworldliness" as a prime condition of understanding Wordsworth, and plead the beneficent influence of a leisured and aristocratic class on the national

Photo by E. Hawkins & Co., 32, 33, & 38, Preston Street, Brighton. Kindly lent by Mr. Thomas Phillips, of Brighton

TRINITY CHAPEL, 1859

An interior view of Trinity Chapel taken in 1859, six years after Robertson's death. On the left will be seen a tablet erected to the great preacher's memory. In Robertson's day the pulpit was in the centre of the church. He preached for the first time in Trinity Chapel on August 15, 1847, from a favourite text, "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom, but we preach Christ crucified."

life? Here, as always, Robertson spoke the truth. "Christ is the working man's friend," we cry. "No," said he; "Christ is the champion of no class, because he is the champion of all alike!"

Turning now for a moment to the man himself, to that exquisitely sensitive yet healthy, valorous yet shrinking personality, of few men's inner life have we a fuller record, of few men's central tragedy a briefer one. There is no biography of an Englishman that wrings the heart with a more poignant sense of sympathy and anguish, no biography through whose pages blows so nerving and inspiring a breeze. There was a mystery at the heart of him—nay, two mysteries; but one no hand must ever touch. The other lay in that unusual combination in one human spirit of the sensuous and the robust. Look at his face—it is there for all to see: the soldier and the artist, the body and the soul, the man and the woman. It is the face of one of whom we are waiting to hear it said that he understood women as few men have, though he wrote to a friend who told him he could not understand women, "I have been in the same predicament all my life." Most preachers should go to school to Robertson of Brighton, if only to have it brought back to their notice that all the people in the world are not men. Yet it is equally the face of a Crusader, with its brow of highest chivalry, and its eyes of chaste, indignant fire. With his portrait still before you, how easy of understanding becomes another of the chief facts about him—the spiritual divination with which his sympathies endowed him. His biographer, it will be remembered, well says that his sympathies made him understandable to many who would have been either puzzled or repelled by his teaching. Robertson provides us with a concrete example of a temperamental combination which people who love to find men wholly of one type declare

Kindly lent by Mr. R. B. Homewood, of Brighton

ROBERTSON AS HE APPEARED IN THE PULPIT OF TRINITY CHAPEL

to be impossible. He was imaginative and common-sensed. To appreciate scenery and rejoice in poetry as he did would imply to many an incapacity, say, at least, for guiding the practicalities required in engineering a turbulent, democratic movement like the Working Men's Institute at Brighton. But it was not so. The exhilarating zest of intense life carried him up the lonely mountains of the Tyrol with as firm and radiant a step as it carried him to the platform of the Town Hall where he delivered one of the most eloquent addresses of his life on the Early Closing of Shops. Once more, what a flood of explanatory light is shed upon the character of Robertson by his criticism—essentially a self-criticism—of his master-poet Wordsworth! "Wordsworth was aristocratic in his tastes and democratic in his convictions." So was Robertson, and so are many men, of whom few so successfully as he harmonise and balance the rival inclinations.

Photo by A. G. Tod, Cheltenham
CAPTAIN STRUAN ROBERTSON,
Of the Royal South Lincoln Militia
(Youngest Brother)

Lastly, as a study of the ministerial calling in all its charms and perils, the Life of Robertson stands unmatched. No one has handled the essential danger of the clerical or prophetic office with such delicate anaylsis as James Martineau, of whose immortal "Endeavours" Robertson thought so highly. "The proposal," he says, "is to build a life up in a particular order of feelings; to detach these and consign them for their custody and nurture to a representative class." And again: "The best inspirations of our nature are meant to remain fresh and first-hand. Charter them as a craft or guild or sacred 'profession,' and they contract the tincture of self. The verdant places of the heart have but a tender grass, and will not bear the tramp of too much speech." To Robertson the thought and duty of having constantly to make public exhibition and even public capital of his sacred convictions and his solitary communings with God was a torture all his brief life. Yet how little did the fierce sun of Brighton publicity scorch those "verdant places!" How he chafed against the hardened slang of juiceless pulpit phraseology, though the phraseology, he knew, embalmed the truth! The way Robertson surmounted another eternal ministerial difficulty will always excite the envy of his brethren. All aspire to be God's messenger and a noble man of the world at the same time. What pitiful and uneasy dualism this betrays men into we all know. There are two men, they humiliatingly feel—the one who prays in Church and the other who converses at the table. There is the solemn heart that beats under the cassock, and the flesh and blood organ that throbs in the world's hot race. Robertson never laid either aside, was always and everywhere both. It was a high-souled English gentlemen who preached; a humble, undisguised ambassador of the Lord Jesus who dined with poets and men of travel, conversed with Lady Byron, and won the heart of the working men of his town. Who, too, of his brethren do not covet his unfamiliar experience after years of public ministry: "I am more and more impressed with the truth of the truths I preach"?

Photo by Maynall, London & Brighton
CAPTAIN HARRY ROBERTSON,
60th Royal Rifles
A third brother. Won frequent "honourable mention" in the Kaffir War

GENERAL CHARLES DUESBURY ROBERTSON,
Of the Royal Engineers
Another brother. Received the brevet rank of Major for his services in the Kaffir War

Of his sermons nothing at this time of day remains to be said. They have won their way to the elbow of every clergyman and minister in two worlds. His preaching represents better than any other man's of our time Phillips Brooks' statement that two elements go to all true preaching—truth and personality, the permanent truth radiating through the many-coloured medium of the variable temperament and special mind and character of him who preaches it. The eternal truth of God plus the particular personality of Robertson of Brighton—

this was what drew all eyes to the pulpit of Trinity Chapel, and turns them still to the "Sermons," "Notes on Genesis," and "Expository Lectures on the Epistles to the Corinthians."

Devoted to the establishment of truth rather than to the destruction of error, he was called of his Master to suffer many things, and, as he oft expressed it, "to dare to be alone with God." But he was less alone with the suspicion and hatred of men than he imagined. On the contrary, he was loved with an ardour of affection beyond the lot of most. "He lies in a hollow of the Down he loved so well," concludes his biographer. "The sound of the waves may be heard there in the distance; and, standing by his grave, it seems a fair and fitting requiem, for if the inquietude of the sea was the image of his outward life, its central calm is the image of his deep peace of activity in God. He sleeps well; and we who are left alone with our love and his great result of work, cannot but rejoice that he has entered into his Father's rest."

Frederick W. Robertson

BY W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.

DR. STOPFORD BROOKE'S Life of F. W. Robertson is a classic, but surely the time has come when it ought to be revised and supplemented. It is no longer necessary to keep up so much mystery about Robertson's friends and correspondents. The veil might be lifted, and we should be told something about the intimate friends who are scarcely mentioned in the book. For example, Robertson was on the most intimate terms with Lady Noel Byron. Lady Byron had a character of singular complexity. She was a warm friend to many, but she was capricious in her friendships, if all tales are true. She had very strong opinions of her own, and, plainly, it was not easy to work with her. Some of those to whom she was kind resented her kindness; and yet it should be remembered that George Macdonald has dedicated one of his novels thus:

To the Memory of
Lady Noel Byron
I Dedicate
this Volume
With a Love
Stronger than
Death

It was to Robertson that the charge of her papers was ultimately committed, and at one time it was intended to publish a selection from these. I believe they were committed to Dr. A. J. Ross, himself a Presbyterian minister of Brighton, and afterwards a clergyman in the Church of England. Dr. Ross went so far as to have a great part of the book set up; but it was ultimately cancelled, perhaps owing to the Beecher-Stowe-Byron scandal. Lady Byron had an immense part of Robertson's letters, and very few of them have been given to the world. His fondness for letter-writing was one of the most extraordinary features of this remarkable man. He had a nature which craved for sympathy. I know no one who in the midst of a busy life found time to keep up such a correspondence. His letters were by no means formal exercises; he put his whole heart and soul into them. They revealed his inmost thoughts, and some parts of them are as good as any of his writings.

Dr. Stopford Brooke's biography was much criticised at its first appearance. Some of the reviewers maintained that he had exaggerated the element of gloom in Robertson's life. Others said that he had overloaded the work with comments of his own. But I believe that Dr. Brooke did the best that could be done. He was not himself much acquainted with Robertson (though he once spent some time with him in a country house in Ireland), but he thoroughly understood him, and did his work with perfect loyalty. R. H. Hutton declared that he had done his work as Stanley did his in writing the Life of Arnold, and it was not possible to give higher praise. For one spoke of Arnold, and no one stopped to observe how well Stanley had done his work; so Mr. Brooke had thought so much of his subject and nothing of himself. The figure which he wished to present came out quite clear and keen without any interposing haze of literary fervour. All this is true, and yet we want more. In the supplement to the biography will be found in a veiled form the story of Dr. Brooke's personal intercourse with the great preacher. He might tell us more, and he might give us an additional volume of

Photo by Vandyk

MRS. F. W. ROBERTSON, OF BRIGHTON

Mrs. Robertson, who died only three years ago, was the third daughter of Sir George William Denys, Bart., of Easton Eston, Northamptonshire. Mrs. Robertson remarried, her second husband being the Rev. Edward Houghton Johnson, of Aldwick, Sussex.

selections from the numerous letters which yet remain unpublished. On one point only Dr. Brooke may be criticised. He makes nothing of the interesting fact that Robertson, as much as Mr. Gladstone, was a pure Scotsman. Both his father and mother were Scotch people of old Scottish families. Robertson, on his father's side, belonged to the clan Robertson of Struan. Strange to say, his interest in Scotland appears to have been very faint.

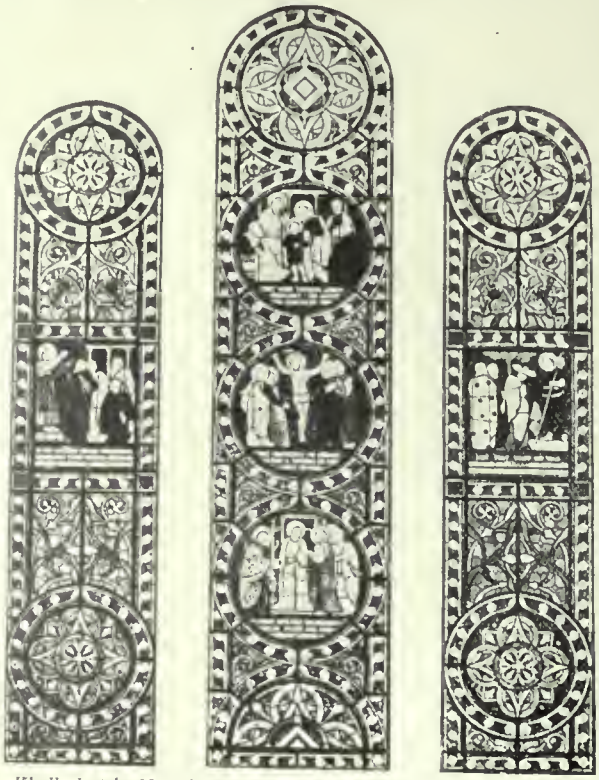
Robertson's public life lasted only a few years. Though he made an immense impression in Brighton, his place in the Church of England was not prominent, and he was not on intimate terms with many of his great contemporaries. He entered the larger world of letters mainly through Lady Noel Byron. She gathered round her literary men who cared for religion, and it was through her that the *National Review*, connected with R. H. Hutton, Walter Bagehot, and James Martineau, was started and printed. It was a periodical of extraordinary individuality and freshness. Robertson never contributed, but he was more or less acquainted with Hutton, and in Hutton's *Spectator* articles there are a few personal references of interest. It is worth while recalling them at this time. Mr. Hutton said: "Perhaps the most peculiar moral impression which Mr. Robertson's character produced on those who were intimate with him only in the second degree and those who knew him only in the pulpit was a certain effect of chivalry and romance which was inseparable from him, and which, while it greatly increased his power of fascination over the minds of others, filled himself with self-distrust and sometimes with alarm, as if he were merely stirring a superficial sentiment into activity, when he wished to reach the conscience and the will." According to Hutton, this effect of chivalry really represented the point at which his influence first fastened itself on those who knew and heard him. There were a number of causes for this romantic aspect of his influence. First came the symmetry of his figure and his faultless features. Then there was his military carriage. From his youth he had prepared himself for a military career, and he always had much of the soldier in him — something of the soldier's half-commanding air. This characteristic was specially striking in Henry Drummond. Still more was due to the hectic expression of nervous suffering and constitutional delicacy almost always more or less traced upon his face. It was traced in such a manner as to command sympathy. Such an expression invites and commands it far more than those lines of deep and permanent care which never vary with the emotion of the moment. It was very hard for such a temperament to bear a yoke of ordinary drudgery and detail. Even before the disease which killed him had declared itself, there was a high-strung tension of nerves always marked on his face, and an under-current of fever gave force to his preaching and his writing. Yet Robertson would have repudiated the influence that came from these qualities. Reality was the aim of his preaching. He hated with a perfect hatred everything that savoured of mannerism and affectation. He loathed the tricks of the orator, and his popularity embarrassed and distressed him, because he thought it due to what in his own view were ignoble qualities, rather than to the just power of hard-won truth. He believed that just because he could so easily mix the elements which soon excite human emotion he would fail in his true end, and bring men to hear him and admire him without truly influencing their minds for good. He was, so to speak, an orator in spite of himself. The oratorical writers were not his favourites. Wordsworth was his ideal as a poet, and Channing, whom the present generation will hardly read, had a very great influence alike on his style and his thought. Both of them belonged to the "simple, cool, and resting" writers. By James Martineau he was also greatly influenced, and, notwithstanding the brilliance and dexterity and copiousness of Martineau's writings, he is almost always cold.

BUST OF ROBERTSON IN BRIGHTON PAVILION

This engraving of the bust by W. Pepper is reproduced, by kind permission, from Messrs. Kegan Paul's admirable edition of Robertson's "Life and Letters." The bust has an interesting history. A gentleman, we are told, who had found by chance a volume of sermons, was so touched by their beauty that he commissioned a sculptor to execute for him a bust of the preacher. This he presented to the Pavilion at Brighton, that the town in which Robertson had done his best work might have a lasting memorial of his presence.

There is something which still puzzles about Robertson's abandonment of Evangelicalism. The distinct marks and steps in his great transition are perhaps now irrecoverable. When he abandoned Evangelicalism, he seemed to become another man. He did not abandon it with reverence and reluctance, though he had preached and thought for it and loved it. He cast it off as the most mischievous and despicable of impostures. His own words are, "My motto of life is 'None but Christ,' not in the Evangelical sense, which I take to be the sickliest cant that has appeared since the Pharisees bare record of the gracious words He spoke, and then tried to cast Him headlong from the Hill of Nazareth. . . . I think some Pantheists are nearer the truth than most Evangelicals. . . . In proportion as I adore Christ, . . . exactly in that proportion do I abhor that which calls itself Evangelicalism."

There are even stronger words than these. To the end of his life Robertson never did any justice to Evangelicalism. We are mysteriously told that the revolution was due to "an outward blow—



Kindly lent by Mr. Thomas Phillips, of Brighton
THE MEMORIAL WINDOW IN TRINITY CHAPEL

the sudden ruin of a friendship which he had wrought, as he imagined, for ever into his being." But as to this fiery trial there is no further information. All we know is that the reversal of old convictions was accompanied, if not caused by, a terrible breakdown of personal trust. And this is not a new thing. There were other effects this alteration caused. It certainly braced and nerved Robertson's mind. He worked and preached at Brighton only six or seven years. The whole revelation of him there shows him as a man in full command of marvellous powers, fresh and keen as a thinker, delicate and deep in feeling, full of courage, strength, and fire, a master of pure and expressive English. With all this he was fiercely sensitive. He prided himself on his capacity for moral indignation. "I feel," he says, discussing Macbeth and Macduff's revenge—"I feel as if to have a firm grip of a sword in a villain's heart were the intensest rapture this earth has to give—the only thing which such as Macduff had worth living for."

INTERIOR OF TRINITY CHAPEL, 1902

The seating of the building has been entirely rearranged, and probably the pulpit is the only article of furniture of Robertson's time which remains.

This capacity for a sacred rage is noble, but it may easily be exaggerated, and it was exaggerated in Robertson. We can only excuse his excessive anger at criticism and opposition when we know that he suffered from disease of the brain—disease which at last, while it left him all the power of understanding and feeling, inflicted the utmost torture and gave him a sad consciousness of all that he was losing. He was very much alone, in spite of all his friendships. Though men like Channing and Martineau had much influence on him, he thought out his own theories, and they were in many respects different from those of the Broad Churchmen of the time. He lived as to his inner nature in an almost unnatural solitude, but he never ceased to be firmly and distinctively Christian. When some Roman Catholic remarked to him on the coldness of Protestants, saying that Protestants worship Christ, but none of them love Him, "I was silent," writes Mr. Robertson; "but the result of a scrutiny into my own mind was that, with an exception, I scarcely love any one or anything else, and that not because of any reference to His love for me, which somehow or other never comes into my mind, but solely in consequence of what He is, and was, according at least to my conception of Him and His mind and heart." This is noble in its way, but it is not the New Testament thought, and the New Testament thought is infinitely truer and deeper. "We love Him because He first loved us." Robertson rose to belief in Christ's divinity from his profound reverence for Christ's human nature. But it is the eternal love of the Son of Man which seeks, instead of waiting to be sought for, and gives us a love by which we live. It is not we who find and choose God, it is God who finds and chooses us.

Robertson was thirty-seven when he died, and had lived all those years in tumult and disturbances of the inner world. Had he lived unto calmness, he might have given us work which would have enriched the Christian Church for all time. As it is, multitudes owe and will owe much of what is best in them to his insight, his genius, his heroism, and his burning faith and love.

Photo by Foster, Brighton

TRINITY CHAPEL AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

Front view of Trinity Chapel, showing the memorial tablet erected August, 1902, to Robertson, reminding the passer-by of the many hallowed memories associated with the building.

Some Robertson "Memorabilia"

BY REV. W. E. BLOMFIELD, B.A., B.D.

My task is not an easy one. I have been asked at the briefest notice to jot down a few "Memorabilia" of Frederick William Robertson which have been furnished to me at different times by his son and daughter. I greatly regret the absence from England of Mr. Charles Boyd Robertson, the son referred to, who, had he been at home, would have amplified and amended my notes. As it is, I must rely entirely upon my own recollections. In the little I have to communicate I am necessarily restricted by the determination to write nothing of which my memory is not clear, and by the reserve which is always due when making public reminiscences imparted in the private circle of the home. I should have remained silent but for Lady Shuckburgh's permission to make known what is here recorded.

From my student days Robertson of Brighton has been my ideal of a Christian minister, and, in common with thousands of preachers belonging to the Church Universal, I owe more to his beautiful and inspiring teaching than to that of any other in the Apostolic succession of prophets. Early in the eighties I made a pilgrimage to Brighton for the sole purpose of seeing the houses in which he lived, the church in which he ministered, and the hollow of the Downs where lies all that Death could claim of this saint and servant of God. During all the years of my ministry Robertson has remained for me "the Master." The Rev. Stopford Brooke speaks in his superb biography of the time in a man's religious history when Robertson ceases to be of any use as a theological teacher. For me that time has not come. On the other hand, his intellectual freshness and spiritual suggestiveness appear inexhaustible.

Kindly lent by Mr. Thomas Phillips, of Brighton

ROBERTSON'S TOMB IN THE EXTRAMURAL CEMETERY, BRIGHTON

This simple and massive monument is a striking testimony to the reality of Robertson's work, having been subscribed for by all classes in Brighton. On two of its sides there are bronze medallions—one given by his congregation, the other by the working men of Brighton.

Photo by Bullingham, 25, Harrington Road, S.W.

LADY SHUCKBURGH, OF SHUCKBURGH PARK, WARWICKSHIRE (THE DAUGHTER OF F. W. ROBERTSON)

About five years ago I chanced to come into contact with Robertson's daughter, Lady Shuckburgh. With a catholicity worthy of her father she was distributing the prizes to the members of a Baptist P.S.A. Society which I had been asked to address. That accidental association led to personal acquaintance with her and her brother. Naturally the name and fame of their father are cherished as an unspeakably precious possession, and they own many memorials which to any hero-worshipper have a most sacred and pathetic interest. There is the black Geneva gown he wore when he preached, the little Testament he used in the pulpit, the registers of his Confirmation classes, the "Leonardo" picture which had so strong an influence over him, the Hebrew and Greek Testaments he used in his study, and his interleaved copy of Plato, crammed with original notes, and constituting one of many eloquent witnesses to the truth of his own words, "I read hard—never skimming; and Plato, Aristotle, Butler, Thucydides, and Jonathan Edwards have passed like the iron atoms of the blood into my mental constitution." Mr. Charles Robertson has also in his possession many MSS. notes of sermons delivered by the great preacher. One Sunday

afternoon I was permitted by Mr. Robertson to see some of these outlines (upon the Acts of the Apostles), and there is one on the baptism of the Ethiopian Eunuch which still stands out vividly in my memory. If Mr. Robertson could ever see his way to give some of these MSS. to the world as "Pulpit Notes," he would add still another service to the many he has rendered in the publication of his father's sermons, lectures, and literary remains.

The few incidents I have to relate refer to Robertson's humour, his love of courage, his elocutionary power, his far-reaching influence on men of all classes and creeds.

(1) *Humour.*—This is not a quality generally associated with Robertson. The predominant feeling upon reading the "Life and Letters" is one of unutterable sadness; indeed, I have heard it summed up in the single word "morbid." Such people overlook the fact that the whole life was one of noble, manly struggle against the melancholy which had its roots in physical weakness and in an abnormally sensitive organisation. And it cannot be too strongly said that there was another side to his character. I do not for one moment suggest that the sadness of his life is exaggerated. But there certainly was also a vein of humour and even of merriment in Robertson which Mr. Brooke's charming pages hardly reveal. We want a few glimpses of "the bright and happy Mr. Robertson" (Letter 162 in "Life and Letters"). If the shadows settled down all too early, the old humour would break out even at the last, as may be seen from letters written by him, June 27, June 30, and July 8, 1853 (see "Robertson of Brighton," by Arnold, pp. 289-291). From incidents told me and extracts of letters I have read, we get glimpses of a happy light-heartedness and playfulness we had not looked for. Here is one. A few weeks after the birth of his daughter (now Lady Shuckburgh) he wrote something like this to a young lady in his congregation who had shown some interest in the arrival of the newcomer: "Miss Ida Florence Geraldine Robertson presents her compliments to Miss ——, and sincerely regrets that the state of her bronchial tubes prevents her from paying any visits at present; but begs to say that she will be at home any afternoon, and will be glad to receive Miss —— if not asleep." We should easily associate such a story with Charles Kingsley. It is good to know that Frederick Robertson, hard and bitter as his life was, was not without his playful moods.

(2) *Courage.*—Robertson's soldierly qualities are admirably portrayed in Mr. Brooke's "Life." He was every inch a soldier, coming as he did from a long line of military ancestors. One pretty story of father and son may be told here.* The two had gone to a shooting party some miles out of Brighton. By some accident or other a gun went off, and some part of the charge hit the boy in the face. Happily the force of the charge was greatly broken by an intervening hedge. Still, the situation for the moment caused some anxiety. The father's look of agonised fear is impressed on his son's memory to this day. When it was discovered that no serious results were to be apprehended, Mr. Robertson said, "What shall we do, Charlie?" Remembering his father's love of courage, the boy, though suffering not a little, made the spirited reply, "Let us ride home." So back they rode to Brighton. When at home Robertson fetched a surgeon to extract the shot from the boy's face. Bending down, he said, "Now, Charlie, you will have to suffer pain; but remember, let there be no cry and no complaint." The little fellow steeled himself for the ordeal, resolving to die rather than to whine. Then, when the operation was over, the father, with eyes full of tears, kissed the child and said with joyful pride, "Charlie, you are a soldier's son." And the boy wanted no other reward than his father's "Well done!"

(3) *Elocutionary Gifts.*—Robertson's power as a reader and preacher made an immense impression on all who heard him. One tells of his reading of the "In Memoriam," and declares that he was impressed with the consciousness that Mr. Robertson felt a hundred meanings in the verses which were concealed from others. He tells us also that when on one occasion Robertson repeated Keble's lines "Where is Thy favoured haunt, Eternal Voice?" and came to those lines—

> Lone Nature feels that she may safely breathe;
> And round us and beneath
> Are heard her sacred tones, the fitful sweep
> Of winds across the steep
> Through withered bents, . . .

the speaker's voice seemed to take the tone of the winds. Letters found in the Appendix to Mr. Brooke's "Life" give us a vivid description of Robertson's voice and marvellous oratorical power. (See Letter G., Appendix I., "Life and Letters," and chapter vii. on the Characteristics of his Eloquence.) A rather amusing story may furnish another

THE GRAVE OF MRS. ROBERTSON (AFTERWARDS MRS. JOHNSON)

Lady Shuckburgh has chosen for the last resting-place of her mother a beautifully sequestered spot within one hundred yards of her delightful home at Shuckburgh, and close to the private chapel of the family, which dates from the time of King John.

* I have reason to distrust my memory on some points of detail in this story, but I give it because in all main features it is accurate.

illustration. A well-known statesman of the day called upon Robertson, and in the course of conversation the poetry of Edgar Allan Poe was mentioned. "Ah!" said the visitor, "I cannot understand that man's popularity. His poetry seems to me very poor stuff." "Do you really think so?" said Robertson quietly, and going to his shelves he took down the volume and read aloud with inimitable power "The Bells." His listener was held as by a spell under the charm of the musical voice and the sympathetic presentation of the poet's thought. At the close he burst out with the exclamation, "Why, Robertson, that is the very finest poem in the English language!" Mr. Charles Robertson has told me that as a boy he learned from his father all the great metres of English poetry. The father used to compose playful verses about his son, to illustrate the swing and rhythm of the different metres common in our literature.

It fell to Mr. Charles Robertson's lot in after-years to meet Charles Dickens and to hear him recite. At the close Dickens asked his hearer what he thought of the recitation. With the natural shyness becoming to a young amateur in the presence of a past-master in the art, Mr. Robertson excused himself by saying that he had no qualifications for assuming the *rôle* of the critic. "Oh! but you have," said Dickens; "you have heard your father, and he was one of the greatest masters of elocution I ever knew." Dickens declared that to hear Robertson read the Church prayers was in itself a liberal education.

(4) *Robertson's Universal Influence.* — Testimonies have been given to this again and again. The most remarkable is that possessed by Mr. Charles Robertson in the mass of letters duly arranged and classified—letters from men of many nationalities and of all creeds, letters from statesmen, actors, literary characters, ministers of every Church, cultured laymen, and hard-headed working men, and letters from men antagonistic to the Christian faith, bearing witness to the beneficence of his father's teachings. The late Dean Stanley tells how, on one occasion, when travelling in France, he came into contact with a wild, revolutionary, unbelieving surgeon, who, discovering that he was in the presence of an Englishman, asked him if he had ever known or read the sermons of Frederick Robertson. Twenty-four hours afterwards Stanley was in the company of a devout Roman Catholic statesman of the Liberal school, and again he was asked if he knew anything about an extraordinary preacher whose name was Frederick Robertson. The two extremes of French society had come under the same magic spell. May I add to this story another which is hardly less striking? An English gentleman living on the Continent, and serving his country as a representative of Queen Victoria, had this experience. Upon one occasion he met in diplomatic negotiations a leading minister of one of the German States, who was loud in praise of an English preacher, Frederick Robertson by name. When explanations were asked, it was found that the German statesman had been introduced to the sermons by a grand duchess of Russia, who had received the volumes as a gift from our own

GERALD FRANCIS STEWKLEY SHUCKBURGH
Brother of the present Baronet. Taken June, 1886, at the age of four

SIR STEWKLEY FREDERICK DRAYCOTT SHUCKBURGH, Bart.
Grandson of F. W. Robertson. Taken at the age of six. Sir Stewkley was born in 1880, and succeeded to the baronetcy four years later.

Queen Victoria, who is known to have been a great admirer of the famous preacher. Thus the young English clergyman who died at thirty-seven, and who only published one sermon during his lifetime, had, by his religious teaching, drawn to himself three as widely apart from each other as the head of the English Church, a distinguished representative of the Greek Church, and an illustrious member of the Lutheran Church. Such was the effect produced by the Catholic Christian teaching of the Brighton preacher.

As another instance of Robertson's far-reaching influence, I may mention the fact told me by a Chinese missionary, that in the training-college for native pastors in which he was a teacher, Robertson's expository lectures on the Corinthians, duly translated into Chinese, were used by him as models of what exposition should be. The sermons are published in the Tauchnitz edition; they are translated into French and German. Dr. Harnack has written a preface to the German edition. The "Life and Letters" have also been translated into French and German.

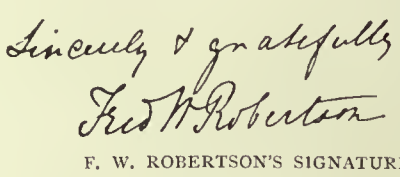
Photo by Vandyk
A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MR. GERALD SHUCKBURGH

A few words about Robertson's children and grandchildren will not be out of place. Mr. Charles Boyd Robertson, to whom we are so greatly indebted for many of the volumes of his father's works, has been for thirty-eight years a servant of the Crown, in earlier years abroad, and in more recent years in the Foreign Office in London. His children have all done well, even brilliantly. The eldest, bearing the honoured name "Frederick William," won the "Sword of Honour" at Woolwich, and afterwards served for some years in Mauritius. He is now a lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, and holds an instructorship in submarine mining at Plymouth. The second son, Mr. Malcolm Arnold Robertson, after a distinguished course at Eton and Cambridge, and a period of service in the Foreign Office, is now attached to the British Embassy in Berlin. The third son, Mr. Charles Donald Robertson, is a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a "double first" and a place amongst the first five in the Classical Tripos of last year. He has written verses which have been favourably reviewed, and at a very early age he has found a clerkship in the House of Commons. Beside these three sons, Mr. C. B. Robertson has one daughter, Margaret, who took a successful course in History at Somerville College, Oxford. Lady Shuckburgh is the only other living child of the illustrious preacher. Her home is an old country residence charmingly situated on one of the loftiest peaks of Warwickshire. It is historically associated with Charles I. and the Civil War. Edge Hill is not far away, and after the battle the Royalists fell back on Shuckburgh House, which was fortified and held for the King. The Baronetcy dates from the Restoration, though there have been Knights of Shuckburgh since the days of King John. Lady Shuckburgh has two sons, Sir Stewkley Francis Draycott, 10th Baronet, and Mr. Gerald Charles Shuckburgh. In the pretty churchyard, almost adjoining the house, lie the remains of Frederick William Robertson's widow. She only died three years ago.

It is fifty years since Robertson himself passed

Photo by Vandyk, 125, Gloster Road, Queen's Gate, S.W.
MR. CHARLES BOYD ROBERTSON (SON OF F. W. ROBERTSON)

to his rest. For most of that time he has been the most widely read of all English preachers, and his books, as we have seen, have been largely circulated on the Continent. He probably exercised the most potent influence wielded by any religious teacher in the nineteenth century over the Christian ministry. Many preachers of the Established and Free Churches owe to him what is best in their own teaching, and there are some of them who would gratefully acknowledge that they owe to him their own souls. It is passing strange that he has no national memorial. Maurice and Kingsley deservedly have their niche in Westminster Abbey; but Robertson, who in greatness of character, brilliance of intellectual gifts, and splendour of service is not a whit behind either, has been hitherto without any national recognition. Is it too much to hope that in this year, which marks the fiftieth anniversary of his death, some steps may be taken for placing a bust of the great Brighton preacher in our national Valhalla? This would be a pious project, in which men of all Churches and men attached to no Church, who have been led through the thorny mazes of doubts into a firm and reasonable faith, would assuredly unite.



F. W. ROBERTSON'S SIGNATURE

Characteristic Letters by F. W. Robertson

THE following letters by F. W. Robertson are taken from a little volume which appeared in 1875 under the title "Last Leaves from the Journal of Julian Charles Young, A.M." The writer of the journal was the Rector of Ilmington, Warwickshire, and son of Charles Mayne Young. In the chapter headed "F. W. Robertson" he says: "Such personal knowledge of him as I had was principally derived from certain periodical visits I used to pay him, and several long walks that I was privileged to take with him, when either business or pleasure took me to Brighton. In starting for our rural rambles he would always bargain with me that on our way to the Downs we should select the back streets, so as to escape the interruptions and salutations of the fashionable crowds on the eastern or western cliff. Sometimes we were obliged to pass through frequented streets, and, while hats were being doffed to him every instant, he was constrained and reticent; but as soon as we had extricated ourselves from the throngs on the Parade, and he had set foot on the turf, he would fling out his arms, expand his chest, and seem to exult in the sense of life and liberty and enjoyment.

"These walks with him I shall always revert to, if not as the happiest, certainly as the most improving I ever took with any one. It was a few days after the last walk I ever had with him that his fatal illness commenced. We had been having a singularly animated disquisition of three hours on 'things about this world and things about the next,' and I was in the act of accompanying him to the training-school in West Street, where he was to deliver a lecture, when, as I was telling him a story of painful and pathetic interest in illustration of a certain theory he had advanced, he exclaimed with convulsive emphasis, 'How shocking!' and fainted in my arms. . . . I visited him next day, and but once afterwards in his bedroom. When I parted from him, he gave me a positive promise that he would come and stay with me at Fairlight and recruit there. Three consecutive days the hour of his coming was named. On each of these occasions I drove in to Hastings to fetch him, and each time was sorely disappointed at his non-appearance. The notes I append were written to explain the cause—viz. that the doctors would not sanction his removal.

60, MONTPELLIER ROAD, BRIGHTON.
March 21, 1853.

MY DEAR YOUNG ("Sir" being at your request consigned to the official care of Mr. John Ketch),

Thank you very much for your letter, which was encouraging, as all sympathy and approval are to a man baited and worried on all sides as I am. Your belief, however, "in growing influence in Brighton" is the result of a friendly and vivid imagination; for I hear nothing in reference to myself but one confused buzz of all imaginable and unimaginable slanders. What there is in me to make the antipathy and opposition so virulent I cannot guess, and it sometimes puzzles me—since I am not aware that in society I am given to take the lead in conversation, or to lay down the law, which might exasperate. However, there must be something *personally* very offensive in myself, or my manner, or something else; for mere disagreement with my views would not account for the violence of the abuse that I provoke; and some of the lies are ceasing to be merely white ones.

Your kind advice was quite right, and it was just because I had resolved not to be drawn into controversy that I published the letter which you saw; for the particular attack which is replied to was too feeble to deserve notice for its own merits, but it gave me a chance of explaining *by the way* and without egotism my reasons for never noticing the attacks, public and private, which have been so incessant, and which have set truth and common civilised courtesy at defiance. I shall not be drawn out again, unless some definite charge is made which can be denied in three lines, and which will not lead to controversy.

The reply to my letter in the *Guardian* was satisfactory so far as its dispute with me went; for that was weak. The

Photo by Vandyk

MR. F. W. ROBERTSON (GRANDSON OF THE PREACHER)

only thing I objected to was their praise, which was as much a misrepresentation of my spirit as their blame. However, on the whole, I am out of it without burnt fingers; and such a get-off from newspaper controversy comes under the injunction of old Horace, that thoroughbred gentleman, *Appone lucro.*

The trifling persecution one is subject to in these emasculated days from emasculated religionism reminds one of the days when truth could only be sustained at a real cost, in comparison of which the buzz of a whole Brighton is but as the hum of gnats. Yet the incessant sting of gnats even is a semi-maddening thing in the hot, dusty noontide of work, when the freshness and hope of the morning are gone and the soothing calm of its evening is not yet come. Sometimes (much in the same way as a fly may endeavour to comprehend the "gestation of an elephant") I think of Elijah under his juniper tree, and wish his wish. But it is—

> The good die first;
> And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
> Burn to the socket.

With this piece of sentimentalism to conclude, believe me,

Yours very gratefully,

Fred. W. Robertson.

Saturday, June 25.

My dear Young,

On Tuesday I hope to be with you. May I bring my little boy, who will be satisfied with a shake-down in a garret or granary? but as Mrs. Robertson and Ida are going on a visit to Mrs. Lamb, he would be left alone if he were not allowed to come with me.

Yours ever,

Fred. W. Robertson.

Monday, June 27, 1853.

My dear Young,

I am grieved to be so apparently capricious, but I am not yet fit for civilised society, and must wait some days before I can come to Fairlight.

Allen has asked for a consultation. Taylor was the man I fixed on, for reasons *quae nunc prescribere longum est*, as *propria quae maribus* poetically phrases it.

They both wish me to remain here for some days, and have laid an embargo on Mrs. Robertson too. The case is a very simple and a very trifling one, but I grieve to say I must postpone—I hope for not more than a week—my visit.

The Clericals have blundered Tower's affair—diluted my testimonial to him till it is practically worthless; and even then many who spoke loudly shrank from signing. It certainly is the most quarrelsome of all professions in the matter of a blue or green window, prevenient moonshine, or a bishop's nightcap, and the most cowardly when once it comes to a matter of right and wrong—of what they saw and what they did not see.

Unless *clergy of the type I am alluding to* are forced to serve in the army for five years previous to ordination, to make them men, "let alone" gentlemen, I think the Church, as an establishment, had better be snuffed out.

Yours ever gratefully,

F. W. Robertson.

My dear Young, *June* 30, 1853.

I am grieved to see by your note how much you are disappointed, and fear you may think that I have treated you capriciously or cavalierly. The arrival of the note so late puzzles me. It was posted in time for the 8 p.m. post, and I should have thought would have reached you the next morning. But the truth is, that Taylor and Allen both emphatically forbade my going away, or travelling by train even as far as Hurst. Allen this morning told me that he said to T., "I do not think Mr. R. should go on the visit he intends," and T. answered abruptly something like "Pooh! he must not." On Monday and Tuesday I was in about the state that Seneca was after his veins had been open in the hot bath for half an hour. Yesterday and to-day I am forbidden to receive visitors. So you see, my dear Young, that if I wrote, as I fear I did, hurriedly, I had not treated you capriciously or played fast and loose with your kindness. *Do* not think this. I must not write more, as I am scarcely up even to such trifling work. I am become an old man, or rather an old woman, fit only to toddle a few yards backwards and forwards in the sunshine. Never mind; I mean to be a compound of a Hercules and an Apollo before many weeks are over.

Tell Mrs. Young I grieve over the fate of the jellies, etc., etc.—not for their own sake, but for the sake of the kind and friendly solicitude which was rendered null by my involuntary failure of my engagement.

Believe me, yours most gratefully and regretfully,

Fred. W. Robertson.

Brighton, *July* 8, 1853.

My dear Young,

You were kind enough to ask for a bulletin in a week. Well, here it is, briefly: Hot milk as soon as I awake, to prevent fainting. An hour's siesta. Up. Interesting contest between F. W. R. and a fainting-fit. Faint says, "I have you." "Not yet," says F. W. R., looking like a ghastly turnip, and falls into a cold bath, the splash whereof robs Faint of his prey. Manful attempts at drying. Operation just concluded; back comes the white demon. F. W. R. falls on the bed, reflecting sagely on supported vertebral column, and congratulating himself on his profound knowledge of anatomy. Ten minutes elapse. F. W. R. fortifies himself with two spoonfuls of citrate of ammonia, on the strength of which he goes on triumphantly till the barbarous operation of shaving comes, in the middle of which Faint shouts, with a provoking little squeak, "He, he, he!" So much for anatomy; and down goes F. W. R.

All day long sofa or bed, langour, pain, uselessness; luxuries in the shape of ice, claret, *recherché* soups sent from all quarters, reminding F. W. R. unpleasantly of the contrast between the life of Him who would fain have "caudled His morning hunger upon wild figs, and His death-thirst upon vinegar," and the invalidism of His modern ministers, befretted, befondled, with the fat things things of earth at command. The only thing is, that I am too feeble to make any use of them.

Citrate of iron through the day. Night comes. Blister behind the ears to allay suffering in brain. Morphia to deaden pain and give some chance of rest. Pleasant night following pleasant day—*i.e.* if the day were pleasant. There is a facetious sketch of my highly useful life. I am very glad I did not go to you. Many a day I cannot walk across the room, or even hold up my head.

But, Young, I am learning two lessons, or rather having them forced upon me—nothingness and dependence. As I told you before—whether humbly or not, God knows—another thing I learn, and I learn it with all my heart—gratitude for countless attentions and tendernesses. I am tired. I can write no more. As it is, I can only write with a pencil, reclining. With pen and ink I do but splutter.

My kindest remembrances to Mrs. Young.

Ever yours,

Fred. W. Robertson.

Dr. Maclaren's Farewell Sermon*

I declare unto you the Gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved. . . . For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that He was buried, and that He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures.—1 COR. xv. 1-4.

TO efface oneself is one of the preacher's first duties; the herald should be lost in the message. John Baptist's great words, when he was urged to declare himself somewhat, should ever be the preacher's confession: "I am a voice, crying." What the voice says is important; the voice is but a fleeting noise. But there are times when it is more than permissible for the preacher to step forward, and when not to be personal would be affectation. Surely I stand at such a time this morning. I close to-day forty-five years of a ministry to this congregation. Thank God I haven't to say that I close this day a ministry of forty-five years; for I still hope, God helping me, to occupy this familiar place, and still, in some measure, to do my life-long work here. Naturally my thoughts go back over all that stretch of years, and suggest to me questions and answers too sacred and too self-condemnatory to be imparted to you. But, while looking back, I have sought to find some words to speak to you which would in some measure gather up, if not my attainments, at least my aims; and I find them ready-made to my hand in this summary of his preaching which the Apostle laid as the basis of his great argument about the resurrection of Jesus Christ. They do express what I have tried to make the great theme of my ministry, and they give me an opportunity of reiterating it once more to my dear friends, in circumstances which may, perhaps, add some force to my voice.

There are three points in these verses which I have read, round which I may gather the two or three things that I wish to impress upon you this morning. They tell us what the Gospel is, what it does for us, and what we are to do with it; and it is to these three points that I ask your attention.

First, then, here we have set forth in narrow, brief words the fundamentals of what Paul thought the Gospel to be—"I have preached unto you first of all that Jesus Christ died for our sins, and that He was buried, and that He was raised again the third day." That was, if not the whole, at all events the germinal seed of all that he had had to preach; that was the initial and fundamental fact on which the whole structure of his ministry and the whole weight of his life were based and settled.

Now, brethren, it is not making too much of words if I remind you, to begin with, that the very designation of a "Gospel" carries in it the essential characteristics of the Apostle's preaching; for "gospel" means "good news," and "good news" must be of a fact, not of a thought, not of a speculation, not of a piece of logical ratiocination, but of a fact that has a bearing upon the condition of the men that listen to it, and which can be certified to them as having actually occurred on this green earth, and in the midst of this sin-ridden humanity. And so, at the very beginning, we are led to understand what the essence of all Christian teaching must be; that, first of all, and out of which everything else is to come, it is the proclamation of a thing that did happen, of an actual deed that was transacted on this earth. And so at once we are led to see the great *differentia*, to use scholastic terms, and the great glory of the Christian message—that it does not come to men to argue with them, that it is not a mere statement of a theory, or of what they call nowadays "a world intuition," but that it is a proclamation of something that did take place here in the world. And so it must be; you can't reveal God by talking about Him. It can only be by His acts that He is known, just as it is only by your acts and mine that we are known; and the revelation of God can only be by the deeds of God. What He does is the only thing that will ever certify to men what He is. And so Jesus Christ comes; and the revelation of God and the good news for men is—what?—a biography, and that is a perfectly unique thing. Let all the simple, the ignorant, the burdened, the wise, and the thinkers bow down with thankfulness before this great fact that the world's illumination, and the seeking heart's stay, and the sinful conscience's cleansing, all come from the historical fact, the personality, and the life of the Divine-Human Person, the Incarnate Word, Christ the Lord.

Well, but then there is another step to be taken, and that is that in this declaration of a fact, or of facts, the vital centre, the palpitating heart, the secret of all power, the germ of every other truth, lie in the Cross, and the empty grave. Paul follows his Master's teaching. When Jesus desired that His memory should ever be green in His disciples' consciences, what was it that He laid His finger upon and said, "Whatever else you forget, remember that"? "This do, in remembrance of Me"; "This is My Body, broken for you"; "This is My Blood, shed for many for the remission of sins." There is the point out of which all the line is developed; there is the fact from which all the energy that Christ wields in the world does spring. It is the death of Christ and the resurrection of the Christ who dieth no more from which everything else that is blessed and powerful and deep and wise and illuminating in the Christian teaching must be derived. We have not to forget His blessed words of wisdom; we are not to forget the magnetic influence of that marvellous personality, as it walked yielding light—like the beams which fall upon those affected by lupus—and healing all manner of foulnesses with which it came in contact; we are not to forget the works of power which He did; but central to them all is this—He died, and He rose again.

But that is not all. Paul turns a historical fact into a historical gospel by the common term or explanation which he appends to it—Jesus Christ died. A beautiful story, a touching martyrdom; but if that is all you have to say it is no more a gospel than any of the obituaries in to-morrow's newspaper will be. He died. Yes; and are we to take that fact apart from all theory, as they tell us we ought to do nowadays, as being the Gospel for the world? There is no power in it, and there never has been, and there never will be a quickening, elevating, cleansing, life-giving power in a so-called gospel, however it may be adorned, which begins to falter and stutter when it goes on to say "died for our sins." There is only one way by which it is possible that Christ's death should be regarded as being for our sins, and that is that it takes them away, because He is the Lamb of God whose sacrifice expiates the sin of the world, and because He imparts His blood, the principle of His

* Preached at Union Chapel, Manchester, Sunday, June 28, 1903

life, to all those who open their hearts to receive Him, and thence it pulsates through their veins and cleanses them from all sin. And so, dear friends, a Gospel without a Cross is a Gospel without power; and the one thing that the Church needs is not a mere narrow, traditional repetition of old-fashioned formulas consecrated by antiquity, and made weak sometimes thereby, but a fresh, vital, ever-renewed apprehension of the eternal fact, which is young through all the ages, and through all the ages is the fact on which the world's redemption is built—Jesus Christ died for our sins, and rose again the Conqueror and the King. It is this fact and this explanation alone which converts, as I said, a historical fact into a historical Gospel. So much, then, for my first point.

Secondly.—Paul gathers together in brief space a statement of what this Gospel does for men. He puts it all into two phrases, on each of which I will just say a word.

"By which ye stand," "through which ye are saved." That is to say, to put it briefly, this Gospel, the Gospel that Christ died for our sins, affords a firm basis on which men may stand, in all the applications of that metaphor, and that it supplies the one means by which men can be saved.

By which ye stand—that is to say, if you and I lay firm hold upon that great Gospel, we shall find that it brings to us a ground upon which we can rest all our thinking and all our action. It is the basis of the highest thought; it underlies the whole that we can know of God, of man, of the relations between the two, of the duties that we have to discharge, of the powers by which we are helped, of the hopes that we may cherish; and it is indeed the ground on which we can build all the certitudes that can make life serene and blessed. Apart from that great truth, and the principles that underlie it, and the influences which naturally and necessarily come from it—apart from that great truth, we are all groping after more or less doubtful grounds. The world's firmest word about the highest things that can occupy men's thoughts is "peradventure." There is one lip that has the right to say, and that has said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you." Building on the death and resurrection of the Incarnate Word, we stand on solid rock, and all around us there lies the white, weltering waste of shifting sands. Did any of you ever go to Mont St. Michel, on the Normandy coast, where a great cliff with a castle and a church on its top lift themselves up amidst leagues of sand? That is a parable of human life, and Christ is the rock, and on Him, standing, we can say, "I know."

Nor need I remind you, I suppose, how in like manner, if we have got fast hold of Him, we shall not only stand in the sense of having certitude and a basis for our thoughts and actions, but also in the sense of being able, as we never else will be able, to resist the impetus of temptations and of assaults upon us. "Stand fast in the Lord, dearly beloved"; and if you and I want to have something which will be for us like a rock against which we can set our back and the firm ground on which we can plant firm feet, be sure of this, that the only place where we can find the rock to back us and the ground to bear us steadfast is in Christ, the dying Christ, the ever-living Christ, "in which ye stand" and can resist, and only in it can you resist, every temptation that storms against you.

Again, "By which we are saved"—a word so familiar that it to many of us means nothing, and we have to make an effort to find out and to be impressed by the depth and the sweep of its meaning in its Apostolic and early Christian use. It has two opposites—being in peril, and being sick, sick unto death; and in opposition to these it is the condition of being safe, and it is the condition of being sound and wholesome. Oh! brethren, we have not gone very far into our own hearts if we have not found out that there is sickness unto death there, and we have learnt but little of the meaning of life if we have not learnt that there are perils which no man can protect us from, and which one day will certainly come and destroy us. And so the great message comes that from our sicknesses we may be healed, that from our dangers we may be delivered, that we may be taken away from the power of all that is evil, whether it be temporal or spiritual, whether it be what men call bad or what men call misfortune; and that we may be invested with all good, whether it be corporeal or spiritual, on condition that we have clung and are clinging to the dying Christ, the living Lord, "in which ye stand," who, else, would totter and fall, "by which ye are saved," who, else, would be overwhelmed by dangers and slain by the sickness of sin.

Thirdly.—And so the last thing here is what this Gospel asks us to do with it. And again the Apostle sums all up in two expressions. He speaks about not believing in vain, or, as it might more properly be rendered, not believing "rashly" or "inconsiderately," or, as the Revised Version margin has it, "without cause." And then he speaks, further, about "holding fast that which ye have received." So I come at last to appeal to you, dear friends, and to ask you, Have you put forth these two conditions, done these two things, which the Gospel of the dying Christ calls from you—namely. first, have you, and are you now, exercising a solid, deliberate faith in Him? There is plenty of so-called Christian faith—and I sometimes, in pessimistic moods, am disposed to think it is the faith of the majority of so-called professing Christians—which is anything but solid or deliberate, which has been the result of some passing emotion, which has flamed up like thorns, and has died down into grey ashes like them. You remember our Lord's warning about the seed that sprang up too quickly because there was no depth in the soil. Alas! I am afraid that there is very little depth in the soil in which the so-called faith of hosts of nominal Christians amongst us is sown. There is little consciousness of sin; consequently there is little realisation of the need for, and the power of, Christ's sacrifice, and consequently there is little transforming energy in the faith of hosts of us. And I plead with you for a deep, well-grounded, solid, deliberate, and consequently vital and all-transmuting, faith. And then there is the other thing. That solid, deliberate faith is the initial act, but it has to be lengthened out throughout a life into distinct effort to keep firm hold of that which we have apprehended. Why, you can't lay hold of a stick with your hand and keep a tight grip upon it unless you are continually tightening it, for the muscles relax in the very act of prehension; and you cannot keep hold of Christ unless you grip Him and renew the grip day by day and hour by hour; and He is no good to you by reason of any past heroisms of faith if there is a present sluggishness of apprehension. The pole-star will only light the sailor as long as he looks at it. The water of life will slake a man's thirst only so long as he drinks it. A Christ about whom you do not think is as good as a dead Christ as far as you are concerned; and just as to-day's hunger will not be satisfied by yesterday's meals, so to-day's needs can only be met by to-day's grasping with, it may be lame, but it must be resolute, hands of faith the Christ who is always willing to be held, but who goes away infallibly if He is not.

So, dear friends, so much for the Apostle's Gospel. I know the failures of my ministry far better than the most disparaging critic does. But I am bold enough to stand here this morning and appeal to you, dear friends, who have gathered here for many years, some of you, and to ask you whether or not *you* think that I have tried in my ministry to keep true to the keynote which Paul has so strongly struck in this text? I believe you will say "Yes"; and I am thankful to you and to God for the long years during which your love and confidence have borne with my limitations and have never failed. We have had five-and-forty years without a ruffle, without a jar, and, thank God! the bond between us is at least as strong to-day as it ever was. Dear brethren, may I plead with you, my own friends, to continue your love and loyalty to this dear old Church in the days that are to come, and to help my dear friend Mr. Roberts as you have helped me; not to give me the pain of seeing that my life's work, so far as it is represented in this place, is crumbling away? You can do me no greater kindness than by continuing to fill your places here, and helping to keep up the work of the Church with the accustomed vigour. Some of you have listened to me for so many years that I am sometimes afraid familiarity has dulled the penetrating power of my voice. Some of you here this morning are occasional worshippers with us, and drawn to-day, as I indulge myself in venturing to think, by your wish to show kindly feelings towards myself. I thank you for it; and to all of you my last word—which perhaps may gain some force because it is my last word as Pastor of Union Chapel—is: "I declare the Gospel which I preached unto you, how that Jesus Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." Dear friends, I beseech you to accept it with a deliberate faith, and to cleave to it with lifelong energy. By it, and by it alone, you will stand; by it, and by it alone, you will be saved.

The Blindness of Madge Tyndall

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

CHAPTER XVII

PLOTTERS

The first and worst of all frauds is to cheat one's self. All sin is easy after that.

BAILEY.

ABEL QUIPP was a bachelor, and occupied rooms on the first floor. He was a mild-mannered, pleasant-faced man, who might have been mistaken for a deacon or churchwarden. In point of fact, Abel Quipp had been a deacon once, but that was several years ago. Since an all-too-discriminating authority had struck his name off the rolls he had given up assisting the Church, and had withdrawn himself largely from public gaze. He still had an office, however, in the City, but not being able to practise as a solicitor, he had to live by his wits, and on the whole he lived very well. Mr. Sleeman and he were friends of many years' standing. They were frequently able to assist each other, the one with service, the other with cash; and so their friendship had ripened with the growth of years.

Abel Quipp was sitting in his shirt-sleeves, smoking, when John Sleeman was announced, and at sight of his friend started to his feet in a moment.

"Man alive, what's the meaning of this?" he exclaimed. "Surely business may slide on a Sunday?"

"I know you are a religious man, Quipp," was the cynical answer. "I am myself, and in my case it pays. But sit down, we have a lot to talk over. Studley is in London."

"No! How has he managed that?"

"Studley is here, and, what is more, he has discovered Miss Tyndall. They've been together all the morning."

"Then your game is up."

"Don't talk like a fool. Am I the man to give up at the first reverse?"

"But while she believes in him, what chance is there for you?"

"No chance at all. But her belief in him must be destroyed, and at once. That is our first business."

"But how is it to be done? Women are tenacious of their opinions, and as for being able to reason—well, they weren't made that way."

"So much the better. You've got to face the fellow with a number of specific charges, and in her presence. That will floor him. Nobody can prove a negative. He will be helpless, and her faith in him will go."

"I don't see it."

"Look here, you can make up like an official from Scotland Yard, can't you?"

"Easily."

"And I presume you have some bogus warrants about?"

"Any number of them."

"Very good. He will go to their rooms in Baker Street this afternoon. I heard them arrange that. You have to arrive soon after, and, producing your warrant, proceed to arrest him. Naturally he and the Tyndalls will want to know on what charge, and then will be your opportunity. You will not be supposed to know who the Tyndalls are. You can tell how he has been wanted for years. How he hid himself in Bexmouth under an assumed name. How he had to clear out suddenly to escape arrest. How he went to Australia as ship surgeon, and employed his time in robbing the passengers. Blow it, man, with your glib tongue and legal jargon you can blacken him in five minutes to such an extent that his own mother wouldn't recognise him."

"But suppose he objects to being arrested?"

"He'll not do that. If he does, you'll have to intimate that you will have to call in help, but that you would prefer not making a scene. He will protest, of course; will conclude there has been some mistake, and that he will be able to convince the stipendiary to-morrow morning. Oh no, there will be no difficulty on that score."

"And when I have got him into the cab—what then?"

"Drive to Wapping Chambers; he won't know it from a police-station. Once there he may sing to his heart's content:

It may be for years or it may be for ever."

And John Sleeman laughed sardonically.

"But his friends will search the police news to-morrow."

"Exactly. You will see to-morrow morning in one or two papers a paragraph headed, 'Clever Capture of a Swindler.' I can arrange that with all necessary details. 'Taken off to Liverpool, where his latest exploit was committed.' You trust me. I have mapped out the whole thing."

"So it seems. And at what part of the play do you come in?"

"Not until you are out of the way, you may be sure. I shall arrive when the excitement has somewhat subsided—shall be greatly astonished, of course—sympathetic, as usual—ready with suggestions *ad lib.*—and prepared to rub in the pepper at every favourable opportunity."

For awhile there was silence. Quipp went on smoking; Sleeman toyed with his watch-chain.

"I tell you I don't like it," Quipp said at length.

"And why not, pray?" Sleeman asked.

"It isn't legitimate business."

"Bogus securities more in your way?"

"Perhaps so; but I'm wanted on several counts, as you know, and I don't like running needless risks. And in this

case the game is not worth the candle. Why not give up the girl? She isn't worth all this trouble, and no other girl in creation."

"Quipp, you know a lot, but you don't know everything. In a case like this you run no risk. Besides, I shall make it worth your while."

"You make too light of risks," Quipp said doggedly. "You've been skirting the precipice for so many years without falling over that you are getting reckless. There's certain to be a bust-up some day."

"I know that very well; but not for the next twenty years. I know what I'm about."

covering his face with his hands—"my poor, blind, deluded child!" And he rocked himself to and fro, as people sometimes do when overwhelmed with a great grief.

"Are you sure that *you* are not deluded?" she asked, with energy. "You have in your possession a letter offering you the living of Lindley Major; are you sure that the living is his to give? Why did he ask you to keep it quiet till after the—the——?" And she shut her eyes and put out her hands as though the thought appalled her.

Mr. Tyndall started to his feet. "Do you know what you are saying, Madge?" he asked fiercely.

"I do," she answered almost defiantly.

LAYING HIS HAND UPON HIS ARM, SAID, "IT IS MY PAINFUL DUTY, SIR, TO ARREST YOU"

For another half-hour they talked in a desultory way, and then Sleeman left with a self-satisfied smile upon his face.

Meanwhile Madge was having a bad time with her father. When he discovered where she had been and whom she had seen, he grew furious.

"You have actually so far forgotten yourself as to speak to him?" he said, with blanched lips.

"I have," she said firmly; "and, what is more, we intend to be married as soon as possible. I should have been his wife ten months ago but for the treachery and wickedness of John Sleeman. And am I to break my pledge now that he has escaped and come back to me?"

"And you believe this trumped-up story of his?"

"I do, father; I believe it absolutely."

"My poor Madge!" he said, sinking back in his chair and

"Child, child, will you slander an honest man, throw doubt upon the word of one whose integrity is above suspicion, and all because a—a——?"

"Hush, father!" she interposed. "Breathe no word against Frank Studley; he is my affianced husband."

"I would rather bury you," he moaned, sinking back into his chair again.

"You will think differently some day." And she went to the window and looked out into the street.

For the next two hours Mr. Tyndall alternately stormed and moaned. His beautiful dream was fading again. This last hope, like all the rest, was ending in disappointment. Providence was still against him. Life was a failure and a cheat.

Madge pitied him from her heart. She would have given almost anything could she have comforted him. She saw how hard it would be for him to go back to the drudgery and

grinding poverty of his narrow life, without hope of anything better to sustain him.

Yet her faith in Frank Studley did not falter for a moment. Her resolve remained unshaken. She felt like a condemned prisoner who had been reprieved at the last moment. She could have danced for joy.

Mr. Tyndall was in one of his sorrowful moods when Dr. Studley was announced. Frank stepped quietly over the threshold, looking a little pale, but very calm and self-possessed.

Mrs. Tyndall, who took her cue from her husband, sat perfectly still, and did not appear to notice him. Mr. Tyndall looked up for a moment, then with a moan hid his face in his hands. Madge rushed to meet him with a glad smile upon her lips and the light of love sparkling in her eyes. The next moment a troubled look swept over her face.

"Father will not believe you," she said.

"I am sorry, Madge," he replied tenderly, "but some day he will."

At the sound of his voice Mr. Tyndall started to his feet again. His face was very white, his eyes blazed with anger. "I wonder, sir," he said, speaking with slow emphasis, "that after your cowardly and villainous treatment of my daughter you can dare obtrude your hateful presence upon us again."

"I know my conduct looks bad," Frank answered mildly, "but I can explain everything."

"I have heard your story," was the cold reply. "But what proof have you?"

"I confess I have only my bare word to offer."

"And is it likely, sir, that any sane man will believe such an absurd story, and in face of the damning evidence against you?"

"If you will have patience, sir——"

"Patience, indeed! To have patience with such as you is impossible. But who comes here?"

In a moment all eyes were turned toward the door. Clearly the intruder was some minion of the law. Without noticing any one, he marched straight up to where Frank stood, and, laying his hand upon his arm, said, "It is my painful duty, sir, to arrest you in the Queen's name."

Frank started back aghast and speechless. Madge gave a little cry and leaned against a sofa for support. The Curate looked triumphant.

"You are just in time, officer," he said; "you have not come a moment too soon."

"I protest," Frank said, recovering himself a little. "This is all a wretched mistake, or else it is part of another diabolical plot against me."

"They all say that," said Quipp sneeringly. "However, you had better come with me quietly. If it is all a mistake you will be able to explain it in due course."

"No, I will not come quietly," Frank said. "I want to know who you are. Where is your warrant? What is the charge against me?"

"Who I am should be apparent enough," was the quiet answer. "The warrant is here," he said, displaying the bogus form. "As for the charges, I would rather not specify them before your friends."

"How very considerate," Frank said mockingly; "but I demand to know."

"Then, sir, you have the reputation of being a notorious swindler and forger. It seems you have been long wanted, and have assumed many names. About ten months ago you were nearly caught in Bexmouth, but managed to escape. The wonder is you returned again to England when you had once got clear away. At present you are wanted in both Liverpool and Glasgow. Now, sir, have I told you sufficient?"

Frank stood pale and silent. For the moment he seemed too bewildered to speak.

The Curate lifted up his eyes and muttered devoutly, "Good heavens! what a deliverance!"

Then Madge rushed across the room to her lover. "Frank," she said, and her great round eyes were full of tears, "tell me: is any of this true?"

"Not a shred of it, Madge! It is a foul and wicked falsehood from beginning to end."

"But what will you do?" she asked.

"I suppose I had better go with the officer," he said, with a bewildered look in his eyes. "No good is likely to come of resistance. I am evidently mistaken for some one else. Do still believe in me, Madge?"

"I do," she answered tearfully.

"That will buoy me up," he replied, looking round him with a bewildered air. "But I am afraid of a still more desperate plot. Tell Fred Lorrimer, Madge. He will be at the First Avenue to-night. Come, officer; I'm ready to go with you." And he seized his hat and moved toward the door.

CHAPTER XVIII

A WOMAN'S WIT

Woman's power is for rule, not for battle, and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision.

RUSKIN.

MADGE watched her retreating lover for a moment with wide-open, tearless eyes; then, with a low cry, she rushed swiftly past him, opened the door, slammed it behind her, turned the key in the lock, hurried down the stairs at a breakneck pace, and ran into the street. "There," she muttered to herself "I've locked them in! He cannot take Frank away till I let him. Every moment may be precious. I doubt if that man is an officer at all."

On the opposite side of the street stood an empty cab. Instantly a thought struck her. "This cab is waiting to take him away. I'll prevent that, and serve Frank's purpose at the same time."

Rushing across to the cabman, she said, "You are waiting for the officer who has gone into the house opposite?"

"Yes, miss."

"Then you must drive at once to the First Avenue Hotel, and ask for a Mr. Lorrimer, and bring him back with you. If he has not arrived, wait for him. Do you understand?"

"Yes, miss." And, whipping up his horse, he drove away.

"That's one point gained," she said to herself excitedly. "Now I must wait around till I see a policeman."

Fortunately, she had not long to wait. Coming slowly up the street were two officers, one of them evidently of superior rank. Instantly she ran to meet them.

"Oh! please," she said, as soon as she got within speaking distance, "come with me at once."

"What's up?" asked the subordinate officer gruffly.

In a few words Madge told her story and hinted at her suspicions.

"We will go with you," said the superior officer. "This may prove interesting."

"I'm sure there's some mistake," Madge said eagerly. "Frank is as innocent as I am."

The officer smiled. "That, of course, remains to be proved, miss," he said.

A few minutes later they were mounting the stairs together, Madge leading the way. Quickly unlocking the door, she pushed it open and stood aside for the officers to pass.

For a moment the utmost confusion prevailed. Mr. Quipp made a bolt for the door, but was quickly collared by the new arrivals. Frank caught Madge in his arms with a look of rapture in his eyes. Mr. Tyndall stood forth, demanding fiercely what it all meant. The only people perfectly cool were the two officers. The Inspector at length got a hearing. Turning to Quipp, he demanded to know who he was, and on what authority he came there.

For a few moments Quipp tried to brazen it out, but it proved a sorry failure; and when the Inspector got hold of the bogus warrant, he collapsed completely and pretended that it was all a joke.

"You will find that this is more than a joke," the officer said sternly.

"Does he mean that all these charges are pure fabrications?" interposed Mr. Tyndall, with a bewildered look in his eyes.

"Oh yes—yes; nothing but a joke, I can assure you," Quipp responded, a sickly smile overspreading his face. "A gentleman that I know wanted to have a bit of fun, and I acted for him."

"And what did you intend to do with this gentleman?" the officer demanded.

"Oh, nothing—indeed, nothing. We should not have harmed a hair of his head."

"It seems to me," said the officer, speaking slowly, "that you are the very individual we have been looking for for some time."

"Oh no, that cannot be," said Quipp, growing deathly pale and trembling in every limb. "Here comes Mr. Sleeman; he knows me. He will tell you who I am. Mr. Sleeman, tell the officer that he is mistaken."

Instantly the officer turned toward the new arrival. "You know this man?" he said, addressing Mr. Sleeman.

Sleeman glanced swiftly round the room, and discovering that his little scheme had collapsed, put on a defiant air, and answered, "No, sir, I do not know the man. To the best of my recollection I never saw him before."

"You infernal liar!" groaned Quipp. "Oh! but I'll be even with you yet."

"Is this the man you pretend to be acting for?" asked the officer, turning to Quipp.

"Pretend to be acting for! There is no pretence in it. He knows I've been an agent for him for years—or, more correctly, his tool."

"You'd better take the man away," said Sleeman, with lofty scorn. "I can assure you I know nothing of him—I never saw him before in my life."

"But he evidently knows you," said the officer. "How comes that about?"

"As a public man," said Sleeman, smiling benevolently, "hundreds—ay, thousands of people in London know me whom I do not know."

"This is curious and must be enquired into," the officer replied. "At any rate [turning to Quipp], you must come with us for the present."

"All right," said Quipp, "I'm ready to go; but he shall not escape." Then, turning upon Sleeman a look of vindictive hate, he said, "John Sleeman, you'll rue this day," and, jamming on his hat, he marched away between the two officers.

For a moment after the door had closed, the most profound silence reigned in the room. Then Sleeman, looking across the room to where Madge stood, said in his most pompous tones, "Will you kindly explain, Miss Tyndall, what is the meaning of the presence of this individual?" with an inclination of the head toward Frank.

"And may I ask by what right you make any such demand?" she said quietly.

"You are my promised wife," he said.

"Yes," she said, blushing crimson, "to my everlasting shame I allowed myself to be coerced into making such a promise. But a promise wrung from me by treachery and falsehood can have no weight."

"I do not understand you, Madge," he said, dropping his lofty tone. "Treachery? Falsehood? These are hard words."

"To you they are easy," she answered, growing very pale. "Do you think I've not seen to the bottom of your base plotting? Do you think I am deceived by the scene here this afternoon?"

"You surely do not think I have any hand in this matter?" he said, in grieved accents.

"I not only think, I am sure you have," she said defiantly. "You plotted ten months ago to get Dr. Studley out of the way, and succeeded. But to-day you have failed. Your agent was clever, but not quite clever enough."

"This is intolerable," he said, turning to Mr. Tyndall. "Have you no word to say in my defence?"

"I do not know what to say," said the Curate, with a groan. "The events of this afternoon and evening have completely bewildered me. But tell me, is the offer contained in this letter a genuine one?" And he pulled the precious document out of his pocket and held it toward Sleeman.

In a moment the latter snatched it out of his hand and thrust it into his own pocket. "After your daughter's treatment of me, the promise no longer holds good," he said.

At this point Frank gave a laugh. "The promise was not worth the paper on which it is written," he said quietly.

"I do not stay in your house to be insulted," he said, turning to the Curate, "and after all the kindness I have shown you." And he picked up his hat and made for the door.

But Frank moved forward and set his back against it. "Don't be in a hurry, my good Squire," he said; "I am expecting an acquaintance of yours every minute, who possibly may have something interesting to communicate."

"I do not wish to see any one," said Sleeman; "please stand aside."

"But I wish you to see him," said Frank; "and what is more, I will compel you to see him."

"You compel me!" said Sleeman—"you!" And his eyes literally blazed.

"Do not lose your temper," said Frank coolly. "I shall be sorry to use violence. But you do not leave this room till I give you permission."

Sleeman looked at the stalwart figure for a moment, then dropped into a chair.

Ten minutes later Fred Lorrimer was announced. He saw how matters stood directly, though of course he did not know what had happened.

Turning to Sleeman, after he had shaken hands with the others, he said, "I am sorry to say I have a very serious charge to prefer against you, Mr. Sleeman. Jacob Wherry has made a full confession."

Sleeman leaped to his feet with the suddenness of a rocket, cleared the door at a bound, and was downstairs and into the street almost before any one knew what had happened.

"Shall we follow him?" said Fred, when he had recovered from his surprise.

"No," said Frank; "let him go. He will find his fate without any effort of ours."

(*To be continued*)

The Home Department

Result of Short Story Competition

I HAD hoped great things of this competition, but it has not come up to my expectations, very few of the stories sent in being worthy of mention. Several competitors complained of the word-limit, and overlooked the fact that it was for them an excellent lesson in condensation and concentration, two of the most important points to be observed in the writing of a short story.

One writer gave twenty-two lines to description of scenery, and twelve to the story. The two most conspicuous faults were lack of originality of idea and expression, and wordiness where condensation would have meant strength.

Four stories stood out as undeniably above the rest, and the first prize has been awarded to—

Mrs. E. YEO,
Rosslyn,
Reigate, Surrey,

for the following:

SHORT STORY

"You missed a bit of news not bein' at the Club last night, Nancy. Treat's next week!"

"'Alleujah!" shouted Nancy. "Only difficulty, don't yer know, will be to get my dressmaker to send my costoom 'ome in time. My, though! I aches to see the flowers agen standin' in their own 'omes."

The eagerly-looked-for morning dawned at last. Nancy had been awake half the night with excitement.

"Don't leave me to-day, Nanny. I ache worse," quavered a weak little voice, "and I'm so feared of father."

Then a garret became a battlefield. Strange field of victory, stranger still the figure of the victor—this poor London flower-girl decked out for a day's outing! "Right yer are!" came at last from Nancy; "it shall be our at 'ome day, as the genteels say. I'm blessed! yer sister's turning saint! It's 'er at the Club that's done it; can't 'elp meself." And Nancy laughed while tears ran down her cheeks.

"Law! thought you was dead. Guessed nothin' else would 'ave kep' yer away yesterday," was the greeting Nancy received next morning.

"Did yer, though!" said Nancy. "Wrong there; 'twas only my costoom as wasn't done in time arter all."

The second prize goes to Miss E. M. HEPWORTH, for the following:

AN ENTHUSIAST

Because they did not understand they called her quixotic. Her friends were matter-of-fact people, and her ardent enthusiasm was altogether a mystery to them.

When she left school she was full of schemes for relieving the poverty and suffering around her, but she soon found her ideas condemned as unheard-of and ridiculous. To visit the sick would be to risk the danger of infection, and to venture among the dwellings of the poor was not to be thought of—would not be respectable, in fact. Her duty was to be a good daughter and obey her parents.

So gradually the vision splendid faded before the girl's wistful eyes, though she little knew how sad hearts were gladdened by the mere sunshine of her presence and the brightness of her smile.

And when she passed from us in all the beauty of her fair young life, with the piteous cry, "I wanted to do so much, and I have done so little, we realised that at last she would be understood by One who knew that she had done what she could to make sunshine in dark places, and to scatter flowers along Life's rough pathway."

Next in order of merit come Rev. G. W. Turner and Miss L. Daniels. I have no space to quote their stories.

New Competition

Next month two prizes will be given for the best account of the first thing one remembers. It has often been discussed at what age one has one's first conscious impression, and I am sure it will be very interesting to know what my readers have to say on the subject.

The accounts must not be more than one hundred and fifty words in length, and in awarding the prizes attention will be paid to virility and style, as well as to the noteworthiness of the impression.

The first prize offered will be a copy of Dr. Fairbairn's great work "The Philosophy of the Christian Religion"; the second prize, a copy of the Newberry Bible, bound in Persian. The name and address of each competitor *must* be *on* each competition paper, or the paper will be disqualified. All contributions must reach me on or before August 1. Address to "Anstice," THE BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Notice

THE BRITISH MONTHLY is published on the 20th of the month preceding that it is dated. The September number will be ready on August 20. Competitors will therefore have time to prepare their papers by the 1st.

How to get up Lace Curtains

In few, if any, of the numerous arts, professions, trades, and industries is more obstinate conservatism shown than in that of laundry work by the class from which most of our laundresses are drawn. Just as every woman in that class thinks she can cook, and rear healthy children, so she is convinced she knows all there is to know about washing and starching and ironing. If you tell her that there is a way of doing up lace, or lace and muslin curtains, other than that adopted by herself, she will either say "Rubbish!" and "Fads!" and become sarcastic and angry and unreasonable, or she will maintain a frigid but highly expressive silence, equally unreasonable. In both cases she is determined not to be convinced.

It is only by gentle persistency, and real proofs, and a determination not to be satisfied with what they are pleased to call "washing," that this conservatism can be met; and also by teaching the young.

But in other classes—the sufferers—there is an increasing desire for knowledge as to how things should be done. All are weary and disheartened with the lamentable defects of this wholesale ignorance and carelessness of laundresses, the ruin they wreak on the things entrusted to them, and their high charges, and there is a growing determination to know how to do things for oneself, and to do them.

Laundry work is interesting, and easy to learn and follow. The really good effects one so longs for and so constantly fails to obtain are got by such simple means, too. It is not a matter of additional expense; in fact, one saves considerably in the end. It is a matter of intellect and trouble, and of pride and interest in one's work.

Lace Curtains

By getting these up oneself a considerable saving is effected, for they last nearly half as long again, and of course look better all the time.

The First Step

The curtains should be rolled up when first they are unhung, taken into the garden, and thoroughly shaken, to rid them of all loose dust. Then place them to soak in a tray of cold water, to which has been previously added some liquid ammonia or some good soap already dissolved. If using the latter, be quite sure that it is thoroughly dissolved and not in a jellied state. Let the curtains lie in this for twenty-four hours or thereabouts, then squeeze them out of the dirty water, and place in clean, cold water.

The two chief causes of the dark, dingy colour so common to white clothes are a stinting of changes of water, and a failure to wring the dirty water out of the things.

No Rubbing

In the getting-up of lace and muslin curtains, a great point gained by the thorough soaking is that a very considerable amount of wear and tear of the material is saved, for there need be very little of the rubbing that is so disastrous.

The Next Step

After two or three rinsings, the curtains must be placed in hot water. This time they must be washed and plenty of soap used; but the washing must be by squeezing and pressing only. When clean, lift them out into another pan of clean water, rinse them, and then give them their boiling.

Important

The curtains—in fact, any articles—must remain in the boiler until the water *actually boils*, and must remain in until they have boiled for ten minutes.

This is a most important point, and one that is constantly grossly neglected. Washerwomen seem to be imbued with the idea that as long as the things "go through the water" they are properly washed, that if they go into the boiler that is all that is required, it does not matter if they boil or not; whereas it is a most important point, and makes all the difference possible.

Soda should not be added to the water in the boiler except for coarse towels and such like; it turns white things yellow. But shredded soap should be thrown in to start with, and allowed to dissolve before the clothes are ready to go in to boil.

Boil the curtains for ten minutes, then lift them out into a tray, and press and squeeze them so as to get rid of the dirt loosened by the boiling. Squeeze as dry as can be, and place in a pan of cold blueing water. Again squeeze them, and spread to dry, in the sun, if possible.

Starching

When dry, dip them into thin boiled starch. Dry them, damp down, and roll up tightly until slightly damp all over.

Ironing

Muslin curtains need ironing—in fact, if they have frills there is nothing else to be done. But great care should be taken not to stretch the edges, for no curtain can hang well if that is done, and if a curtain hangs badly it is a constant eyesore.

Stretching

Lace or net curtains look better if stretched. To do this a large, clean sheet must be spread over the carpet in a room you will not be needing for a while. Two persons should each

take an end of the curtain, and, gently pulling and stretching, pin it down evenly on the sheet. If there is not room for the curtains side by side, place them on the top of each other; in fact, several may be dried at the same time, one on top of the other. Do not spare the pins, but fasten the edges closely and evenly. If the room is not needed in the morning, throw open the windows and let the air and sun play in on the curtains and they will soon be quite ready for use.

If the curtains are of Madras muslin, no starch should be used. Stretch them when damp, as described, and they will look as good as new.

Answers to Correspondents

Can any correspondent inform M. R. J. where the poem can be found which begins?—

I live for those that love me,
For the hearts that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too.

WOODRUFF.—Another correspondent has kindly sent to say that the lines by Maria Drake may be found on page 399 of "The Cloud of Witnesses," by the Hon. Mrs. Lyttelton Gell. Perhaps you know this collection of beautiful thoughts and exquisite verse? If you do not, I am sure you would find it a perfect mine of pleasure. It can be had in all manner of bindings and prices. Thank you for your note. I am delighted to have been the medium to help you.

SEAWEED.—To clarify sugar you must place the lump sugar in a large pan. Beat the white of an egg, and add it to the water, of which you must allow half a pint to each pound of sugar; pour it over the sugar. If you are making more than twelve pounds, you will require more than one egg. Let it stand until quite dissolved, then place over a moderate fire. Leave it until the scum begins to form; then let it boil for five minutes, remove it from the fire, and let it stand for two minutes. Take off all the scum, replace on the stove, and when on the point of boiling pour in a little cold water, which should be saved from the quantity originally measured out. Boil it up, skim again, and go on in this way until the syrup is clear; then strain through a piece of fine muslin.

M. D.—Thank you much for your letter. I am always pleased to hear from you. Of course, two hundred words does not allow one room for spreading; descriptive passages are out of the question. It requires, in fact, a peculiar kind of skill to write a brief sketch of that length. One great point is to know what to leave out. You must first get your idea, then tell it in as few words as possible, and this means that you must show discrimination in your choice of words, also of phrases. You must choose, too, the salient points of your story to dwell upon, and at the same time avoid abruptness and jerkiness. It is not easy, I admit, but it is excellent practice. I think most will admit it is far easier to write a long story than a short one. A short story must be strong all through; there is no space for recovering from weak parts, as there is in a long one.

MARCIA.—I am pleased you like your book. You certainly deserved it. In making choice the paper itself is, of course, only considered; the name and address are of no account until required. But I quite understand your feeling, also your letter, for which many thanks. I agree with you most heartily, the vulgarity of the age is increasing appallingly. Refined, sensitive natures are year by year finding themselves more isolated, and driven in upon themselves, their feelings jarred by most things and persons they come in contact with. I often think that much of the suffering from nerves which is so increasingly prevalent comes from the shock and jar to nerves which is the daily, hourly lot of the sensitive now. There is a constant striving to try and sympathise with the tastes and characters of those who by force of circumstance are one's friends or acquaintances, and only too often a depressing sense of failure is all one gets for one's efforts. All this tells on the sensitive nervous system. I much regret the error in the printing of your paper. Am always pleased to hear from you.

L. D.—I don't know that I have any right to criticise your story; at the same time, I would like to point out one error, because it is one often made, and is fatal to a writer ambitious to succeed. It is a want of care and particularity in details. In many respects your story was one of the best sent in. If you had only not made Molly "Lady Molly" it would have been better. By a little study of correct titles you would have seen that only a daughter of an earl or a duke has any right to use the title of "Lady" before her Christian name. And in real life the daughter of an earl or a duke would not take tea in an "A.B.C.," either chaperoned or unchaperoned.

E. M.—Thank you very much for your letter, and the kind thought brought by sweet wild flowers. Will you take part in the new competition? I am sure you would have an interesting paper to write. Kindest wishes.

E. Y.—Thank you very much for your congratulations on the varied choice of competitions. Now it is my turn to congratulate you, which I do. I am sure you will find the new competition full of interest. I am looking forward to reading the papers, and hope to have many. It is a subject I am much interested in; there are such diverse opinions as to the power of memory and thought in children.

E.—Is this the pseudonym you wish me to continue to use? Thank you much for your letter and cards. I am much interested in all you write, and your trials and pleasures. How many interests you appear to have! You must find the resources within yourself a very great comfort and consolation. The thought in the last set of verses you sent me is very beautiful. You must try not to worry, but to take your troubles lightly, letting the little ones go by as not worth a thought. After all, the little stabs and pinpricks, though very hard to bear, do not really matter. But if given way to they absorb the whole mind, and make one miss much of the good that life brings.

BELINDA.—A most delicious dinner sweet can be made as follows: Arrange some strawberries in a china bowl, after having removed their stalks. Make a little clear syrup of sugar and water, and pour it over the fruit. Whip some cream and heap it lightly on the top. Or, if you have a refrigerator, instead of the cream place small round or egg-shaped balls of iced custard or lemon ice at intervals around the pile of strawberries.

MOSQUITO.—I am sorry for your sufferings. Of course, some people are much more severely affected by the stings than are others. You appear to be one of the most susceptible. Well, here is a simple remedy which you can carry with you on your bicycle rides, and have always at hand. Take with you a tiny piece of dry soap, the ordinary yellow soap. When stung, make a lather of the soap and spread over the spot, and allow it to dry on. If the relief is not complete, and there is still some pain left, repeat the lathering. But as a rule the burning and irritation are immediately relieved.

ELECTRIC LAMP.—I am afraid your question cannot be answered in a few words, but I think I can help you to stain your electric lamp globes successfully. You must begin by thoroughly washing the globes in soap and water, and drying them carefully. Mix the whites of two eggs in a pint of water, filter it, dip the globes in the liquid, and place them to dry. Dissolve the aniline colour you intend to use in common collodion. Red or blue aniline will form clear solution, while the green solution must be filtered. Yellow aniline makes a handsome shade, but the glass has a frosted appearance after an application of it. When the solution is ready, dip the prepared globes in it and hang up to dry. When dry, pass a current through the bulbs for half an hour, that the coating of the collodion may be hardened, or place in a current of air. Do not start by making the colour too dark; it is far better, as far as result goes, to have it rather light, and give the globes a coat or two extra.

OLD PICTURE.—For my own part I admit I would rather send the picture to a reliable cleaner; but, if you prefer, you can try removing the spots yourself by washing it carefully with warm water, to which a few drops of liquid ammonia have been added.

E. M. HEPWORTH.—Will you send your address to THE BRITISH MONTHLY Office, and apply for your prize? Your address has, unfortunately, gone astray.

ANSTICE.

Anstice will be pleased to hear from correspondents, and answer any questions they may care to ask connected with the "Home Department."

F. W. Robertson and Young Men

REPLYING to an address presented by the young men of Trinity Chapel, F. W. Robertson spoke as follows: "We are not here to bandy compliments with one another; you have not come to flatter me, and I have not come with any affected coyness, to pretend to disclaim your flattery, in order that it may be repeated. You have told me in the frank spirit of an Englishman that my ministry has done you good. Frankly, as an Englishman, I tell you with all my heart I do believe it. I know that there are men who once wandered in darkness and doubt, and could find no light, who have now found an anchor and a rock and a resting-place. I know that there were men who were feeling bitterly and angrily what seemed to them the unfair differences of society, who now regard them in a gentle, more humble, and more tender spirit. I know that there are rich who have been led to feel more generously towards the poor. I know that there are poor who have been taught to feel more truly and more fairly towards the rich. I *believe*—for on such a point God can only *know*—that there are men who have been induced to place before themselves a higher standard, and perhaps, I may venture to add, have conformed their lives more truly to that standard. I dare not hide my belief in this. I am deeply grateful in being able to say that, if my ministry were to close to-morrow, it would not have been in this town, at least, altogether a failure."

The Pulpit and Politics

ROBERTSON on one occasion preached a sermon on the duties of electors, taking as his subject the election of Matthias in the room of Judas. The spirit in which he fulfilled his task will be best seen by the following quotation: "Delicate and difficult as the introduction of such a subject from the pulpit must be, yet it seems to me the imperative duty of a minister of Christ—from which he cannot, except in cowardice, shrink—to endeavour to make clear the great Christian landmarks which belong to such an occurrence. But let me be understood. His duty is not to introduce politics in the common sense of the word, meaning thereby the views of some particular party. The pulpit is not to be degraded into the engine of a faction. Far, far above such questions, it ought to preserve the dignity of a voice which speaks for eternity, and not fortune. If possible, not one word should drop by which a minister's own political leanings can be discovered. Yet there must be broad principles of right and wrong in such a transaction as in any other. And in discharge of my duty I desire to place those before you."

The Holiday Problem

WITH the advent of the holiday season the momentous problem once more confronts us, "Where shall we go?" For most of us it is a question not to be tardily answered, and yet, as the city toiler well knows, it is one upon the prudent decision of which much may depend. To those of our readers who may still be halting between two opinions we have no hesitation in saying, "Try Tenby," which has been aptly described as "a town of many charters in a land of sunshine." There has just been published by the Health Resorts Association, with the authority of the Corporation, a finely illustrated little book about Tenby (a gratis copy of which will be sent on application to the Town Clerk), which all who are disposed to accept our advice ought certainly to read. Tenby is a Welsh town 263 miles distant from London, *via* Bath and the Severn Tunnel. The town, beautiful for situation, has long been noted for its salubrious climate. Sunshine in a health resort, no one needs to be told, is of supreme importance, and in this respect Tenby can give points to its rivals, the town having nearly, if not quite, the highest bright sunshine record in the kingdom. Tenby can also hold its own in the matter of scenery. Varied and picturesque, the sea front has none of the monotony of so many of the vaunted health resorts. On the north side lofty and rugged cliffs enclose a sandy bay and sheltered promenade, and from the Castle Hill and St. Catherine's Rock lovely views are obtained of the coasts—Carmarthenshire, Glamorganshire, and (in clear weather) Devonshire. Dating back at least to the beginning of the fifteenth century—for in 1402 Henry IV. granted municipal government to the town—Tenby possesses many objects of interest, and in fair weather or foul the visitor will find agreeable occupation for his time. There are numerous pleasant walks and drives in the immediate neighbourhood, and the cyclist who appreciates a long spin can have a delightful time in going the rounds of the old castles and churches with which the country is studded. A great many excursions can also be made by road or rail, or by a combination of the two. Altogether, Tenby is a most delightful health resort, and we gladly bespeak for it a trial.

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J. G. Graves.

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The Children's Corner

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

The correct solutions to the puzzles were as follows:

SINGLE ACROSTIC—

Luke, Ebenezer, Amos, Hiram.

JUMBLED NAMES—

Lystra, Corinth, Sidon, Tadmor.

DIAMOND PUZZLE—

A
E B B
S T A R E
O N E
A

RIDDLEMEREE—

Daniel.

BIBLE CHARACTERS—

Isaac (I-sack).
Phœbe (Fee-be), or Pharoah (Fare-owe).
Aaron (Air-on).

The first prize is awarded to—

GUY WIEHEN (aged 11),
Thornleigh, Rydal Road,
Streatham;

the second prize to—

WILLIE HOOPER (aged 10),
29, Gathorine Road,
Wood Green, N.

A special prize goes to—

HILDA L. H. TURNER (aged 12),
34, Gladstone Terrace,
Grantham.

HONOURABLE MENTION

Stanley Hoatson, Lilian Williams, H. Wells Taylor, Ellen Florence Welham, Charles Gordon Douglas, Isabella Dove, Herbert G. Daniel, Elsie Kinross, Dora Cheshire, Elsie Hickox, Tom Adamson.

VERY HIGHLY COMMENDED

Lilla Codd, Kenneth Dickinson, Ella Lofts, Colin Skidmore, James B. Warnock, Bertie Walker, Stanley Smith Jack, Ella Chisholm, Frank H. Curtis, Gordon Jessop, Stanley Adamson, E. Winifred Turner.

All those honourably mentioned sent in correct papers, and are to be heartily praised for their work. Neatness and arrangement had to be taken into consideration in awarding the prizes, as so many of you sent in the right solutions. Those commended had all done very good work. You seem to have liked the puzzles; I hope to give you more another time.

Margaret Douglas sends me a little poem, which I am very glad to print. It is called—

SUNSET

BY A FAIRY

Now the sun is setting slowly,
Setting slowly in the west,
And all *mortals* say they're weary;
Sleep on, mortals!—sleep and rest.

But a *Fairy never* needs sleep,
So she watches through the night;
Rise, O moon! and rise, O stars! nor
Sink not till the morning light.

When, however, once more light comes,
You must softly sink to rest;
Let the sun arise in your place,
In the East now, not the West.

O fair stars! O fair moon! go not,
You are better than the sun
To a Fairy—not to mortals,
For they sleep when day is done.

Now, oh, see! the morning light comes,
I must quickly fly away,
For none see me in the day-time,
Only when it is not day.

MARGARET DOUGLAS.

Another time, Margaret, will you write on one side of the paper only? I will be very glad to have more stories and poems from you.—Thank you for your letter, Willie Hooper; you see you have won a prize.—Your work was very good, Ella Chisholm; I hope you will try again. I am so pleased that you like our serial story.—Stanley Hoatson is delighted with his prize. He tells me he has over a thousand postage stamps; he collects Australian stamps, and has about two hundred of them, mostly Victorians. Has any nephew more?

I have a very nice letter from Ethel W. Turner. She says that she is fond of cycling; she has a lovely free-wheel bicycle which she uses to go to school. What is the longest distance you have ever ridden, Ethel. Have you done forty miles at a stretch?—Elsie Bull sends me a nice long letter. I hope the sale of work went off well, Elsie, and that your bran-tub made a lot of money. I was very interested to hear about the little kitten with its red ribbon. Please write again.

Lesley Bonar went to a lovely picnic the other day. They started at eleven, and were not home till ten, so Lesley was very sleepy the next morning. I was pleased to hear about the picnic, Lesley, and am glad your are getting on so well with your singing classes.

David Robertson asks if I know the riddle, "Why is a blackbird like a frosty night?" I am afraid I don't know the answer, David. Can any one guess?—Gordon Jessop tells me he is building a model yacht for his little brother. Are you going to be a sailor, I wonder, Gordon? I shall be glad to hear from you again.—Elsie Kinross is a very faithful competitor, and her answers were splendid.

AUNT MATTY.

Bible Clock

Most of you know how to make a Bible Clock, I think. This month I offer two book prizes for the best clocks made with the word *Heart*.

Draw a circle with twelve divisions, putting Heart in the first, and then a text of two, three, and four words up to twelve in each division, each one having the word "heart" in it. The prizes will be given for the best selected texts and the neatest clocks. Send in before August 1 to "Aunt Matty," BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London.

Three Little Gardeners

THEY were all at the florist's buying forget-me-not plants. As they came homewards up the sunny High Street, mother said, "I shall give a prize, perhaps sixpence, to the one whose garden looks prettiest in a week."

Beryl, Constance, and Basil each had a small plot in the big garden at home, and they had each got a new forget-me not to plant there.

"It is lovely of you, mother; we must try very hard," they said.

"Yes, do try your best," said mother, who liked her children to love flowers. So immediately after tea they went into the garden, and were very busy

"Sixpence—sixpence," said Basil to himself, as he pulled up various weeds with great vigour. "Oh, if I could only get it, it would be lovely!"

Mother came out just then, and said in her pleasant voice, "I have been thinking I shall not give sixpence as a prize, but a copy of 'The Autocrat of the Nursery.'"

"Oh! mummy," said Constance, straightening her back, "I do *long* for that story-book."

"I shall get it if I can," said Beryl, with determined air, as she put her forget-me-not in the very centre of her plot, where there were many bright flowers.

Mother thought as she went in that there was no doubt who

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(5) IS FREELY ADMITTING 67 new cases every week from all over the Kingdom.

(6) SEARCHES FOR AND SEEKS OUT Necessitous Children in the Slums of all our Great Towns.

(7) EARNEST EFFORTS are unceasingly being made to bring all the Young Inmates to a personal knowledge of Christ.

(8) Secures to the offspring of NONCONFORMISTS Evangelical Free Church Teaching.

(9) TOTAL ABSTINENCE is inculcated as a life-long duty.

(10) NO ELECTION; NO WAITING LIST; No Money Promise; No Barriers on account of Age, Sex, Creed, Nationality, or Physical Health. Destitution is the only and essential qualification.

(11) An Organised System of EMIGRATION to our Colonies is in active operation, about 1,000 Boys and Girls being emigrated annually.

(12) Has already RESCUED, TRAINED, and PLACED OUT IN LIFE 49,219 Orphan Waifs.

(13) AT LEAST £200 PER DAY is required for Food alone.

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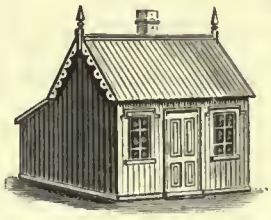

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would win the much-loved book, for Beryl's garden was much the best; but at the end of an hour it was wonderful what Constance did to improve her little garden, and Basil's looked neat and trim, and it had a glorious red geranium in it, which was the envy of his sisters.

The three forget-me-not plants during the week behaved very curiously. Basil's looked very well, Beryl's withered up, and Constance's was a mass of blue stars.

Great was the excitement when the eventful day came, and Mrs. Humphreys came to judge them. A few minutes before the children were looking at each other's plots.

"Mine is horrible; the forget-me-not has died. It *would* die; I couldn't help it," said Beryl feverishly, looking at Constance's flower.

"Never mind, dear! your pansies are fine; you have four different colours," said Constance; "and, Basil, your marguerites are splendid."

Every one felt friendly then, and Beryl said something nice about her sister's plot.

Basil was busily watering his flowers when Mrs. Humphreys came down the garden steps.

"You've really taken great pains, Basil," she said, after looking at his plot, which came first. "And so have you, Beryl. Your arrangement is very good."

"But, my forget-me-not, mother! It's dead!"

"Yes, but the pansies are beautiful. And, Constance, what a fine forget-me-not yours is!"

Mother looked round at the three neat little gardens, and then at the three excited little gardeners.

"*Some one* must be disappointed," said Constance, under her breath.

Then a very nice thing happened.

"Nobody need be disappointed," mother said, kissing her. "Come with me, all of you."

Mother had got a book for each of them—"The Autocrat" for Constance, "The Fairchild Family" for Beryl, and "The Walrus Hunters" for Basil.

So every one was pleased.

Stramongate School, Kendal

FOR more than two hundred years this Westmorland school, with the curious name of Stramongate, has been educating boys from all parts of the country, and sending them out into the world to become men of decision and purpose. Without neglecting intellectual culture, a stress has always been laid on absolute truthfulness and integrity of character. Men of the highest commercial success, professors in our Universities, members of the present Parliament, and leaders of religious thought, look back with affection to the school where the germs of their future successes were first implanted. Among the masters who made the school is *John Dalton*, of "atomic theory" renown. Fourteen years of his busy life were spent at Stramongate, divided between his care of boys and training of his own intellect, whereby he was enabled to enunciate his celebrated theory of the constitution of the universe. Under Samuel Marshall, of a later date, experimental lectures upon the telegraph and steam engines were given long before it was thought necessary to teach practical science in other schools. At the present moment the school is full of vigour with modern methods in physical drill, laboratory equipment, and teaching. In the annual "School Journey," undertaken with educational aims, the school is showing that spirit of progression and advance in education which has made it so successful in the past. Examinations are undertaken and passed; but the aim of the school is an all-round development of abilities and character, and a breadth of sympathy which shall provide the ordinary boy with that self-reliance which ensures true success in after life.

I WAS rocked and cradled to the roar of artillery, and the very name of such things sounds to me like home. A review, suggesting the conception of a real battle, impresses me to tears; I cannot see a regiment manœuvre, nor artillery in motion, without a choking sensation.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Things Worth Noting

PEEBLES HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT.—Almost every one you meet appears to be thinking of their annual summer holiday or change, and wondering where they can best rest body and brain and brace themselves up. We hear many speak of a month or perhaps three months upon the Continent. Every one seems to think that the only way of getting thorough change and rest is a visit to the Continent, and will go to the same place year after year. There is no place more suited for a holiday than PEEBLES. Situated as it is in one of the most beautiful parts of Great Britain, and having a reputation for being one of those favoured spots where the sun almost always shines, it would be in itself an ideal place for a holiday. It has, however, a further attraction, inasmuch as it possesses one of the best-equipped and most magnificent Hydros in the world. Peebles Hydro offers all who require them air- and sun-baths, the electrical cure, hygienic dietary, and every kind of treatment for which people have an idea that they must rush off to the Continent to obtain. There are people to whom some special treatment will result in a perfect cure, and to such a little illustrated book will be sent upon application to the proprietor, Mr. A. T. Thiem, at the Hydro. Those who simply visit the Hydro with the idea of taking a holiday will find it the brightest of places. It would be impossible to have a dull moment. There is every facility for outdoor and indoor recreation, and plenty to take part in the various games. We advise any who go as holiday-makers to be prepared for every kind of pastime. There are hardly any who do not at some time feel that they want a thorough change—change of air, change of surroundings, change of life in every way—want to be taken thoroughly out of themselves and have no ties or worries of any kind. To such people a visit to Peebles Hydro is the treatment which will quickly prove a complete cure.

"FASHIONABLE ATTIRE" is the very appropriate title of a new guide to styish dress issued by Messrs. John Noble, Limited, the great manufacturing costumiers and outfitters, of Manchester. Messrs. Noble have long been famous for the wonderful value they give, for their costumes, even the cheapest, costing half a guinea, are thoroughly well made and finished. The materials they use are noted for their splendid wearing qualities. Ladies desiring really good and inexpensive costumes should write to Messrs. Noble for patterns and a free copy of the new book, "Fashionable Attire." The address is Brook Street Mills, Manchester.

A GOOD HALF-GUINEA BOOT.—It is not convenient for every one to pay a guinea per pair for boots, although very many are of the opinion that it is useless to give less for a serviceable boot Most boot-shops stock a make of boots known as the "Oceanic" boot. They cost half a guinea per pair, and are smart and serviceable and British made. They are stylish and dainty in appearance, and very soft and comfortable to wear, and always look well, keeping their shape till quite worn out. Every boot has the word "Oceanic" marked upon the lining, so that when purchasing, if we look for the name, we shall be sure that we obtain the genuine article.

INVALID CHAIRS.—Messrs. Stone & Son, Stoke Newington, London, are a firm who manufacture wicker invalid chairs, and supply them direct to the public at very reasonable prices. People are frequently advertising for second-hand chairs, but it is doubtful whether they will ever get better value for money than that which Messrs. Stone & Son offer. These chairs are wicker ones, so very light, and the axles are fitted with patent clips, which enables it to be easily adjusted and a perfect balance secured. The guide handle can also be adjusted to any length. Stone's chairs can be had at various prices, from 30/-, according to size and finish, the one shown in the accompanying illustration costing from £4 5s. upwards.

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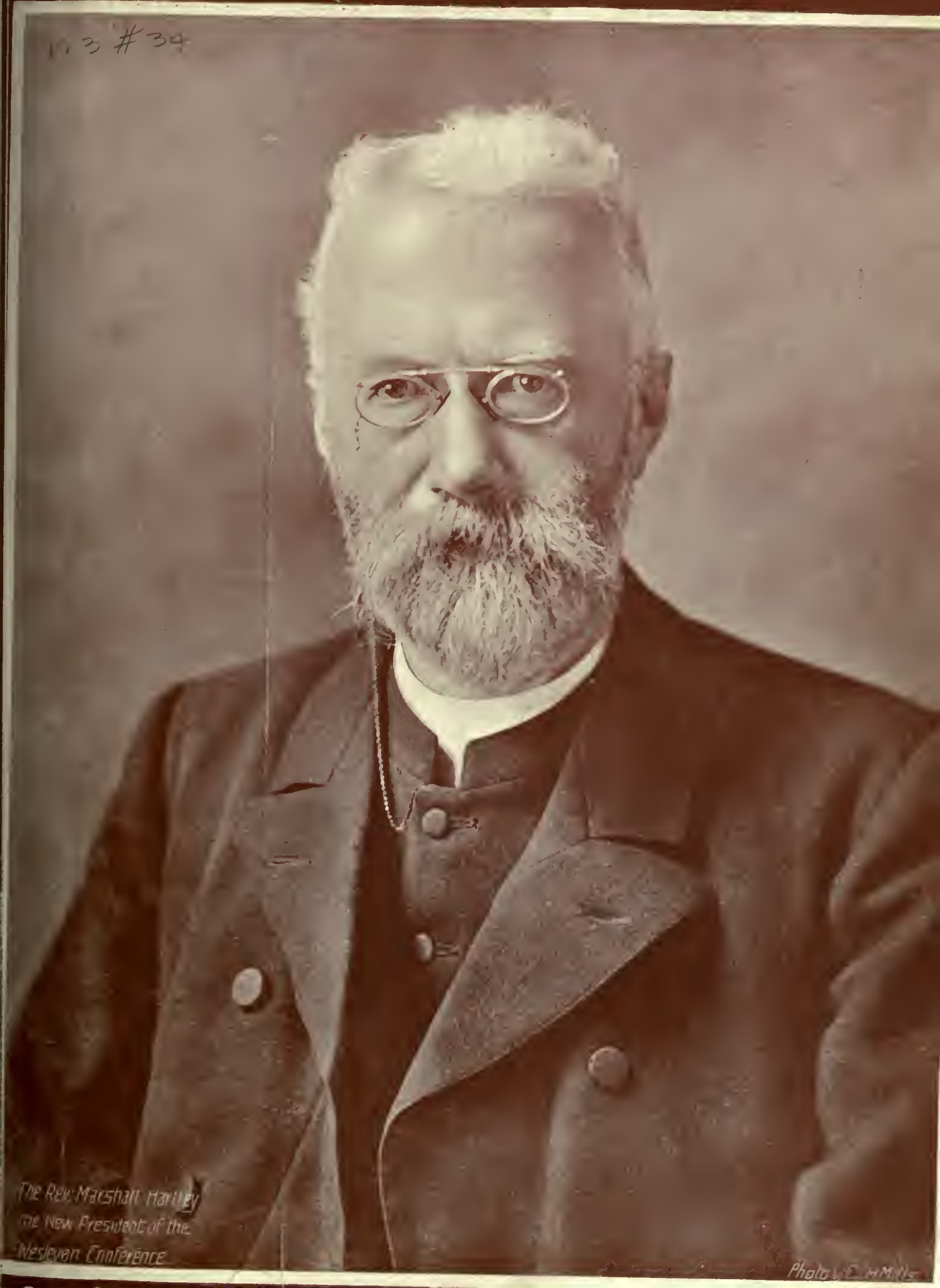

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"Of Mr. Paton's book we must confess that it is altogether frank and delightful. The elemental island life which he depicts, and the changes wrought in a dozen years by the coming of missionaries, have the charm and wonder of a fairy tale. . . . The book will greatly stimulate the interest of its readers in mission work."—*Daily News.*

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The British Monthly

An Illustrated Record of Religious Life and Work

No. 34. Vol. III. SEPTEMBER, 1903 SIXPENCE NET

NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, 27, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

The Editor will be glad to receive interesting photographs, with short accompanying paragraphs, from the readers of the magazine. Every effort will be made to return unused contributions when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed; but the Editor cannot be responsible for the return of manuscripts or photographs which are sent to him. Contributions for the next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, *to be published on* SEPTEMBER 19, *should reach the Editor by* SEPTEMBER 1 *at latest.*

Illustrated Notes

The next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be published on* SEPTEMBER 19, *and should be on sale at all Newsagents' and Booksellers' on that date. The Publishers will be greatly obliged if readers who have any difficulty in securing copies of* THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be good enough to communicate with them.*

IN view of the "Forward Movement" at Tottenham Court Road Chapel, London, we have asked the Rev. J. P. Gledstone, author of "George Whitefield, M.A., Field-Preacher," to prepare an article for the October number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY on the history of the chapel, with sketches of the famous men who have been its ministers and "assistant-preachers." Mr. Gledstone's large and exact knowledge of the subject, together with his literary success in the Life of Whitefield and his evangelical sympathies, are guarantees that our October number will be one of much value and interest. It will contain many rare and valuable portraits and illustrations. There will be a presentation copy of Whitefield's portrait, painted by Hudson, the teacher of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the first copy, we believe, that has ever been taken of the picture at Mansfield College, Oxford. Captain Torial Joss, Matthew Wilks, John Hyatt, Andrew Kinsman, Dr. John Campbell, James Parsons, and over a score more, down to the present pastors, will be included in our gallery. London is hard to influence for good now, but it never was easy, and the story of Tottenham Court Road Chapel and its preachers cannot fail to give encouragement and faith to all who are attempting great things for God in this generation.

Photo by Morgan, Aberdeen
REV. PROFESSOR W. P. PATERSON, D.D.

PROFESSOR W. P. PATERSON, of Aberdeen, who has been appointed to succeed Professor Flint in the University of Edinburgh, had a very brilliant college career at Edinburgh, and afterwards became minister at Crieff, where his fresh and forceful preaching secured him many admirers. He became a candidate for a Theological Professorship in the University of Aberdeen, the election to which is made under unique circumstances. The candidates are submitted to an examination, and the best scholar receives the appointment. Sometimes the method answers well, but more than once it has answered very ill. It may safely be said that the choice of Professor Paterson has triumphantly vindicated itself. He was a great force in the University of Aberdeen, and his influence travelled far beyond the comparatively small circle of Divinity students. Dr. Paterson took a high place as a public man in the Granite City, and his services to education and other good causes were very highly valued. He showed distinct sympathies with Socialism, and problems of this kind have occupied much of his attention. Withal he has never neglected professional work, and the first-fruits of his studies have appeared in Hastings' "Bible Dictionary," and in a small but very valuable primer on the Teaching of St. Paul. In his new position he will doubtless add greatly to his reputation. It was felt on all hands that he was the only fitting successor to Dr. Flint.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD CHAPEL, London, which will ever be linked with the great name of George Whitefield, will commence on Sunday, September 20, what, we fervently hope, will be a new lease of life in the work of evangelisation, under the inspiring ministry of the Rev. C. Silvester Horne and his assistant, the Rev. James Holmes. On that day the Whitefield Central Mission will be opened, and a work begun, which, many will wish, may go from strength to strength, and make Tottenham Court Road Chapel once again a great centre of spiritual influence. On Tuesday, September 22, an inaugural meeting will take place. Mr. George Spicer will preside, and representatives of all the Free Churches will take part. The gathering is expected to be very largely attended. Mr. Horne and his assistant, in embarking on their difficult and arduous undertaking, may rely on the heartiest encouragement of thousands of well-wishers.

REV. HORACE F. WALLACE, M.A., B.D.
HEAD OF THE ANGLO-CHINESE COLLEGE, SWATOW

THE REV. HORACE F. WALLACE, M.A., B.D., the new head of the Anglo-Chinese College at Swatow, China, an appointment held under the English Presbyterian Church, is the youngest son of the Rev. Dr. Wallace, minister of St. John's United Free Church, Hamilton. At Glasgow University Mr. Wallace had a distinguished career as a student, taking first-class honours in Literature, and he had an equally brilliant career at Glasgow Free Church College, gaining the Cunningham Fellowship at the end of the four years' course. In the beginning of the present year Mr. Wallace proceeded to China to take up the appointment which he now so creditably holds. Our photograph was taken three days before he left this country.

THE members of Tollington Park Congregational Church, London, cannot certainly be accused of precipitate action in choosing a successor to the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. About two years have elapsed since Mr. Morgan resigned his charge in order to take up evangelistic work in America, and it is only now that his successor has been appointed. The remark is not intended to be captious. On the contrary, we think the members of Tollington Park Church have set an example which might be followed more widely than it is, as there is a tendency to unreasonable haste in filling up important charges, sometimes to the detriment of all concerned. The new minister of Tollington Park Church is the Rev. Henry Perkins, who for the past eight years has done excellent work at Albion Chapel, Southampton —a mid-town Church which, notwithstanding the fact that the tide of population is flowing to the suburbs, can boast of 520 members, a Sunday school containing nearly 700 scholars, and three Christian Endeavour societies. It speaks well for Mr. Perkins that during his pastorate the congregation have raised and spent over £1,100 in renovating and repairing their chapel, besides purchasing a new organ and an excellent mission hall at Netley, several miles away, where a good work is being done.

Photo by Debenham & Smith, Southampton
REV. HENRY PERKINS
THE SUCCESSOR OF REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN

Mr. Perkins is a native of Newbury, Berks, but when a boy his parents removed to Whitchurch, Hants, where his father, now deceased, was a prominent office-bearer in the Congregational Church, which has a history dating back to about 1662. He entered Hackney College in 1873, and four years later he began his ministry at Clifton Congregational Church, Peckham, the pastorate of which he held for nearly eighteen years. Mr. Perkins, therefore, in coming to London will in no sense feel himself a stranger. At Peckham, as at Southampton, he had a flourishing congregation. When he went, there was a mere handful of members, which grew to over 650. Financially the results were equally good, over £6,000 being raised by the congregation and spent in building operations. On the whole, the Tollington Park members are to be congratulated on their choice, and we bespeak for Mr. Perkins a ministry of ever-increasing usefulness.

ONE of the pleasantest Church excursions of the summer was that led by Dr. Clifford to the country of Milton and Penn. A "pilgrim" who accepted Dr. Clifford's invitation says that none of the travellers were more enthusiastic than the numerous Americans who accompanied the party. On arriving at Chalfont St. Giles, that grey, sunken village in the depths of Bucks, where the author of "Paradise Lost" once made his home, Dr. Clifford and his friends went to Milton's Cottage, and Colonel Phipps gave an interesting account of its connection with "Paradise Regained." The journey was then resumed until the old Meeting House of Jordans was reached. There William Penn lies buried. Originally a barn, it is now a hall filled with wooden benches with a broad step and a longer wooden bench at one end, railed off as a platform for the speakers. Here an interesting afternoon was spent. An account of Quaker history was given by a member of Westbourne Park Church, then came an address from an American, Mr. Hill, and this was followed by an interesting and inspiring "talk" from Dr. Clifford. A wooden partition was pointed out near the ceiling, whence notice used to be given of the approach of the soldiers, so that worshippers might be warned in time.

DR. LORIMER has closed his very successful visit to Marylebone Presbyterian Church, where he has gathered even larger crowds than those which heard him two years ago at Regent's Park Baptist Chapel. His congregations have been drawn from all the Nonconformist bodies, and especially from the Methodists. Dr. Lorimer has not resented, but has rather enjoyed, the frequent exclamations of "Hallelujah!" "Glory!" and "Praise His Name!" with which his preaching has been interrupted.

WE have pleasure in reproducing portraits of the Rev. Herbert B. Workman and his brother Mr. Walter Percy Workman, M.A., B.Sc. The former was appointed, at the recent Wesleyan Conference, Principal of the Wesleyan Training College at Westminster, in succession to Dr. Rigg, and the latter Head Master and Governor of the great Wesleyan school at Kingswood, Bath, which was founded by John Wesley, and has had an unbroken and most successful career ever since. That two brothers should be appointed to two such posts at the same Conference is indeed a remarkable coincidence. Both are the sons of the Rev. John Sansom Workman, and grandsons on their mother's side of the famous Methodist preacher Squire Brook. The Rev Herbert B. Workman is a graduate of London University. He entered the ministry in 1885, and has held pastorates in Birmingham, Bristol, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Aberdeen. His brother Mr. W. P. Workman, who was second Wrangler, first Smith Prizeman, and a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, has hitherto been only Head Master of Kingswood, the school having been run on the system of dual control, there being a clerical governor or chaplain as well as a Head Master. Following the recent similar case of Marlborough, the clerical governorship has now been abolished, and the whole put under Mr. Workman's control, who will have a junior minister as chaplain.

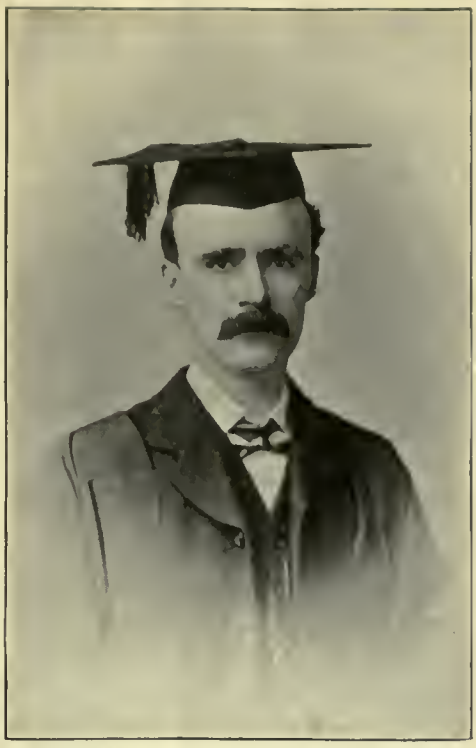


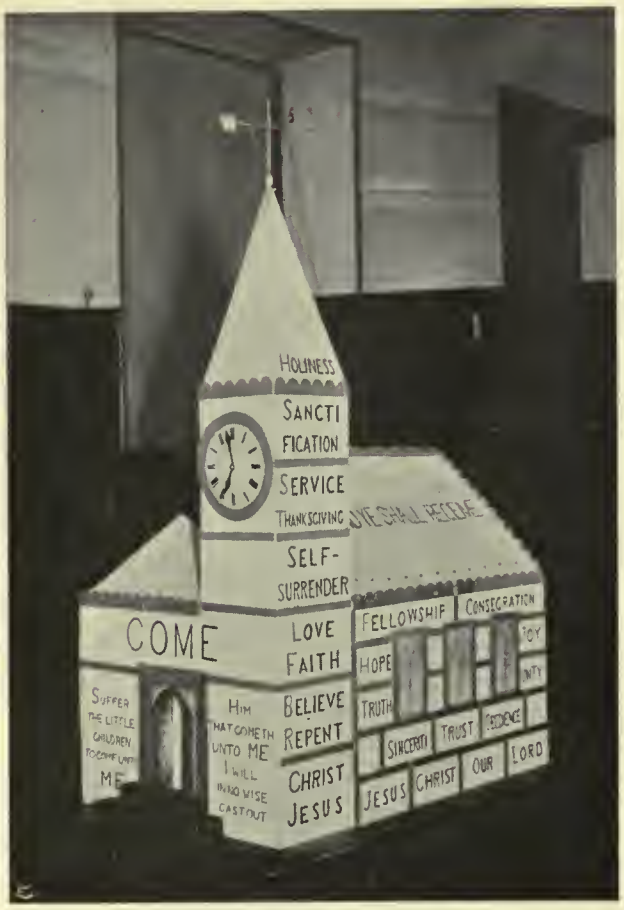
Photo by Walter G. Lewis, Bath
MR. WALTER PERCY WORKMAN, M.A., B.Sc.
HEAD MASTER OF KINGSWOOD SCHOOL

AN excellent instance of what can be done in the way of foreign missionary enterprise is afforded by the vigorous and flourishing mission carried on at Yun-nan, China, by the Bible Christian Connexion—a denomination small in numbers, but great in spiritual power. The reports presented at the recent sixteenth annual meeting were, it is gratifying to learn, most hopeful and encouraging. Scores of families during the past year have renounced their idols for Christian teaching. In four important places chapels have been built entirely at the cost of the people in those districts, and they earnestly implore that preachers be sent them without delay. The new movement towards the Christian faith which obtains in so many parts of the Celestial Empire is nowhere more conspicuous than in the district around Yun-nan, and the present condition of affairs presents an opportunity to preach Christ unparalleled in the history of the Bible Christian Mission. Quite a new departure has been made in accepting four candidates—Chinese in life and limb—for the native ministry, one of whom is actually a Chinese B.A. The men have a good knowledge of Scripture, and display exceptional preaching ability. The Chinese Christians, as a rule, it may be added, make good preachers. Dr. Savin is to begin medical work at Chao Tong-Fu immediately, and the Bible Christian Committee and Conference are being asked to supply £850 to further extend the facilities for work. We have pleasure in reproducing a group of the principal workers in connection with the Mission.

Photo by Middleton, Aberdeen
REV. HERBERT B. WORKMAN, M.A.
NEW PRINCIPAL OF THE WESLEYAN TRAINING COLLEGE, WESTMINSTER

BIBLE CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES IN CHINA

AS the time approaches for the reopening of Sunday schools and children's services, superintendents who are looking out for some fresh feature which will both



A SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOVELTY

interest and instruct their charges would do well to study the photograph of the model church. This novelty was designed and constructed under the superintendence of one of the lady teachers in St. John's United Free Church Mission School, Dundee, and represents the work of the past winter, the work of putting the church together being made an object-lesson. The model is built with about sixty cardboard bricks, each being inscribed with a Christian grace or part of a well-known text, the idea being to present to the children in visible form what a Christian Church really is and also what constitutes a Christian life. When the model was being constructed, a brick was brought by each child, who at the same time repeated a suitable text. Such was the interest taken by the congregation and friends in the model church that the "erecting" performance was repeated twice, as well as in a neighbouring town.

BEAUTIFULLY situated on the outskirts of Edinburgh stands Corstorphine Parish Church, one of the oldest and most interesting ecclesiastical structures in Scotland. Probably all the pre-Reformation churches still being used for public worship could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and Corstorphine, which is about to be restored to its pristine glory, architecturally at all events, is one of them. The church has a history behind it of something like five centuries, and throughout that long period it has never ceased to be a place of worship. There, to this day, are to be seen several of the accessories essential to the due observance of the rubric of the Roman office-book. On one of the chancel walls is a canopied sedilla, and adjoining it a circular piscina, or stone basin for receiving the water with which the chalice is washed by the officiating priest. Another very interesting relic is the old hour-glass used in early Reformation times to regulate the duration of the service, which will be fixed to the new pulpit of the restored church. Above the chancel window outside the church there is a curious relic, which recalls far-off days. This is a canopied niche which at one time held a lamp that served to light the clergy and others across a morass which stretched away eastward. Externally Corstorphine Church, which is sought out by antiquaries from all parts of the country, is notable for its quaint tower and roof of stone slabs.

Prize Award to Amateur Photographers

We have much pleasure in awarding the **First Prize of One Guinea** to—

MR. JAMES H. FARGIE,
270, Perth Road, Dundee,

for the photograph "A Sunday-school Novelty."

The **Second Prize of Half a Guinea** is awarded to—

MR. WILLIAM POOL,
34, Buccleuch Place, Edinburgh,

for the photograph of "Corstorphine Parish Church."

We hope to receive many other photographs, with accompanying paragraphs, before September 1, which is the date for sending in for our October Competition. Prizes of **One Guinea** and **Half a Guinea** will be awarded as before. **Five Shillings** will be paid for each of the other photographs by our readers which appear in the October number.

THE Bible Christians held their annual Conference this year at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, where their influence is particularly strong, the Connexion being in the proud position of holding the premier place among the Free Churches on the island. The Conference elected as its new President the Rev. A. Hancock, an excellent choice as many think, for besides being influential in the counsels of the denomination, Mr. Hancock is an interesting and eloquent preacher, and possesses considerable evangelistic

CORSTORPHINE PARISH CHURCH, NEAR EDINBURGH
One of the few pre-Reformation edifices now remaining

gifts, which he has exercised with a large measure of success during a thirty years' ministry. Mr. Hancock, who is a native of Cornwall, where he was born in 1855, has laboured in some of the most important circuits in the Connexion, including Bideford, Tavistock, Portsmouth, Newport, Jersey, Devonport, London, and Cardiff, where he is at present stationed. For several years the new President held the position of Sunday-school Secretary, and he is now Connexional Temperance Secretary. Mr. Hancock enters upon the duties of his new office with the confidence of his brethren, and it may safely be predicted that his year of service will be productive of much blessing to the denomination.

ONE of the most interesting features of the recent Assembly of the United Methodist Free Churches was the presentation of a handsome silver salver, together with

REV. A. HANCOCK
PRESIDENT OF THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN METHODIST CONNEXION

a cheque for upwards of £700, to the Rev. Edwin Boaden, of Leamington, in appreciation of his valuable services to the Connexion. Alderman Snape, in making the presentation, alluded to the fact that Mr. Boaden had been in the ministry for the long period of fifty-four years, and had served the denomination most faithfully. His legally trained mind, he said, had stood the Connexion in good stead on innumerable occasions, and it would be impossible to over-estimate the value of his services. Mr. Boaden, who was Chapel Secretary for thirty-eight years, is universally respected throughout the denomination, as was strikingly shown by the handsome subscriptions that were received from all quarters.

THE new Presidents of the United Methodist Free Church and the Bible Christian Connexion, whose portraits we reproduce, are both, curiously enough, natives of Cornwall. The Rev. W. H. Cory-Harris, who has become

Photo by Franz Baum, Manchester
REV. E. BOADEN

head of the former body, was born at Bocastle in 1847. His parents were Wesleyans, his father being a prominent office-bearer for nearly sixty years. Entering in 1869 the ministry of the Church of which he has now become the President, Mr. Cory-Harris has served in many circuits, his last being Burslem, where he stayed seven years. A man of large business capacity, and noted for his accuracy, promptitude, and dispatch, he has acquitted himself well as College Secretary, and during the last three years as Connexional Secretary, the office next to the Presidency of the body. Mr. Cory-Harris is a quiet but persuasive preacher, stands high in the esteem of his brethren, and has the confidence of all classes of the Church. Altogether the denomination will, we feel sure, have no reason to regret its choice.

Photo by Warwick Brooke, Manchester
REV. W. H. CORY-HARRIS
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED METHODIST FREE CHURCHES

Receiving*

BY THE LATE DR. PARKER

If ye will receive it.—MATT. xi. 14.

LET us meditate upon the grace and privilege of receiving. "If ye will receive it," Matthew xi. 14, and in many a verse beside. Have you ever gathered into one view the wonderful instances in which the word "receive" is the jewel word? You are collectors, you are fond of curious instances; some have small museums. I wonder how many have a Biblical museum containing gathered jewels, flowers from afar, specimens lifted up from the caves of the sea. Poor Church!

How often does the word "receive" occur in the Old Testament and in the New? Probably no man can quite definitely and on the spur of the moment say. How many different meanings has the word "receive" in the Scriptures? The answer will naturally be that surely the word has only one meaning. In so saying we betray a very pitiable and most weakening ignorance. It is because the Bible is not known that it is not believed; no man can know the Bible without hugging it to his heart. It so happens that the word "receive," taken in all its aspects and inflections, has at least eighteen different shades of meaning in the Biblical record. What a joy to bring all these meanings together, to distinguish between one and the other, to be spiritually learned, erudite in the distinction of shades of meaning! We have broken up the sun into all his colours and dismissed him; who can bring together all the colours of any of the principal words in the book of God? There, my preacher-brother, is a treasure-house the riches of which will last you for the rest of your life. You need never be stale; you deal with the things of God.

It will be profitable as an object-lesson at least to get together some instances of the use of this word "receive." We can gather but a handful, but even a handful of buttercups may tell us how the spring is going. Take this instance in Matthew xi. 14: "If ye will receive it, this is Elias." Do not be overstunned; probably this is a great tax upon your credulity; bear with me when I tell you who this man really is. He is himself and more than himself; he is a link between the past and the present; he helps to show the unity of history. "If ye will receive it," if you can raise your faith to that level, if you will credit my testimony, Elias has been among you and you did not know it. The awfulness of not being identified! The fearful suffering which falls upon a man when he by the Spirit of God knows that he is some Isaiah or Daniel, and nobody knew who he was—probably stoned him, probably ignored him, knew nothing whatever of his value! "If ye will receive it"—that is to say, credit it, accept it as one of the strange facts and mysteries of history and life—the man who has been talking to you is Elias. Who should doubt transmigration, metempsychosis, the currents of soul that are flowing on all the while, the incarnations and reincarnations? This is a doctrine which Jesus Christ taught. We think that we originated it, and that we can beflower and amend it. We can really do nothing but interpret. We are not poet-creators—we are errand-bearers; and all we can do is to interpret the things that are round about us, the bubbles that float on the breast of the historic river, and the stars that sparkle or shoot or glow in this time-sky of ours. Never think that any man is no man. Look for the past in the present, look for reincarnations: great is the mystery of godliness! Why live in commonplaces and humbling prose and mere literalism, when we might live in heaven, fly with the recording and interpreting angels? The soul's life is bigger than we have yet realised.

Take an instance in Matt. xviii. 5, "Whoso shall receive one such little child." Receive the child; do not tolerate it, do not simply put up with it; open your arms in dumb yet expressive welcome, and the child will know what you mean when you make your breast as big as your arms can indicate by their full outstretchedness. Welcome the little thing; he came from Bethlehem. This is the child that has been promised all the time, "Unto you a child is born." Give it a welcome—great, big, warm welcome; receive it as if it were the Child Jesus. Every child is the Child Jesus in some form or interpretation of that marvellous mystic word. Every child is your child, and no child should be neglected, should find its living in the gutter, or should be admitted into any house by the back door. Let the King come in that way, let him grope for some postern gate; but let all the doors and windows be opened and, if need be, enlarged to let the little child in, who has never learned any grammar, and who knows nothing about your wonderful purse, but who takes the purse for granted because it is sure of the love; and when love keeps the purse, the purse has no strings. What angels we have missed! what society we might have had! But we are prosaic, and we call our prosaic literalism accuracy—the little dirty creature called accuracy that attempts to measure a child! There is no foot-rule, no yard-wand, that you can lay upon a child, and say, "This is the measure thereof." Here, then, is receiving in the sense of crediting, and here is receiving in the sense of welcoming. Come in, sweet thing, "wee" child; we have been waiting for you. Now the circle is complete, unless some other child should smile through the window or tap at the door.

Take Matthew xix. 11, "All men cannot receive this saying." There is a totally different meaning of the word receive. This saying is too hard for some men, this saying cannot be applied. The words are understood; there is some perception, short and dim, of the true meaning of the word. But men are differently made. One man is ice, and he sometimes gets into the Church, and changes the temperature, as an iceberg changes the temperature, as an iceberg changes the temperature of the sea and would almost chill the Gulf Stream. Other men are all fire; they glow, and men turn aside to see the great sight and the unconsuming heat—the fire that makes a place for God. What a tender teacher was the Lord Jesus Christ! He sometimes stooped to us, "Ye cannot bear them now." And again, "All of you cannot receive this saying; your whole nature is against this stern declaration; by-and-by you may be able to receive it." Some men are their best when they are in their old age. Some men are born old; other men are half born; others grow up quickly and perish at five-and-twenty; and others with the true stuff or quality grow and grow, until at eventide they are as a shock of corn fully ripe.

* Sermon preached at the City Temple, Sunday morning, November 11, 1900.

Will men read the New Testament in the light of this gracious saying of the Lord? Some men cannot receive this saying; then pass on, turn over the leaf; you are not ready for that particular saying. Do not become an infidel over it, do not question Divine inspiration over it: you know nothing about it; it is out of your reach and range of thought; it must remain a practical mystery. But on the next page you will find something that will tax all your strength and increase your nerve, so that in a week or two, or in a world or two, you will be able to receive the whole cross. Do not hasten your spiritual destiny, and do not hasten unwisely and recklessly your spiritual education; do not discredit your Christianity because you are not so far on as some other man. Your own son may be wiser than you are in some things; do not fall into dejection and discouragement. You are not prepared for this saying or that. You cannot understand the Resurrection; then go back into the commandments. You cannot understand how Three can be One and One can be Three, or enter into all the ineffable mysteries of the Godhead; then go back into the parables. It is not incumbent upon any one of us that he should be all of us; it is not incumbent upon any man that he should know all things at once. Take time; practise what you do know. The Apostle Paul said to his young son in the Gospel, "Meditate on these things." And what does meditate mean in that connection? Practise them, do them over and over again, repeat the educational process, until thou art strong enough to go still further. Do let us remember that it is not necessary that every Christian should know every part of the Christian doctrine; enough if I may but touch the hem of his garment. I would like to throw my arms around Him who is fairest amongst ten thousand, and altogether lovely; but I cannot now do it: I am too small, too ignorant, and too feeble. I shall be healed if I may but touch the hem of His garment; and if I touch it by His permission, or by faith which He can commend, I know that by-and-by I shall sit with Him on his throne, as if we two alone occupied that high pre-eminence. "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Take another instance in the same great Gospel—Matthew xxi. 22, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." This is double prayer; this is prayer with its own answer in its own heart. The believing is the praying; the holding on with a tighter grip is to win the holy fight. "Ye have not because ye ask not, or because ye ask amiss"; there has not been grip enough in your prayers; you have not grasped with all your fingers, as if you would challenge Omnipotence to gracious combat. It is not prayer that has failed; it is prayer that has not been prayer, that has had no soul of faith, no conscious inspiration of the Holy Spirit, no dead-sureness that God must fulfil His promises.

Take an instance in Mark iv. 16—"Receive the word with gladness." We receive it with criticism, or we receive it with impatience, or we wonder about it, or whilst we are apparently listening to it we are listening to something else, our treacherous memories are going back upon an incident that happened yesterday or the week before last. In the case of the text the hearers received, welcomed the word; gave it hospitality; said to the word, "Abide with us; we need thee: stay a long while in our heart-house; take up thine abode in the temple of our love." In those far-back days the word was received with gladness; it was then something to hear a sermon, something to hear a great Scriptural declaration, something to be in the way of hearing the Gospel. The Gospel is not heard now, always allowing for most notable and even brilliant exceptions. No man cares for the Gospel. He may care for some form of it, he may know the Gospel in some guise of a peculiar or local nature; but who really cares for the Gospel, who wants to be here or in any other Church at this moment for the Gospel's sake, always allowing for the exceptions that save the world? The answer would be, "No man." There are instances of persons coming to church and actually rising from their seats and going out because a certain man had not appeared in the pulpit. Oh the sadness of it, and the inevitableness of it! I would say it again, and with a break of accusation in my voice, there are persons who have gone to church—as they would say, though to church they did not go—and have actually gone out during the singing of the holy psalmody because a stranger's face appeared in the pulpit. Did these people go to hear the Gospel? Nothing of the kind: they went to hear something personal, special, local; they went to gratify their own taste, or whim, or prejudice; they went to gratify themselves. The blasphemy of selfishness! But in the old, old times, when they gathered in the rocks and in the mountains and dens and caves of the earth, they went not to hear any man, but to hear the Word; when they hushed their voices lest some wolf should be listening, then they listened. And in those dens and caves of the earth they had no clock—they were dreary buildings not made with hands; but those who went to worship and to listen cared nothing about the walls. What did they go for? For the Word. For what did they climb those rugged steeps? For the music. What music? Of the love of God; the Evangel, the speech of the Divine heart. Oh for those days again! Then other things would fall into their true perspective and relation, and the whole earth would begin to realise that God was not far off.

What did the sweet Saviour say in John xiv. 3. He said, "I will come again, and receive you." The reception is reciprocal; this is a dual act; men receive God, and God receives men. Jesus said, "I will come again." My children, it is hard parting, but I will come again and receive you with the hospitality of Heaven. I am going to prepare a place for you, and a table, and to gather the wines of celestial vineyards to make you mad with a new joy. "I will come again, and receive you unto myself." In all these receptions what should we remember? The Apostle Paul tells us in 1 Corinthians iv. 7, "If thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory?" That puts all our gifts, acquisitions, all our fame and influence in their right relation, and assigns to them their true value. If thou didst originate these things thyself, well, thou mayest in some sense boast and glory; but if thou didst receive them, how then? Here is the idea of stewardship; receiving to hold for a certain use. Here the Christian is seized and possessed of certain talents, endowments, and opportunities, for the use of which he must give an account. Are you aware what great gifts you have? The answer should be: "No; if my gifts are small or great, they are the gifts with which God has entrusted me." The greatest man is the humblest man; let him that is greatest among you be the servant of all, because of his very greatness. There is a greatness not great enough to be truly great, a mere aspect of evolution, a field in which the devil is very active. Lay it to our hearts as a solemn and instructive fact that we have nothing of our own. Have you five talents? It was the King who gave you five. Have you two talents? Are you the average man? Are you of the rank and file? It was God that gave you the two talents. Have you only one talent? Then use it well; it is not yours. Put it out to usury, and by practice, by self-denial, and all manner of godly exercise,

make the most and the best of that one talent, and some day it will be two talents, and you will hardly know. We do not know the processes of things. We do not know altogether the process of germination, but we all know when it is time to take out the sickle and reap down the golden grain. "If thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory?"

And he put a similar question, if possible even still more humiliating, "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" "I have health, riches, children, position, I have comfort." Go on with the list. "I cannot, for it thickens and lengthens as I read." Good: what hast thou that thou hast not received? I hear a good deal about the continual giving; I do not hear enough about the more than continual receiving. My wealth is God's. I remember the words of the Old Testament, "Thou shalt remember that the Lord thy God giveth thee power to get wealth." I know the case which may be present to many minds when a man in the city, any city, began by telling God that he would remember the Most High in all his good fortune, if the Lord would but bless him. For a time the young man has been most faithful. When his income was a thousand a year he gave his tenth or even fifth or it might be a twentieth; never mind, it was a proportion, and was steadily obeyed, as if it conveyed an injunction. When it became five thousand, it seemed so much to give away, five hundred a year; and ten thousand—surely it would be enough to give rather less. And the fool gave less, and God withered him off the earth as a weed.

Preferring One Another

BY W. SCOTT KING

IN the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, Tennyson tells us. And we may add to ourselves that in the summer or early autumn that same young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of holidays. It is of a young man and his holiday that I am about to tell this story—a young man, by the way, whose birthplace was not in my own fancy, but in the far more substantial locality of a village in Surrey. But in order to explain his very unusual conduct, it is necessary to go back twelve months before this question of his holiday arose. I have called him young, but perhaps the reader is in a newspaper office, or has the honour of being a deacon of some Church, consequently will consider my hero middle-aged when I announce his age to be thirty-five. Some few years before he had experienced Tennyson's spring, and had brought home, to the cottage where he and his mother lived, a young wife. His mother was old, and entirely dependent upon her son. The position which her son occupied in the village, though one of average remunerativeness, was not such as admitted of any other than great economy if the two ends were to be made to meet. Fortunately for the young man's generous intentions concerning his mother his young wife's heart was as self-denying as his own, and she bore the strain—for strain it was—of keeping three on a salary scarce large enough for two with ready cheerfulness. Now, whether it was through advancing age, which is apt to bring more blindnesses than one, or from any other cause, I cannot say; but the young man's mother hardly realised the burden even her small needs laid upon the shoulders of her son and daughter-in-law. She was grateful indeed for all they did; but that they had to deny themselves to do it, somehow or another, did not occur to her. And yet, as this story will show, and indeed is written for the express purpose of showing, she was the least of selfish old women in the world. But now a crisis came along in the form of a fourth mouth to be daily filled, and the happy but sorely perplexed young father and mother took earnest counsel together as to what was now to be done. And, incredible as it may sound in dull, worldly ears, the pinch of the situation lay just here.

"We can't go on living like this any longer," said the young man. "We must get away to London."

"Yes, dear," agreed his wife.

"Do you know why?" he asked, half smiling.

"Of course I do. You mean Granny will find out now that we have to give things up for her sake, and of course she mustn't find out."

The young man kissed the shrewd little woman standing before him, and replied, "That's it exactly—we must go away where she can't see."

Accordingly to London they went, not only to try and get better wages, if possible, but so that the shadow of the great city might obscure from those keen old eyes the domestic economies which providing for her entailed. And of the thousand-and-one reasons and motives which every day take men and women to London, I have never heard of one more noble. Would that the shadows of the great city were never called upon to cover up conduct less heroic!

Knowing that the bloom goes off the fruit of sacrifice when that sacrifice is made known, other reasons were suggested to the old lady for their flight. In fact, so skilfully were they suggested that they almost overdid themselves, leaving Granny with the amusingly inaccurate notion that great wealth was in store for them in mighty London.

"Never mind," laughed the two, "if only she never guesses." And guess Granny never did.

Before their arrival in London the young man had secured a position a trifle better than the one he had occupied in the village; but, as is the way of city wages, when balanced by city prices for house-room and food they shrank to just a little less than the village income.

"But she'll never think it," they told each other, and so were happy. Every Saturday afternoon the young man procured a postal order at the neighbouring office and sent it to that Surrey village, and every Monday brought a letter of gratitude in return.

One Monday, about six months later, a letter came which caused mingled consternation and merriment at the little breakfast table. She had missed them sorely, Granny said, and had been very lonesome—so lonesome, indeed, that she had sought the society of another widow who lived but a few doors away, and who had no rich son in London to send her things. "And so, my dears, you will be pleased to know, I am sure, that after I have cashed your postal order on Monday mornings, I generally go round and take

her a little tea and sugar and such like, and stay and have a chat with her to while away the time."

The two fairly laughed aloud, and even baby cooed at this amazing joke. Towards the end of the week it was no unusual thing for them to go without sugar and sometimes tea themselves so that the postal order might be as large as possible, and here was their innocent old Granny actually handing on some of it to yet another in distress! "She thinks we are well off," they exclaimed when they had done laughing, "and yet we need the tea and sugar more ourselves." But the very last thing that entered the gay hearts of these two optimists was to cut the postal order down, or let the cat of poverty out of the bag of concealment. "We do it to give the old dear pleasure," said the wife, "and if it gives her more pleasure to give it away than use it herself—why, then, our purpose is answered, isn't it, dear?" And she lifted a cup of sugarless tea to her lips.

Londoners take no notice of each other as they hurry to the city in the morning, and never waste a moment in speculating why this man looks glum or his neighbour on the 'bus smiling. Had they sought the reason of the comical smile which played round the lips of the young man that morning and continued to play there throughout the day, they would have been surprised at the cause they would have discovered. He was smiling at the idea of his mother imagining there was any one in greater need of sugar in his tea than himself.

"Bless her dear old blind heart!" he murmured.

And now July came, and with it a suffocating heat which drove all who could afford it, and many who couldn't, down to the sea.

"You can take your week's holiday after the fourteenth," the manager had said to him as he put on his coat to go home.

"Thank you"; and he left the shop wondering what he ought to do. Two pictures rose before him as he crossed the bridge that unites the two halves of the great city. One was of a rather pale but happy face pressed close to a much smaller but likewise pale and happy face much like it—the faces of his wife and child. The other picture was of the Post Office round in the next street, where two or three pounds of his own lay in waiting for the hour of need. Yes, he would apply for a withdrawal form on the thirteenth, and they should all three go and smell the sea.

"A letter from Granny," cried his wife as he entered his home. "I've opened it, and she says there is an excursion for a week to Margate, and she wonders whether you could spare her the money to go—only two pounds—as all the village is going, and she wants to see the sea once before she dies, she says. Have we got it, dear? I should so like her to go—we may not have her much longer."

For once—just for once—the smile did not come at the call. In fact, a shade—just a tiny shade—of disappointment passed over the young man's face.

"We've got it," he said slowly; "but——"

"That settles it," said his wife promptly. "Granny shall go to Margate with the others, poor old dear!"

And so Granny did.

When the 15th came round and his holiday began, there was much exercise of ingenuity in planning and much economy in carrying out little inexpensive, or rather non-expensive, walks in Hyde Park, 'bus rides to Putney, and tramps to Wimbledon Common. But though an enormous amount of gusto was put into these home-made holidays, as the week drew towards its end and the heat increased, the parade of enjoying them had to be abandoned, and each Spartan confessed to the other that a smell of the sea would be simply heavenly. The young man stopped, and by lovely coincidence opposite to them faced the gaudy hoardings bright with alluring illustrations of Brighton Promenade, Blackpool Pavilion, and Margate Sands, and beneath them announcements of day excursions for heart-kindlingly small fares. As I say, the young man stopped, and an idea flashed into his mind.

"Sophie!" he exclaimed, "do you know what we'll do? Granny is at Margate; her week is not up till Monday. Let us go down by that half-crown excursion for the day on Saturday, and take her by surprise. We can scrape it out of the next two weeks, can't we?"

"Easily," responded Sophie, conscious that no one could do that sort of thing better than herself. "Now let us go home; I'm too excited to go any farther."

Saturday came and brought as glorious a day as any day excursionist could desire. And with merry hearts the three hurried to Victoria Station and started for Margate. On arriving there their plan was this. Sophie should go to Granny's lodgings, while her husband took the baby to the sands, where they would await them. Granny's surprise and delight were unbounded—a delight, albeit, that would have suffered instant extinction had she possessed the least notion that her own holiday was being enjoyed at the price of her son and daughter's. But a surprise and a delight rarer in kind and of even greater intensity had by this time invaded the heart of the young man playing with his baby on the sands. He had not been sitting there long—so he told his wife later—and had but just taken off baby's shoes and socks, than he noticed a little old lady in shabby widow's dress standing near to him, gazing at the sea with a face of serene joy. Baby having now toddled seaward, he ventured to address her. "Beautiful morning," he said smiling.

The little old lady turned round. "It is," she answered. Then desiring evidently a sympathetic soul, she went on: "I've never seen the sea before this week, and shouldn't have ever seen it at all before I die, I expect, but for the kindness of a friend of mine."

"I'm very glad to hear it," smiled the young man. "You are fortunate to have such a friend."

"I am, indeed," continued the little old lady. "She lives near me, and often brings me things I couldn't afford to get myself, for I'm very poor, you know. She has a son in London who is very well off, and he sent her a lot of money the other day to go for a holiday with, and she came and said that if I would go with her—I haven't been well all winter—she would go just for three days, and so the money for a week for one of us would pay for half a week for us both. Wasn't it good of her? But here she is," and she broke off abruptly.

"Granny!"

* * * * *

Most householders have some family story or other that never loses its flavour and salt, no matter how many years glide by. And the young man of my story tells to this day, and every time with fresh pleasure and humour—though Granny has gone to Heaven these many years—the story of the holiday to Margate which he and his wife handed on to his old mother, and which she in her turn passed on, at least half of it, to her yet needier friend. The young man is able to take a whole fortnight now with his wife and son, and he does so. But he often wonders whether he will ever get as much pleasure out of a holiday again as he got out of the one which he did not have.

Helps for Sunday-School Teachers and Christian Endeavourers

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS

By Rev. J. Ossian Davies

SEPT. 6.—*Death of Saul and Jonathan* (1 Sam. xxxi.)

Saul's life was like an autumn day, bright and sunny at its dawning, but sad and gloomy at its setting. The end ought to be better than the beginning; but in this case it was the reverse. The "adored" of Israel became a monster of pride and self-will. How persistent those Philistines were! Conquered ninety-nine times, they still rallied for the hundredth attack. And is it not so with the tempter of souls? Proud to the last, Saul would not be slain by a Philistine hand, so he fell on his own sword. A life so rich in opportunity, ending in defeat and disgrace. At the root of all suicide is moral cowardice. Life is not ours to be flung recklessly away. But self-will generally leads to self-destruction. How barbarously the Philistines treated the King's body. With savage delight they hung up his head in the house of Dagon, and fastened his mangled body on the wall of Bethshan. An ass will kick a dead lion; a jackdaw will dance on a dead eagle. Alas! "the wages of sin is death" to kings and commoners alike.

SEPT. 13.—*David becomes King* (2 Sam. ii. 1-10)

David's lament for Saul and Jonathan was composed thousands of years ago, but it thrills our souls even at this distance. Instead of gloating over the fall of his arch-enemy, he mourned for him as for a loyal friend. It was noble sorrow—it was magnanimous grief. He saw all that was good in Saul, and wove it into immortal music. The man who could sing like that was fit to be crowned king. After Saul's death David asked the Lord for guidance. He allowed Him to lead. Saul often ran *before* God; but David *followed* Him. He discovered the Divine will by means of the mysterious *Urim*. But we have a far better *Urim*—the Bible and the Holy Spirit. David went up to Hebron, and was anointed King of the house of Judah; but the house of Israel, led on by Abner, a man "who could raise an objection," followed Ishbosheth, the son of Saul. But he only reigned for two years, and Abner fell by the hand of Joab. The unanointed King soon runs out his little day, and the true monarch is ultimately welcomed by Israel as well as Judah. The Abners of our day treat Christ in the same way; but ere long He will receive the undivided loyalty of both Israel and Judah—of white and black and yellow and copper-coloured. Ten thousand Abners cannot keep the Son of God from the throne of the universe!

SEPT. 20.—*Abstinence from Evil* (1 Peter iv. 1-11)

The supreme law of the universe is the will of God. And the law of our life must not be the will of the flesh, but the will Divine. "Our wills are ours to make them His." Like Christ, we must not shirk Gethsemane and Calvary, but we must arm ourselves with the brave spirit in which He faced persecution. Christ must be a Mind in our minds, a Heart in our hearts, and a Life in our lives. Having grown weary of "the revellings and banquetings" of the world, we must be Conformists to the will Divine; ours must be the God-life and not the flesh-life. Men who live for God and humanity must suffer in a world like this; in fact, there is an altar at the centre of every noble life. How magical the power of Christian love! It covereth a multitude of sins, it gives hospitality without grudging, and it enables men to cheerfully minister to their fellows. God's gifts are ours so that we might share them with others. We are stewards, and not proprietors—almoners, and not monopolists. "The end of all things is at hand"—not the end of the world, but the end of life. Let us then put aside the materialisms and levities of earth, and go in for serious, earnest, reverent living.

SEPT. 27.—*Review*

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR TOPICS

By Rev. H. Elvet Lewis

SEPT. 6.—*Shoulder to Shoulder for God* (John xvii. 20-23; 1 Cor. i. 10-13)

Our Lord sees the source of all unity in Heaven, in God's love; and to His Apostle "the unity of the Church rests on redemption." Dante has expressed the same truth in the exquisite figure of the White Rose of souls: "In form, then, of a white rose displayed itself to me that sacred soldiery which *in His blood* Christ made His spouse."

"All *one*"—not one *man*, but one *thing* (in Greek, neuter singular)—intimating, "not the absorption of individual life or effacement of individual character, but their comprehension in a higher unity." The perfect "all" will be consummated of the best of each. Every shoulder is needed. "Come unto me, ALL"—said our Lord; "take My yoke," ALL!

SEPT. 13.—*Feasting that Emaciates* (*Temperance*) (Psalm lxxviii. 17-31)

The oldest extant Welsh poem is, in one respect, a dirge of intemperance. The poet describes a disastrous defeat of his fellow-countrymen, due, he repeats in verse after verse, to feasting and the mead. "They were heroes all: they could not have failed to win, but for the mead—snare of sweetness!" He pictures many a glittering, futile sword—many a bold, ineffective attack; they would never have lost but for the mead!

Recall how many disasters in the Bible are associated with eating and drinking: *e.g.* Noah's curse upon his sons; Esau's forfeiture of his birthright; Israel's apostasy at Sinai and Baal-Peor; Samson's fall and revenge; Nabal's death; Absalom's declared rebellion; Haman's downfall; Belshazzar's destruction; the murder of John the Baptist. Christ has pictured the moral disaster in the parable of the Unfaithful Servant (Luke xii. 45-48).

SEPT. 20.—*The Necessity for Witness-Bearing* (Acts iv. 13 20, v. 19-42)

One of the ejected ministers of 1662 was sorely exercised with the fear that, owing to his serious illness, he might die before St. Bartholomew's Day. He prayed God to let him live till that day; and his prayer was answered. He felt that, if he died before, however true his own heart might be, he would not be able to bear public witness. When was such definite, unhesitating witness more needed than it is to-day?

In the spirit's realm fresh testimony has to be continually produced. It is not so in our natural life:

> Ye know there needs no second proof with good
> Gained for our flesh from any earthly source:
> We might go freezing, ages,—give us fire,
> Thereafter we judge fire at its full worth,
> And guard it safe thro' every chance, ye know!

Were such proof enough for the spirit,

> Man's probation would conclude, his earth
> Crumble.

So his probation and progress demand fresh witnesses with every age.

SEPT. 27.—*An Evening with Japanese Missions* (Jonah iii.; Mal. iv. 2, 3)

"Buddhism in Japan is breaking down much faster than Christianity can take possession of the wrecks"—is truer even to-day than when it was written some sixteen years ago.

The spirit of enquiry abroad is illustrated by the following incident. A missionary relates how on one of his journeys he was invited to preach in the Buddhist temple by the priest himself. "I feared it was an impulsive action, the full meaning of which the priest did not understand, and I hesitated to do an act that might embarrass him and produce strife. But one of the Christians with me said, 'I've already preached there once, and the priest knows what he's about. He personally owns the greater part of the temple, and says that he is getting along in years and cares very little what people think; and if there's anything better than what he has learned heretofore, he wants to know it.'"

The Rev. James Flanagan and the South-East London Mission

THE Primitive Methodist Church has never undertaken a more important enterprise than Mr. Flanagan's great mission in the Old Kent Road. The future historian will point to our generation as a truly Apostolic period, when men were raised up who in genius, energy, and devotion were in no way inferior to the fathers of Methodism. Amongst the Wesleyans he will name Hugh Price Hughes, Peter Thompson, S. F. Collier, Henry T. Meakin, and others, who have spent their lives in saving the sunken masses of vast cities; and amongst the Primitive Methodists he will name, as captain and leader, the man who founded the South-East London Mission.

Mr. Flanagan's Life-Story

Let me begin by outlining briefly the career of one of London's most noted citizens. James Flanagan was born on December 18, 1851, in the town of Mansfield, a little market-centre in the county of Nottingham. Some years ago he revisited the old home, and has told us that "thoughts too deep for tears crowded upon my mind as, passing from the street, I entered through a low passage into an open space beyond. Taking my stand in one corner of the ground, I stood contemplating a small building not far away. It was little changed, though I had not seen it before, but once, since I was a boy. It was in that room I was born. A poor, weakly thing I was, so they said. So near did I come to life's verge in the days immediately succeeding my birth that the report got abroad I was dead."

Photo by T. Lee Syms, Tyldesley

REV. JAMES FLANAGAN
SUPERINTENDENT OF THE SOUTH-EAST LONDON MISSION

Mr. Flanagan's father was an Irishman, and he says: "Had it not been for the drink and the priest, my father would have been a king." Alas! his habits of drinking and cruelty made home a wretched place for wife and bairns. Many a night the mother and her little ones were turned out on to the street to wander miserably about till morning, their only covering a poor, tattered shawl, their only shelter the shadow of the houses or the corners of dark entries. A stranger, looking at the preacher of St. George's Hall, and admiring his tall, graceful figure, well-set head, refined features, and clear, kindly blue eyes, would take him for the type of an English gentleman of wealth and leisure, a man whose youth must have developed, physically and mentally, amidst the best surroundings. None would imagine that this grave, distinguished-looking man, whom few could pass in any company without remark, had gone through such bitter sorrows, and known so keen a pinch of poverty in earlier years.

One of the kindest friends of his boyhood was an aunt, who attended the Primitive Methodist Chapel in Queen Street. She took the child to Sunday school, and introduced him to the superintendent, Mr. Joshua Rouse, the friend of Hugh Bourne, and a noted layman, whom Mr. Flanagan still remembers with deep affection. "Nearly forty years have passed," he says, "but I can distinctly remember the place where I sat. The Boys' Bible class, of which I was a member, occupied the corner under the stairs on the right-hand side leading into the gallery. I can well remember how my heart palpitated beneath my threadbare jacket when, one day, Mr. Rouse complimented me on my singing at a school anniversary. He was a lover of discipline, punctual to a moment, gentle as a mother. I only attended the school a few times. My father, having found work, claimed me again." The father was a Roman Catholic, and had forbidden his son to read the Bible; but his mother kept a copy of the Bible by stealth, and the boy used to regard it as a curiosity. Once, while at school, he heard a teacher explain St. John iii., and verse 16 fastened itself strongly on his mind. Many years afterwards, when oppressed with a deep sense of sin, it was the truth contained in the words of this verse which led him into peace.

Mr. Flanagan speaks with tenderest reverence of his mother, whom he describes as the angel of his life. To him she was a true queen, the living embodiment of all that was good. Her life, so full of sorrow, but filled with a beautiful kindness, impressed him from childhood, and he resolved that her God should be his. His father, alarmed at the heretical influences which surrounded his son, took him to a Romanist school, and bade the teacher make him "a thrue Catholic." At the school he had a miserable time, and eventually his father allowed him to leave.

When James Flanagan was nine years old his father got work near the Bull and Butcher at Burnley, and the child was set to help him at a wage of *2s. 6d.* per week. As years went on he followed the example of his father's evil ways, and knew no higher associations

THE HOUSE IN WHICH MR. FLANAGAN WAS BORN

than the stage, the music-hall, and the public-house. "My temperament," he writes, "was such that anything which excited the feelings, moved the imagination, or appealed to the senses, commanded my obedience. Alcoholic habits had completely unhinged my nervous system. The most trivial shapes or things would fill me with horror. The experiences of my early manhood seem like an ugly nightmare. I appeared to be beyond all hope. Like a helpless wreck before the storm, I drifted on to a hopeless grave."

Conversion

Brighter days came when the family had removed to Ilkeston. There James Flanagan met a lame young teacher of the Primitive Methodist School named Joseph Parker. He wondered at this man's happy demeanour in spite of his misfortune, and could not understand the cause. His young wife, who was a member of the Church of England, a prayerful woman of consistent life, spoke to Joseph Parker about her husband. The lame teacher called upon them, and succeeded, after some difficulty, in persuading Flanagan to take the pledge. "A few days afterwards, in company with my friend, in the Good Templar lodge-room, No. 1799, Ilkeston Excelsior, I took the solemn obligation of a life-long abstinence from strong drink. It was while taking that pledge that a few gleams of a better life entered my soul." Joseph Parker knew, however, that the pledge was not enough, and he led his companion to the House of God. At Bath Street Chapel, on a Sunday morning, he listened for the first time to the Rev. William Marwood. Feeling keenly his own unworthiness, he refused to go with Mr. Parker to a seat near the front, and crept to a rude, backless form under the gallery. The service was of the usual Primitive Methodist order, interesting to those who were accustomed to it, but dull and meaningless to James Flanagan. The kind, fatherly manner of the preacher arrested his attention, but everything else was irksome, and he longed for the moment when he could quietly slip out, and escape from his unwelcome surroundings. In his eagerness to be gone he was stepping over the form, when suddenly a strong hand grasped his own. It was the hand of James Richards, an earnest Christian, who had been watching the youth throughout the service, and would not let him go without a welcome. Words were spoken which made the prodigal resolve to come again, and from that time he attended the meetings. He saw his past life in all its ugliness, and he began to pray, and at last resolved to give himself to Christ. It was under a sermon by the Rev. W. Marwood that he received assurance of his salvation. The text was Genesis xxxv. 1: "And God said unto Jacob, Arise, go up to Bethel, and dwell there: and make there an altar unto God." "The preacher's gracious personality, filled with the gentleness and love of Christ, together with the deep longing of my own soul, were crowned by an experience which I can never forget. In that hour the impress of God was given. The flame of love that burns unto martyrdom was kindled in my soul."

Photo by W. C. Radford, Mansfield
MR. JOSHUA ROUSE,
Superintendent of the Sunday school which Mr. Flanagan attended as a boy. Mr. Rouse was a true friend to the future evangelist.

The Mine and the Platform

In the first eighteen months of Mr. Flanagan's work as an evangelist eleven hundred souls professed faith in Christ. There were many strange vicissitudes in his early Christian life. His conscience was troubled about his connection with his father's trade. He turned away from the business altogether, and going to a coal manager in the district, asked for work as a labourer. "I cannot tell," he says, "how much it cost me in physical pain alone to turn from a light profession to the laborious work of a coal mine. To be trained in mining from childhood is a far different thing from passing into it in manhood. In youth the limbs are supple, and the body becomes gradually used to the cramped positions a miner has to assume, and so it becomes second nature. But I was a man, tall in stature, and to be compelled to compress my body into a space sometimes not more than two feet six inches high, and work hard in that, was at first simply torture. But the bread I earned was sweet, for

Photo by Alfred Greenwood, Burnley
THE BULL AND BUTCHER INN, BURNLEY
Mr. Flanagan began to earn his daily bread at the age of nine. The first room on the right, second storey, is where he worked.

my conscience was clear. In after-days I learned to love my work with almost a passion. I became one of the best men of my class in the whole mine, and it was almost with regret that I turned from it to other spheres." It was from his comrades in the mine that Mr. Flanagan won the first trophies of his ministry. The remarkable change in his life was apparent to the whole town, and gave him access to the consciences of others.

He worked hard at the improvement of his mind, though his library contained three books only—the Bible, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and the works of Byron. He might have learned much from Byron's glorious poetry, but his feeling was, "Can a young convert touch pitch and not be defiled?" so he made what seems to the present writer the very poor exchange of his Byron for Hervey's "Meditation among the Tombs." "Here," he says, "I found myself in safer and more profitable company." It ought to be added that Mr. Flanagan is now widely read in the best

Photo by Parisian School of Photography, 246, Old Kent Road
MR. FLANAGAN'S MOTHER

English literature. He would gladly agree with Tennyson's words in "The Palace of Art":

> Yet pull not down my palace towers, which are
> So lightly, beautifully built;
> Perhaps I may return with others there
> When I have purged my guilt.

He began to learn Scripture by heart, and committed to memory the 103rd Psalm. A little boy taught him the letters of the alphabet, and not possessing a dictionary he made one of his own. It was his custom when going to work in the morning to write one word on each finger and thumb nail of his left hand. These, by constant repetition, by the time he reached the pit mouth, would become his own for ever. It was thus that he increased his stock of English terms.

Evangelistic Work

Mr. Flanagan soon became known as an earnest and successful evangelist, and his powerful preaching, dyed through and through with the colour of his own experience,

Photo by Parisian School of Photography, 246, Old Kent Road
MRS. FLANAGAN

resulted in many conversions. His first teacher in the art of public address was Mr. Samuel Shaw, a local preacher on the Ilkeston station. He was a plain-spoken critic, and the young beginner was sometimes much put out by his censure. Once at a week-night meeting Mr. Flanagan was appointed to lead. A large company had gathered, and in his usual pew sat Mr. Shaw. By some means Mr. Flanagan arrived five minutes late, and began with an apology for his tardiness. In the midst of the apology Mr. Shaw quietly rose, and, walking to the Communion Table, said before the

Photo by Parisian School of Photography, 246, Old Kent Road
MR. FLANAGAN'S ELDEST SON,
Mr. James F. Flanagan, who has rendered noble help to his father in slum work

whole congregation, "My brother, we have come here to get some good, and not to listen to thy apologies; and if thou hast nothing better to tell us than that, thou hadst better sit down, for we do not want to hear it."

All this while Mr. Flanagan was conscious of an increased desire to reach and save the souls of men. The burden of this desire increased daily, until it became almost intolerable. At home, abroad, at work or rest, the one absorbing, overwhelming thought was the spiritual condition of those around me." It was at Long Clawson, near Melton Mowbray, that he entered on the wider life of an evangelist, conducting a mission at the invitation of Rev. Samuel Barker, now of Whittington Moor. In the market-place of Melton also he gathered crowds to hear the Gospel. One of his hearers on a snowy night was the brother of the Rev. John Wakerley, since Mayor of Leicester. From Melton his work penetrated to the villages beyond, lying within a radius of ten or twelve miles. In one instance Mr. Flanagan had the pleasure of conducting a special mission for one of the English churches in the neighbourhood, his fellow-worker being the Rev. Thompson Phillips, M.A., one of the rural deans of Carlisle. The church was Pickwell, and the vicar was the Rev. E. Harman, M.A., whom Mr. Flanagan describes as one of the most Christ-like men he ever met. A difficult place was Somerby, not the Somerby of Tennyson, but of Colonel Burnaby, of Khiva fame. Here also there were many striking conversions.

Photo by Parisian School of Photography, 246, Old Kent Road
MISS MALAND,
Sister-in-Charge of the Women's Settlement and Nurses' Home

For two years Mr. Flanagan laboured in the beautiful Vale of Belvoir. Then came four successful years of ministry in the Albert Hall, Nottingham. In 1896 came the call of the Conference to London.

Conference was wisely guided in thus departing from its usual order, although the ordinary conditions in relation to age, marriage, and examinations had to be set aside when Mr. Flanagan was received into the ministry. A few timid souls thought that "a dangerous precedent had been established," but they were happily overruled. Mr. Flanagan soon became known as one of the foremost preachers in Methodism.

His London work began at Trinity Street Chapel, a small and rather old building which was causing some anxiety to the Connexion. On his first Sunday there were only thirty-six persons present in the morning, and thirty at night. The place was altogether unsuitable for any large undertaking on behalf of the people. Mr. Flanagan found it a great change from the three thousand of Nottingham to the sixty-six of London, especially as of these sixty-six eleven were visitors. He saw that no real aggressive work could be done unless new buildings were provided on a more conspicuous site. His heart yearned for the poor people in the surrounding slums, and he saw in Southwark a glorious opportunity for service. "I have always prayed," he said, "that God

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE SOUTH-EAST LONDON MISSION

This handsome building, one of the monuments of Primitive Methodism, owes its inception to Mr. Flanagan, who travelled 30,000 miles in order to raise funds. During his prolonged itinerancy he preached and lectured 700 times, and gathered in collections and gifts a sum of nearly £10,000. Mr. Flanagan entered St. George's Hall without a penny of debt.

Photo by Grant, 83, Newington Causeway
MR. JOHN MOSELEY,
Mr. Flanagan's Lay-Helper

Photo by Lavender, Bromley, Kent
MR. JAMES GLEDHILL,
Secretary to the Building Fund of St George's Hall

would send me where there was the most need and the hardest work. Southwark is my paradise. I look through the misery that is to the glory that is to be."

Mr. Flanagan resolved to build a new mission hall and schools. The Connexional authorities at first looked coldly on his project, but the heart of the people was with him, and the leaders of Primitive Methodism have long ago learned to regard St. George's Hall as one of the proudest monuments of their faith. A magnificent work has been accomplished, and a yet greater remains to be done. In four years Mr. Flanagan travelled thirty thousand miles in order to raise funds. He preached and lectured seven hundred times, and gathered in collections and in the gifts of friends a sum of nearly £10,000. The Primitive Methodist Home Mission Committee granted £3,000, and he was able to enter St. George's Hall without a penny of debt upon the building. Hugh Price Hughes preached the first sermon on that ever-memorable occasion.

Mr. Flanagan loves to recall how his beautiful sanctuary was put together, stone by stone. It rose to the sound of prayer, as Thebes rose to the sound of music. "On this site," he said, "there stood thirteen years ago the Old Kent Tap, a public-house which was pulled down to make room for the Hall." One of the memorial stones was laid by Mr. W. P. Hartley, who gave £250. The President of the Conference made a speech, and gave £50. Very interesting was the story of the young teacher who had heard Mr. Flanagan plead for his work, and asked him what

Photo by J. Crossland, Burnley

REV. JAMES FLANAGAN

Photo by Parisian School of Photography, 440, Old Kent Road

MR. FLANAGAN'S FIRST DICTIONARY

When a lad, Mr. Flanagan's zeal for self-culture led him to adopt a rather ingenious method to increase his stock of English terms. It was his custom, when going to work in the morning, to write one word on each finger and thumb nail of his left hand. These, by constant repetition, became his own for ever ere he reached his destination.

would be the cost of a stone. Half seriously he replied that a stone would cost £100. She set to work with her needle, her friends helped, and on the great day Miss Margaret Jackson, of Leeds, laid a stone and handed Mr. Flanagan a cheque for £100.

Help has come from many countries for the work of the Hall. A tramp heard Mr. Flanagan at Burnley, and was brought to Christ by his service. He walked to Manchester, was taken ill there, and died in the Union. Just before his death he called a nurse and told her that he had heard Mr. Flanagan preach, and knew that he wanted to raise money for a mission hall in London. "I have nothing," he said, "but a penny." He requested the nurse to buy a penny stamp and send it to Mr. Flanagan, with his last letter. That tramp's letter is still preserved. Another case was that of a sailor who was rescued from drunkenness, and who is now comfortably settled at St. Petersburg. Every year he sends Mr. Flanagan an offering for the children of the poor. From an Armenian the founder of the Hall received a gift of Russian needlework, with the shamrock worked upon the edge, and wrapped up in it an English half-sovereign. The converted natives of Fernando Po sent several pounds through their missionary, the Rev. Mr. Fairley. Two pounds came from an unknown friend in the heart of Spain. New Zealand and Australia sent offerings. But the most remarkable gift of all was the first which Mr. Flanagan received. One day he got a letter, very badly written and very ungrammatical, from an old lady who told him she had heard that he wished to build a hall in South London, and had resolved to help. She was seventy-eight years of age, but she was going to help by taking in washing. For some months she did her neighbours' washing, and after a while Mr. Flanagan received a letter enclosing two postal orders for a pound each. This was how the funds began.

Purchasing the Freehold

Although the beautiful Hall bears witness to the great work already accomplished, Mr. Flanagan has still a difficult task in hand. The buildings are free of debt, and the London Corporation sold the site on a lease of eighty years, with a ground-rent of £122 10*s.* per annum. As a recognition of the needs of the population and the invaluable services which the Primitive Methodists are rendering, the Corporation inserted a clause in the agreement allowing the freehold to be purchased within the first seven years for a sum of £3,500. Mr. Flanagan is most anxious to raise this sum, and Conference has relieved him of the Superintendency in order that he may travel about the country on another begging tour. He began last October, and by June 30 he had collected £1,000. At last Conference a report was presented of the work done by Mr. Flanagan during the year. He had visited 61 churches, conducted 21 missions, preached 259 sermons, delivered 61 lectures, and seen over 400 people converted. He asked to be allowed to continue in his special work for another year. The report was received and adopted. Mr. Flanagan was congratulated on his success, and was delegated to continue his work for another year.

Mr. Flanagan's time is now fully occupied in travelling from place to place, holding meetings, and giving addresses on behalf of the mission. Sometimes he will conduct a series of meetings for the Free Church Council, and at the close a cheque of £50 may be handed to him for his work. He is everywhere a welcome guest, for he has a singularly attractive personality, and is beloved alike by rich and poor. It would be a disappointment to Primitive Methodists over all the world if Mr. Flanagan did not realise his great wish by June, 1905, when the Corporation's period of grace expires. Surely he deserves this reward for his heroic labours!

The mission is now under the charge of the Rev. Joseph Johnson, and Mr. Flanagan says that he has taken up the work in a very fine way, and is carrying it on with exceptional success. Invaluable help has also been rendered by Mr. James Gledhill, the Hon. Secretary of the Fund.

Mr. Flanagan speaks hopefully of the great improvement of the district during the thirteen years of his ministry. In old days the children who came to the mission services

MELTON MOWBRAY MARKET PLACE,
The scene of Mr. Flanagan's early evangelistic labours

were too often squalid, dirty, and neglected. Visitors to the children's service would tell a different tale to-day. Young men and women have been won from the streets, and the poorest homes show signs of Christian influence. There is still much poverty near the Old Kent Road, but it is hidden away in courts and in buildings. The Sisters of Mr. Flanagan's settlement go amongst the lost and most sunken. Their dresses of bright blue cloth, and their pretty little crown-shaped bonnets of blue straw, trimmed with velvet, prove that Mr. Flanagan does not believe in dinginess even in a Sister's uniform. The workers at St. George's Hall have an air of cheerfulness and prosperity which is very noticeable. One of them, Mr. Lee, was lately accepted, out of seventy-five candidates, as Professor of French and Fancy Cookery at the Borough Polytechnic, at a salary of £300 a year. Another young man, Mr. Spencer, won a gold medal and a purse of money for skill shown in his own trade at the Borough Technical Exhibition. The first thing these two workers did was to present a gift to the mission out of their winnings. "Indeed," said Mr. Flanagan, "the generosity of our people is wonderful. They do a most exceptional thing in Primitive Methodism—they support two ministers in one Church. I am not aware that at present we are drawing a single penny from Connexional funds for the work done at St. George's Hall."

I wish all our readers could visit South London and see the fine Hall and join in its uplifting service. The singing is by far the finest I have heard at any London mission. The band of St. George's Hall marched to Hyde Park on the day of the great demonstration, and a West End lady was so delighted with their singing that she called the leader, and handed him a sovereign.

The central hall holds about eight hundred people, and there are class-rooms, institutes, and many other club rooms, as well as a spacious lecture-room in the basement. The only dark and dingy little place is the minister's vestry, which looks out on a brick wall. Mr. Flanagan is one who thinks of self last. Behind the Hall is a wide open space, from which slum property has been cleared away. Mr. Flanagan hopes that some day it may be laid out as a pleasure-ground for the poor people. Beyond this desolate, empty space he showed me a little low house in a narrow street which was a bower of green. Every window had its flower box, and creepers were trained around the windows. "The love of flowers," he said, "is nowhere stronger than amongst the very poor."

Mr. Flanagan has nothing but praise for his colleagues in the work of the Mission, and for the officers and members who have nobly supported him from the commencement.

The Rev. Marshall Hartley

PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE

"AT least by my election I may hope to encourage some of my younger brethren in the ministry by affording them an illustration of the truth of Napoleon's saying that every common soldier carried a marshal's bâton in his knapsack." It is to be doubted whether the famous words of the great Emperor-despot ever elicited such a roar of enthusiastic applause as when the above sentence fell from the lips of the Rev. Marshall Hartley on taking the chair at Camborne last month as the new Wesleyan President. The happy and skilful play on his own name, and the subtle appropriateness—for the new President is nothing if not a general and a disciplinarian—were caught up as if by magic by the serried ranks of his black-coated brethren.

By those who must be forgiven if they do not always grasp all the technique of Wesleyan Methodism, the question is often asked, Upon what grounds or qualifications do you elect men to the chair of your annual Conference? To this three main answers are usually returned. Sometimes for the man's own sake; he is so popular with our people, so useful, so devoted, so industrious, that whether he will make a good President or not, he seems fairly entitled to the distinction—has, in fact, earned or won it. Promotion for our own sake; the man himself may not wish it, may even have to be gently coerced, but his name stands so high, say, in the world of scholarship, like that of the late Dr. Moulton, that we feel we shall be doing ourselves an honour by electing him. Thirdly, he is sometimes inevitable; there is no one else quite so eligible and near the chair, no other name "in the air." Remembering these answers, it can be affirmed with safety that the President of 1903 has been washed into the historic seat of John Wesley by a threefold wave. If untiring industry can earn the title of "President," Mr. Marshall Hartley has won it, and he has it for his own hard-working sake. Further, Methodism does herself honour by the election. But perhaps it is permissible to say that, most of all, he was the inevitable man. In plain English, Mr. Hartley could not be avoided. For eight years he has stood at the President's elbow, prince of machinists that he is, directing with skill and care that multi-cogwheeled piece of mechanism known as Methodism, besides serving in a bewildering variety of other offices. And, to use his own apt quotation yet again, for years a marshal's bâton was seen to peep, from year to year more noticeably, from out his knapsack.

Marshall Hartley, who is a second son, and brother of the Rev. Galland Hartley, was born at Stamford Hill, London, on January 6, 1846, and with wonderful prescience his parents christened him "Marshall," after his grandfather, a Leeds merchant. Both his paternal and maternal grandfathers were sharers in the honours of founding the Foreign Missionary Society, with which Mr. Hartley is so intimately and honourably associated, so that it is not unjust to say that the grandson's administrative abilities and enthusiasm for the foreign field are the precious gifts of a gracious heredity. The name of his father alone will be enough to endear the new President to thousands of Methodists who came under his loving ministry, and also to scores of old Handsworth men—Rev. John Hartley. There lies before the present writer a little volume written long ago by "Governor Hartley," as he was called, on the faded fly-leaf of which is a name and a too-generous prophecy, which makes the blood run to the cheeks and the eyes grow misty. In those far-away days the President of to-day was an examiner in Greek Testament, so that it is with mingled feelings indeed that some of his brethren recorded their votes for him the other day. Possibly some of them said,

as they folded their voting papers, "Ah, well, let bygones be bygones."

Like so many ministers' sons, Marshall Hartley went to Woodhouse Grove School. On leaving there he served for six years in the office of a shipping firm in Hull, where he received what Robert Louis Stevenson so devoutly wished all connected with foreign missions might receive—"a layman's education in business methods." No doubt it is to that office that we must look for the explanation of that passion—for it amounts to a passion—for business detail which is so pronounced a mark of Mr. Hartley. Not long ago Mr. Hartley wrote of missionary workers: "It is conceivable that among so many may be found some not overburdened with common sense." His worst enemy—if, indeed, he has an enemy—never said that of Mr. Hartley. In fact, sometimes his almost ruthless business ways have tempted the thought that the opposite might the rather be true of him. He was converted at the age of seventeen, and at once became a Sunday-school teacher. In 1865 he began to preach, and two years later entered the Wesleyan ministry, upon which his employer called him a "fool." For one brief year he was a fellow-student at Richmond College with the late Hugh Price Hughes. He was here remarkable for his rapidity and accuracy. "Industrious, jolly, earnest, good fellow all round"—is the verdict of another fellow-student. Afterwards he became a tutor, and had for a colleague the late Dr. Moulton—in itself a priceless school for character. Mr. Hartley has five children—four sons and a daughter. The children of ministers in official positions in all denominations to-day often complain, and not without reason, that they see so little of their fathers; and, we may add, sometimes with results that have passed into a well-known proverb which need not be repeated. One is, therefore, glad to hear that all Mr. Hartley's children are still good Methodists, and three of his sons lay preachers. After being called to fill a variety of secretarial positions that take a thorough-bred Wesleyan fully to understand even the names of, Mr. Hartley went to take charge of the great Wesleyan Foreign Mission House in Bishopsgate Street. In the year 1898 he paid an extended visit to India, China, and Ceylon, which is commemorated in his little book modestly entitled "Notes on a Visit to Wesleyan Missionary Stations in the East."

There is no space left to speak of Mr. Hartley's recent tour to the stations in South Africa, except to say that he went out to aid in the difficult work of reorganisation necessary after the ravages of the war. And now, it is time to ask what manner of man has the great Wesleyan connexion put at their head for the year. One thing should be owned at once, and frankly. As with all men, the Rev. Marshall Hartley "boasts two soul-sides," as Browning put it, and the man as seen from the outside differs in many deep respects from the man his intimate friends know and admire. True Englishman that he is, he wears an armour of semi-reserve "to face the world with." As seen from the gallery of the Conference chapel, from the ministerial breakfast-tables at which his peremptory letters arrive, or from the corrugated iron West Africa mission shanty where he is viewed through the distorting medium of a cabled refusal to send additional help—Mr. Hartley is liable to be judged somewhat unsympathetic and overbearing. This, however, is far from his true character, for his ministry has been most fruitful among young people, with whom lack of sympathy and overbearingness would surely have been fatal. Indeed, as a friend and colleague says with charming alliteration, "he is genuinely genial."

All who know the heart and the unobtrusive acts of this busy man unite in saying that his chief enjoyment in life is in the performance of little kindnesses that creep not into the press—fortunately. Though when things that give pain have to be done in the way of duty, he does them without the least hesitation, "the day's work" being with him the paramount obligation of life. He is absolutely free from "side," and possesses none of that but too common feeling among official and senior ministers, that age and office put him on a different footing from other people. If he ever gives the impression of stand-offishness—and his unbending, military figure, sharp voice, and thin smile, not to say his eye-glasses, frequently do—it is in the hurry and absorption of business. Another—and dare one say most welcome?—characteristic of the new President is his unique impartiality and innocence of all that is implied by the invidious term "wire-pulling."

In spite of the apparent evidence to the contrary furnished by his white hair, Mr. Hartley has that precious gift of not worrying. We all tell ourselves that it is no use; still we worry. With him what is of no use is impatiently thrust aside. He dismisses subjects from his mind with the adroitness of a conjuror, as soon as the thing is done which required to be done. He is an unrivalled engineer-in-charge, and is vastly more interested in running the machine of Methodism than in constructing it, or in re-constructing it. It may be whispered under one's breath that the hours in Conference that Mr. Hartley least loves are those which are squandered, as he would say, in "full-dress" debates. What he loves with his whole heart is a Conference picnic, which takes the sentimentalist, the orator, and the reformer off down the river to strawberries and cream. While they are away, in the ventilated Conference chapel, he will drive through half a week's business, and dispose of a hundred of the most vexed questions on the agenda. The white-faced horror of his brethren next morning when the casualty lists of beloved slaughtered notices of motion are read out is to him a joy not to be measured with gold. His gift of piercing at once to the immediate practical point at issue is remarkable, not to say at times exasperatingly remarkable. This gift makes, perhaps, more for despatch than foresight, so that, as becomes a Church, maybe, in this over-industrious age, Methodism has a business man, rather than a statesman, as its chief officer. A sentence or two from the President's inaugural address are worth quotation. He believed, he said, that "the spirituality of our growing Church will be in exact ratio to our zeal in carrrying the Bread of Life to the nations far away." Of the infamous new Education Act he said: "It is an Act that satisfies nobody; no one in this Conference can rise up in defence of it. It cannot be approved, it *must be* amended." Again, true to the traditional Wesleyan policy, he said: "We must take our place in public, social, national affairs, but I hope the Conference will strenuously resist any attempt to make the Wesleyan Methodist Church, as a Church, the ally of any political party." In conclusion he said: "All Methodism expects this Conference to give a lead, and I hope we shall all go back charged with high force." Surely the new President was right. "'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant"—all of us—not cog-wheels, levers, cranks, and clerks. Methodism does look to its President for a lead in the highest order of endeavours. She, like all Christian denominations in England just now, is far more in need of mysticism than notices of motion; far more in need of passion and enthusiasm. All the Churches will join to wish the Rev. Marshall Hartley a most useful and happy year of office.

REV. JAMES MACGREGOR, D.D.

The Rev. Dr. MacGregor, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh

ONE Sunday morning Dean Stanley, while on his way to worship in St. John's Episcopal Church at the west end of Princes Street, Edinburgh, observed that a great human stream, passing its doors, was flowing into a neighbouring building. "Where are all these people going?" he asked a working man. "To hear MacGregor," he was told. Dean Stanley decided that he also would "hear MacGregor." He did so, and was so profoundly impressed by the preaching of the minister of St Cuthbert's, that he took means to meet him next day, and thus a friendship was begun which ripened in subsequent years, and only ended with the Dean's life.

It was in the early days of Dr. MacGregor's ministry in St. Cuthbert's that the incident happened which led to this friendship with Dean Stanley. But long before then his reputation as a preacher had been firmly established. He was, as he still is, one of the "lions," not only of the Scottish capital, but of the Scottish Church. "A. K. H. B.," in his gossipy, discursive volumes on "Twenty-five Years in St. Andrews," alluding to a visit of Dr. MacGregor to St. Andrews in 1868 (six years before he was translated to St. Cuthbert's), observes that, for years before, his popularity was second only to Principal Caird's. "MacGregor," he goes on to say, "was my father's colleague and successor in the Tron Church of Glasgow. Thence he was translated to Edinburgh. . . . I heard his closing address at the General Assembly of May, 1891, and all the old indescribable fire and charm were there. The passionate orator might have been five-and-twenty. And the utmost vehemence was combined with perfect grace. In short, MacGregor is a born orator. You have to listen with rapt attention to every word he says. He is equally great, too, as Guthrie was, in pulpit and on platform." There are two Edinburgh preachers whose fame draws to their churches visitors to the city. Differing in many ways—in their manner of thought as well as pulpit methods and "style"—Dr. MacGregor, of St. Cuthbert's, and Dr. Whyte, of St. George's United Free Church, are one in the widespread reputation they possess. Their names are familiar wherever Presbyterians are found. And even outside the wide circle of Presbyterianism their rare gifts and talents are recognised, and command admiration and respect.

James MacGregor was born on July 11, 1832, on the farm of Brownhill, near Scone, of which his father was tenant. Shortly afterwards his father added Lord Mansfield's farm of Spoutwells to that of Brownhill, and here, amid the most lovely surroundings, the early years of the future eminent minister were spent. In the first sermon which he preached before the late Queen Victoria Dr. MacGregor alluded to his love of nature and the influence which it exercised upon him. Her Majesty, evidently interested, afterwards asked him where he was born. "In the most beautiful portion of your Majesty's dominions," was the answer. "And where may that be?" enquired the Queen, with a smile. "In Perthshire, please your Majesty." To which Her Majesty replied, "I quite agree with you." "All my life," Dr. MacGregor has remarked to the writer, "I have regarded it as one of God's great mercies to me that my childhood, youth, and early manhood were passed amid beautiful scenery." When the minister of St. Cuthbert's speaks of the view from the farmhouse of Spoutwells he waxes enthusiastic. In front lies the pretty village of Scone, sleeping amid its orchards. Beneath are the spires of Perth, and in the distance the Ochil Hills. To the left is the Sidlaw Range, and to the right the richly wooded and exquisitely beautiful valley of the Tay, with the glorious Grampians beyond. From a spot only a little distance behind the farmhouse may be seen, on the one side Dunsinane

Hill, and on the other Birnam Wood — names familiar to readers of "Macbeth." To the impression which his own surroundings in infancy and childhood made on his mind may be traced Dr. MacGregor's profound convictions regarding the effect and influence of one's youthful surroundings on after-life.

THE FARMHOUSE OF SPOUTWELLS, NEAR SCONE, PERTHSHIRE, where Dr. MacGregor's infancy, youth, and early manhood were passed, and where his father died at the age of eighty-seven.

Educated in the first place at the parish school of Scone, Dr. MacGregor has a great admiration for the system of parochial instruction, and paid a tribute in public to his old teacher, Mr. William Keay. From the parish school of Scone he passed to Perth Academy, and then, in the autumn of 1847, at the age of fifteen, entered the University of St. Andrews. He studied at that university for eight years, taking a good place in many of the classes, and forming friendships which proved no less enduring than valuable. His most intimate friend, perhaps, in those student days was Mr. Burns, who rose afterwards to eminence in the Church of Scotland—the late Dr. Burns of Glasgow Cathedral. While a student Dr MacGregor was, for a time, engaged in mission work in the Scouringburn district of Dundee, under the Rev. Mr. Horne, the minister of St. David's Parish Church. On July 18, 1855, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Perth, and immediately afterwards became assistant to his friend Mr. Burns, who had become minister of Newton-on-Ayr.

From the time he was able to form an intelligent desire with regard to his path in life it had been his wish to become a minister. His entry to the ministry was in no ways due to pressure on the part of parents anxious to see their son "wag his pow in a pu'pit"—an ambition the consequences of which have in some cases been pitiful, one might even say tragic. While, however, no injudicious influence was brought to bear upon Dr. MacGregor, his wishes had the full concurrence of his father and mother. Mr. MacGregor, senior, lived to the advanced age of eighty-seven, dying at Spoutwells. His widow continued to live there till 1881, when she went to reside with her distinguished son in Edinburgh, where she died at the age of eighty.

Within four months of being licensed the young probationer became minister of a most important charge. The High Kirk congregation of Paisley had called Mr. Burns to be their minister, but he had declined. Thereupon the congregation elected his promising young assistant. The call was accepted, and on November 18, 1855, Dr. MacGregor, then a young man of twenty-three, was ordained minister of a parish with 14,000 inhabitants. He was little more than a beardless boy when he dispensed his first Communion, but long years afterwards, in a distant land, he received a testimony which filled his soul with joy. When in Auckland, New Zealand, in 1889, a lady came to him and said, "I was brought to God at your first communion, and have lived with Him ever since." "Thank you, madam," was the reply of the senior minister of St. Cuthbert's; "it was worth coming to Auckland to hear that."

At the time he went to Paisley there was a friendly rivalry between the congregations of the High Kirk and the Abbey Kirk. "Dae ye ken what the bell o' the High Kirk says?" Dr. MacGregor was asked. He confessed he did not. "It says, 'We're a' gaun to Heeven — we're a' gaun to Heeven.'" The minister of the High Kirk thought that wasn't a bad thing for a bell to say, and he told his informant so. "Ay," retorted the latter drily, "but dae ye kent what the bell o' the Abbey Kirk says?" "No," said the young minister; "what does it say?" "It says, 'I doot it—I doot it—I doot it.'"

The Church of Scotland at that time was particularly well represented in Paisley. It had three young ministers, who all distinguished themselves, and who eventually were called to the Scottish capital. In the Abbey Kirk there was Dr. Cameron Lees, and in the Middle Kirk the late Dr. Alison (afterwards of Newington Church, Edinburgh). These, with Dr. MacGregor in the High Kirk, certainly formed a notable trio. All were on terms of close intimacy and friendship.

Seven years were spent in Paisley—years full of hard work, but work attended with marked success. The High Kirk, seated for 1,800, was filled by a devoted congregation,

Photo by J. Horsburgh, Edinburgh

DR. MACGREGOR IN HIS STUDENT DAYS

Dr. MacGregor liked the people, and they liked him. Harassed by visitors, he sought refuge at times in odd places. When Sunday's work was pressing on his mind, his favourite retreat was an apartment in the steeple of the High Kirk. There he meditated and wrote, with the graves of the dead around him, sometimes till the bell struck the hour of midnight. Those were days of long sermons, and Dr. MacGregor usually preached for nearly an hour. The principal sermon was the afternoon one, and his method was to write it out twice—first a scroll, and then a clean copy. Saturday was devoted to committing it to memory. The morning lecture was carefully studied, but was not written out, and was preached from rough notes. For several years Dr. MacGregor adhered strictly to the rule never to preach from paper before him. He holds that adherence to this rule gives to the preacher freedom in the pulpit, both of body and mind, which he can never have if his eyes are glued to a manuscript. Speaking from experience, he advises his young assistants to begin their ministry by carefully preparing and writing out one sermon for each Sunday and committing it to memory, the other sermon to be no less carefully prepared, but to be an unwritten one. The first, he is convinced, leads to accuracy in thinking and in writing, the second to ease and facility in impromptu speaking. Another valuable piece of advice which Dr. MacGregor gives his assistants may be worth mentioning here. He tells them if they want to empty their churches, to "preach themselves"; to let their aim be to show their people that they are very clever fellows. If, on the other hand, they want to fill their churches, let them, he says, forget themselves as far as ever they can, and preach Christ as the only Saviour of sinful and dying men. The number of Dr. MacGregor's assistants who have proved pre-

Photo by J. Horsburgh, Edinburgh
DR. MACGREGOR IN 1863
When minister of the quiet and beautiful parish of Monimail

eminently successful in after-life in their charges has often been a matter of comment. And they would probably be the first to acknowledge how much they owe to the kindly and judicious advice they received.

When in Constantinople in 1861 Dr. MacGregor got a telegram offering him the pastorate of St. John's Church, Glasgow. He came home meaning to take it, but the feeling in his own congregation against his doing so was so strong that he declined it. However, in the following year he accepted a call to the parish of Monimail, in Fifeshire. Leaving Paisley, after his seven years' arduous labours there, he had the gratification of being able to say from the pulpit that during those seven years he had never known a thing done or a word uttered that had caused him on his pillow one moment's uneasiness. He was inducted to Monimail on August 7, 1862, and the retirement proved very welcome to one who was jaded by the toil of a large pastorate in a busy town. He was not permitted to remain long in this retirement, for the Church of Scotland could not afford to allow a man so richly gifted to bury himself in the country. But the nineteen months he spent in the quiet and beautiful parish of Monimail were of inestimable benefit to him. Here, as elsewhere, he quickly won the love of his people; and the time he spent with them was a very happy one. In the beginning of 1864 he received a pressing invitation from the Tron Church in Glasgow. He was urged—it might indeed be said implored—to accept this invitation, and after some pressure he did so. A good story is told connected with the deputation which waited on him. This deputation wanted to know how they were to reach Monimail, which is about five miles from Cupar, and Dr. MacGregor arranged with one of his

Photo by J. Horsburgh, Edinburgh
DR. MACGREGOR IN 1855
The year in which he began his ministry. His parish in Paisley contained 14,000 inhabitants.

ST. CUTHBERT'S IN EARLY TIMES

The history of St. Cuthbert's Church probably goes back further than that of any other ecclesiastical institution in Scotland, the present site having been occupied by a church dedicated to St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Durham, as early as the eighth century. Little is known of St. Cuthbert's prior to the Reformation, but a detailed record exists of all its ministers, many of them famous, since that event. Our picture gives a faint representation of the church as it was in pre-Reformation times, with the Castle rock and the Nor' Loch (the latter now no more) in the foreground.

members, a farmer, to drive them. The farmer, when he learned afterwards that he had been the means, unwittingly, of assisting to further the object of those who took away his minister, declared, "If I had kent the business they were on, I wad ha'e coupit them in the ditch."

On March 10, 1864, Dr. MacGregor was inducted as the colleague and successor of Dr. Boyd in the Tron Church, Glasgow. The rapidity of his success there was extraordinary. Large numbers of members were added immediately, and the old Tron was filled to overflowing. The success was a striking testimony to the pulpit gifts of the new minister. At the first *soirée* held after he went to the Tron the place was packed. "MacGregor's Gathering," was the whispered comment of the quick-witted Dr. Norman Macleod, who was on the platform. The great Norman was then in the zenith of his power. He was very friendly to Dr. MacGregor, who warmly cherishes his memory. Dr. MacGregor always thinks of Norman Macleod as the best platform speaker and the most telling preacher he ever heard.

Much might be said of Dr. MacGregor's life in Glasgow, but space forbids. If his work in Paisley was arduous, in Glasgow it was still more so. After about four years' service in the western city, he accepted a call to Edinburgh. There are, I believe, only two Tron Kirks belonging to the Church of Scotland, and it is certainly remarkable that Dr. MacGregor should have been minister of both. On January 9, 1868, he was translated to the Edinburgh Tron. The parish is small, but closely packed, and here again he found plenty of work. Appalled by the squalid misery and the wickedness which he saw around him, he started what was called the Tron Parochial Visitation Committee, for the purpose of visiting regularly every home in the parish. Speaking of the district, Dr. MacGregor declared (and he still says the same) that he regarded it as "one of the blackest bits of God's earth." Before then two men had been at different times thrown out of a window in Blackfriars' Wynd, one being killed and the other having his limbs broken. Some courage was needed to pay visits in such a neighbourhood, and the committee was

AVENUE LEADING TO ST. CUTHBERT'S

The approach to the church is made through the celebrated burying-ground, where are interred many distinguished men—among others, Thomas de Quincey

ST. CUTHBERT'S, OR WEST KIRK

Showing the edifice as it is believed to have appeared in 1772, when it was condemned and ordered to be demolished.

composed entirely of men. The late Dr. Peel Ritchie, ex-President of the Royal College of Physicians, was secretary, and among those who visited regularly in the parish were bankers, doctors, and other professional men. After the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor was started, the committee was merged in that organisation. But during the period of its separate existence it did splendid work.

As in Glasgow, so in Edinburgh, "MacGregor of the Tron" was a name to conjure with. The church was crowded with worshippers. After nearly six years' service in the Tron Dr. MacGregor was translated to his present church. Inducted on November 30, 1873, he has now been nearly thirty

Photo by J. G. Tunny, Edinburgh

THE LATE REV. JOHN PAUL, D.D.

The predecessor of Dr. MacGregor, and father of Sir James Balfour Paul, Lyon King of-Arms

years in that charge. He succeeded the late Dr. John Paul, father of Sir James Balfour Paul, the present Lord Lyon King-of-Arms. His colleague then (St. Cuthbert's is a collegiate charge) was Dr. James Veitch, and subsequently Dr. Barclay, who went to St. Paul's, Montreal. The latter was succeeded on September 5, 1883, by the present junior minister, Dr. Andrew Wallace Williamson, with whom, for nearly twenty years, Dr. MacGregor has worked with the greatest harmony.

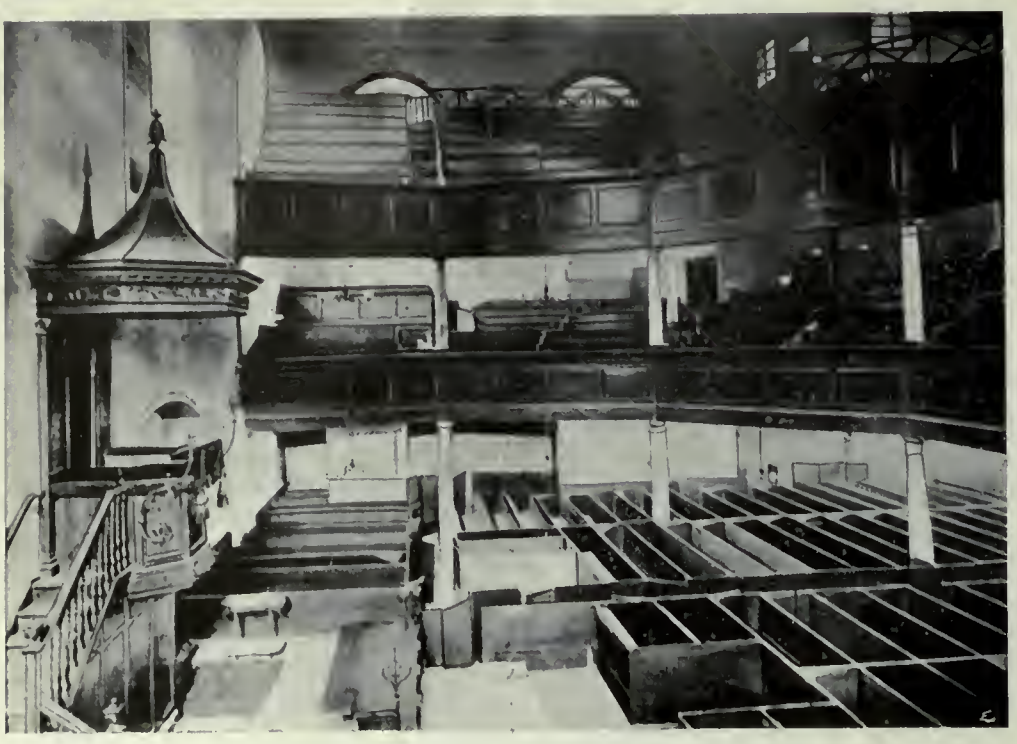
It is impossible here, and, indeed, it is scarcely necessary, to dwell at length on the importance of the church of which Dr. MacGregor is senior minister, or the vastness of the work it does. The congregation ranks as the largest in Scotland. There are three ordained ministers on its staff, and three licentiates, a lady doctor, and two parish sisters, and it has an ordained minister as its missionary in India. It is a very influential congregation, but it has also in its membership a large mass of working people. It is, in fact, a "mixed" congregation. It carries on several large mission agencies, and has been instrumental in planting several new churches, the latest being that of St. Serf's, at Goldenacre. For many years excellent work was done in connection with its Industrial School—one of the first started in Edinburgh. That school was closed about two years ago, but the premises have been retained for meetings, work societies, etc. The general superintendence of the immense machinery is a big thing of itself. Dr. MacGregor, ever generous in his recognition of the work of others, accords to Dr. Wallace Williamson the credit of taking the leading part in this work of organisation. On Sunday there are, including the ordinary services, no fewer than thirteen gatherings of one kind or another, and hardly a day passes on which there are not meetings. From the time the new church was opened, a short daily service has been conducted at 5 p.m.

In the rebuilding of the church Dr. MacGregor took a profound interest; indeed, it was very largely to his efforts and those of his colleague that the erection of the present building was due. The foundation stone was laid on May 18, 1892, by the then Lord High Commissioner, the Marquis of Tweeddale (who read a kind message from the Queen conveying her congratulations), and the new church was dedicated on July 11, 1894. The cost of rebuilding, including the cost of the rich new organ, splendid pulpit, Communion table, reading desk, etc., stained glass windows, a fine "ring" of eight bells, and the erection of church halls, was about £50,000.

Dr. MacGregor was greatly beloved by the late Queen Victoria. Allusion has already been made to the first time he preached before Her Majesty. That was on June 4, 1871, and subsequent to that time he was at Balmoral almost every year. In 1886 he was appointed

Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF DR. MACGREGOR



INTERIOR OF OLD ST. CUTHBERT'S (DEMOLISHED 1893)
Showing double galleries and box-pews.

a Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen. The last time he preached before Her Majesty was on November 4, 1900, and his text was in Deuteronomy xxviii. 1, "If thou shalt hearken diligently unto the voice of the Lord thy God, . . . the Lord thy God will set thee on high above all nations of the earth." It was the last sermon to which the Queen listened on Scottish soil. At that time Her Majesty was in great distress regarding the war in South Africa. She felt keenly the loss of life, and Dr. MacGregor has never hesitated, either in public or in private, to include her among the war's victims.

Dr. MacGregor came a great deal into contact with Queen Victoria, and, like all who did so, held her in high esteem, alike for her qualities of head and of heart. "She was a dear friend to me," he told the writer, "and her daughters have also been most kind." He has much to say of her thoughtfulness and consideration for others. As an example, there may be mentioned a letter which she wrote him when he was leaving for Australia and New Zealand. Her Majesty strongly advised Dr. MacGregor to take some one with him to help him in his work. The advice was adopted, and he had reason to be very glad of it afterwards. The first letter he wrote on New Zealand soil was a letter to Her Majesty acknowledging her kindness.

The Queen's appreciation of Dr. MacGregor was well known to those in her immediate circle. One day, when driving with some friends in the vicinity of Dunbar, he came to Broxmouth. He enquired who lived there, and was informed that it was the Dowager-Duchess of Roxburgh. Being acquainted with her Grace, he paid her a call, although it was in the forenoon. In the drawing-room were two young ladies, and, while waiting for the Duchess, Dr. MacGregor began to talk to them. He did not know who they were, but when her Grace appeared she found the three engaged in conversation. The Duchess introduced Dr. MacGregor to the ladies as "a great friend of their grandmother." They were the daughters of the Princess Christian. "That," he said to the Duchess, "is the greatest compliment which was ever paid me."

In 1891 the Church of Scotland conferred on Dr. MacGregor the highest honour in its gift—that of Moderator of the General Assembly. But he has never taken any prominent part in what may be termed ecclesiastical work. He has no taste for such work. Commenting on his appointment as Moderator, "A. K. H. B." said, "He did not always care much for Church Courts. 'I go into the Presbytery a humble Christian man, and I come out an incarnate devil,' was his startling statement to Principal Shairp. The Principal," adds the gossipy recorder, "expressed his great delight and sympathy." Dr. MacGregor,

ST. CUTHBERT'S PARISH CHURCH, EDINBURGH

although he cannot remember having made the statement with which he is credited, has confessed that it is quite possible he may have.

While Church Courts have had no attractions for Dr. MacGregor, and the *rôle* of ecclesiastic no charm, there is one branch of work in connection with the Church of Scotland into which he has thrown himself heart and soul—that of Church Defence. The Church has had no more devoted son, and no defender more strenuous or more powerful than the eloquent senior minister of St. Cuthbert's. There are many stories of the influence exercised by his magnetic oratory. "It was Dr. MacGregor," the writer has been told, "who, more than any man, broke down the last Scottish Disestablishment campaign." Dr. Boyd, in his book already referred to, gives an interesting and vivid description of the effect of Dr. MacGregor's oratory. Describing a Church Defence meeting held on November 17, 1885, at which Dr. MacGregor spoke for an hour amid frantic enthusiasm, "A.K.H.B." tells how "the thunderous applause stopped the speaker for five minutes at least. It rose again and again, MacGregor meanwhile standing with blazing eyes and outstretched hand." The picture is a typical one.

Photo by J. Moffat, Edinburgh

DR. MACGREGOR AND HIS COLLEAGUE DR. WALLACE WILLIAMSON

In 1870, while he was minister of the Edinburgh Tron Church, the University of St. Andrews bestowed on the distinguished preacher the degree of D.D. Three years later he was appointed to a chaplaincy in Rome. In 1877 he became Chaplain to the Royal Scottish Academy. The same year saw him appointed chaplain to the Midlothian Volunteer Artillery, and he has been awarded the Long Service medal. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and he holds the same position from the King that he so long held from the late Queen Victoria, having, in 1901, been appointed one of His Majesty's Chaplains-in-Ordinary in Scotland.

Dr. MacGregor has been a great traveller. His first trip was in 1857, when, along with his friend the Rev. George McCorkindale, of Gourock, who afterwards lost his life on the Alps, he visited Marseilles, Naples, Rome, Civita Vecchia, Pisa, Florence, Bologna, Venice, Trieste, Vienna, Dresden, Bruges, Ostend, and London. Leaving Paisley on January 12, he was back in that town on February 18. Railways were less common in those days, and as most of the Italian as well as some of the other travel was by diligence, the travellers, although they greatly enjoyed their trip, had a pretty hard time of it. Mr. McCorkindale's death, thirteen years later, is associated with the biggest disaster which ever took place on the Alps. An enthusiastic and experienced mountaineer, he, in the autumn of 1870, got together a party of eleven for the ascent of Mont Blanc. A terrible storm overtook them. It lasted three days, and every member of the party perished. Mr. McCorkindale was found with the Prayer Book of the Church of England clasped in his dead hand. His funeral sermon was preached by Dr. MacGregor in Gourock Church to a congregation which has been described as "bathed in tears."

In 1861 Dr. MacGregor visited Egypt, Horeb, Palestine, Constantinople, and Greece. Since then he has travelled in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and New Zealand. He has seen every capital in Europe with one exception—Berlin. Twice he has been in Tangier and once in Cape Town. He spent three months in Rome on one occasion, and six months in Spain on another. Altogether he has been five different times in Spain. He likes that country; and when speaking of Granada, "beloved Granada," notwithstanding his wealth of diction, he can scarcely find words to express his fervid admiration. "It is my solid and long-continued conviction," he told the writer, "that nowhere on God's fair earth is there a fairer spot, even supposing there was no Alhambra Palace at all." For him the little pension of Don Manuel Carmona, within the Alhambra walls, is, to use a somewhat hackneyed phrase, "a home from home," and the way in which he talks of Don Manuel is typical of the grateful manner in which he recognises honesty and kindness.

It is impossible to pass over Dr. MacGregor's visit to Canada without special mention. While at Lambeth in May, 1881, on a visit to the then Archbishop of Canterbury, he received a telegram from the Marquis of Lorne (now the Duke of Argyll), who was at that time Governor-General of Canada, asking him if he would accompany the Marquis on the visit he was about to pay to the North-West Provinces. Dr. MacGregor consented, and became

a member of the expedition, to which may be credited the first opening of the North-West. Lord Lorne was accompanied not only by a suite of officers, but by a small army of mounted police, etc. One of the objects of the expedition was to meet the Indian tribes, such as the Sioux and the Blackfeet, in great gatherings called "Pow-woys," and hear from the lips of the chiefs such complaints as they might have to make. There were days in which the expedition encountered no human being—not even a red man; but Dr. MacGregor, with an eye which he disclaims to have been prophetic, and insists to have been simply the eye of common sense, foresaw that those vast, trackless provinces would yet become the home of millions of the British race. At that time the Canadian Pacific Railway had only got some sixty or seventy miles west of Winnipeg, and the expedition

TOWN OF MACGREGOR IN MANITOBA (NAMED AFTER DR. MACGREGOR), WITH ST. CUTHBERT'S CHURCH IN FRONT

really started from the end of the line. While there Dr. MacGregor asked to be allowed to lay a sleeper, which he did. Other members of Lord Lorne's suite followed his example, and Van Horne, one of the directors of the railway, thereupon stated that he would call the stations between Portage-la-prairie and Brandon by the names of members of the suite. This was done, stations being named MacGregor, De Winton, Austin, Percival, Bagot, etc. "MacGregor" is now a flourishing town, and is rapidly growing. It has a newspaper and a church, the latter being, very appropriately, named St. Cuthbert's. A request was made for a portrait of Dr. Macgregor to hang in the church, and a photograph of the senior minister of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, adorns that little church of St. Cuthbert's in the Far West of Manitoba.

The letters which Dr. MacGregor wrote to the *Scotsman* and the *Courant* form a most interesting account of the historic expedition. In his time the Doctor has written many letters to the *Scotsman*, describing his travels and the places he has visited, and these have been read with interest by many thousands. In them Dr. MacGregor displays his keen and accurate observation and his power of graphic description. But he is not, and has never been, a maker of books. He has no ambition that way. "I have plenty of work of my own to do," he is wont to say, "and there are plenty of men to write." To all suggestions that he should publish a volume of his sermons he is deaf; to pressure he is adamant. "Sermons are written to be preached, not to be published," is the dictum of the senior minister of St. Cuthbert's.

Of Dr. MacGregor as a preacher it is difficult to write. He is, in the words of Dr. Boyd, "a born orator." Possessed of a resonant voice of great power and compass, a voice which can fill a huge church as a very whirlwind and which can yet be subdued to tones of melting tenderness, Dr. MacGregor has the gift of being able to rouse an audience to the heights of the most passionate enthusiasm or to melt it to tears. Indeed, he possesses the emotional gift in a superlative degree. Yet his sermons are not merely appeals to the passions and the emotions. A typical Scot in many ways, he has much of the hard, logical temper of his race. Argument is piled on argument. Behind all is the absolute personal conviction which carries assurance to others. To his strong convictions may be traced much of Dr. MacGregor's power. He never speaks with bated breath, or in wavering tones of doubt. When he closes his sermon, it is with the air of one who declares, "Thus saith the Lord." Yet no one will ever think of associating Dr. MacGregor with intolerance. He is too large-hearted for that. Devout and Evangelical, it has been said of him

Photo by W. Crooke, Edinburgh

MRS. MACGREGOR

that he combines the unspoiled faith of a child with the resolution and purposeful energy of a man. It is touching and impressive to listen to the great preacher who can move crowded throngs when he humbly speaks in private of his personal faith. "All through, from the beginning," he told the writer, "I have tried to be true to my colours—preaching Christ and Him crucified. The rock of my faith is the eternal sonship of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. All flows from that. Religion without that is a pithless, marrowless concern. On that I rest my own eternal hopes; on the work done for me; on Christ as the Redeemer of men; the love of God in sending His Son, in giving Him as a sacrifice for the sins of the world; the love of Christ in executing His Father's loving purpose; and the love and power of the Holy Ghost in applying the benefits which Christ secured for us."

Dr. MacGregor, while a staunch Churchman, does not confine his sympathies to his own communion, and his admirers are to be found in all Churches and denominations—one might almost add in all lands. He is a Scotsman of whom Scotsmen are proud, and it has been a matter of deep and wide regret that for a considerable time past his health should have been in a precarious state. As I write he is very far from well. His most recent illness has shaken him sadly. But the brave heart rises above bodily weakness. The old fire is there still, the old undaunted spirit, the passionate enthusiasms. The mind and the intellect are as strong and as keen as ever.

That the gifted and famous senior minister of St. Cuthbert's may have years of usefulness before him is the earnest prayer of thousands.

A. IRELAND ROBERTSON.

JOHN WESLEY AND ST. CUTHBERT'S.—One Sunday morning in May, 1764, John Wesley, who was then paying one of his numerous visits to Edinburgh, attended a Communion Service in the West Kirk, and has left in his Journal a delightfully graphic account of the occasion. The founder of Methodism does not seem, however, to have been favourably impressed with the Scottish mode of administering the Communion, as he concludes his minute description of the service at St. Cuthbert's by remarking: "How much more simple, as well as more solemn, is the service of the Church of England?" Lady Maxwell of Pollok, one of Wesley's strongest Scottish supporters, and a member of the Wesleyan Society in Edinburgh for the greater part of her life, was, notwithstanding, a member of St. Cuthbert's, and a communicant to the close of her life.

Photo by Marshall Wane, Edinburgh

DR. MACGREGOR IN HIS UNIFORM AS CHAPLAIN TO THE MIDLOTHIAN ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS

The Blindness of Madge Tyndall

BY SILAS K. HOCKING

CHAPTER XIX

THE NEW HOME

Some say, that over 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrate,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then, they say—no spirit walks abroad ;—
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike ;
No fairy tales, no witch hath power to charm ;
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

SHAKESPEARE.

MR. TYNDALL returned to Bexmouth the next day a sadder though a wiser man. For one short week he had lived in paradise, and then, like Adam of ancient history, he found himself suddenly thrust out, and the door shut and bolted against him. He was very silent during the journey home, and inwardly resented Madge's cheerfulness. It was hard to take up the hopeless burden of toil and poverty which he thought he had left behind for ever, and begin again, even lower down than where he had left off; hard to tell Jack that he could not go to Cambridge ; to tell the younger children that they could not have all the nice things he had promised them ; to tell his parishioners that he had been deceived ; to tell himself that he had played the fool. He felt terribly humiliated and almost heartbroken.

Frank and Fred returned to Bexmouth a few days later, the former to find that half the town turned out to meet him and to give him welcome home again. Jacob Wherry, in the meanwhile, had left the place, glad to escape with so light a punishment ; while Dan'l Udy, Colet, and Blight had completely veered round, and declared that they had always been "amazin' fond of the Doctor."

Frank settled down with his old housekeeper, and began to make preparations a second time for his marriage. The Curate felt too humbled to raise any objection. If Madge liked to throw herself away on a poverty-stricken doctor who had yet his way to make in the world, that was her look-out. He would never attempt to influence her again. The Bexmouth people were considerably surprised that Frank made no effort to win back his old practice ; and what was more, did not even attempt to collect the amounts that were owing to him.

He spent most of his time with Madge, and the second courtship was sweeter than the first. They agreed to wait until the anniversary of what should have been their wedding-day, and surely no two young people ever filled up their time more pleasantly. At all hours of the day they were out together on the cliffs, over the breezy hills, or by the roaring sea.

At length the wedding-day arrived, and ten minutes before the time Frank and Fred were standing side by side before the altar rails. How strange it seemed to Fred ! The church was full of people as before ; the old Rector was waiting in the vestry ; and on the stroke of eleven Madge, blushing and beautiful, walked up the aisle, leaning on her father's arm. But there was no hitch this time, no confusion. The service proceeded in breathless silence, the "I wills" were spoken so that all could hear, the prayers were offered, the benediction pronounced ; and then the happy bride and bridegroom kissed each other before all the company, at which the bells began to ring, and the people in the churchyard shouted till they could be heard a mile away.

The Curate was considerably puzzled when he learned that the happy couple were going to spend their honeymoon in the Riviera and Italy. He could not tell how the Doctor could afford it. He had earned nothing for a year, that was absolutely certain. He hoped that the young people were not going into debt at the beginning of their married life. With wise discretion, however, he said nothing. His late experience had taught him many things. Things were not always what they seemed. The rich John Sleeman was a bankrupt. A spark had set the train on fire. Companies he had promoted collapsed like houses of cards, banks of which he was chairman suspended payment. Fraud and corruption were discovered on all hands, and for a fortnight a commercial panic prevailed.

A week after Sleeman so unceremoniously left the house in Baker Street he found himself in gaol, and three months later he was employed in Her Majesty's service on Dartmoor.

Mr. Tyndall felt, therefore, that it behoved him to be silent ; the *poor* Doctor might be better off than he seemed.

The six weeks Frank and his wife spent abroad were like a dream to Madge. After a fortnight in Nice they went on to Genoa, then to Florence, then to Venice, then to Milan, then over the St. Gothard to Lucerne, and finally to Paris and home. The only thing that troubled Madge was the expense, and that did not trouble her very much, for Frank kept assuring her it was all right.

But the home-coming was the greatest surprise of all. It was a brilliant December noon when they reached Reedley Station, and when Madge saw the crowd of people that was waiting outside to give them welcome, she grew pale almost to the lips.

"Oh ! Frank," she said, "what does it mean ? Do all these people know you ?"

"Oh yes, they know me," he said, as he led her through the hurrahing crowd. "Don't be frightened, darling ; we shall soon be home now."

"But this is not your carriage ?" she questioned, when a handsomely dressed footman threw open the door.

"Why not, Madge ?" he said, with a laugh. "Why shouldn't we have a carriage as well as other folks ?"

"But I thought you were poor, till—till——"

"I was poor, darling, till I won you ; but now I am rich indeed."

And then the carriage rolled away amid the hurrahs of the crowd, and soon after entered the lodge gates, and the great park stretched away on every hand. At length the Hall loomed into sight ; but Madge was too astonished to speak.

She crossed the broad portal like one in a dream, and followed the servants to her room, not at all certain that she was awake.

A big fire was burning in the grate, which filled the room with a grateful warmth. A thick pile carpet lay upon the floor. Choice pictures hung upon the walls. The furniture seemed to her a triumph of art and skill ; the curtains were beautiful beyond anything she had ever seen before ; while the view from the window seemed like a glimpse of Paradise.

Frank joined her a few minutes later.

"Oh ! Frank," she exclaimed, going to meet him, "tell me what it all means."

So he led her to a seat, and sitting by her side, told her the one secret he had kept from her so long.

At first she cried, then she laughed ; then, like a wondering, happy child, she ran all over the big mansion, taking stock of everything, and finding new beauties at every turn.

"You must keep the secret from your father till Christmas," Frank said to her as she clung to his arm. "For once he shall have a pleasant surprise ; he has had some painful ones lately. It is time he had a change. We'll have them all over, children and all. And meanwhile, Madge, you shall have the task of furnishing the rectory of Lindley Major. I intend to present him with the living when he comes."

"You ?" she questioned, looking eagerly into his eyes.

"Yes ; didn't I tell you ? What a memory I have !"

"Oh, Frank !" And she began to cry again ; but they were happy tears that fell upon her cheeks.

Ten days were not long in which to furnish the rectory ; but Madge managed it somehow, and managed it to her satisfaction. Such a labour of love she had never undertaken before, and when she had finished, she thought the place looked lovely.

It was Christmas Eve, and quite dark when the Curate and his family reached Reedley Station. They had travelled third-class, and were hungry and cold. Frank met them, and took charge of their luggage, and, packing them into two cabs, they drove away.

"I'm afraid we shall dreadfully inconvenience you," said Mrs. Tyndall ; "we are so many of us."

"Oh ! I think we shall find room," Frank said cheerfully. "And Madge will be delighted to have you all."

"She is quite well?" Mr. Tyndall questioned.

"Never better," Frank replied.

"I am glad to hear it." And the Curate sighed.

"You seem to live a long way out of the village," Mrs. Tyndall remarked at length.

"About two miles; but we shall soon be there now."

At length the open door was reached, and the work of unloading the cabs began. It was too dark to see anything clearly; but once the threshold was crossed, the Curate stood still in blank amazement. The lofty ceiling, the rich carving, the costly rugs, the huge chimney with its blazing logs, the liveried servants, the air of wealth and refinement, struck him dumb.

The next moment a door was flung open, and Madge, beautifully attired, ran across the hall and threw her arms about his neck.

"Madge!" he said, with a little gasp, "is—is this your home?"

"WHAT A PRETTY PLACE!" HE SAID. "WHAT IS THE NAME OF IT?" "LINDLEY MAJOR," FRANK ANSWERED INDIFFERENTLY

"Yes, father. Isn't it nice?" And she began to help him off with his overcoat, just as she used to do. Then her mother appeared upon the scene, the last to cross the threshold.

"Good gracious, Scott!" she exclaimed, staring round her with a bewildered air, "we've got to the wrong place."

"No, you haven't, mother," said Madge, darting up to her and kissing her.

"But surely you don't live in a grand place like this?"

Madge laughed. "It doesn't seem a bit grand when you get used to it," she said.

Then Mrs. Tyndall began to hug and kiss Madge in a way most unusual with her, and to cry and laugh in the same breath.

But the children had to be welcomed yet, and Madge darted from one to the other, her eyes brimming over with delight. Then they were shown to their different rooms, in which cheerful fires were blazing, and before which they quickly thawed their almost frozen fingers.

Jack, a strapping lad of seventeen, seemed the least surprised of all. Outwardly he took everything as a matter of course, and made no remark. But overtaking his father on the stairs when they went down to dinner, he exclaimed, "There, father, this is what I call scrumptious! I always told you Madge would turn up trumps!"

"I do not understand it at all," said the Curate seriously. "I am afraid I have been very blind."

"You?" said Jack. "I always thought it was Madge who was the blind one."

To tell the story of that Christmas Eve would be a difficult task. To the guests it was full of delightful surprises. Mrs. Tyndall esconced herself in a deep easy-chair, and felt so delightfully happy that she was almost afraid to talk. The children forgot their weariness in a glorious Christmas-tree that was provided. The Curate found his way into the library, and nearly cried at sight of so many books. Jack, after sundry voyages of exploration on his own account, challenged Frank to a game of billiards, and got badly beaten. Madge seemed everywhere, and was so blissfully happy in ministering to the others that she forgot herself completely.

It was nearly midnight when they retired to rest, and then only the younger ones could get any sleep. The others were too excited. The Curate lay awake till far into the morning. His thoughts were both pleasant and painful. How strangely things had happened! How cruelly he had misjudged his son-in-law! How stubbornly unjust he had been to his child!

When he awoke next morning, the sound of Christmas bells fell faintly on his ears. A cheerful fire was already burning in the grate. The wintry sun was struggling through the half-closed blinds, and in his heart was a delicious feeling of peace and content.

When he looked at his watch he found it was nine o'clock. 'Dear me! I have overslept myself," he said, springing out of bed. Peeping into his wife's room, he found, it was empty. 'Well, well," he said, "this isn't like me—and Christmas, morning, too."

Half an hour later he met Frank and Jack in the hall, the latter with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes.

"Frank and I have had such a glorious gallop," he said, "We've been round to his tenants, wishing them a merry

Christmas, and giving them something to make merry with."

The Curate's eyes filled. His treatment of Frank in the past touched him painfully.

After lunch the carriage was got out, and Mr. and Mrs. Tyndall, Frank and Madge, went out for a drive. Lindley Major was reached at length, a quaint and picturesque place that caught the Curate's fancy in a moment.

"What a pretty place!" he said. "What is the name of it?"

"Lindley Major," Frank answered indifferently.

The Curate gave a little gasp and was silent, a thousand thoughts chasing each other through his mind.

Before the rectory gate the carriage stopped, and Frank and Madge got out.

"We are going to make a call, father," Madge explained. "You had better come with us."

"As you will," the Curate said, with a little sigh.

"What a lovely old place!" he said to his wife, as they passed through the gate. And he sighed again.

On the doorstep Madge further explained. "It has been refurnished for the new rector. He hasn't taken up his residence yet; but the maids will show us through. I always feel curious to see new things, you know."

"I'm not at all curious myself," the Curate said, thinking of his own shabby little home. "I think I will remain outside."

"I shan't let you," said Madge, taking his arm. And a few minutes later they were walking through the spacious and beautifully furnished rooms.

The Curate was very silent, and not a little sad. The contrast brought forcibly back to him his own poverty.

"Do you like it, father?" Madge asked at length, with a little tremble in her voice.

"It is very beautiful," he said, in low tones—"very beautiful!" And he sighed again.

"And do you think you could be content to live here?" she questioned, her eyes filling.

"Content?" he questioned wonderingly.

"Yes. It has been furnished for you, if you will have it. The living, you know, is in Frank's gift."

And then, somehow, father and daughter cried together, while Mrs. Tyndall dropped into a chair and began to fan herself.

Ten minutes later Mr. Tyndall insisted on going through all the rooms again, and his wife told Madge afterwards that he shed tears in every one of them.

It was long after dark when they got back to Reedley Hall, and dinner was ready to be served. They found the children boisterously happy, while Jack was beaming all over with excitement. He had had another gallop round the park with a groom, and could talk of nothing else.

Such Christmas cheer as greeted them in the dining-room they had never seen before. The Curate seemed to grow suddenly young again, and when he led the household in prayer that night he needed no prayer-book to instruct his lips. The words welled up almost too fast for utterance from a heart brimful of gratitude and hope.

THE END

The Beatitudes

BY THE REV. F. B. MEYER, B.A.

And He opened His mouth and taught them.—MATT. v. 2.

IT was after a lone, dark watch throughout the midnight hours, with the stars in dazzling beauty bejewelling the eastern sky above Him and the quiet lake beneath, with the kiss of the night breeze upon His face, that Jesus Christ came, worn with the vigil, but serene through fellowship with God, to open His mouth to the waiting group. Imagine that scene in the early dawn. The light has now stolen upon the sky and the dimpling waters of the lake. The bees are humming amid the clover, the dew is hardly off the sward, the murmur of the wakening cities around the lake is stealing upon the quiet air, and He comes to meet the group of His disciples who had spent the night, probably, stretched upon the grass, wrapped in their mantles, asleep. They had never seen His face look so fair. The lustre of it must have reminded them of the beauty of the face of Moses when he came down after forty days with God. And then, with the majesty of a king, He summoned now one and now another from the group to come closer to Him, that they might be the foundation-stones of the new Jerusalem. As they grouped themselves around Him, you would have thought that these twelve looked like strange, unlikely, and inglorious men—simple peasants and fishermen; young men, with the exception of Peter, but with nothing remarkable about them, nothing to indicate that these were to be the heralds of a new era and the foundation-stones of a new city. But as they gathered in the inner circle around Him, with their wondering brethren on the outer skirt, He opened His mouth and blessed them, and from the stores of His Own deep soul, out of the laboratory of His Own inner life, out of the researches which He had made for thirty years upon the hills of Nazareth, and what He had got from lonely fellowship with God, He opened out these eight Beatitudes.

I want to show you what blessedness, my friends, is within the reach of every life. I am quite sure that it has been the standing wonder of mankind that the Beatitudes of Christ are so exactly inverse to the circumstances of human life. The beatitudes of the world are in direct proportion to the outward circumstances and positions of men. Blessed is the millionaire, blessed is the man with a luxurious home, blessed is the man who has plenty of servants to wait his bidding, blessed is the man with prestige, and genius, and eloquence, and the power to please. But the remarkable thing is that Jesus Christ passes these by, and it seems as though the blessedness of Heaven, like the reflected shadows in a lake, are in the direct inverse proportion, the inverse ratio, to the outward circumstances of human lot. If I should have in this congregation men of great wealth or commanding power who have made themselves a name and a place in the world, it is not likely that they shall enter the blessedness of which I speak. It is open to them, but it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for them to enter it. But if I should be speaking to-day to simple, humble folk, to young men whose life is solitary and lonely, to young girls who have been disappointed in their hearts' affections, to little children and child-like people, it is to these that I want to unfold and open the great blessedness which is within their reach, and which Jesus Christ gathers up in one comprehensive expression—the Kingdom of God.

Now, you will notice that in this octave the first of the octave and the last note in the octave answer to each other—the first, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," and the last, "Blessed are the persecuted, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," the blessedness being a spiral staircase in which you come back to the same standpoint, only higher up. Whilst those who are just beginning the religious life have the Kingdom of

Heaven, the soldiers who have fought the good fight and who have borne the brunt of the conflict can get nothing more. The persecuted, those who have come through the fight nobly, have the same Kingdom of Heaven; but they come to it higher up, they come to their position with a fuller appreciation of its worth and value. And so, in this Church to-day, some simple soul who is poor in spirit, who has only just begun to feel his need, is sitting with us at God's feast, inside the Kingdom; but any soul here, any missionary who has borne the burden and heat of service in a foreign land, any man who has stood for God against an unholy world, any one who bears upon him the scars and bruises, that soul sits down at the same feast in the same Kingdom, but with a deeper, richer, maturer appreciation of what the Kingdom is. If you ask me what that Kingdom is that begins and closes this beatific group, I answer, It is summed up by the six items between "their's is the Kingdom." That may mean, as when Jesus spoke of the little children, "Of such is the Kingdom"—that is, they are the subjects of the Kingdom, they are included and numbered in the census of the Kingdom; and it is much, beloved, to be included in the Kingdom of our King. Jesus, King most wonderful, who has taken us beneath Thine empire! But this word "theirs" not only means that they constituted the Kingdom, but that they possessed the honours and wealth and emoluments of the King; and I would to God that every one of us to-day could enter into our position and possess our possession. This Kingdom is not of outward state and power. Its riches cannot be handled or counted by human fingers. Its rewards are inner, not outward. They are of the spirit, and not of the estate. What are these? Comfort, the earth, being filled, the obtaining of mercy, the seeing of God, the being recognised as His saints. Each of us may have each of these to-day. Out of your dissatisfaction you have come into this church; but with satisfaction you shall pass out and back. People who look at your face will wonder at the supernatural light and beauty that shall shine there always.

(1) Comfort. As you lift up that face of yours, wet with tears, you shall feel a gentle hand upon it wiping the tears away, and a kiss from lips that are full of myrrh and the scent of aloes and cassia, and thou shalt know, sorrowful one, that thy King, a Man of Sorrows and therefore acquainted with grief, is using His knowledge of grief to comfort thee.

(2) The earth. To inherit the earth. Yes, He inherited the earth. There was not a flower that did not waft its fragrance to Him; there was not a star that shone in the night-sky that did not guide Him to His Father's breast; there was not a single wavelet that murmured at His feet, or that curled itself in foam upon the crest of the billow, that did not smile to greet him; not a wind that blew across the world, laden with fragrance, that did not fan His face as its Lord. The very wood yielded Him the Cross when He wanted to die, and the very iron was glad to be the nail to fix His hands to the crosspiece. All the earth was at His disposal; and when a man, and when you to-day, enter into the Kingdom of Heaven as a little child—

> Heaven above is softer blue,
> Earth around is sweeter green,
> Something shines in every hue
> Christless eyes have never seen,
> Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
> Flowers with brighter beauty shine,
> While Jesus whispers to the soul
> That it is His as He is thine.

Yes, you may be like Jesus, who was without an acre, without six feet of ground in which to be buried; and yet all the world may be yours, and you may inherit its best.

(3) Filled with righteousness. When a thing is full, you can put nothing more in. It is possible, young men, not merely to be kept from sin which you want to do, but not to want to do it. Who tells the child fresh from the father's breakfast-table not to pick up the crust and eat it which the beggar has thrown in the street? The child does not want it. It is possible for you, with all your strong, wild blood in you, to be so filled and satisfied with the best that you may not want it, that you may turn from it.

(4) Mercy. That you may be sure of God's mercy, and that you may walk also amongst men and women, and, though you know that you make mistakes, you will see the gleam of pity and compassion in their eye, and you will be quite sure that your name is not being tossed backwards and forwards with rebuke, but that you are receiving mercy.

(5) And deeper and still better, yours shall be the vision of God. Often in wrapt and happy fellowship you will stop for a moment in the midst of the busy streets of London and look up and see Him. "God, I see Thee through the murky cloud." Often in your own quiet chamber your face will become as the face of an angel as you see Him. You will learn also to see God in children's faces, to see God in untoward incidents, to see God in what men call adverse providences, to see God in nature and in men and women and children, to see the good in everybody, to see the good which is present around in your environment, to be always seeing God.

(6) You will walk through this world calling yourself the chief of sinners and the least of saints, but acknowledged by all who see you pass; and they will say the one to the other, "That is a good man; if ever there was one, he or she is a child of God."

These are included in the Kingdom: comfort, the earth, satisfaction, mercy, the vision of God, and the acknowledgment that you are good. When you have these, what is the deepest of them? It is Christ Himself. As Rutherford says, God has broken for His children one fair loaf, which is Jesus. God spreads the table of this Church to day with a clean linen cloth, and on that clean linen cloth of purity He puts, upon a wooden platter, the wooden platter of the Cross, the one fair loaf, made of the corn that fell to the ground to die, and was ground in the millstones of Calvary, and has been made fair, white bread for the sons of men. And as, one by one, you little children, men and women of the child-heart, stooping low, enter in through the gate into the Kingdom, you will find waiting for you, spread, that fair loaf, which is Jesus. To have Him is to be comforted; to have Him is to see God; to have Him is to be filled; to have Him is to be at peace. O come, ye—come, ye children of men. Why do ye scatter the blessedness sent from above? The world cannot give it to you upon its golden platter—never. But if you are quiet and humble and gentle and pure, and want to be good, and come here to-day, you will have Jesus, broken by the hand of the Father, to eat, and of Him to drink, and that is blessedness.

But now, just turn to the other side for a moment. What is the character that has this blessedness? It is our character described in eight characteristics. If you have got the character, it will unfold stage by stage. I want you to look at yourself. Some of you have passed through the earlier stages. You will never lose what you have got, but these unfold a new manifestation, and endless manifestations are left as you pass on in your progress to others,

so that they are all present in germs and in embryo in each of us who is regenerate, yet the development of them is successive. In which stage are you to-day, my friends? The first stage in this character is poverty of spirit—"Blessed are the poor in spirit." Please note that the first three of the Beatitudes step down and, so to speak, culminate, albeit it is a descent—culminate in aspiration. Then you have three which are the fulfilment of aspiration, and culminate in persecution. The first four Beatitudes are rather passive and the next four positive. The first three culminate in aspiration, and the three active ones culminate in persecution. The one is the greeting between the spirit and God, and the other is the greeting between the spirit and man—the men of the world, poor in spirit; the mourners, a step lower; and the meek, a step lower; and then aspiration, like the steeple of a church, which arises from the deepest foundations. For instance, in this church, if the foundations are stronger in one part than another, they are strongest under the great tower. To some of you who do not aspire in hunger and thirst, that phase will come. But have you passed through these three?

(1) Poor in spirit. Not poor; there is not much blessedness in being poor. The man who has lost his property, the man who has lost his health, the man who is bereaved of his love, may be as proud as pride can make him. No; you must be poor in spirit. This is when you accept your poverty, when you accept your affliction, when you accept the bereavement of your loving heart and yield to the will of God, and allow God to do away with your self-reliance, your pride, your independence, and breathe the spirit of humility into you. "Blessed are the poor in spirit."

(2) Then, a step lower than that, is that you mourn, that you not simply know you are a beggar, but come back to the Father, and weep on His neck and say, "Father, I have sinned." Some of you are trying to feel the mourning, to feel grief before you have been broken. The first Beatitude is not "Blessed are those that mourn." The blessed are those that are poor in spirit, and if you once have been thoroughly humbled by the Holy Spirit, then the next phase is of mourning.

(3) But lower than that is meekness. When a man knows how sinful he is, when he lies broken before God, when he feels that he must accept anything that God sends, everything is too good, and when he looks upon his fellow-men with their offences, their unkindness, and their wrong, and he says to himself, "Say what you like; you cannot say anything too bad of me: if you only knew what I really am before God and before myself, you would say harder things than you do"; then a man has got down to meekness. When he has got there, the tower begins to arise; and he begins to hunger and thirst for righteousness. The aspiration to be good is sometimes inaudible, sometimes spoken amidst sobs, sometimes spoken amid a good deal of inconsistency; and the men who have seen him lose his temper go home and say, "I thought he was a Christian; but see how he flamed up!" And the man in his closet before God is saying, "My God, make me good." There is the aspiration. You can only get it by going down to it.

Mark when a man has got to that, and he hungers and thirsts to be good, then God answers him in three respects in the active side of character.

(1) He makes him merciful—that is, to people who have offended against him, and those who are suppliant of his help. It is the first answer. You would have thought God would have given such a man who aspired a vision of Himself, and that the Beatitude first ought to be, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." No; the first Beatitude in the active group is our relation to our fellow-men. Do you take that in? The first fulfilment of your aspiration is to make you merciful to others. A good many of you are wanting the vision of God, and cannot understand why you do not get it. It is because you have tried to skip one of God's steps, and you cannot get the vision of God until you have learned the life of mercy. (2) When a man has been merciful to others, to those who have sinned, helping them to make their apology, going more than half way to meet them, to make it easy for them to return, then one day—the next day, perhaps, or a week after—he is going along an ordinary track, a common path, and he sees a great sight, and the bush burns with fire, and the voice of God says, "Moses, Moses." (3) And the third answer to his prayer is that he is a peacemaker. He first was merciful; then he saw God; then God said to him in that vision, "I am reconciling the world to Myself." And the man says, "May I help Thee?" And God says, "Yes; go and make peace." And a mother brings her little boy to Jesus; and a big brother who sleeps in the same room with his boy brother, on some evening when the gas is out before they go to sleep, he brings his brother to Jesus; and a girl with her six little children around her in the Sunday school brings them to Jesus; and a visitor brings sick folk to Jesus. Step by step the man who has seen God helps Him to reconcile the world to Himself. Then the world does not like it; it does not want to be reconciled. It splutters, gets cross, hates, reviles, persecutes, says all manner of evil falsely, crucifies. But the soul goes on. It is so blessed, it is so happy in God, it hardly thinks about it. It is so absorbed in God that it forgets the din and brunt. It goes on, like the blood does, healing the wounds of the body; and you and I are just the life-blood of the world, healing it, and we wake up to find the Kingdom of Heaven has come to us. We had it forty years ago, but it is fresh to-day, like the morning. Will you let that Kingdom in? Will you let the Spirit of God bring the life of God into your soul? Will you say, "God, live in me, live in my heart, from now and evermore; live in my heart, breaking down, making me nothing, and then do Thou come, Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, and the first and the last, Lord God, who was, and is, and is to come"?

ADVICE TO A YOUNG PREACHER.—One thing you must shake off—and that is your *chain*. I mean "the paper." I wished all the time that you had swept it down into the Elders' pew. Perhaps you don't read commonly—so far well; but you should read never. You will find one among a thousand who can read so well that it does not mar the effect of the matter—not more. To talk of the popular objection to "the paper" as being a groundless prejudice is all stuff; it is founded deep in the feelings of our nature. It, I may say, universally produces more or less of monotony—so much of it as to act like mesmerism on the audience. To keep an audience wide awake, their attention active and on the stretch (without which how are they to get good?), all the *natural* varieties of tone and action are necessary—qualifications incompatible with the practice of reading.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

SOME families observe the birthdays of each of their members by grand dinners or grand *tea feasts*. . . . If birthdays are to be observed at all, a religious use is the best that can be made of them; to use them as a height from which solemnly to look back on the past, and forward to the future.

The Countess of Huntingdon's Churches and Colleges

THERE prevails throughout Christendom to-day a great amount of ignorance as to the origin, history, and present position of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion. The question is often asked, "What do you mean by the Countess of Huntingdon's Church?" A visitor attending her church at Ely naturally asks, "What is the difference between this and a purely Congregational church?" while a visitor attending service in Spa Fields Church, London, naturally comes to the conclusion that this is a Low Church of England; consequently we are asked to define—and give reasons for — the name. All classes of Christians are familiar with the names of John Wesley and George Whitefield. The mere utterance of their names at some great united Evangelical gatherings creates a mighty stir of spiritual enthusiasm, and it penetrates into the innermost recess of the "Nonconformist conscience." But it is seldom one hears the name of the great Countess even from the pulpits of her own churches, and yet history proves that she was one of the central figures in the religious awakening of the eighteenth century; and although she did not actually preach, it may be said that she supplied a great deal of fuel for the burning enthusiasm and passionate appeals of Whitefield, and without her co-operation and influence even Whitefield could not have accomplished the work which he did.

COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON

TREVECCA COLLEGE

Selina, afterwards Countess of Huntingdon, was born August 24, 1707, at a time when English morals were at their lowest ebb; when the Church, whose influence seemed predominant at the close of the Revolution, had dwindled into moral, spiritual, and political insignificance; when the clergy were branded as "the most lifeless class in Europe"; when the extremes of society revolted against the Churches and religion, and some of the most conspicuous statesmen laughed at the very idea of religion. It was then, when the spiritual state of England was enveloped in a dark and gloomy despair, that the Countess came like some "Queen Esther sent by God into the kingdom to save Israel," to play her part in bringing about one of the most noted religious revivals ever chronicled in the annals of history. Her long and useful life of eighty-four years extended over almost the whole of the eighteenth century. It is said that, when only nine years of age, she was profoundly impressed by the funeral of a child about her own age. She became a devoted student of the Bible, and her religious convictions were so deep that she came into possession of absolute certainty about a future life.

For the origin of her churches we must go back to her own home. It was the church in her household to begin with. She placed her own drawing-room at the disposal of men willing to preach the pure Gospel. It was in this room that Whitefield preached to the nobility and to some members of the Royal household. His preaching was such as England had never heard before, theatrical, extravagant, often commonplace; but hushing all criticism by its intense reality, its earnestness of belief, its deep, tremulous sympathy with the sin and sorrow of mankind. He had no desire to become the founder and leader of a "new sect," for he wished to be free and untrammelled to preach wherever he was invited. He wrote to Lady Huntingdon after his appointment as her chaplain: "A leader is wanting; this honour hath been put upon your ladyship by the Great Head of the Church." She replied not with words, but by deeds. It should be noted that neither the Countess nor Whitefield had any idea of seceding from the Established Church. They protested not against the State Church, but against the inactivity of its clergy. Religion had become largely a matter of outward form, and the clergy were ignorant of the true nature of the Gospel. In some parts of the country she had buildings erected; in other parts buildings were rented, and it was her wish that their pulpits should be supplied by those clergy who were in sympathy with her work. It was only when the Church of England, supported by the Courts, refused to

OLD SPA FIELDS CHAPEL

MR. JOHN JACOB (STROUD)
Elected President, 1903

recognise her chapels as true branches of the Establishment under ecclesiastical authority that she, in self-defence, was compelled to constitute her churches into a distinct connexion; so that the severe hostility exhibited by many leaders of the Church forced her to add one more to the number of Nonconformist communities. The result was that several important free churches came into existence, such as Spa Fields, London; Tunbridge Wells; North Street, Brighton; Vineyards, Bath, etc. The building afterwards called Northampton Chapel, and subsequently Spa Fields Chapel, was erected in 1770, its shape being an imitation of the Pantheon, perfectly circular, with large area for promenade and two tiers of galleries. At first it was a noted place of amusement, afterwards a depôt for the sale of carriages. Both enterprises were unsuccessful. The attention of the Countess was drawn to it as a suitable building to carry out the object of her life. The building was secured and filled with worshippers, and when resorting to the rights granted under the Toleration Act she said, "I am compelled to turn the finest congregation, not only in England, but in any part of the world, into a dissenting chapel." It was in Spa Fields Chapel that the first annual sermon of the London Missionary Society was preached by Dr. Haweis, the Countess's chaplain. The house adjoining Spa Fields Chapel became her residence for many years. For more than a hundred years this church stood as a centre of light and counsel. Among its adherents were found such names as James Oldham Oldham, F. W. Willcocks, J.P., and others. The present Spa Fields Church was erected in 1886 at a cost of £16,000.

To the origin of the church at North Street, Brighton, there is attached peculiar interest. In 1757 the Countess went to Brighton for the benefit of her son, who died there. In 1760 a chapel was built at the back of her house in North Street. Towards the cost of building it she sold her jewels, which realised the sum of £700. North Street has been favoured with an unbroken succession of noted ministers, among them being the names of Joseph Sortain, J. B. Figgis, etc., and not the least in the succession is the present minister, the Rev. Ernest Dowsett, whose powerful ministry most adequately maintains the sacred traditions of the church, and who has recently been described as "another rising young minister at Brighton."

REV. S. G. MATTHEWS, B.A.
Secretary of the Connexion

Photo by Pannell & Holden, Brighton
REV. J. B. FIGGIS, M.A.
Elected President in 1902

Coming to the present position of the connexion, the outlook is hopeful. When the Countess died in 1791, there were only seven chapels in the legal possession of the trustees; there are now 37. Yet while at her death there were about a hundred churches considered as forming a connexion, the number has been diminished to less than half. There are many commendable points in the method of administration of the connexion. It does not fall far short of the ideal administration suggested by the late Dr. Parker under the title "United Congregational Church." All the property is vested in eight gentlemen called trustees. These form a kind of high court of appeal. A church may nominate its minister, but no formal invitation can be given without the sanction of the trustees. The representatives of the churches meet annually in conference, and the highest honour conferred by the connexion is the presidency of that conference. But, like other Free Church communities, the connexion needs reconstructing. It has never sufficiently asserted itself as a distinct and independent constitution. There

REV. W. H. C. PALMER (TUNBRIDGE WELLS)
Elected President in 1901

REV. JAMES FOSTER (CHELTENHAM),
who is collecting a million farthings for Sierra Leone Mission

REV. W. GROVES, M.A.
Superintendent of the Sierra Leone Mission

has always been a tendency in many of its churches to associate themselves too closely either with the Established Church or with the Congregational Union ; so that there is neither Uniformity nor Nonconformity to band the churches in closer union. The result has been that during the last century more than sixty churches were lost to the connexion, thereby, by their disloyalty to the foundress and her successors, weakening its forces.

If the eighteenth century furnished the atmosphere which was most conducive for the growth of this plant laid in the ground by Lady Huntingdon, we believe that the atmosphere of to-day is also congenial. To-day there is room, and a growing need, for churches of the Countess's order, especially those which adopt a liturgical service. They afford a home for a class of people who feel strangers in other churches. In the Established Church there are those who protest against its Romanising tendencies, but who still love the simple prayer-book service. The Countess's church provides for these. Again, among the Nonconformists there are those—especially in the suburbs of our large towns—who have a liking for a modified liturgical service, but who feel compelled to adhere to Free Church principles. These also will find a home in the Countess's church, and we believe that during this century the connexion will progress rapidly. The connexion is not complete without its college. In 1766 the Countess became associated with the Welsh revivalists of South Wales, and in 1761 she purchased an old mansion at Trevecca, in the county of Brecon. It was formally opened as a Theological College by a sermon preached by Whitefield. The Countess spent much time at Trevecca, and spent £600 a year in maintaining the college. About one hundred and fifty ministers were trained there during the twenty-three years of its existence. Its first president was the saintly J. Fletcher, of Madeley. The present Trevecca College belongs to the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, and is under the able superintendency of the Rev. O. Prys, M.A.

Before the death of the Countess, and prior to the end of the lease, there was formed a society called "The Apostolic Society," for the supporting and perpetuating the Countess of Huntingdon's college, and in 1791 a site was purchased at Cheshunt, Herts, for £950. The first president of Cheshunt College was Isaac Nicholson, a clergyman of the Church of England. All the students, professors and trustees of the college are expected to subscribe to the fifteen articles of religion. In all other matters Cheshunt is, of all the colleges, most catholic in spirit. The students, on completing their course of study, are not compelled to serve any particular and specified branch or denomination. They are allowed to take orders in the Church of England, or to serve any of the Free Churches. "The object of this institution is not to serve the interests of a party, but to promote the extension of the Kingdom of Immanuel by the publication of His glorious Gospel." Surely the trust-deeds of Cheshunt College afford some of the facilities necessary for the union or reunion of all the Protestant Churches in our land. It has always been considered to be pre-eminently the missionary college, and during the hundred and ten years of its existence it has sent out to the foreign mission field some of the bravest missionaries. It is to be regretted that a college with such a catholic spirit and sacred tradition should have its efficiency hampered by the lack of funds. One would think that all shades of the Protestant Church would willingly sympathise with and support Cheshunt College and its worthy Principal.

J. WESTBURY JONES.

REV. PRINCIPAL WHITEHOUSE, D.D. (CHESHUNT COLLEGE)

Vanquished—or Victor?

BY HANNAH B. MACKENZIE

"NO, Charlie, I am not in the mood for jests to-night. Sit down, you fellows; I want to tell you a story."

It was Mont Williams who spoke. The three men were in Mont's chambers, near the Strand—in a big, untidy, bachelor's room, littered with books, magazines, and papers. Williams was a journalist, so was Charlie Macgregor, so was Bert Lloyd. The three men were jestingly called the Triumvirate by their friends: they were inseparable.

Mont was a man of about thirty-two, tall, broad-shouldered, with a broad, almost leonine face—leonine also in its calm, quiet strength.

"Go on then, old fellow; drive away: we're ready," said Charlie, flinging himself back in his chair, feet on mantelpiece and pipe in mouth. He would have added some jesting remark, but glancing at Mont's face, he suddenly checked himself.

"It isn't a long story," said the other slowly, looking into the fire as he spoke, "and I shall make it as short as I possibly can. It is about a—we shall say a friend of mine. About ten years ago, when my friend was a comparatively young man, a disagreeable thing happened to him. He was in his father's counting-house—his father was a wealthy merchant, and, practically speaking, the head of it. My friend had a younger brother, who was also in it." Mont paused for a moment, struck a match, lit his pipe, and then, still with his eyes fixed on the fire, went on. "My friend was—well, perhaps, not a very lovable fellow; at least, he was no favourite with his father, whose whole heart was set on his younger son. One day a cheque was presented at the bank for five hundred pounds, signed with the old man's signature, which was also that of the elder son. Suspicion was almost sure to fall on my friend, who wrote like his father. But he had long ago had reason to suspect his brother, and had spoken to him, with effect, as he thought. The younger brother, in his gay, careless way, indulged by his father, and depending on him beyond what was reasonable, had been living such a life as youth and folly will lead. But my friend was right. A few days after, by a strange chance, he discovered evidence of his brother's guilt. He went to Gavin, taxing him with it. The young fellow confessed it all, and, in an agony of terror, besought his brother not to betray him. Discovery would be certain ruin for him, not because he feared legal punishment, but because he was steeped to the lips in debts, many of them gambling ones. My friend gave the promise. He was wrong, I daresay—it is hard to say. He loved the old man, whose heart it would break to hear of the sin of his Benjamin; he loved the foolish boy who had sunk so low through sheer recklessness. Gavin swore solemnly to amend his ways in future, so that his father might yet be proud of him; and, in return, my friend promised, no matter what should happen, never to reveal what he knew.

"What did happen was this. Suspicion, diverted from the right quarter, fell on the other brother; the father, sternly just, drove him from the old home, forbidding him ever to re-enter it. His mother was dead; he had none, or next to none, to plead for him. He left—to return no more. Gavin took the place of the elder son."

He paused again, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and then tossing it on the mantelpiece. Neither of his companions had interrupted him by so much as a movement in his narration. Charlie's face wore an unusually grave expression, quite at variance with the normal merry thoughtlessness of it. He did not look at his friend, however, and at last Mont went on:

"Why am I telling you this? Well, I'll tell you. I wanted to put the case to you, as my friend put it to me. He heard lately that his father is very ill—will not probably recover. He sent word to his brother Gavin, saying he thought the truth should be told to his father, and that he could not let him die, believing to the last that he—my friend—was guilty. That letter has not been answered. Do you think he is justified in going to the old man?"

Charlie leaped up, with a flushed face, and seized the other man's hand. Then, as Mont drew back with a startled look, he dropped it, exclaiming:

"I say your friend is a brick, Mont! But look here, you must tell him to go; it'll be a sin if he doesn't. The old man will die——" He paused, at the look on the journalist's face, and glanced at Lloyd.

"Charlie is right, old man," said the latter gravely. "He owes it both to his father and himself that he should go."

The custom of these three Bohemians, all journalists, and men without close ties, bound together by a strange and strong friendship for each other, was to sit smoking and talking far into the night. It was about midnight when Bert and Charlie left their host. As they did so, Mont said:

"You know, you fellows, it's only because we are a kind of triple Damon and Pythias that I've said this to you to-night. You—you'll respect it?"

No promise was necessary.

The next day Mont Williams was on his way to a distant northern town. He took a cab, and drove straight to a west-end mansion. The blinds were all drawn, and Mont, with a sick heart, rang the bell.

A young man was passing in the hall as the door was opened. He turned, then came forward, peering into the other's face. Then, with a sound that was almost a sob, his face suddenly turning old and grey and haggard, he fell back a pace.

"Mont!"

"It is I, Gavin," said the other, shortly and gravely. "My father is—dead?"

Gavin nodded. He was a handsome fellow of nine-and-twenty, fair-haired and blue-eyed; but as he stood before his brother now, there was something in his appearance that would have made an observer almost forget he was handsome. It was the attitude of the man—the attitude of fear and of cowardice.

"Take me to him," said Mont, still sternly.

In silence Gavin turned and led his brother upstairs. At a closed door he paused a moment, then opened it, and the two went in.

The room was dimly lit, and Mont saw the silent figure lying with white face, hands meekly folded on his breast, upon the bed. Gavin bent over it with quivering lips; Mont stood erect, his grave, quiet face pale and set.

Suddenly he laid a hand on Gavin's shoulder.

"Gavin, did he die believing me *guilty*?"

"No, no, Mont, as heaven is above us!" cried the other, with a kind of sob. "He believed you innocent, and he wished me to send for you. But I dared not, Mont. I feared he would learn the truth. Mont, for God's sake, forgive me; I am a cur, I know. . . . But—they loved me; I dared not let them know the truth."

"They?" Mont repeated, almost in a whisper. "Who do you mean?"

"My father and—Eunice, Mont. She is—my wife."

For a moment there was silence in that silent room, in which brooded the Great Shadow, the "Infinite and Indefinite Shadow" of Eternity. Then Mont lifted up his pale, grave face.

"You have told her—nothing, Gavin."

"Nothing! Mont, you have been the best and noblest brother man ever had," the young man went on hoarsely. "Your sacrifice has saved me—if that is any satisfaction to you. I am going to ask you to be merciful still, for Eunice's sake. She loves me—God alone knows why: only that He puts it sometimes into the hearts of women like her to love men like me, so as to save them. My father believed you guiltless before his death; *she* has always done so. Mont, will you have mercy on us both, and spare us still?"

Mont stood still for a moment, without word or motion. Then he suddenly turned to Gavin, and held out his hand.

"I will not betray you, Gavin. God knows, nothing is further from my thoughts. Only, promise me one thing—that you will try to be worthy of *her*!"

"I will, God helping me!" said Gavin solemnly; and for a moment the two brothers looked into each other's eyes. Then Mont said quietly:

"Leave me for a few moments, Gavin, alone with him. I shall be the better for it."

It was some time later when Mont stole quietly downstairs and entered the sitting-room. A figure from the window recess moved forward to meet him, a hand was laid in his, a soft quiet, yet clear woman's voice spoke.

"Mont! You have come at last! Oh! why did you not know to come sooner?"

They stood together for a moment after that, silent—Mont Williams, as he still would be called in his own world, and Eunice Hay, his brother's wife. She wore a gown of soft, dim black, which became her style of restful, serene beauty; and her face, somewhat paler than usual, was turned towards Mont. How well he remembered it: that sweet face which had once embodied for him all of beauty and goodness the world held!—the face which, long years ago, he had thought should one day hold for him all of happiness too! He had felt sure, in these days, of how their deep, true friendship would end. And then had come that terrible affair which had cut him off from his home and hopes for ever. He had never given one thought to another woman since he had looked his last on Eunice Monteith; and he had often dreamed, in his idle moments, of the day when, with cleared name and bright prospects, he could go to her and say, "Share my life now, Eunice." But this was the end.

"It has all been hard for you," she was saying now, in that sweet, low voice which had such an element of rest in it. "But you will feel satisfied now in knowing he saw the truth clearly before he went. And he knows it *now*, Mont." She laid her hand, in the caressing way he remembered of old, on his arm. "I have often been afraid you mistrusted *my* friendship, Mont; for you never wrote me, or let me know in any way where you were, did you? Surely you did not think I ever, for one moment, doubted you, Mont?"

"No," he said slowly; "I did not, Eunice. But I did not wish to hamper your fair life with friendship for one who could be even suspected of a crime. I had always held you as something so pure and sweet, so far above all stain, not only of evil, but of evil report, that I would rather have suffered myself than allow you to suffer from association with me."

"Did you not think," she said very gently, without raising her eyes, and softly shaking some dust from a large begonia in the window recess, "that I might suffer more from your silence than from the hampering you speak of?"

A wild thrill of almost ungovernable emotion shot through Mont Williams's veins. He knew, in that moment, how passionate the young strength of feeling within him still was. For one moment a terrible temptation came upon him—the temptation of betraying his brother, of telling her all, of pouring out, in one burning sentence, all the wrongs, the vicarious suffering, the untold love, of years. It was but a momentary temptation; it had passed before Eunice even looked at him, and he was himself again.

"You are right," he said, in a voice which sounded hard in her ears, but which he himself felt beyond his control. "I should have thought of your true friendship—a friendship so true that it could not but feel wounded at the distrust that seemed to meet it. Yet, believe me, Eunice, I never meant you should feel my silence so. I was simply silent because I was too proud and humiliated to speak."

She made no response for a moment. Then she said:

"I always thought you would write and explain things; but you never did. I—I felt I should be happier if I knew you remembered our old—friendship. But ten years is a long, long time, Mont; and when they had passed, and no word came, I thought you must have forgotten. Had you?"

There was something in her appeal that touched him to the innermost recesses of his being. Most men are slow to grasp all that lies behind the enforced coldness of a woman's words; but there had been so deep a sympathy between these two that, even now, Mont could read all the past of her experience which prompted the appeal: all the long, patient waiting, the sad disappointment, the growing belief that he had forgotten; all Gavin's passionate pleading for years, until her tired heart yielded, and gathered to itself the love that was offered, soon learning, as a woman does, to give her love in return. There was no vanity in Mont's thoughts of it—only sore pity for himself and her. He would have given anything to have been able, without losing his self-respect, to gather in his own her two hands and say, "Eunice, it was my love for you that kept me silent. I would not clear myself at my brother's expense, and I would not ask you to join your pure life to mine, suspect as I was." But he must not say that. She must never guess, now, that he loved her—would love her to the end of time.

He said gravely:

"I have never forgotten your friendship, Eunice. Be my friend still, for Gavin's sake. He loves you very much. You are a good woman; use your influence over him for good. Raise him to your own high standard; he is easily led. And there is no nobler work one can do than that of helping another up the rugged steeps of truth and goodness. Eunice, do you remember how, when we were both young, you and I used to spur each other up to our duty with Carlyle's sage advice, 'Lay this precept well to heart, Do the Duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be Duty'? You will think I am overstepping my rights as brother-in-law in giving you that as a watchword now."

She answered as lightly as she could; but she had an aching sense of disappointment. To the best and purest woman there is a romantic longing, even long after her marriage, to know that that lover of her youth is true to her old memory; but now Eunice almost thought he had never loved her.

He left the day after his father's funeral. One long clasp of his brother's hand, and the word "Remember"—would Gavin ever forget the look that accompanied it?—and another warm clasp of Eunice's, with the one simple word of farewell, and Mont Hay had gone back to Mont Williams's life—the life that was to be his from all time henceforth now.

Not even to his trusted two did Mont ever tell what had happened in these two days which he spent in the far northern town. But, as he sat alone that first night after his friends had left him, Mont took out his well-thumbed "Sartor Resartus," and read, with a half-smile, words which he almost knew by heart:

"To me also was given, if not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein, while life or faculty is left."

God's Slow Making of Us

GOD does not make us all at once. The process is a long one, running through all the years of our life, how many soever these years may be. He begins making us when we are born into the world, and His work on us and in us goes on continuously unto the end of our days. There is never an hour when some new touch is not given to our life, some new line marked in our character. A thousand agencies and influences minister in the making of us: the mother, the father, the home, the school, the playground, the church, books, companions, friends and friendships, joys and sorrows, successes, failures, health, sickness, roses and briers—all life's circumstances and events. These things all work upon us, yet not blindly, not without guidance. Always God is on the field, and He works in and through all experiences unless we drive Him out of our life,

so that really it is He who makes us. But there is no period in all the years when we can say that God has finished making us. We are always still in process of being made.

In one of George Macdonald's books occurs this fragment of conversation:

"'I wonder why God made me?' said Mrs. Faber bitterly. 'I'm sure I don't know where was the use of making me.'

"'Perhaps not much yet,' replied Dorothy, 'but then He hasn't done with you yet. He is making you now, and you don't like it.'"

It would give us more patience with ourselves if we always remembered this. We should not get so discouraged with our infirmities, imperfections, and failures if we always kept in mind the fact that we are only in process of being made, that God is not yet through making us. It would often help us to understand better the reasons for the hard or painful experiences that come to us. God is at work on us, making us. If we yield ourselves to His hand in quietness and confidence, letting Him do what He will with us, all will be well.

At present we are not what we should be, neither are we what we shall be. The end is not yet seen: "It is not yet made manifest what we shall be." It is a comfort to us, however, to know that God has a design in all His work upon us. There is nothing accidental in any of the providences that come into our life. There is a Hand that is guiding and controlling these providences, and there is a purpose running through all the events and circumstances. This purpose may not be evident to us, but there is an Eye that ever watches the pattern. God is always making us and fashioning us, and His thought for us is beautiful and good.

'Tis the Master who holds the mallet,
And day by day
He is clipping whatever environs
The form away,
Which, under His skilful cutting,
He means shall be
Wrought silently out to beauty
Of such degree
Of faultless and full perfection,
That angel eyes
Shall look on the finished labour
With new surprise,
That even His boundless patience
Could grave His own
Features upon such fractured
And stubborn stone.

'Tis the Master who holds the chisel;
He knows just where
Its edge should be driven sharpest,
To fashion there
The semblance that He is carving;
Nor will He let
One delicate stroke too many,
Or few, be set
On forehead or cheek, where only
He sees how all
Is tending—and where the hardest
The blow should fall,
Which crumbles away whatever
Superfluous line
Would hinder His hand from making
The work Divine.

If we were never to lose this consciousness out of our mind, it would help us to trust when we cannot see. We do not need to know the reasons for the things in our life which seem strange. If we believe that God is gracious and loves us, and that He understands what He is doing, and has a wise design in it all, that should satisfy us as well as if we could find a thousand reasons of our own for what He is doing. Job put his faith in confident words in one of his answers:

Behold, I go forward, but He is not there;
And backward, but I cannot perceive Him;

On the left hand, when He doth work, but I cannot behold Him:
He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him.

But He knoweth the way that I take;
When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

We should never pass judgment upon unfinished work of any kind. An unripe apple is not fit to eat, but we should not therefore condemn it. It is not yet ready for eating, because God is not yet done making it. Its unripeness is the precise condition which belongs to it in its present stage. It is a phase of its career, and is fitting and good in its place. A child's piano-playing may be execrable to the delicate ear of a trained musician, and yet there was a time in the history of his own musical development when he played no better, and when his friends and his teachers complimented him on his encouraging progress, seeing even in his faulty execution the evidences of genius and the marks of improvement. We have no right to judge the work of a beginner in any art or kind of work; we should wait until he has finished it before we pass an opinion on it. No artist will submit his picture for inspection while in an incomplete state. Neither is it just to form opinions upon God's providences until they have been worked out to the end.

We should apply this rule to all that God is doing in us and with us. We should never mistake the processes for the final result. God has not made us yet—He still has the work in hand, incomplete. Not much that is good, worthy, or beautiful may yet have come to perfection in us. We continue to make innumerable mistakes and to stumble and fall continually. Somehow we seem never to get our lessons learned. We think we know them, that we have fully mastered them. But when we leave the fruit under the culture of the wise Husbandman it will some time grow to ripeness. The picture, which seems only an outline sketch at present, dimly revealing the features of the Artist's thought, at length, when finished, wins the praise of all who see it. We should be patient with our own slow progress in the Christian life, and with the growth in us of the things that belong to Christ-likeness. If only we are sincere, faithful, and diligent, we shall some day reach the mark. Others have gone on the same slow, painful way, and at length have realised all the beautiful visions of their life. So shall we, if we keep our faith and slack not our hand.

One held unwritten in his heart through years
A song for which his earthly lips were mute,
Wherein were blended prayer, and peace, and tears,
Regret, and hope, which Heaven shall bring to fruit—
A song unsung to mortal harp or lute.
Yet in his life the rhythmic fall of days
Love-tuned, the cadenced years of ministry,
Wrought out before the Lord a chant of praise,
Which now His choirs are singing by that sea
Where mansions be.

The Home Department

Result of First Impression Competition

THIS has been one of the most interesting competitions we have had, and immensely popular. A very large number of papers were sent, and the difficulty of selecting two from amongst them all was enormous, particularly as so many were of almost equal merit.

In, fact the difficulty could only be got over by selecting four—two first-prize papers and two second. The prizes will therefore be divided, and a copy of Dr. Fairbairn's "Studies in the Life of Christ" sent to each of the first-prize winners, instead of the prize offered last month; and to the second-prize winners a copy each of Justin Huntly McCarthy's most interesting "Short History of the United States."

The two first will go to—

MR. W. P. SHINTON,
13, Drummond Street,
Wolverhampton,

for the following:

MY FIRST MEMORY

My mother's hair had never been wavy before. And why could she not do it herself that morning? Why did so many neighbours come in and make a fuss? Mother and I used to be so quiet in the mornings, and I could play undisturbed. Then one of my aunts brought a large parcel and shook out a black silk dress whose rustle was like music, and a black velvet bodice smoother to my fingers than a pussy's back. After a long while mother went away. Somebody said she had gone for a soldier, and I cried. But presently she returned, and in a fortnight came a large portrait which I recognised in spite of the wavy hair and black silk. I was only five years old, but the waviness, the rustling, and the coming of the portrait were great events.

And to—

MR. RODEN SHIELDS,
The Retreat,
Milford-on-Sea,
Hants,

for the following:

FIRST MEMORY

I recollect, when three years old, a lady visited our home and gave me a threepenny piece. Just then some merry-go-rounds temporarily occupied some vacant ground beside our house. The "thre'p'ny" immediately gave birth to the delirious prospect of a ride.

My brother and sister, being a few years my seniors, took the expedition in hand, and we were soon on the enchanted ground. My sister was happily deposited in a gilded carriage, my brother secured "Black Bess," while I was fearfully but joyously astride "Red Rover." But alas! the man in charge noticed my nervousness, and, prudently lifting me off my charger, placed me in a carriage with the girls. The whistle shrieked, the organ blared, and we started on our mad career, but I was broken-hearted. I can never forget the awful humiliation of that ride with *mere girls*.

The second prizes have been won by—

MR. J. A. WOODCOCK,
6, Hounsfield Road,
Sheffield,

for the following:

MY FIRST CONSCIOUS IMPRESSION

A sense of something unusual in the air, some disturbing element which did not clearly define itself, a feeling of fatigue and a strong desire for rest—all these dimly lead up to my first distinct recollection; but one thing stands out clearly from the mist, one thing burnt itself into my memory—*we did not go home that night.*

My folks were with me, our goods and chattels surrounded us, but the home had vanished. It was my first experience of a "flitting," and my infantile comprehension failed to rise to the occasion. Later "flittings" have spelled half-holidays, red-letter days, with a delightful rummaging amongst long-forgotten household gods, but that first upheaval marked a crisis in my affairs. Nor is it any wonder, for the family records show that I had not quite reached the mature age of three and a quarter years.

And—

MR. P. FITZGERALD,
127, Fitzroy Street,
Cambridge,

for the following:

MY FIRST REMEMBRANCE

An old-fashioned house in a country village, a long, low room with white-washed beams running across the ceiling, huge, open fire-place, and high, narrow, painted chimney-piece. A dozen or more people, chiefly of the gentler sex, seated round this room busily occupied. Even the youngest present (the writer), four years old, assists with the work in hand. Destruction comes easy to youthful fingers, and all save one there are reducing old linen to its finest constituent threads. The exception, a little, white-haired lady, reads out from a newspaper two or three days old.

A peaceful scene, but the reading is of war and suffering, and the narrative quickens flagging fingers. Human sympathy o'erleaps all boundaries of national pride, prejudice, and passion. War, with the germs of international peace and goodwill in it. Preparing lint in an English home for use in the Franco-Prussian conflict.

Next in order of merit and very close to the prize winners come Mr. H. Williams, Miss Faulkner, Mr. T. Bradley, Miss L. A. Ireland, Mrs. A. W. Dale, Mr. T. Carter, Mr. R. White, Mr. D. McNieve, Mr. T. Hislop, Mr. K. Wiehen, Rev. D. Barrow, Mr. S. L. Brookes, Mr. A. Rees. Mrs. A. M. Turner, Mr. S. Arnold, Mrs. Mitchell.

I should like to thank all for the keen interest they have taken in our competitions, and the pluck and patience with which some try and try again.

In the present competition, to make any decision at all, quite trifling points had to be taken into account, and precedence was given to those papers which most clearly expressed the child's point of view, the child-like remembrance of a child's impression. This is particularly noticeable in the first three papers.

Mr. Fitzgerald's paper, though extremely interesting, for many reasons, is obviously a man's version of a child's impression.

Many of the other papers would, I know, interest my readers greatly, but I have not space to give them.

New Competition

Again two book prizes will be offered, this time for a set of Nursery Verses, written with a view to suit the understanding and tastes of children. They need not necessarily be about children, but the choice is left to the competitor. They may take the form of mere nonsense verses, or nursery rhymes, if preferred. Suitability as well as skill will be taken into consideration in awarding the prizes, the first of which will be a copy of "Songs of Rest," by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the presentation edition, on large paper. The price of this beautiful book is fifteen shillings, and only fifty copies are printed. The second prize will be a copy of "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle," by Clement K. Shorter.

The verses must not consist of more than a hundred and fifty words. They must be written on one side of the paper only. The name and address of the sender must be on the competition paper, or the paper will be disqualified.

All contributions must reach me on or before September 1. Address, "Austice," THE BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Notice

THE BRITISH MONTHLY is published on the 20th of the month preceding that it is dated. The October number will be ready on September 19. Competitors will therefore have time to prepare their papers by the 1st.

Some Gardening Hints for September

Tidying Up

It would require much more space than I have at my disposal to give in full all that should be done in the garden in September, but a few general hints may be useful.

In the first place, there is usually a vast amount of clearing up and tidying to be done. By September the summer beauty of the garden is past, and it has become somewhat wild and overgrown, and, in a wet summer, rank and coarse. Weeds will have grown apace too, and must be cleared away. Untidy plants should be trimmed and tidied up, or taken away altogether. Dead annuals should be removed altogether, and the spot they have stood in be all dug over and manure well forked in. This must be done without fail, before anything new is planted in the same spot. It is a good plan, too, to give large clumps of perennials some new nourishment to feed them up for the winter, and give them strength for the spring. They should be thinned and pruned a little too.

Another piece of work which will take some time this month is the saving of seeds. The plants from which you intend to gather seed should have been marked down in your mind before this, and the finest blooms marked, too, as those to be allowed to go to seed and be saved, no matter at what time of the year they may occur. The plant you have your eye on should then have plenty of care taken of it, give it room and a good mulching of manure, and see that the flowers not required for seed are carefully picked, that the full strength of the plant shall go to the marked ones. Always choose a dry day for gathering seed.

There are some seeds that do best if sown as soon as they are ripe—amongst these are candytufts, nemophilas, clarkias. So have your spaces ready and put them in at once.

Cuttings

Now is the time to take cuttings of verbenas. Have a good store of loam and composts of various kinds for the various plants. Of the verbenas take strong side shoots (the short, stubby ones are the best), fill three-inch pots with them, and place a frame over them as they stand on ashes or sand. Keep them here till January or February. Marguerites, geraniums, and heliotropes, should be treated in the same way this month.

Planting Out

Those who have had the foresight to sow seeds of hardy plants during July and August, should now make up their minds where they would like them to blossom next spring. Wallflowers and antirrhinums, foxgloves, sweet Williams, Canterbury bells, etc., if planted out now as healthy seedlings, will make root and valuable growth before the cold weather comes, and be ready by spring to leap forward into good plants, being spared the check of spring planting.

Cuttings

Here is another good supply of work for the busy days of this month. Any roses you particularly want to increase and multiply in numbers you should now take cuttings of. Cuttings, too, of rosemary, lavender, southernwood, Michaelmas daisies (these last may be left till October, as they flower late), must be taken and planted in a sheltered spot, under a north wall if possible.

Pansies, phloxes, and other perennials, if struck now, will make good growth and develop into quite respectable sized plants by spring.

Bulbs

All of us who desire to have pot bulbs flowering in winter and early spring should see to them now. Buy at once to get the pick of the roots. The same advice applies to outdoor bulbs too. The latter should be bought in to be ready at hand to plant as soon as ever a space occurs.

For indoor planting choose early varieties; for outdoor, the later varieties will be best, as they are usually more hardy and grow taller and more shapely in the open.

Tulips and hyacinths, Roman hyacinths, iris reticulata, daffodils, narcissi, crocuses, snowdrops, etc., etc., all should be bought as early as possible.

For the House

A charming arrangement of bulbs is as follows: Get some pretty, open bowls, and a lot of the little pebbles one sees in gravel, and some silver sand. Place a couple of the handfuls of the sand in the bottom of the bowls, rest the bulbs on it, and build them firmly in with the pebbles. Water with rain water enough to just touch the tips of the roots, but never enough to cover them, or they will rot, and never flower. Put the bowls away in the dark for three weeks or a month, until the shoots are about three inches high, watering them if necessary. To see to this properly you should look at them every two or three days. When the bulbs are brought out into the room they make quite a pretty ornament, and the effect when they flower is lovely.

Answers to Correspondents

M. R. J.—Several correspondents have sent an answer to your enquiry. C. M. L. encloses a copy of the verses, which I will forward on receipt of stamped addressed envelope, if you wish. C. M. L. says that the hymn, which is by Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, author of "The Manchester Man," may be found in a small volume, "Hymns that have Helped," compiled by W. T. Stead, *Review of Reviews* Office, price twopence, sixpence, or a shilling. Another correspondent writes that the hymn may be found in the Christian Endeavour Hymnal, No. 357.

P. C. F.—Your story reached me too late for competition, I am sorry to say. Your paper this month is very interesting, and I am pleased you have won a prize. You will have seen my small criticism of it. I hope you will gather the meaning I wish to convey.

E. Y.—I am very pleased you liked your prize so much. You must take your little girl's advice. The new competition should suit you very well.

JOAN.—I see nothing at all absurd in talk of felt hats in August, and doing them up for winter. During the last week in July I saw London shop windows full of felt hats, and others full of furs, and they looked quite comfortable and suitable, while muslins and thin silks and sunshades looked chilly and forlorn and out of place. To clean your black felt, rub it thoroughly all over with benzine on flannel. As soon as one spot of the flannel gets dirty, take another. Rub till all grease and dirt are gone. Hang in the open air afterwards until the smell has gone. Then, and not before, for benzine is highly inflammable, warm the inside by holding it to the fire, and press out the creases while the felt is still warm. Do not wear the hat till it has got stiff and firm again.

TURK.—Make a clear syrup by placing a pound of lump sugar in a pan, and adding a pint of water into which has been beaten the white of an egg. Let it stand till dissolved; then place on a gentle fire to stand until scum begins to form. Boil for five minutes; remove from the fire and let stand for two minutes, then skim. Replace on the stove, and when on the point of boiling pour in a little cold water, which should have been kept out of the pint. Boil and skim as before, until the syrup is quite clear; add the juice of half a lemon, and strain. Mix two ounces of fine wheat starch smoothly in a gill of water, strain and boil, and add while boiling to the syrup, and boil until quite thick; flavour strongly with rose or orange flower water, whichever is preferred. Have ready a well-oiled plate, pour the mixture on to it, and place it aside to cool. Have ready also a well-sugared plate, turn the mixture when cool on to it, wipe off any oiliness which remains, cut the "delight" into thick blocks, and sugar well all over. Let it remain until dry, then pack in grease-proof paper before putting away.

VEGETARIAN.—I have often written before of the value of the apple as a food, but I do not in the least mind doing so again. In answer to the question you ask, its nutritive value is said to be 14 per cent., and consists chiefly of the amount of carbohydrates and vegetable acids it contains. It also contains a large amount of phosphorus, and in consequence has acquired a reputation as a brain-food. The apple, like the best of foods, nourishes the whole of the body, and not the brain only. The acids in it have a most valuable stimulating

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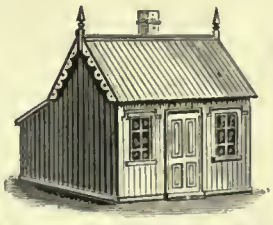

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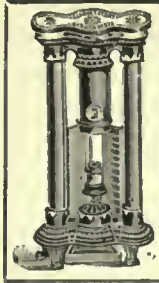

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influence upon the kidneys, largely helping to remove poisonous waste, and purify the blood. If you are wise, you will eat apples *with* your food, not before or after. They are more digestible taken in that way, and mix with the other food. Apples—that is to say, ripe ones—take about an hour or an hour and a half to digest. Bilious persons should live on them for a day or two, and they would find themselves greatly benefited.

E. M. B.—The line you enquire about occurs in a poem of Wordsworth's: to give its full title, "Elegiac Stanzas, suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont." The whole of the particular verse is as follows:—

> Ah! then, if mine had been the painter's hand,
> To express what then I saw, and add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the poet's dream.

LADY ROSE.—Have you ever tried the low blinds in plain white washing silk, suspended by tiny brass rings from a brass rod? I like them best with a band of insertion at the top. Try and get one with points, and sew a ring at every point; then put the silk on rather full, so that it may hang in graceful folds, and have a band of insertion at the bottom, the full width of the silk. Stitch the insertion on the silk, cut the silk away neatly around the pattern, and hem it to fasten in the raw edges.

SEAGULL.—To preserve plums whole, weigh the plums, and allow to each pound three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, and to every pound of sugar allow a quarter of a pint of water. Put the sugar and water in a preserving pan, and let it boil for twenty minutes. Remove the stones from the plums, put the fruit into the syrup, and boil gently for half an hour. Crack the stones, and put the kernels into the jam. Stir very gently, in order to keep the fruit as whole as possible. Remove the scum as it rises.

MELINDA.—Lemon turnovers are really very delicious, and make a nice dish for lunch or supper. They are quite simple to make, too. Mix together six dessertspoonfuls of flour, two of powdered sugar, and the rind of two lemons finely grated. Add a little milk slowly to make a nice batter. When quite smooth, add four well-beaten eggs and four ounces of butter melted. Butter some tin saucers, and pour the mixture in. Bake in a rather quick oven till quite cooked. When done, turn out and cut them across, place them on a doyley, and sift a little sugar over them.

M. W.—I liked your paper very much, but I cannot award a prize without giving name and address of prize winner. It would not be fair to others. The name and address must be given as a guarantee of good faith. I wish I had had space to quote your "First Memory."

REV. D. B.—Your paper had been amongst the first selected ones, but I found out later that it was over two hundred words in length, consequently had to be disqualified. I am very sorry, for it was excellent.

MISS L. I.—Your paper was in just the right tone, and only missed a prize because I had not half a dozen to award. I hope I may hear from you again.

ANSTICE.

Anstice will be pleased to hear from correspondents, and answer any questions in "The Home Department."

The Children's Corner

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

The first prize in the Clock Competition is awarded to—

STANLEY HOATSON (aged 10),
The Manse, King Street,
Leek, Staffs,

whose beautiful clock is edged with red, and has a red heart in the middle.

The second prize goes to—

NELLIE HESKETH (aged 12),
65, Brook Street,
Selby, Yorks.

An extra prize will be sent to—

ENID M. HALL (aged 14),
9, High Street,
Stony Stratford.

The prize-winners' clocks were all perfect. Very near to them follow those who have earned Honourable Mention.

HONOURABLE MENTION

J. Tydeman, Kathleen Warren, Charles Tydeman, Launcelot Clarke.

VERY HIGHLY COMMENDED

(Not in Order of Merit)

Elsie Hickox, George Hay Adamson, Alice Weatherhead, Maggie Lunn, Olive Marian Hesketh, Daisy Hodgkin, Minnie Hollins, Willie Hooper, Nettie Ross, Lilian May Dennis, C. Nash, Maurice Crombie, H. R. Howard, Hilda Mantin, W. E. Jones, C. E. Jones, H. W. Howard.

Alice Weatherhead had painted her clock in green and red; it looked most effective.—The two Tydemans sent in splendid work, and Kathleen Warren very nearly gained a prize.

Thank you, Lilian Dennis, for your letter and the verses which you sent me, and which I am glad to print. These verses are not Lilian's own, but she has put the name of her cat "Jumbo" instead of "Topsy" in them.

OUR JUMBO

> Our Jumbo is a tabby cat,
> And *such* a splendid fellow—
> All dark except his vest, and that
> Is trimmed with white and yellow.
>
> His claws, that sometimes make us quail,
> Are wrapped in white fur lining;
> And on his bushy, tabby tail
> A tip of white is shining.
>
> One day he climbed the pantry shelf,
> And stole a joint of mutton;
> And mamma punished him herself—
> The naughty little glutton!

Aunt Matty is now on her holiday, and so I expect are many of you. I am looking forward to hearing about your doings, and hope to have many letters from you.

I have to thank Kathleen Laycock very much for the dear little photograph she sent me of her cat. I wish I could reproduce it on this page to show you all, but I think it is scarcely clear enough to come out well. It is the picture of Kathleen's cat in a large doll's bed. Kathleen says, "At tea-time he sits on his own chair, and has some milk out of a saucer—of course, putting his front paws on the table. His only fault is that he is a dreadful coward. If we do not shut him up at night, he always comes in with bad bites on his head and back, which shows he has been having a fight and has got the worst of it." Thank you for your letter, Kathleen; please write again soon.—I hope Minnie Hollins will still write to me.

I am so sorry Guy Wichen got the same book for a prize as he had had before. If Mrs. Wichen will send back the book to our office, I will have it changed for her, or will be happy to write in any book she sends, but I think it would be best to change it. I thank her for her kind words about the MONTHLY.—I am so sorry Ada Dennison did not gain the History Prize she had worked for so long; but glad to hear she is going to try again next term.—I am pleased to have Dorothy Lucy Sells for a niece.

How long have you been learning the violin, Harold Howard? Did you get on well at the entertainment? I am sorry your puzzles were too late.

George Cunningham sends me the following riddlemeree:

> My first is in rather, but not in quite;
> My second is in late, but not in night;
> My third and fourth in stood you find;
> My fifth is certainly in blind;
> My sixth, and seventh, and eighth he wins
> Who searches in the word begins;
> My whole is a holiday resort.

Who can guess this?

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Things Worth Noting

ARTISTIC HOMES.—As long as such firms as Messrs. W. S. Brown & Sons, of 65, George Street, Edinburgh, exist there is no reason why the humblest of homes should not be as artistically and comfortably furnished as that of a palace. This firm makes a point of manufacturing dainty artistic furniture, and supplying it at wonderfully reasonable prices. Nor is this the class of furniture which is pleasing to the eye only, and that which looks well only when not used, but it is thoroughly strong and serviceable, and capable of standing long wear and tear. Messrs. W. S. Brown & Sons issue a catalogue which gives full particulars of a host of the various furnishing requisites which they supply, and if required will send a photograph of any suite which their customers think of purchasing. As an instance of the value which this firm gives for money, we cannot do better than quote the "Lindisfarne" Bedroom Suite, which was offered to readers of THE BRITISH MONTHLY a short time ago at the special price of £7 17*s.* 6*d.* This suite was in solid satin walnut, French polished, and consisted of wardrobe with bevelled mirror door; dressing chest, having three drawers and bevelled square mirror; washstand with marble top, tile back, towel-rails at each end, and shelf underneath. The suite was completed with two strong artistic rush-seat chairs, and each piece was ideally compact, strong and artistic, and good enough for any home. Although supplied from George Street, Edinburgh, Messrs. W. S. Brown & Sons offered to send this suite carriage paid to any station or steamer pier in the United Kingdom. We have had the privilege of inspecting some of this firm's autumn fabrics, and any who are in need of tapestries for upholstery or decoration purposes will, we have no hesitation in saying, find at 65, George Street, Edinburgh, as artistic and unique a selection as is to be found anywhere, and at more reasonable prices than are usually quoted for such fabrics.

HOLIDAYS IN EAST ANGLIA.—The Great Eastern Railway Company have issued a dainty little booklet entitled "Holidays in the Eastern Counties," which can be had for the asking. As a pretty book of views it is worth preserving, but it is the more valuable as being an up-to-date guide to this fascinating corner of our island. The eastern counties are ideal country for holiday-makers. Those who like plenty of life can select a spot as easily as those who wish for seclusion; while for cycling, rambling, and sailing, those with time at their disposal can have their fill without indulging in a costly holiday. Among other useful information the booklet contains a full list and particulars of eastern counties golf-links.

MR. M. F. THOMPSON'S REMEDIES. — Some of the specialities of this firm seem to make special appeal to us at every season of the year. Just now, for instance, when we find that walking galls the feet and causes them to swell, we cannot possibly afford to be without Thompson's Antiseptic Foot Powder, which can be bought in tins, 6*d.* and 1*s.* If a little of this powder is sprinkled into the sock it gives comfort when walking, and keeps the feet beautifully cool and dry, and a little powdered into the glove will prevent the hands from perspiring. It is at this season that our corns assert themselves, and nothing will cure corns more quickly or effectually than Thompson's Corn Plaster, a large sheet of which costs only 1*s.* 1*d.* For sun-burns, freckles, and other blemishes of the skin there are many preparations which will be welcome just now, including Thompson's Oriental Skin Lotion and Thompson's Complexion Cream. Those who are cycling or touring in any way should not fail to provide themselves with a supply of Thompson's Lakola Chocolate. This is very sustaining and refreshing, and is wrapped in convenient-size blocks. BRITISH MONTHLY readers should write to 17, Gordon Street, Glasgow, for Mr. Thompson's dainty little booklet. It gives particulars of many toilet preparations which are worth knowing of.

LINDENHOF HYDROPATHIC.—Those who anticipate a Continental holiday, or are desirous of undergoing the Carlsbad or other treatment for heart disease, gout, rheumatism, etc., will find that they can find every comfort and up-to-date convenience at the Lindenhof Hydropathic at Bad Nauheim. This hydro does not cater for invalids only, but persons who require a change of air, rest, or holiday will find pleasant quarters in the house, which is situated in the vicinity of the bath-houses, springs, and park. By the side of and behind the house is a large garden, and appliances for sun- and air-baths are kept in the hydro, where a physician is in residence. The price for board and lodging ranges, according to choice of room per day, and is most reasonable. Full particulars as to charges, etc., can be had upon application to the proprietor.

New Competition

Fill up the words left out in the following lines of well-known hymns.

(1) Hosanna we sing, like the —— dear.
(2) Pleasant are Thy —— above.
(3) New —— each returning day.
(4) —— harps are sounding.
(5) At —— ere the sun was set.
(6) When I pass the —— vale.

Two book prizes will be given for correct and neatest solutions sent in before September 1 to "Aunt Matty, BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London.

Papa's Present

DIALOGUE

Jennie, aged ten ; Sybil, aged eleven

Scene—A Garden

Jennie (who is tying on a doll's bonnet) : Don't forget, Sybil, that Doris Evelyn is to wear her new dress to-day.

Sybil : She must wear it to-morrow as well, Jennie.

Jennie : Why ?

Sybil : Because it is Papa's birthday, and all the dolls must be dressed in their best.

Jennie : What are you going to give him, Sybil ? *Do* join your money with mine ; I saw a lovely little inkstand for three-and-sixpence in Rutter's window, and I've only half a crown. I'm sure Papa would like the inkstand better than anything ; he loves writing letters, you know.

Sybil : I don't think I can, Jennie. Just look at Mabel Maud's shoes ; I was going to get her a sweet little pair of bronze slippers with sixpence of my money.

Jennie : But I looked in your money-box this morning and saw eighteen pence. Get the shoes, and give me the shilling to put to my half-crown, and come, let us walk up to Rutter's and buy the inkstand.

Sybil : I'm afraid I can't, Jennie. You can have the sixpence.

Jennie : What were you going to do with the other sixpence, Sybil ? Do tell me.

Sybil : Well, there are some lovely chocolate biscuits that I want to buy for myself with that sixpence.

Jennie : Oh, Sybil, you greedy thing !

Sybil (crossly) : I'm no greedier than you are. Who bought butter-scotch yesterday ?

Jennie : I did, but——

Sybil : Then don't be so prim and proper, miss, as if you were so much better than I.

Jennie (beginning to cry) : Really, Sybil, that inkstand is so pretty, and would exactly suit Papa ; I think you *might*. I don't know how you can be so tiresome, and selfish too. Think of how much Papa gives us ; we ought to give him something nice.

Sybil : Well, with my sixpence I shall buy him six pen-holders, and you had better get a cheaper inkstand.

Jennie : Let us go up to Rutter's to look in at the window.

Sybil : Very well, I don't care ; but I shan't change my mind, you know, you silly thing.

Jennie : You love chocolates better than Papa, I suppose.

(They walk out of the garden and up the High Street).

Jennie (to herself) : Oh dear, how cross Sybil looks !

Sybil (to herself) : I'm a greedy thing, but I don't like to confess it.

(They reach Rutter's shop).

Jennie : Look, Sybil, there's the pretty inkstand ; and look, here's another for half a crown. I suppose I'd better get it. Don't let me keep you from getting your chocolates.

Sybil : But the half-crown one is not nearly so nice as the three and-sixpenny one.

Jennie : Of course not, but I haven't enough——

Sybil (suddenly pressing a shilling into her sister's hand) : Oh, take it, Jennie. I'm sorry I was so nasty, my dear. Come in and let's get it. Yes, really I would like to—really I would

Jennie (in the shop as the three-and-sixpenny inkstand is being wrapped up) : Sybil, you're a darling !

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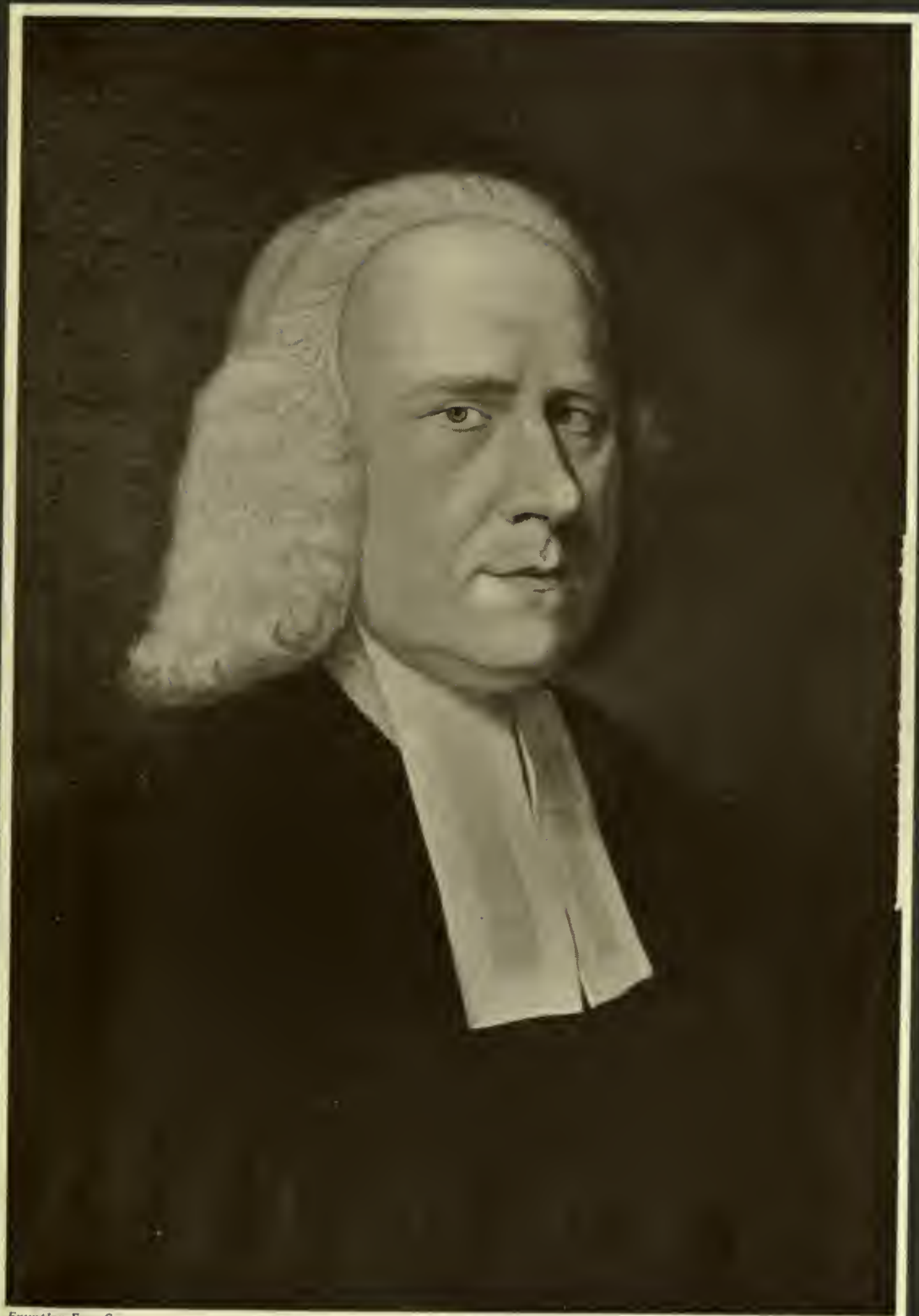

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He is, for instance, said to mourn—and he does, but he will one day pour over the sins and pains of men a more intelligent pity than he does now. He is said to be meek; and though it seems to others that he is hardly meeker than they, and to himself that he is dark with passion and stiff with stubbornness, yet his face is set, and he will one day stand up on such a lofty pinnacle of lowly meekness that nothing you can say of libel or slander shall reach to hurt him there.

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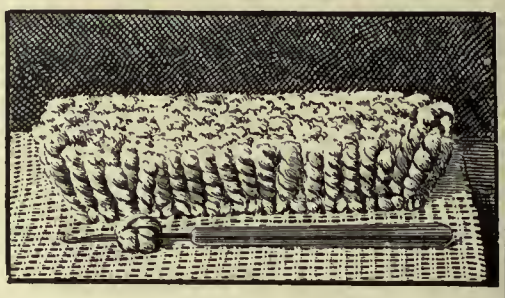

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NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, 27, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

The Editor will be glad to receive interesting photographs, with short accompanying paragraphs, from the readers of the magazine. Every effort will be made to return unused contributions when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed; but the Editor cannot be responsible for the return of manuscripts or photographs which are sent to him. Contributions for the next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, *to be published on* OCTOBER 20, *should reach the Editor by* OCTOBER 1 *at latest.*

Illustrated Notes

The next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be published on* OCTOBER 20, *and should be on sale at all Newsagents' and Booksellers' on that date. The Publishers will be greatly obliged if readers who have any difficulty in securing copies of* THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be good enough to communicate with them.*

THE late Alderman Manton, who died at the advanced age of ninety-four, was one of the most active citizens and most devoted Christian workers of Birmingham. He helped to found the Birmingham Sunday-school Union, and for many years served as a teacher in connection with Ebenezer Chapel. At Sunday-school gatherings he was a powerful and a persuasive speaker, and was often invited to anniversary celebrations in other parts of England. He was a warm supporter of the Bible Society and of foreign missions. For many years he was a director of the London Missionary Society. His private charities were very large, and in the slums of his native city his visits were full of help and comfort. He gave with munificent liberality, spending freely of his time, his strength, and his money. He took part in the Education struggle, and although he objected upon principle to the teaching of religion at the cost of the ratepayers, he helped to inaugurate a scheme of voluntary religious services to be conducted by ministers and other qualified persons in the Board Schools of the city. He lived to see his plan adopted, not only by Nonconformists, but by some of the Church of England clergy, as a partial solution of the religious difficulty. Mr. Manton's energy remained unimpaired almost to the last, and he fulfilled his duties as a magistrate till within a few weeks of his death.

Photo by Rentz & Schrader, St. Petersburg
REV. ALEXANDER FRANCIS, OF ST. PETERSBURG

THE REV. ALEXANDER FRANCIS, who has brought to a close his pastorate in connection with the British-American Church at St. Petersburg, held a position of great influence and power among the English population in the Russian capital, and his departure for another sphere will leave a gap which will not be easily filled. Rarely does it fall to the lot of a minister, more especially a Dissenting minister, to exercise so paramount a sway in a foreign capital as Mr. Francis has done in St. Petersburg during the past fourteen years. The late St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times*, in a recent issue of that journal, described the Congregational minister as "probably the best known and the most popular of all the Englishmen in St. Petersburg," a statement which is fully borne out by facts. Mr. Francis first came conspicuously to the front some ten years ago, when he rendered noble service during the great famine, which set him high in the affections of the Russian population; and that attachment has only ripened with the years. Pastor Francis's Christianity is a Christianity which translates itself into the kindly deed and the sympathetic word. The afflicted and distressed of St. Petersburg, irrespective of creed or nationality, turned to him as to a loving father, and they never turned in vain. His loss will perhaps be most deeply felt by the poorer members of the British community, and of course by his congregation, who fully appreciated their pastor's influence and work.

THE REV. JOHN A. HAMILTON, author of "The MS. in the Red Box," is a Congregational minister of Penzance. His church is an old-fashioned building, standing back from the street and wedged in between shops and offices. It has narrow, old-world pews, into which strangers are often shown during the summer season, for Mr. Hamilton's reputation as a preacher has travelled far beyond the bounds of Cornwall. It was by a curious inadvertence that the manuscript of his now famous book was sent to Mr. John Lane without his name attached to it. While his publisher was vainly endeavouring to discover his new author, Mr. Hamilton was wandering in one of the

wildest parts of Devonshire. His book is a stirring tale of the seventeenth century, and the scene is laid in the Isle of Axholme—a fen country which enterprising Dutch engineers are seeking to drain. The hero, Frank Vavasour, is a first-rate fighting man, and the heroine, Mistress Goel, one of the loveliest ladies of fiction. Thousands will look eagerly for other work from Mr. Hamilton's pen.

Photo by Albert Sachs, Bradford
REV. JOHN A. HAMILTON
Author of the much-discussed "MS. in the Red Box"

Everybody has heard of the Holborn Restaurant, that tall, massive building, with its richly tinted stained-glass windows, which arrests the eye as you proceed westwards through London, but comparatively few have heard of its genial managing director, Mr. T. J. Hamp, or know that by his lamented death there has passed away a zealous Nonconformist who did a great amount of Christian work in a quiet and unassuming way. Mr. Hamp was a self-made man. He had a strong and resolute character, shrewd intelligence, and rare business capacity, and with these he fought his way in the world. It is no secret that the success and the popularity of the famous restaurant was in a great measure due to Mr. Hamp's skilful management. Throughout his life he was an enthusiastic Christian worker. In the early days he belonged to the Baptists, and it is worth recalling the fact that he was for many years one of C. H. Spurgeon's most intimate friends. Later in life Mr. Hamp became a Presbyterian from conviction, and he attached himself to the congregation at Ealing, under the ministry of Dr. Thain Davidson. Recognising the need for another Presbyterian church, he bought a site and erected a handsome hall near his beautiful home at Wembley, at a cost of £3,300. This property he handed over as a gift to the Synod, for which he was thanked by the supreme court of the denomination. The congregation, of which Mr. Hamp laid the foundation four years ago, has made excellent progress under the ministry of the Rev. James Lawson, and a church is now to be built on a site contiguous to the hall.

Photo by Fradelle & Young
THE LATE MR. T. J. HAMP
Managing Director of the Holborn Restaurant

One of the foremost men for a whole generation, now the foremost man, in the Norwegian Church, is Bishop Heuch, of Christiansand. When he was a priest in Christiania the charm, vigour, and appositeness of his preaching crowded his church with the intelligence of the metropolis. In ecclesiastical gatherings he was the doughty champion of the old Lutheran orthodoxy, and he gained great laurels in all the Scandinavian lands for his valiant onslaught on Brandes and the Positivist tendency. He has ever been a fearless warrior, wielding his sword with skill and vigour, and he compels admiration for his intense convictions, his honesty of purpose, his energetic language, and his clearness of expression. Bishop Heuch has always been jealous for the cause of Christ, and desires that the Saviour on the Cross should stand forth vividly in the preaching of the Norwegian clergy. But the close connection of Norwegian theology with the German undoubtedly threatens the Church of Norway with dangers in the direction of Rationalism, and there are indications that several of the priests and at least one of the theological professors have Rationalistic tendencies; and all the professors are quite young men.

In Norway in recent years the essence of Christianity, the Atonement of Christ, seems to have been in danger of being lost sight of or forgotten, and in some quarters there has been a desire to replace Christianity with a universal religion based on the first article of the Apostles' Creed. Alarmed at the change coming over the theology and the preaching of his Church, Bishop Heuch last year published "*Mod Strömmen*" ("Against the Stream"), charging the "transition theologians" and "new preachers" with being secret Rationalists, and with aiming at converting the Gospel of Christ into nothing but morality. He held that the conflict was between two religions, the old Christianity and a renewed Rationalism. He felt that the Norse Church might lack and lose much elsewhere, but the loss of Christ would be the loss of all. They must not drift away from the real springs of life for the Christian Church in our Crucified and Risen Lord. It was a fear of this that set the Bishop's heart on fire.

No religious or theological book has caused such a

sensation in Norway. It has gone through six editions in the year, and that in a country with less than half the population of London. Not merely the theological and religious press but the daily papers and the weekly journals teemed with articles reviewing the various phases of the controversy. No one having ventured to write a book challenging the positions taken up in "Against the Stream," the Bishop issued "*Svar*" ("Rejoinder") to the arguments that had been used in the controversy, and no fewer than 5,000 copies of it have already been disposed of. Laymen held great gatherings, and passed votes of thanks to Bishop Heuch for his books, and even from America a congratulatory address was despatched to him. He was invited to a Clerical Conference in Stockholm, where he was feted in an extraordinary fashion, and King Oscar decorated the worthy Bishop with the Grand Cross of the Order of the North Star, not even the Primate having received that dignity. "Against the Stream" and the subsequent controversy have led the Norse in every dale and hamlet to think and speak about religious and theological questions, with results that can only be for the good of the Church and the benefit of true religion in that land, which originally received its Christianity from our own Anglo-Saxon shores.

Photo by C. Römer, Stavanger
BISHOP HEUCH, OF CHRISTIANSAND
The Leading Representative of the Norwegian Church

The annual meeting of the New Hebrides Mission Synod was held at Aneityum in June, and was one of the largest for some years. A pleasant feature of the gathering was the presence of five new missionaries, four of whom were introduced by Dr. Paton, the venerable head of the Mission. Two were medical missionaries, one being Dr Nicholson, who was recently settled at Lenakel, Tanna, in room of the Rev. Fred. H. L. Paton; and the other, Dr. McCausland, who will take charge of Ambrim Hospital during the absence of Dr. Bowie on furlough, pending enquiries regarding a new station. The Rev. T. Riddle, from the New Zealand Church, is to take up work at Nikaura, Epi, as successor to the late Rev. T. Smaill. The Rev. E. Yates has been appointed to Big Bay, Santo, owing to the resignation of Dr. Sandilands; and the Rev. G. Fleming is to open a new station at Ambrim. Dr. Paton was in wonderfully good health, and after the meeting of Synod went for a brief visit to his own island of Aniwa before returning to Melbourne. The reports of stations showed that the population is rapidly decreasing among the *heathen*, but slowly among the Christians. The Christianisation of the natives is therefore the best way of preserving the races in the islands. The number of people supporting their own teachers, it is gratifying to learn, is becoming more numerous, while a large amount of free labour is done by the natives. We have pleasure in reproducing a group of the members of the Mission who attended the meeting of Synod. The following missionaries appear in the group:—*Upper row, from left to right*—Dr. Crombie,

THE NEW HEBRIDES MISSION SYNOD
The venerable figure in the centre is that of Dr. Paton

Wala, Malekula; Rev. G. Fleming, Ambrim; Dr. and Mrs. McCausland, Ambrim (temporarily); Rev. J. Gillan and Rev. Fred. Paton, Malekula; Rev. J. W. Mackenzie, D.D., Fila, Efate; Rev. D. Macdonald, D.D., Havannah Harbour, Efate; Rev. T. Riddle, Nikaura, Epi; Rev. T. Watt Leggatt, Malekula; Rev. R. Fraser, Burumba, Epi; Mr. D. Paterson, Malo; Rev. F. G. Bowie, S. Santo; Rev. M. Frater, Paama; Dr. Nicholson and Mr. Anderson, Lenakel, Tanna. *Middle row*—Rev. E. and Mrs. Yates, "Big" Bay, Santo; Mrs. Fleming; Mrs. Gunn; Rev. J. G. Paton, D.D.; Rev. J. Noble Mackenzie (Moderator), Nogugu, W. Santo; Rev. William Watt (Clerk), Pt. Resolution, Tanna; Rev. P. Milne, Nguna; Mrs. Nicholson. *Front row*—Rev. Dr. Gunn, Aneityum and Futuna; Mrs. Mackenzie, W. Santo; Rev. T. Macmillan, White Sands, Tanna.

KILMANY CHURCH, FIFESHIRE
Where Dr. Chalmers was Minister, 1803—1815

We have pleasure in reproducing photographs of the exterior and interior of Kilmany Church, which a correspondent has kindly sent us. Kilmany is a sequestered hamlet in Fifeshire, nine miles from St. Andrews, chiefly interesting to the outside world because of its associations with Dr. Chalmers, who was minister of the parish for twelve years—1803-1815. The old-fashioned church, which stands in the centre of the village, remains very much as it was in Dr. Chalmers's day. It is a long, narrow building with two galleries at each end, and has seating accommodation for nearly three hundred people. The pews have been changed, but the pulpit, which is at the side, is unaltered, thanks to the good offices of the principal heritor, who insisted that the pulpit Dr. Chalmers preached from should be preserved. The manse of Kilmany, which is some distance from the church, was built in Dr. Chalmers's time. When it was being erected, the great ecclesiastic, having convinced himself that gas would soon be introduced into houses, had gas pipes inserted, but, curiously enough, they have never been used. Dr. Chalmers took delight in laying out the manse garden in geometrical figures, parabolas, ellipses, and the like. Kilmany proved too circumscribed a sphere for a man of such boundless energy as Dr. Chalmers, and it is not surprising to learn that he was constantly absent from his parish. Indeed, it would seem that he did not spend more than two years out of the twelve at Kilmany in uninterrupted discharge of his duties. But those were Dr. Chalmers's unregenerate days, when his views as to the performance of his pastoral labours were somewhat lax. The great English Baptist divine, Andrew Fuller, who assisted Carey by collecting money with which to lay the foundations of Indian missions, was once the guest of Chalmers at Kilmany.

Ministers are returning to London after the holidays. One of the earliest to come home was the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who has, however, been kept out of the City Temple longer than he expected. The work of renovating this great building and installing the electric light and the new system of ventilation has been pushed on as quickly as possible, but the workmen could not finish their task until nearly the middle of September. Mr. Campbell has spent much of his time since he returned from America with his wife's family at Nottingham, and has been resting in preparation for the winter's arduous work.

The great religious event of September is the recognition of the Rev. C. Silvester Horne at Whitefield's Chapel. Mr. Horne has enjoyed some weeks' rest at Sheringham, where he has a delightful seaside home, presented to him by his father-in-law, Lord Justice Cozens-Hardy. Mrs. Horne is taking quite as keen an interest as her husband in the poorer classes whose homes surround this great central mission. Another pastorate which commences this autumn is that of the Rev. H. J. Perkins, minister of New Court, Tollington Park. Four previous ministers are to take part in his recognition, which is fixed

INTERIOR OF KILMANY CHURCH
Showing the pulpit from which Dr. Chalmers preached

for October 21. One of them is Dr. Campbell Morgan, who will visit his old congregation on the eve of his return to America.

Lord William Cecil, who was appointed Rector of Hatfield at the early age of twenty-five, married Lady Florence Wilbraham, daughter of the first Earl of Lathom, who was for some years Lord Chamberlain. Lord William is a tall, broad-shouldered, fair-haired man, with a bushy beard and a deep, well-modulated voice. He looks more like a country squire than a clergyman. He received his education at University College, Oxford, and for a year was curate at Great Yarmouth Lord William was constantly in attendance upon his father during his last illness, and there was none of his children to whom Lord Salisbury was united by ties of more affectionate

regard. It is interesting to remember that three of Lord Salisbury's sons—the present Marquis, Lord William, and Lord Hugh—studied at University College. Lord Hugh Cecil was a Fellow of Hertford, and acted for some years as Private Secretary to his father. Lord Salisbury himself, like Mr. Gladstone, had his early training at Christ Church.

DR. ALEXANDER MACLAREN

This excellent portrait of Dr. Maclaren was taken recently in the Isle of Wight

Some disappointment is felt at Westminster Chapel because Dr. Smith, of Minnesota, has not seen his way to accept the pastorate. The congregations at Samuel Martin's old church were larger in the early summer of this year than they have been for a long time past. Dr. Smith is a lively and attractive preacher; but he recognises the peculiar difficulties of the Westminster neighbourhood, and, while willing to give occasional help during the summer, has declined to settle in London. It is expected that the London Congregational Union will take over this difficult and anxious problem. Ten years ago Dr. Horton was much inclined to put himself at the head of a forward movement having as its centre this historic sanctuary; but his congregation at Lyndhurst Road dissuaded him from a task which they believed to be far beyond his strength.

Prize Award to Amateur Photographers

We have much pleasure in awarding the **First Prize of One Guinea** to—

Rev. T. Breewood,
The Manse, Niton, Isle of Wight,

for the excellent photograph of Dr. Maclaren.

The **Second Prize of Half a Guinea** is awarded to—

Rev. Dr. Gunn,
Aneityum, New Hebrides, *viâ* Sydney,

for the photograph of the New Hebrides Mission group.

We hope to receive many other photographs, with accompanying paragraphs, before October 1, which is the date for sending in for our November Competition. Prizes of **One Guinea** and **Half a Guinea** will be awarded as before. **Five Shillings** will be paid for each of the other photographs by our readers which appears in the November number.

Mrs. Luke, the writer of that beautiful hymn "I think when I read that sweet story of old," sung by countless Sunday-school scholars in every part of the world, has just completed her ninetieth year. This venerable lady, who was born at Islington so long ago as 1813, and is among the very few remaining who witnessed Queen Victoria's Coronation in 1838, is now spending a quiet and peaceful eventide in the Isle of Wight. Her maiden name was Jemima Thompson, but having married in 1843 the Rev. Samuel Luke, a much-esteemed Congregational minister, she is generally known in literature by her married name. Mrs. Luke has written many hymns, but by far the most popular is "I think when I read that sweet story of old." In a little volume entitled "Early Years of My Life," published in 1900 by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Mrs. Luke tells the story of the origin of this favourite hymn. Singularly enough, the first two verses were composed in a stage coach in 1841. Mrs. Luke was travelling to the small town of Wellington, in Shropshire. Being the only inside passenger, she took a letter from her pocket, and on the back of the envelope wrote two verses of the little hymn now so well known. A third verse was afterwards added to make it a missionary hymn. Soon after its appearance in the *Sunday-school Teachers' Magazine*, Mrs. Luke accepted the editorship of a missionary magazine for children. The work proved congenial, and the magazine prospered. Among her faithful helpers in this enterprise was Robert Moffat, and on one occasion Dr. Livingstone was a contributor. There are two admirable musical renderings of Mrs. Luke's hymn "I think when I read that sweet story of old," but that of the Rev. F. G. Hume is generally considered the finer, its simple melody being easily mastered by children.

Photo by Debenham & Sons, Sandown, Isle of Wight

MRS. LUKE

The writer of the well-known children's hymn "I think when I read that sweet story of old"

Helps for Sunday-School Teachers and Christian Endeavourers

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS

By Rev. J. Ossian Davies

Oct. 4.—*David brings up the Ark* (2 Sam. vi. 1-12)

The ark was the symbol of Jehovah's presence, and a type of Christ. David wished to bring it up from Kirjath-jearim to the metropolis, so that the ark and the throne might dwell together at the centre, and so firmly establish the kingdom. The throne is never safe without the ark. The sons of Abinadab drove the ark in a new cart, and in that "newness" there was a touch of veneration. And yet they disobeyed God, for the Divine method was to bear the ark on the shoulders of living men (Num. iv.). We must serve God in His own way, and not in ours. At Nachon's threshing-floor the oxen shook the ark, and Uzzah steadied it with his hand; but in an instant fell dead. It was an irreverent act, for no man had a right to touch the ark. Ours is an irreverent age. God hates flippancy. His ark can dispense with Uzzah's feeble hand. Truth is omnipotent, and it does not require our miserable props. David was afraid of the Lord that day, and no wonder, for he had disobeyed Him. There is room for fear in religion only when we are disobedient. The ark blessed Obed-edom because he welcomed it in the right spirit; but it left no blessing upon Abinadab because his welcome was unreal.

Oct. 11.—*God's Covenant with David* (2 Sam. vii. 4-16)

David had a strong sense of moral justice. He felt that his own house was more ornate than God's tabernacle, and that things were sadly out of proportion. David was quite ready to build the temple, but the Lord would not permit it, because his hands were red with blood. He is a God of peace, and his temples must be built with clean hands. Solomon, the man of peace, shall build the temple. The work does not stop when David dies, for his son carries it on. Be not in a hurry to do the work of next century, for Solomon must do his part. Solomon was a great temple-builder, but "David's greater son" is greater far, for His temple is the royal habitation of God through the Spirit.

Oct. 18.—*David's Confession* (Psalm li. 1-17)

This psalm is the "Sinner's Guide," and in it we catch the solemn music of the penitent heart. It is an appeal to mercy, and not to justice, and it is a model for all time. Unless we can repeat this prayer with our hearts, there can be no forgiveness After the confession comes the prayer, and what a prayer! "Wash—blot—purge—cleanse"—anything to get rid of the sin that darkens his life. He has grossly sinned against man, but all sin against man is primarily a sin against God. "Against *Thee*"—the holy and just and gracious God. Sin is a cruel aspersion on the justice and goodness of the Eternal, and it aims its dagger at the very heart. "Create in me a clean heart, O God." It is a creation, and not a development. It is not correcting the old man, but creating the new man.

Oct. 25.—*David's Joy over Forgiveness* (Psalm xxxii.)

This psalm begins with a beatitude—"Blessed." This is the highest of all joys, the feeling that our sin is covered. A man may be poor, and weak, and sick; but if he is heart-right with God, he is blessed. Man cannot cover his own sin. It is sheer madness to attempt it. It is like burying a corpse in the sand—the first gust of wind will unearth it. God alone can cover sin, and when He covers, who can uncover? The moment you uncover your own sin, the Lord will cover it for you, and you will never see it again. "Many sorrows shall be unto the wicked," for it is an eternal law that he who soweth sin reapeth sorrow. But as for the righteous, mercy shall be his royal body-guard. "The wicked have a hive of wasps around them"—many sorrows; "but the just have a swarm of bees storing honey for them." Pray for the Divine *Absolvo te*, and all will be peace.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR TOPICS

By Rev. H. Elvet Lewis

Oct. 4.—*Lessons from Abraham* (Heb. xi. 8-19)

"Not knowing whither he went." The only road sure of its end is the unknown road, with God for companion. The most open road, without Him, "perishes":

> Whoso answers not God's earliest call,
> Forfeits or dulls that faculty supreme
> Of lying open to His genius
> Which makes the wise heart *certain of its ends.*

Some of the richest fruits of Abraham's faith were gathered in old age, as it were in the light of the harvest-moon. Young or old, a good man has the best of it, sunrise or sunset:

> So to our souls, the Lord of love and might
> Sends harvest-hours, when daylight disappears;
> When age and sorrow, like a coming night,
> Darken our field of work with doubts and fears,
> He times the presence of His heav'nly light
> To rise up softly o'er our silver hairs.

Oct. 11.—*Lessons from Joseph* (Gen. xlv. 1-15)

How Joseph emphasises the interference of God! How else could he persuade his brethren to forgive themselves, and rise from their humiliation to higher things? To leave God out of his forgiveness would be like giving a lantern without a candle in it to a traveller on a dark night. "Is was not you that sent me hither, but God"—stanched the wound which it probed.

"God sent me." Does life anywhere require greater security than that? Has not the ambassador the right to his king's armour or even army? Paul in the wrecked ship felt safe, and in prison was Christ's prisoner. It affords more than safety; it becomes a song. "God sent me": has it not still a melodious ring? "Quiet submission . . . is the sweetest music in God's ears. Upon these chords the Holy Ghost Himself plays a lovely melody in the soul's depth, whose glorious notes resound in the Heavenly Father's ears."

Oct. 18.—*Lessons from Moses* (Heb. iii. 1-5; xi. 24-28)

"Faithful in all his house, *as a servant*." But what a servant! To watch his patience, to hear his intercession, one might have thought the house was his own. And this is the mark of the true servant—he does his work as though he were king, he obeys as though he ruled. Never higher than a servant, never lower than a king—such is the pure ideal of ministry in God's House.

"*Choosing* rather." It was not a happy accident, or a moment's noble impulse: it was firm, deliberate choice. He weighed the *affliction* of God's people against the *pleasures* of sin: the thorns weighed more than the roses. He weighed the reproach of Christ against the treasures of Egypt: the Cross weighed more than Pharaoh's crown. It was a soul's choice, as the loftiest height, in the purest light. "We do not need to wait to get to Heaven to learn Heaven's tables of weights and measures. One grain of true love to God is greater in its power to enrich than a California of gold."

Oct. 25.—*Systematic and Proportionate Giving* (1 Cor. xvi. 1, 2; 2 Cor. viii. 7-12; ix. 6-11)

Giving will never become the ripe virtue it should be, until it is governed from the higher places of the spirit—from a sense of God's unfailing goodness. Justus Jonas, having given alms to a beggar, once remarked to Luther, "Who knows when God will give it me back?" Luther replied, "As if He had not done it already!" However large and constant our giving may be, we cannot put God in our debt.

"When a man hath allotted so much for building a house," wrote a Puritan divine, "so long as he keeps within the bounds of his allotment he parteth with his money freely; but when that is gone, he parts with every penny with grudging. It is good to make Christ large allowance *at the first*, so that we do not afterwards grudge our bargain and contract."

Ministers on the Golf Links

THE list of Free Church ministers who are keen and skilful golfers is increasing steadily from year to year. The Free Church Ministers' Golf Challenge Cup is a prize which is eagerly contended for year by year. Monday, June 29, was the day on which the Cup was fought for this summer, on the new course of the South Herts Club at Totteridge, a village between Crouch End and High Barnet. It was a perfect summer day, and nearly forty ministers of almost all denominations assembled. At ten o'clock the players began to arrive, and by eleven nearly forty starters had set out from the first tee. The struggle was sharp and prolonged, but the ministers thoroughly enjoyed their day's exercise, and Doctors of Divinity contended for the Cup with as much earnestness as they would throw into the Education battle. Every one was dressed in summer attire. The Rev. J. H. Shakespeare wore a grey sun-hat and grey suit to match; Dr. George Hanson appeared in a white flannel suit and a cotton sou'-wester. The holder of the cup, the Rev. W. M. Macphail, of Streatham, played well during the morning, but fell off in the afternoon; and the victory was ultimately won by the Rev. H. E. Brierley, of Leicester. The Rev. Joseph Hocking was not far behind Mr. Brierley, but he had unwittingly committed a technical breach of the rules, and was consequently disqualified. Near the winner was also the Rev. C. Silvester Horne, who played both rounds with the Rev. Alexander Connell. Friendly rivalry between the golfing ministers who live north and south of the Thames lent zest to the encounter. Some of the ministers who played on that memorable occasion have been good enough to send us, in response to our request, some details with regard to their golfing experiences and records.

Photo by Headwood, Leicester
REV. HAROLD E. BRIERLEY, A.T.S.

Dr. Alfred Rowland, of Crouch End, is one of the busiest of London pastors. For years past he has found golf a health-giving recreation. With as much regularity as possible, he makes his way to the Muswell Hill links every Monday morning and plays a round with his brethren, generally Presbyterians. "There is sufficient exercise in the open air," he writes, "to benefit one physically, without undue effort, and the concentration of the mind on the game effectually diverts one's thoughts from their usual channel. I began too late in life to become a great player, but I have no sympathy with the cynical remark of one of our great thinkers, who declared that the brilliant play of his opponent was an 'evidence of a wasted youth.'"

That popular and brilliant novelist the Rev. Joseph Hocking plays frequently on the Totteridge links, where he sometimes has for his partner his brother the Rev. Silas Hocking. "I play because I like it," he says, "and because it helps me to forget my work. I seldom have but one round a week, but that does me a great deal of good. Perhaps this is because, in addition to giving physical exercise, it is so trying to the patience. As is well known, a minister has nothing to try his patience, neither has a novelist. Therefore golf is just the thing needed. All my golf balls show 'marks' of my earnestness, testifying that I have belaboured them not wisely but too well. And it is no wonder. A golf ball is one of the most exasperating things under heaven. It defies you to do your worst, and you can't hurt it. I have never had golf fever; I wish I had. A friend of mine who is a doctor and a Scotchman said to me, 'Have you ever had golf fever yet?' 'No,' I replied. 'I pity you, man,' he said. 'Try and get it; it's beautiful.' Perhaps the fact of my never having had the fever accounts for the fact that I have never become a brilliant player. I haven't a single golf trophy. The nearest approach to obtaining one was when I played for 'the Cup' with the Free Church ministers at Totteridge. I got very near, but then became disqualified through breaking a rule. Still, 'there is a to-morrow,' as the Spaniards say."

The Rev. Harold E. Brierley has played golf for four years. In his student days cricket and football were his favourite games, and while at New College, London, he was captain of both the cricket and football teams in 1894. In that year his teams won both the championships in the "Theological Colleges Athletic Union." At cricket he played a good deal for Devonshire in the summers of 1896 and 1897 against the M.C.C., Dorset, Cornwall, etc. He played cricket, too, when he went to Sheffield, his first pastorate. It was only on coming to Leicester and finding that cricket demanded too much time that he seriously took to golf. He has now practically given up cricket, and golf is his only game. He joined the Leicestershire Golf Club about three years ago,

Photo by Roberts, Llandrindod
REV. DR. ALFRED ROWLAND

REV. J. ALFORD DAVIES, B.A., B.D.

Woodside, S. Norwood. His handicap is fourteen. He learnt golf at Nottingham, and was a member of the Notts Club, and in this capacity played in several matches for the club.

The Rev J. Alford Davies became a golfer about a year ago, and belongs to the club at Finchley. He frequently plays with his neighbour, the Rev. Emlyn Jenkins, of Barnet. Mr. Davies thoroughly enjoys the game, and he and Mr. Jenkins sometimes arrange to play it at a holiday resort.

The Rev. Henry Varley has been playing golf for about four years. "It is to me," he says, "the very best, far and away, of all out-door recreations. I always anticipate a day on the links with the keenest pleasure. There is a dear friend of mine in the North whose path was opened to a great business success by a casual acquaintance with a man, now his partner, whom he met at a game of golf. Well, golf has put no money in my purse, rather the other way. But again and again it has given me what is better than money—a fine recuperation of nervous energy on a Monday when the Sunday had drained me of it. To me also golf is really a moral discipline. There is no game more humbling to one's pride when 'a bad time' succeeds 'a good one,' none in which a man learns, if he does learn, so effectively the necessity of keeping cool and taking misfortune with equanimity. If you lose your temper, it is all up with you. Who the unknown inventor of golf was, will probably never be discovered. But if ever he is, a fine statue should be erected to his memory as a great benefactor of the human race. And many ministers I know would subscribe their share to the cost of it."

There are many keen golfers among the London Presbyterian ministers. They include the Revs. Dr. Hanson, Dr. Thornton, Alexander Connell, W. M. Macphail, and Alexander Ramsay. None of them is more keen than the Rev. Dr. Hall, of Islington, who has golfed on various links such as Portrush and Sutton (Dublin), in Ireland; Dunblane, Helensburgh, and Crieff, in Scotland; and Lewis, Chingford, Totteridge, and Muswell Hill, in England. Writing of his own experiences, Dr. Hall says: "I have had as my companions and opponents players good, bad, and indifferent, and men keen and careless, mercurial and stolid, quick-tempered and placid. My experience teaches me that a Scotchman never likes to be beaten, an Englishman dearly loves to beat a Scotchman, a Welshman never lets you forget the score, and an Irishman plays for the fun of the game, and, I may add, he usually has his fun, whether he wins or is beaten. For my part, I do not want a more genial partner than I frequently have on Mondays on Muswell Hill links in the person of Dr. Thornton, of Camden Road."

Among Baptist ministers the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare is a keen golfer. He was a member of the Royal Norwich Club, and regards the ground at Hellesdon as one of the finest links in the country. In 1896, when he was minister at St. Mary's, Norwich, he won the Open Challenge Cup and gold medal, open to members of any East Anglian club. Mr. Shakespeare sometimes says that the work in connection with the Twentieth Century Fund has seriously weakened his golf. His favourite links are at St. Andrews and Westward Ho!

Photo by Norman H. Thompson

REV. J. H. SHAKESPEARE, M.A.

The Rev. A. B. Middleditch, of North Finchley Baptist Church, did not begin golf until 1896. Up to that time he had been an ardent tennis, cricket, and football player. His golf was promoted by his Church officers, who entered his name in the Finchley Club. Commencing with a handicap of 24, he began reducing his handicap by winning the monthly medal—a silver button—four of which now adorn his red coat. Within two years he had joined the ranks of the senior players of his club with a handicap of 12. With this he made his record for the links, with 36 and 42 = 78, equalling bogey, and coming in 6 up on the colonel in a monthly bogey competition. By 1900 Mr. Middleditch had reduced his handicap to 7; and it was under this handicap that he won the Summer Tournament, and carried off the Captain's prize—a handsome silver cup, suitably inscribed. Mr. Middleditch points to this trophy with pride, saying he expects to see it next carried off by the distress agents for his Passive Resistance proclivities. He will then try and win it back once more, and

REV. R. B. BRINDLEY

and won a silver cup at the Easter meeting in 1901. Since then he has been the winner of the monthly medal on several occasions. Last year he competed for the "Free Church Ministers' Golf Challenge Cup," and was the "runner-up," two strokes behind the winner. This year at Totteridge he won it.

The Rev. R. Baldwin Brindley is a member of Prince's Golf Club, Mitcham, also of Beckenham Club,

have the second fight for it suitably inscribed upon it, as a record of the fight for freedom.

In the dressing-room of the Finchley Club, amongst other caricatures of members by a member, is one of Mr. Middleditch, and underneath we read:

For imperturbability our Chaplain is a riddle which
Would puzzle wise old Socrates, or tickle even Little Tich.
For no one, anywhere,
Ever hears our parson swear,
Though he drives into the Boundary hedge or drops behind the Middle-Ditch.

Since 1900 Mr. Middleditch has been off his game, owing to his severe breakdown in 1901, which threatened his life, and left him with impaired vision. Golf has been the chief prescription of his physicians and doctors, and we are glad to know he is regaining his old form with the sticks.

REV. NEWTON H. MARSHALL, M.A., PH.D.

Mr. Middleditch is an enthusiastic supporter of the Free Church Ministers' Golfing Fraternal, and a member of the committee, having great expectations of this most social gathering. "There," he says, "you see the men"—especially if they are bunkered—"not the ministers." Already this gathering has introduced more ministers to him than any other society.

REV. WM. HALL, M.A., LL.D.

One of the best of the accompanying photographs is that of the Rev. Professor Hackney. In response to our enquiry for some notes of his golfing career, he kindly sent the following amusing and characteristic "copy": "I sometimes feel that I am growing to be an inveterate duffer; and yet, when in despair, I can find no substitute for the satisfaction of this wondrous game. It gives me health and recreation, a simple and innocent enjoyment, and much sympathy with my fellow-men, so that it seems now quite indispensable. One secret of its abiding fascination is the hope of doing better which springs up perpetually. Without profanity one sings (with the poet)—

Every tee is a fresh beginning,
Every hole is the game made new.

A wise writer in the *Contemporary* pointed out that golf is a contest between the player and Nature, not between the player and a fellow-creature. Your partner or opponent is a convenience, but Nature provides the difficulties, rewarding the good player and punishing the bad. I have understood this tends to teach self-control and concentration. The moral influence of golf must surely be manifest to every right-minded golfer, though his friends are not always so sure of it. From the many *moral* men who golf, you must conclude there is some peculiar attraction for them in its moral value. 'A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind.' Golf has brought no greater pleasure to me than the happy fellowship in the game with Free Church ministers. Mr. Silvester Horne, beloved and honoured for his great gifts and gracious spirit, has won our ceaseless gratitude by organising with energy and good temper our golfing fraternity."

Dr. Newton H. Marshall has played regularly at golf during his ministry at New Barnet. "Next to the great delight it provides," he says, "what I most marvel at in golf is the odd way in which it is misunderstood—mainly by journalists. To judge by remarks in the public press, and especially by the witticisms of the less serious but (in general) more veracious periodicals, such as *Punch*, one would expect to find golfers invariably profane and passionate. As a matter of fact, we are the mildest-mannered and most self-controlled persons to be met with anywhere. I fancy we carry our amiability a little too far, otherwise we should be more indignant in our protests against the libels to which we are subjected. But we generally laugh at them. I seldom golf with my fellow-ministers, if I can avoid it. For the beauty of golf is that it affords a way of escape from the worries incidental to pastoral work. When one

Photo by Webster Bros., Clapham Common
REV. PROFESSOR WALTER HACKNEY, M.A.

is bicycling, playing croquet, punting, even when one is playing tennis, it is still possible to ponder over next Sunday's sermon. But at golf this is impossible, unless some foolish person be there to talk theology. And so the minister is to be avoided where a layman can be found ready for a match. This, however, does not apply to the Ministers' Golfing Fraternal. There are no foolish men among its members. The most curious incident I have met with on the golf course may perhaps interest you. I was playing with a lady who used a rubber tee to which was attached, for better recognition, some thick red worsted. After a few holes this was accidentally left behind. When we returned to the driving-green on which this tee had last been used, it (the tee) was not to be found. Only one player was on the course with us, and he had been following us up. So I went to him and asked, 'Did you see a rubber tee on this green?' 'One with red worsted attached to it?' he asked. 'Yes.' '*No*,' said the man emphatically; '*I have not seen it*.' I remained speechless. In this age, so generally pessimistic, golfers are the only men I know who, as a class, would like to live to an antediluvian old age. With five or six hundred years in which to practise, some of us might become quite respectable players."

Photo by Hugh Norton
REV. HENRY VARLEY, B.A.

Whitefield's Persuasive Eloquence.—Benjamin Franklin has left on record a good story of the irresistible power of Whitefield's oratory. A constant and delighted hearer, Franklin approved of Whitefield's scheme for the erection of an orphan-house, but objected to its being built in a thinly populated district like Georgia. Whitefield, however, insisted upon this point, and Franklin determined not to subscribe. "I happened soon after," he says, "to attend one of his [Whitefield's] sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded, I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket into the collector's dish, gold and all! At this sermon there was also one of our club who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home. Towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour who stood near him to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was made, perhaps, to the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was: 'At any other time, friend Hopkinson, I would lend thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to me to be out of thy right senses.'" Many similar stories are on record. Whitefield so wrought upon the feelings of an officer in Edinburgh that he, too, borrowed money for the collection, although he had expressed his determination not to give.

Whitefield and Slavery.—There was something paradoxical in Whitefield's attitude towards slavery. That so beautiful a type of Christian sainthood should not have perceived the iniquity of a trade which implied the enslavement of his fellow-men is one of the mysteries which will never be known until the great day when the secrets of all hearts will be disclosed. Yet so it was. Whitefield not only saw no wrong in the nefarious traffic, but, if the sad truth must be told, he actually countenanced it. In a copy of the earliest accounts of his orphan-house at Georgia may be found on the same page which records the number of pounds paid for so many horses, cows, calves, and pigs, this startling entry: "For two servants *bought* of Georgia Cuthbert, £12." When the introduction of slaves into Georgia was permitted by the Government, Whitefield wrote as follows: "As for the lawfulness of keeping slaves I have no doubt, since I hear of some that were bought with Abraham's money, and some that were born in his house. And I cannot help thinking that some of those servants mentioned by the Apostles in their epistles were or had been slaves. It is plain that the Gibeonites were doomed to perpetual slavery; and though liberty is a sweet thing to such as are born free, yet to those who never knew the sweets of it, slavery perhaps may not be so irksome. However this be, it is plain to a demonstration that hot countries cannot be cultivated without Negroes. What a flourishing country might Georgia have been, had the use of them been permitted years ago! . . . Though it is true that they are brought in a wrong way from their own country, and it is a trade not to be approved of, yet as it will be carried on whether we will or not, I should think myself highly favoured if I could purchase a good number of them, in order to make their lives comfortable, and lay a foundation for breeding up their posterity in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

REV. A. B. MIDDLEDITCH

Heart Reading*

BY THE LATE DR. PARKER

God knoweth your hearts.—Luke xvi. 15.

THERE had been a curious conversation proceeding between the Preacher and his hearers. The sermon was very direct and simple. "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other." Appearances may be to the contrary, but appearances are lies; this is the philosophy, this is the doctrine: "No man can serve two masters." The Saviour is not condemning a mere trick, a kind of moral conjuring; He is laying down a transcendental doctrine. Christ said in effect, "This thing is not only impossible, but impossibly impossible, going right away behind all possibilities known to human intelligence and experience; the thing, the serving of two opposite masters, cannot be done. Why waste time in trying to do it? Why be foolish? When you have been distinctly told that the thing cannot be done, and told by an authority which you yourselves pretend to accept, why keep up this miserable attempt to do the impossible? Why not serve the devil frankly, out and out? Why not be numbered amongst his adherents? Why not sign his list? Why not give him your autograph? We shall know then where to find you; but if you are trying to write your names on both the lists, this thing cannot be done." That was good preaching. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon": ye cannot be going up and going down at the same moment. Why not accept the laws of the nature which you professedly worship? Why not live within the four corners of your own motives? You are wasting life by this wanton attempt to do what God Himself has told us can never be done. What fools men are!

How did the audience take this plain speech? "And the Pharisees also, who were covetous, heard all these things: and they derided Him"—blew Him out of their noses. It was a singular action of the nostrils; the nostrils widened, expanded, contracted, snorted, and this was the result of the hearing given to the Teacher. Yet we say—so frank is our nonsense!—that if the true doctrine were preached, people would immediately bow down before it and accept it. It was not so in the case of Jesus Christ. Many a poor, weary minister is discouraged by being told by men who have never earned the title to speak to him, that if the pure, simple Gospel were preached, his church would be crowded and heaven would descend to earth. It was not so in the day of Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ entitles us to say that if this or that thing were done to the Master, do not let the servant imagine that he can escape; if they have beaten the lord, they will not spare the servant. Here you have the preaching, most noble preaching, as destitute of any appearance of effort as is omnipotence itself, which is never in distress, which never pants and labours up the hill—omnipotence which proves itself by its repose. The whole faculty of God was in exercise; and when the Preacher was done the nostrils of the Pharisees were distended, and they ejected the doctrine, "they derided Him"—sniffed, sneered, snorted; and that was the reward of the Man whom we call the great Teacher, the perfect Preacher, the Man who held the very doctrine and music of the heart of God.

Jesus Christ noticed the contemptuous criticism passed upon His doctrine; then said He unto them, "Ye are they which justify yourselves before men; but God knoweth your hearts." How was it that the Pharisees made such an obvious and fatal mistake? The explanation is given in the passage: "The Pharisees, . . . who were covetous." Covetousness never heard the Gospel; the ears of covetousness are so waxed that the Gospel cannot penetrate the ears of the true worldling; he shows himself so foolish when he pronounces an opinion upon the Gospel which he has never heard. He cannot hear it; no man can hear anything when his soul is sealed against it of set purpose. That is a marvellous thing. No doubt; I agree that it is marvellous, and I would deny it but for fact upon fact, even by the hundreds and thousands recorded in the history of the human heart. They will not allow a man to be on a jury to try a case in which he is interested, out of the decision of which may come to him some form of wealth; such a man could be challenged on the panel, and be put out. That is just the doctrine we are now insisting upon. Have you any interest in this case? I have a remote and indirect interest in it. Then you must withdraw, and you must be replaced by a man who has no interest in the case about to be tried. That is right; that is simple justice. And yet men will put upon the jury which tries their faith in Christ men who are interested in the devil, and whose delight it would be to burn the Bible and the Church. Covetousness heard that it was impossible to serve God and Mammon, and covetousness curled its nostrils, gathered up its face into a mocking pucker, and laughed at God.

Is this an ancient story? It is the youngest story written on the scroll of time. We have seen the story acted; we have ourselves actually been the very story itself. Covetousness cannot be just; the mischief is that it thinks it can. Prejudice cannot give a righteous judgment; it may consult the books, it may look very wise in the face, it may apparently be accumulating guiding precedents, it may have all the formality of simple and untainted justice; but this as a matter of fact cannot be. Let a man say, "I know that I am interested; if the case goes in this way or in that way I shall profit by it or I shall lose by it; but I have determined to gather myself together, and to sit in righteous judgment upon the facts." The answer is, "My dear sir, this is impossible." "But I mean to be just." "You cannot be just; without charging you with a determination to be unjust, I am simply pointing out a philosophy that even your casuistry cannot get out of the way: it is impossible for prejudice, for covetousness, for self regard, to judge any case rightly between man and man and between man and his own conscience." A man may bribe his conscience to vote for him. A man may say, "You, conscience, have a casting-vote in this matter, and I ask you, under the influence of this gentle opiate, to vote for this side, not for that." We must understand therefore the critical conditions upon which our mental life is conducted, and the conditions within which our moral character is being built up. Who shall decide? God. Who says so? Jesus Christ. "God knoweth your hearts." Upon the word "hearts" you must put quite a strong and piercing emphasis. It is possible that a man may delude himself into the notion that he can judge the case himself, even if he had this and that advantage to come out of it or to be deprived of. That

* Sermon preached at the City Temple, Sunday morning, December 30, 1900.

is self-delusion. There is no delusion like the delusion of one's own heart. We protest against the idea of being interested one way or the other. Says the man who is about to try the case, "I am perfectly sure that I have no desire to do injustice to the other side. I will hear the facts; I will determine accordingly; I will not give way to my own desires or wishes or prejudices in any way." The answer is, "You are making yourself infallible; you are making yourself God; you are attempting the impossible: stand back, and let white minds, frank hearts, who have never heard the case before, and have nothing to gain or lose by it, sit down, hear the evidence, and give judgment. "God knoweth your hearts"; there is a suggestion that you do not know them yourselves. Many a man is colour-blind who does not know it. You send him for something yellow, and he brings it back, as you suppose, and you burst into uncontrollable laughter. I question whether that laughter is just: the man is colour-blind. And so there are some people who are faith-blind, some people who are self-blind, and I am coming to believe, though I do not like to believe it, that some people are liars without knowing it. There has fallen upon them that lunatic stupidity which has blinded their moral eyes and their moral senses altogether, so that sometimes they sit down and romance by the hour, telling lies with the fluency of absolute ignorance. I am sorry to have to admit this, because the man who is sitting next you may take heart of grace and say, "Then I am not responsible for the romance, with which I entertain and mislead my family." If you make that use of the admission, you are aggravating your own position; but if you say, "May God spare me from the curse of such self-delusion; may God by His Spirit help me to get out of this awful misery of weaving romances which deceive so many people," then I am glad I named it, for I have encouraged you in the direction of penitence and of contrition, which are followed by forgiveness.

Then the Saviour lays down this great doctrine which covers all the ages, "That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God" (verse 15). That is how the case stands; there is the rule by which to measure and judge everything. What witful satire, what concealed punning! "They derided"—God abominated; the words are practically the same. God gathers up his nostrils over our vessels of incense, and scorns them, mocks them. The derision is not all on one side. The Pharisees derided, God abominated, and, etymologically, the words are in practical suggestion one and the same. Do not let us imagine that unbelief is all on our side. There is unbelief in God. Upon this subject we discoursed the other day. They, the Pharisees and others, came to Jesus and offered him praise and homage, but he did not commit himself to them. Never forget the dual action. We think that God is some Object to be assailed by contemptuous feet. He is not. We come with our psalms and hymns, and shout our hallelujahs and anthems, and we pelt all Heaven with these musical assaults, serenades, and Christmas irreligions. But God does not commit Himself to us. Putting out our arms and straining our eyes if haply we may see the Divine Figure in the clouds, we say, "All Hail!" but there is no response. This was declared from very ancient times; it was declared in the Book of Proverbs: "And because I called and they refused, therefore I will laugh at their calamity and mock when their fear cometh." Man gets back his derision in the form of God's abomination. No man can offend God, and be just as good as he was before the offence was given. No man can tell a lie without plunging no small portion of himself in the lake of fire. Oh that these irreligious clouds and battlements and walls of adamant and mountains that have no majesty in themselves would melt, and show us things as they are. For every derision there is a corresponding abomination. O man, man, hear the word of the Lord: God knoweth your hearts, your motives. This is a great terror. If all things are naked and open to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do, how terrible! That is certainly one view, but the opposite view is also quite true. What a joy it is that God knows me through and through! He judges nothing by merely circumstantial evidence: He judges me in my very psychology; He reads me in a way that no other eyes can read me; the book is laid right open at the middle, and He reads everything in large, plain print. He knows that I would not have done that wickedness but for such and such conditions which mayhap came upon me suddenly and tempestuously. He does not judge me from the outside: He judges me from the very roots of my heart; He knows what I would do if I could. That is a great joy. It is better to fall into the hands of God than into the hands of men. Men judge little actions, parts of actions; they see me for half an hour now and then, and they cannot piece together the shattered fragments and fractions of an incoherent life. On the contrary, Gods knows everything: He knows what we owe to our fathers and mothers; He knows that we had to start life under a heavy burden; He knows all things, and, to begin with, He is so gentle. If anything can be made of us, even if we be thieves on the Cross, if there is any just way of getting us into the kingdom, we may be sure Paradise will refresh us with its odours. Let no man hide himself behind this gracious doctrine as if it were giving him an additional licence to sin; the doctrine is lost upon him if it does not lead him by the grace of Christ Jesus the Lord to severer self-discipline. He makes void the grace of God as well as the law; he tramples under foot the very mercy that would save him. Because God is gentle, kind, gracious, and so wondrously charitable in His construction of human conduct, shall we therefore go on to sin? God forbid! Because with God there is plenteous forgiveness, let us strain it the less, let us sin no more. "That which is highly esteemed among men is abomination in the sight of God."

Now, I have seen three things that are highly esteemed among men, each of which is good, yet each of which may be vitiated and turned even to noisomeness in the nostrils of Heaven. What is highly esteemed among men? Pedigree. Any man whose father, and his father before him, and his ten fathers before him again—any man who can trace his pedigree back to the signing of Magna Charta, thinks he has a right to be a fool. His father, carrying the word as far back as you like, came over with the Conqueror; therefore he gets drunk every night. The whole thing is to be explained by the fact that his people came over with the Conquerer. What a pity they ever came! Thus may pedigree, which ought to be an instrument of elevation, which ought to be received in a spirit of religious pride and thankfulness, be debased into a kind of licence for all sorts of folly and iniquity. Do we therefore say anything against pedigree? Far from it: we honour it, we thank God for it; but where it is bebased, what shall we say of the consequences? The man whose people came over with the Conqueror thinks he has a right to borrow ten shillings of you, and that you ought to be proud to have the opportunity of making a loan of half a sovereign to any man whose father came over ancestrally with the Conqueror. That is the mischief of it; they think that we poor plebeians,

who have nothing to live upon but the brains given to us by God, and nothing to live upon but the industry which God has enabled us to exercise—they think that we ought to be exceedingly obliged to them for taking the gold which we have defiled by our touch. The unfortunate thing is that we do not feel proud about it, and there rises in us a spirit that goes further back to the court within, courts of righteousness and manhood, true nobility, inborn majesty, and that spirit rebels against claims which may be in one sense literally well founded, but which have destroyed themselves by generations of debasement and self-disregard.

What is highly esteemed among men? Wealth. Is there any harm in wealth? Not at all; here again it is the debasement or deprivation to which our remarks are directed, and to nothing else. I want all good men to have all they want: they act in the spirit of trusteeship, they hold everything as stewards of God; then the more they have the more we have, and we thank God for the trust which He has put upon them. But when wealth becomes mere tyranny, nothing but oppression, when it is turned into galling pride, then that which is highly esteemed amongst men God snorts at, derides, and abominates.

What is highly esteemed among men? Power. Have we a word to say against power? On the contrary, we covet it. When sanctified, what is so valuable, useful, instrumentally, for good? Wealth may be power, fame may be power, proved sagacity in statesmanship and leadership of all kinds may be power: all these things we value, for them we thank the living God. When they are turned into idolatry—that is to say, into self-idolatry, which is the worst form of all—when no man is blessed by this power, when every man simply fears it and avoids it, then it is no longer power. True power is elevated, penetrated, and sanctified by grace. Nothing can be so humble as power, nothing can be so truly meek as majesty; when such is the case, then all things are beautiful, and all things lead on towards high and blessed issues. Do not let us worship appearances; do not let us give the sanction of our confidence to any form of power that is not placed at the service of the commonwealth. Man is never so rich as when he is giving away to the deserving poor; man is never so powerful as when he says to weakness, "In the day of trouble call upon me."

No matter what we have, we cannot serve the commonwealth or the state (call it what you like) in any high capacity without religion—true religiousness of soul. Some men may profess to be religious, and thus may prove themselves to be hypocrites; along that line my remark does not take effect. But I say, speaking for England, no man can be a Prime Minister of England who is not a deeply religious man or a deeply irreligious hypocrite. He must profess the religion. This is very singular; analyse the case, and you will find it to be true. England would not have an avowed atheist on her throne. That gives me pause. I assure you, from all I can read of history and gather from observation, this is literally true. Let a man come forward and say, "There is no God," and the people of this country would not allow him to be Prime Minister. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." You would not trust your little child if you were dying to a man who whispered in your dying ear, "There is no God; religion is superstition or is hypocrisy." If there were standing by a mother who said she would take charge of the child with a view to training it up in the fear of God, I think the dying heart would incline towards the woman who believes in God. There is a whole philosophy in the suggestion; I must leave its development to minds that work willingly in that direction. There was a lecturer in America, by name Ingersoll, a most eloquent man, reputed by many to be a most benevolent man, but he discarded the notion of being what we call religious. He lectured against that whole idea; he lectured notably upon what he called "The Mistakes of Moses." On one occasion he said in his eloquent lecture (for an eloquent man he truly was), "That is your Bible; I could write a better book in three months." A woman in the audience, who had known Robert Ingersoll all his life and had served under his father's roof, got up and said, "Robert, I knew your father, and I know you, and have known you ever since you were a child. You say you could write a better book than the Bible, Bob? Get at it. Why, the Bible circulated three millions last year. Robert, if you could write a better book than that, you would find a little gold-mine. Bob, get at it!" He has never got at it. I am waiting for a better Bible than the one I have, and I will not give up the old one till I have seen a better—which I never shall.

The Padre

BY INA L. CASSILIS

"Go to the Padre, Derek; she'll help you!"

"The Padre—*she!*" repeated Derek Herbert, in amazement. "What on earth do you mean?"

His friend laughed. "Just what I say," he said. "If you lived here, instead of only being a visitor, you would know who the padre is. We all go to her—men and women alike—for advice, sympathy, anything, everything. Clare Ardale is a saint upon earth," added the speaker earnestly. "'Peace on earth, goodwill towards men,' is written all over her."

"But—is she old? A man can't carry his love affairs to a girl!" said Herbert, more and more surprised.

"She isn't old, and she isn't a girl," replied his friend and host. "I suppose she is about eight-and-twenty; but, you see, she is lame—she can only walk a little, and with crutches; and she is plain. Her eyes are beautiful, certainly; but otherwise you couldn't call her handsome. She is poor, too; so she is 'out of court' so far as marriage is concerned. We in Hawthorne End call her the Padre, because she is the universal friend and helper. I believe one of the officers at the barracks first gave her the name. He and his wife had quarrelled, and Miss Ardale made peace between them—a rare feat, isn't it?"

"Rare indeed. I should like to know the Padre," said Herbert.

"It is open house," replied Charlie Hepburn. "Come with me to-day to call upon her."

Derek Herbert went, with no idea that the Padre, as she was called, could help him in his trouble. He had quarrelled with the woman to whom he was engaged—one of those quarrels in which there are pride and temper on both sides, and only a fine moral sense and nice discrimination of character can assign the balance of blame.

The two young men—Herbert was not more than thirty-two or three—found Clare Ardale, as usual, seated in the little sitting-room of the cottage which she occupied with an elderly relative. Was she plain? Her complexion was sallow, her features irregular; her eyes only were beautiful—large, dark, and full of expression—a child's limpid purity, a woman's tenderness, a something indescribable, which inspired in those who approached her a sense of reverence and devotion. As for Derek Herbert, he could not allow to himself, when she held out her hand to Hepburn and smiled, that she was plain at all, unless the definition of beauty be very circumscribed indeed.

"I am delighted to know any friend of yours," she said quite simply, when Herbert's friend introduced him. "I have heard of you—you know, one hears of most things in a garrison town."

It was a singularly pleasant afternoon to Derek Herbert, in spite of the trouble that weighed upon him. It did not strike him that Clare Ardale was exceptionally clever; but she certainly had, in an exceptional degree, the quality of sympathy. By the time he rose to depart, he felt as if he had known her for years. A curious feature of her conversation—or it would have been curious, but for her affliction—was the impersonal view she took of things in which most women feel they have a personal stake—as if she were a deeply interested onlooker, but completely outside the range of any intimate concern, so far as she herself was concerned. In this way she spoke to men as she would to women—not without the reserve which belongs to every refined and highminded woman, but without a touch of the manner which must necessarily guard the woman who may be wooed.

"No wonder," Herbert said, as he walked home with his friend, "you all call her the Padre. I could fancy it an easy thing to give her confidence, and I am a reserved man. I never met man or woman so perfectly sympathetic, and her moral sense amounts to genius."

Derek Herbert soon became a frequent visitor at the Cottage, as Clare Ardale's dwelling was called; and he was always frankly welcomed. He always felt better for an afternoon spent in the lame girl's society. The very atmosphere seemed charged with the special charm of her presence; religion lighted up all she said and did—it was a part of her existence, not a something talked about and not lived by; and never did a word of repining for her affliction escape her.

"How is it," Herbert said to her one day, when he had assisted her across the room, "that you bear this as you do?"

"It is my cross," she replied sweetly. "We all have one, haven't we? I find mine heavy sometimes; but perhaps without it I might have been hard and unsympathetic."

"*You!*" he said—"*you!* You would always have been a saint!"

"I suppose my Master knew me best," was the gentle answer.

That evening Derek opened his heart to her, and told her of his trouble, which somehow—he knew not why—seemed less oppressive than it had been two months ago. She listened with her usual tender gravity, and asked a few questions; then she paused, not speaking for a few minutes.

"You ask me what you ought to do, she said then. "I think—by Miss Marsden's own admission—that she was most to blame. She was not straightforward. That is a pity; but you were proud. Are you not willing to confess that, and to fold down the page of last year?"

"You want me to write to her?" said Derek slowly.

"I would not put it like that, only you asked me what I thought."

"I will do whatever you think right," he said, with a vague sense of letting something of infinite value slip away from his hold.

"You must not make me your mentor," Clare said, looking out at the setting sun. "I think it would be best to put your pride away and write to her."

"And abide by her answer?"

"And abide by her answer."

Derek said very little after that. He soon rose and took leave, and the Padre was alone. The sun sank behind the hills; the golden light grew paler and paler and sank into soft, sad, grey shadows. The lame woman sat alone in the greyness, and her spirit was grey within her.

Derek Herbert came to the Cottage the next day—if it had been any woman but the Padre so constantly visited people would have said he was wooing her—but he had not yet written to Helen Marsden.

"Pride dies hard," she said smiling, when he told her of his remissness. But he shook his head; he knew it was not pride—now.

Two days later he called and showed her the letter he had written. "Will that do?" he asked humbly.

She read the letter through, slowly and carefully, then gave it back to him.

"It is not sincere," she said quietly.

Derek flushed. "I tried to make it so!" he said in a low tone.

"Tried! If you *are* sincere, there is no need to try to be so."

"I know it: I am not sincere! I wrote because you thought it right."

"I thought it right in the conditions you gave me. You did not tell me all."

"If," said Herbert, "I had confessed that I had ceased to care, ceased to wish for a reconciliation, would you have given the same advice?"

"No. You would do Miss Marsden no wrong. The letters from her which you showed me make that clear. But why did you not say at the beginning you had—in effect—changed your mind?"

"I was afraid."

"Afraid? But why?" She looked surprised and somewhat troubled.

"I suppose"—he seemed to speak with difficulty—"you understand—that it is—that there is—some one else——"

"I thought so—naturally; but—you are your own master. I have no right to interfere."

"I was afraid," said Derek, "because she is so far above and beyond me. I am so miserably unworthy——" He broke down suddenly, kneeling at her feet, bowing down his head before her. "Clare! Clare!" he pleaded, "what shall I do without you? How shall I live?"

She put her trembling hand upon his head, her face illumined by a new light, but full of wonder.

"What do you mean?" she said in a quivering voice. "It is impossible!"

"I mean," he said, folding her hands in his, "that I love you. Why impossible?"

"I am lame—useless—a burden! Oh!" she said, "you must not think of it! I never dreamed of this—indeed, I never did."

"Your soul is not lame, Clare; your heart is not lame. They are strong with a glorious strength. If you can love me—that is all I ask. I can never be worthy of you; but to have you always beside me, my life-companion, would be a happiness so great that I hardly dare think it could ever be mine."

She bent her face down, and the soft colour rose to her brow. "I love you," she said softly—"I scarcely knew it till you asked me about—that other; but how should I dream any man would want to make me his wife? Don't pledge yourself—wait a little while."

"Can't you trust me, Clare? You have showed me how small a thing it is—though I thank God for health and strength—that the body should be weak and helpless. You look at those poor crutches, dear: I don't see them when I am with you; I only see you yourself. My strong arm can help your weakness; but your soul is stronger than mine. It is I who walk on crutches, and need your help every hour of the day. You will help me—Padre?"

So Clare yielded. But she did not, in her new and happier life, cease to deserve the name she had earned. She was still to all who knew her—to her husband most of all—"guide, philosopher, and friend"; still the peacemaker to whom is given the promise of a special blessing.

The Unity of the Church.—There is a unity beneath all controversy of the Church hid with Christ in God. It is a unity man did not make, and which he cannot unmake. It is the unity of the members with the Head. Every believer lives, here and now, a resurrection and ascended life. He sits in heavenly places with Christ Jesus. He shares His victory over Satan. The glory which the Father gave the Son, the Son has given to all who receive Him. For them, death and judgment are already over. They tremble no more at the foot of Sinai. They are come to Mount Zion—to the festal host and Church of the first born; and only the body of humiliation, which Jesus will soon change, separates them from the completed fellowship and unbroken unity of the hundred and forty and four thousand around the glassy sea.

Tottenham Court Road Chapel: Its History and its Ministers

BY THE REV. J. P. GLEDSTONE

Author of "George Whitefield, M.A., Field-Preacher"

JOHN WESLEY'S first London congregation was sheltered in 1739 in a building near Moorfields which had been "the King's foundery for cannon." It is described as "a ruinous place, with an old pantile covering." The pulpit was made of a few rough boards. The men and women sat apart, and, Wesley says, "none were suffered to call any place their own, but the first comers sat down first. They had no pews; and all the benches for rich and poor were of the same construction." Here the Wesleyans remained for thirty-five years! In 1776 they got their chapel in City Road, which they call the "Cathedral of Methodism." Wesley was now a man of seventy-three, and Whitefield had been dead six years. Soul-saving, rather than chapel-building, was the strong point of these men.

I

Whitefield's first shelter was not even a building, only a shed, put up in 1741 in Moorfields by some Dissenters, to screen his congregations from the weather. He had nothing to do with choosing the site, which he disliked, because it was so near the Foundery, and "looked like erecting altar against altar." Neither, perhaps, was there any unbrotherly feeling in the minds of the "Calvinists" who were responsible for the shed, as they only contemplated a temporary place until, in a few months, their great preacher should be on his way to America for the third time. But a wonderful work began, a society was formed, and the help of other preachers secured in his absence. The building was appropriately named "the Tabernacle," and was all that Whitefield could call a church or a home for twelve years. The Kingdom of God was coming, and as converts were made other "tabernacles" sprang up. It was the favourite name among Calvinists for their places of worship, and received its chief distinction when Spurgeon built his "Metropolitan Tabernacle." And it must be remembered that "the Tabernacle" was the building in Moorfields, first the wooden one, then the brick one, which, in 1753, was built round the wooden one, and superseded it. It is confusing to apply the name also to the chapel in Tottenham Court Road.

WHITEFIELD PREACHING IN A CITY CHURCH

By his early preaching in London, Whitefield attracted large congregations. "Religious friends from divers parts of the town attended the word, and several young men came on Lord's Day morning under serious impressions to hear me discourse about the new birth. The [Tower] chapel was crowded on Lord's Day

Tottenham Court Chapel was the name first given to Whitefield's second chapel in London; perhaps because it "was held of the manor of Tottenham." "Road" was a word added subsequently, perhaps when a road was made in front of the chapel. But so well was it known as "the Chapel," in distinction from "the Tabernacle," that it often was called only by those two words. Thus the *London Chronicle* of November 19 1770, says: "Yesterday the Rev. Mr. Wesley preached a funeral sermon

Yours most affectionately in Xt Jesus

George Whitefield

on Mr. Whitefield's death—in the morning at the Chapel, and in the afternoon at the Tabernacle. . . . The Chapel and Tabernacle were both filled as soon as they were opened." It is true that when the Chapel was repaired sometime about the year 1880, the name "Whitefield's Tabernacle" was placed across the front; but surely such a change was unwarranted and misleading.

Persecution seems to have been the immediate cause of "the Chapel" being built, though Whitefield was looking out for a place in the west of London, and had gone to preach at a chapel in Long Acre, which was used by one of his converts. He soon had a noise there which he describes as "infernal"; the sons of Jubal and Cain, he says, continually serenaded him. On one occasion when he was preaching large stones were thrown in at one of the windows, and "a young person sadly wounded." Worse was threatened, and the Earl of Holdernesse, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, having been appealed to, published an announcement in the *London Gazette* of May 1, 1756, saying that the "Reverend Mr. George Whitefield" having received by the penny post three letters "written in very abusive terms, containing threats of injury and destruction to the said Reverend Mr. George Whitefield, his Majesty, for the better discovering and bringing to justice the persons concerned in writing and sending the said three letters, or any one, or more, of them, is pleased to promise his most gracious pardon to any one of them, who shall discover his or her accomplice, or accomplices, therein, so that he, or she, or they, may be apprehended and convicted thereof." To the King's offer of pardon, James Cox, jeweller, of Racquet Court, Fleet Street, added a promise of a reward of £20. No one turned King's evidence; yet Whitefield preached not a sermon the less. It must have been a disturbing thing for him to find a threatening letter lying on his pulpit Bible; but any one who studies Hudson's portrait of him would expect him to be undaunted. There were guesses as to who were the guilty parties, but no person was discovered. The simple fact remains that these threats of "a certain, sudden, and unavoidable stroke" aided the wish to realise itself that Whitefield had long cherished, "to have," as he said to Lady Huntingdon, "a place for the Gospel at the other end of the town."

And it did look like "the other *end* of the town" at that time. For the site he secured from General George Fitzroy, on a seventy-one years' lease, was the ground on which an annual fair was held, and was then known as the Crab and Walnut Tree Field, because these fruit trees had flourished there for ages; it was close to the Lavender Mills in the Coyes Garden, and was surrounded with gardens and fields. On the north side of it there were only two houses; half a mile beyond them stood the "Adam and Eve" public-house (a public-house of that name stands now at the junction of Euston and Hampstead Roads); while the interval between that and Hampstead had nothing but two inns. The congregation could only be drawn from the south side, south-east, and south-west.

Whitefield opened a subscription list at once, and soon had £600 in hand. He moved with characteristic promptitude, and laid the foundation-stone on a lovely May morning, May 10, 1756. He preached from Ezra iii. 11, "They sang together by course in praising and giving thanks

WHITEFIELD AT KINGSBRIDGE

The preacher frequently proclaimed the glad tidings standing on this table, which is now in Kingsbridge Congregational Church, and is used on Communion occasions. "I have also made an elopement to Kingsbridge, where, a few days ago, I preached to many thousands. It was a most solemn occasion."

unto the Lord; because He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever toward Israel. And all the people shouted with a great shout, when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid." It is an earnest of the Nonconformist future of the building that three Nonconformist ministers took their stand by Whitefield's side—Dr. Thomas Gibbons, a tutor at Mile End Academy, Dr. Andrew Giffard (or Gyfford), assistant librarian of the British Museum, and Dr. Benjamin Grosvenor, minister of Crosby Square Presbyterian Church. The original intention was to place the Chapel under Lady Huntingdon's protection; but this could not be done, because it was not in her dwelling-house. Writing to her, Whitefield says, "There seems, then, to be but one way: to license it as our other houses are; and thanks be to Jesus for that liberty which we have!" A liberty, this, gained by the sufferings and labours of Nonconformists, who wrested the Toleration Act from intolerant rulers and made it possible for Englishmen to worship God according to their honest beliefs. Wesley and Lady Huntingdon, both Anglicans, were glad to do as Whitefield did, and register their chapels as Dissenting meeting-houses. Yet, strange to say, though the Tabernacle, Moorfields, was founded in 1753, and Tottenham Court Chapel in 1756, they were only registered in 1764, in the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul, London, as "meeting-places of certain congregations of Protestant Dissenters from the Church of England calling themselves Independents."

WHITEFIELD'S MEDALLION
This beautiful medallion of Whitefield is now in the possession of the writer of this article.

The building was ready for use as early as November 7, 1756, and was opened on that day "according to the forms of the Church of England," Whitefield preaching from 1 Corinthians iii. 11—"Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." It was "a double brick building, 70 feet square within the walls."

From the painting by E. Crowe, exhibited in the Royal Academy

WHITEFIELD PREACHING IN MOORFIELDS

This famous picture is drawn from an incident recorded in one of Whitefield's letters. It is Whit-Monday, the puppet shows are in full swing, and the whole scene is one of uproarious excitement. Whitefield, wearing his black gown, mounts his improvised pulpit and begins his discourse. "For a while," he writes, "I was enabled to lift up my voice like a trumpet, and many heard the joyful sound. God's people kept praying, and the enemy's agents made a kind of a roaring at some distance from our camp. At length they approached nearer, and the Merry Andrew, attended by others who complained that they had taken many pounds less that day on account of my preaching, got upon a man's shoulders, and advancing near the pulpit, attempted to lash me with a long, heavy whip."

Its appearance is given in the illustrations, and cannot be called elegant. But spiritual power attending the ministry of the word was manifest from the very beginning. On November 12 he says, "I trust the Redeemer's glory filled it last Sunday"; and again on November 17: "Blessed be His Name, we hear of daily instances of His grace! At Long Acre indeed the word ran, and at Tottenham Court Chapel we have had some glorious earnests of future blessings. Providence, I doubt not, will enable us to pray for it. My constant work now is preaching about fifteen times a week. . . . The joy of the Lord is my strength. And my greatest grief is, that I can do no more for Him who hath done so much for me." But he was not without the "opposition of some narrow hearts"—what zealous worker ever is?—and was thankful for gifts that encouraged his faith. On December 15 he could write, "Last Sunday there was a wonderful stirring amongst the dry bones; some great people came, and begged they might have a constant seat. An earnest this, I believe, of more good things to come. To me, dear madam, it is the most promising work the Redeemer ever vouchsafed to employ me in. . . . I could enlarge, but it is near six in the morning, and I must away to preach." Fifteen days later, December 30, he says that "God is doing wonders at the new chapel. Hundreds went away last Sunday morning that could not come in. On Christmas Day and last Tuesday night (the first time of burning candles) the power of the Lord was present, both to wound and to heal."

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY

Converted in a barn by a follower of Wesley, the author of "Rock of Ages," though dying prematurely, lived long enough to become a violent opponent of Wesley's doctrines. A clergyman of the Church of England, Toplady was a convinced Calvinist, and it was over the Genevan doctrines that he waged a sharp controversy with the Arminian Wesley. It was occasioned by Wesley's funeral sermon on Whitefield; and the strange spectacle was seen of brethren contending with one another whose aim was identical—the honour of God. When Whitefield died, Toplady publicly avowed his inexpressible esteem for "this wonderful man."

Then he encloses for his correspondent a letter which he had just received, one of those soul-moving appeals which Tottenham Court preachers so frequently had made to them: "A thought came into my mind last Sunday morning to go to hear you at the new tabernacle, and to see what sort of a place it was. In one part of your discourse my heart trembled, and the terrors of the Lord came upon me. I then concluded that I must prepare for hell, and that there was no hope of salvation for me. I take this method, being assured that you will excuse the liberty I take, to ask you one question—How I can be convinced that my past sins are to be forgiven? And oh, what must I do to be saved? My sins are innumerable. God is just. I cannot think that I have any interest in the Redeemer's blood. My soul is full of grief." Tottenham Court was beginning to make its spiritual traditions. Begun in faith and prayer and with the faithful preaching of the Gospel, it has continued to be a fountain of life to many generations. Churches rightly started seem destined to usefulness, while those that are begun in strife, or pride, or faction, or self-will, seem destined to failure. The present revival of this God-honoured place may surely be taken as an earnest of coming blessing.

Early in 1757 Whitefield said that the word flew like lightning in the place, and that "the awakening increased every day." In 1758 twelve almshouses and a chapel-house were built adjacent to the chapel, and then, in the winter of 1759-60, owing to the overcrowded condition of the chapel," an octangular front was added to it, as is shown in the picture. It was described in 1827 as "a double brick substantial building; the largest part, which looks as if it had been erected first, is a considerable square, with

deep galleries behind the pulpit, at the sides, and at the turnings of a front gallery, which leave an opening for the new gallery, sometimes called 'the oven,' perhaps from its shape, or heat when crowded. The latter has five sides of an octagon, and contains a very large number of seats, rising one above another, at the top of which several are railed off for a numerous body of children, called the Tottenham Sabbath and Free Day Schools, taught in connection with the place under the direction of a master and mistress, and supported by voluntary contributions. . . . In the exaggerated accounts of London's crowded congregations, it has been said that it contained ten thousand people within its walls, but we believe it seats four thousand, and that five thousand will fill it."

The new chapel was "a quiet retreat" for Whitefield, so he said; but we wonder where the quietness was, except in the sweet fields which still remained in the vicinity. Hither he came, and to the Tabernacle, when the rigours of winter drove him in from his much-loved field-preaching. He was a good pluralist, holding both places as his own property, and holding both pastorates with other ministers to help him as "assistant preachers." In the morning of Sunday he might be heard giving, in a calm, conversational way, an expository sermon; in the evening he was hortatory, and brought all his passion and fire, his pathos and declamation, his dramatic action and tremendous force into full play. And through all the years of his loving toil the rich and the poor, the titled and the obscure, "the devil's castaways" and God's saints, crowded to hear him. He solved the problem of "how to reach the masses"; he went to them, and then they came to him. And he never allowed God's poor to be elbowed out of their spiritual inheritance. As for himself, he kept his own admonition to ministers," Beware of nestling."

BISHOP BENSON, WHO ORDAINED WHITEFIELD IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL ON TRINITY SUNDAY, JUNE 20, 1736

"This is a day much to be remembered, O my soul! for, about noon, I was solemnly admitted by good Bishop Benson, before many witnesses, into holy orders, and was, blessed be God! kept composed both before and after imposition of hands. . . . I hope the good of souls will be my only principle of action." It is a remarkable fact that Whitefield should have begun his ministry in the same year that Butler published his "Analogy," that great bulwark of the Christian faith which has entitled its author, in the words of Chalmers, to be called the "Bacon of Theology."

II

Whitefield's strenuous public life was sustained by unceasing prayer. To this devout habit Ralph Erskine, who was the means of first bringing him to Scotland, gives strange and emphatic testimony. Somehow Erskine doubted his piety when he first met him, and determined one Sunday night, when Whitefield was his guest at Dunfermline, to keep awake and observe him; and for this purpose he slept in a bedroom adjoining Whitefield's. About one or two in the morning, when Whitefield thought all the household were asleep, he rose from bed, fell upon his knees, and prayed for the salvation of souls, especially of those who had heard him preach on the preceding day. This astonished Erskine, who, when the prayer was over, entered Whitefield's room and clasped him in his arms.

Prayer in the night was his habit to the end. On the last night of all, he sat up in bed, weary and panting, and prayed God to bless his labours on the past day and those he was anticipating the day following; to bring more souls to Christ; to give him direction in the way he should take; to remember his Orphanage and his dear orphans; to smile on the congregations at the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Chapel, and on all his English friends. *The answer to that prayer has come, is still coming, and is to come.*

III

Few, if any, scenes in the lives of Whitefield and the Wesleys are so affecting as that sketched by Charles Wesley in a letter to his wife: "Last Friday I dined with my brother at George's Chapel. Mrs. Herritage was mistress,

and provided the dinner. Hearty Mr. Adams was there; and, to complete our band, Howel Harris. It was indeed a feast of love. My brother and George prayed: we all sang an hymn in the chapel." What painter will paint that scene?

On Sunday, August 27, 1769, Whitefield, just before going to America for the thirteenth time, preached his last sermon in Tottenham Court Chapel; it was from Genesis xxviii. 12-15. He said: "When we are travelling in the woods of America, we are obliged to light a fire; and that keeps off the beasts from us. I have often got up in the night, and said to them that were with me (and God forbid I should ever travel with any one, even a quarter of an hour, without speaking something of Jesus!), 'This fire,' said I, 'is like the fire of God's love, which keeps off the devil and our own lusts from hurting our souls.' It comforts me much, I assure you, to think that, whenever God shall call for me, angels will carry me into the bosom of Abraham; but it comforts me more to think that, as soon as they lay hold of me, my first question to them will be, 'Where is my *Master*? Where is my *Jesus*?' And that, after all my tossings and tumblings here, I shall be brought to see His face at last."

Drawn from life and executed by J. Spilsbury

TORIAL JOSS

Became Whitefield's colleague at Tottenham Court Road Chapel in 1766, and for over thirty years exercised a ministry which bore much spiritual fruit. There was surely saintliness behind these words spoken in his last illness: "I am very ill; but my Master has given me a sweet smile, such an one as I never recollect to have had before."

On the authority of John Pawson, an honoured minister in John Wesley's society, Whitefield is reported as sometimes saying to his congregation at Tottenham Court: "I have prepared a vault in this chapel where I intend to be buried, and Messrs. John and Charles Wesley shall also be buried there. We will all lie together. You will not let them enter your chapel while they are alive. They can do you no harm when they are dead." Not one of the three was buried there. Wesley was never anxious to enter a Dissenting chapel, but "George's Chapel" was no doubt, in his eyes, a different kind of place, in which he was quite willing to preach. And it is only right to remember that before Whitefield went abroad for the last time, he was often asked by Mr. Keen, one of the managers of the chapel, "If you should die abroad, whom shall we get to preach your funeral sermon? Must it be your old friend the Rev. Mr. John Wesley?" Whitefield always replied, "He is the man." And accordingly, when, on November 5, 1770, the news reached London that Whitefield had died on September 30, at Newbury Port,

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD CHAPEL, No. 2

As the direct result of Whitefield's preaching, it was found necessary in 1759 to enlarge the original building, and the octangular structure shown in front was added. Our picture gives a fairly accurate idea of the external appearance of the chapel as it existed until its injury by fire in 1857.

REV. ANDREW KINSMAN

One of the "assistant preachers" at Tottenham Court Road Chapel, and the "dear Timothy" of Whitefield's letters.

near Boston, in America, his old friend was asked to preach his funeral sermon, at Tottenham Court in the morning and the Tabernacle in the afternoon, on Sunday, November 18. This he did. He says: "An immense multitude was gathered together from all corners of the town. I was at first afraid that a great part of the congregation would not be able to hear; but it pleased God so to strengthen my voice, that even those at the door heard distinctly. It was an awful season: all were still as night; most appeared to be deeply affected; and an impression was made on many, which one would hope will not speedily be effaced." At the Tabernacle, Moorfields, at Greenwich, and at Deptford, Wesley rendered a similar tribute to his friend; for, he said, "in every place I wish to show all possible respect to the memory of that great and good man."

IV

Whitefield himself being a pastor-evangelist, travelling all over the United Kingdom and between Georgia and New England in America, it is obvious that his frequent and prolonged absences from the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court must have necessitated the employment of some kind of an assistant ministry. There were two laymen, called managers, who attended to temporal affairs, and there were a number of earnest men, of like spirit with himself, who preached. Some of these were clergymen and some Nonconformists; the fact that Whitefield was himself a clergyman partly accounts for the coming of the former, his catholicity and earnestness drew the latter. But what a strange spectacle was this: a clergyman owning an unconsecrated building, and the preacher being one day an untrained man like Thomas Adams, and the next a scholar like Berridge, Vicar of Everton, a Cambridge moderator; or the two men might be seen working side by side for weeks together. Would any Bishops now permit clergymen to preach for weeks in Dissenting chapels? or to co-operate with men like Adams? The fact is that, at this time, the Evangelicals within and without the Established Church constituted a party irrespective of denominational differences, but now the differences are more than the unity, thanks to the "Catholic" movement.

V

One of the most notable of the ministers was Torial Joss (born September, 1731; died April, 1797), a native of Auck Medden, a small village on the coast about twenty miles north of Aberdeen. His father died when he was very young, and his mother married a second time, not to the boy's advantage; being in the way, he was sent to sea. Always seriously inclined, he used, when at home, to hide his Bible, and then read it on convenient occasions, and he maintained his good habits on ship-board. He suffered extremely as a prisoner-of-war in 1746; and, going out on his return home that year to see the royal and rebel armies, he was "impressed" and carried on board a King's ship. He escaped, travelled to Sunderland, and bound himself as an apprentice to the captain of a coasting vessel belonging to Robin Hood's Bay. Studious, he used the winter months, when vessels were laid up, in acquiring a scientific knowledge of his profession; and at school made the acquaintance of a youth named Moorsom,

THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON

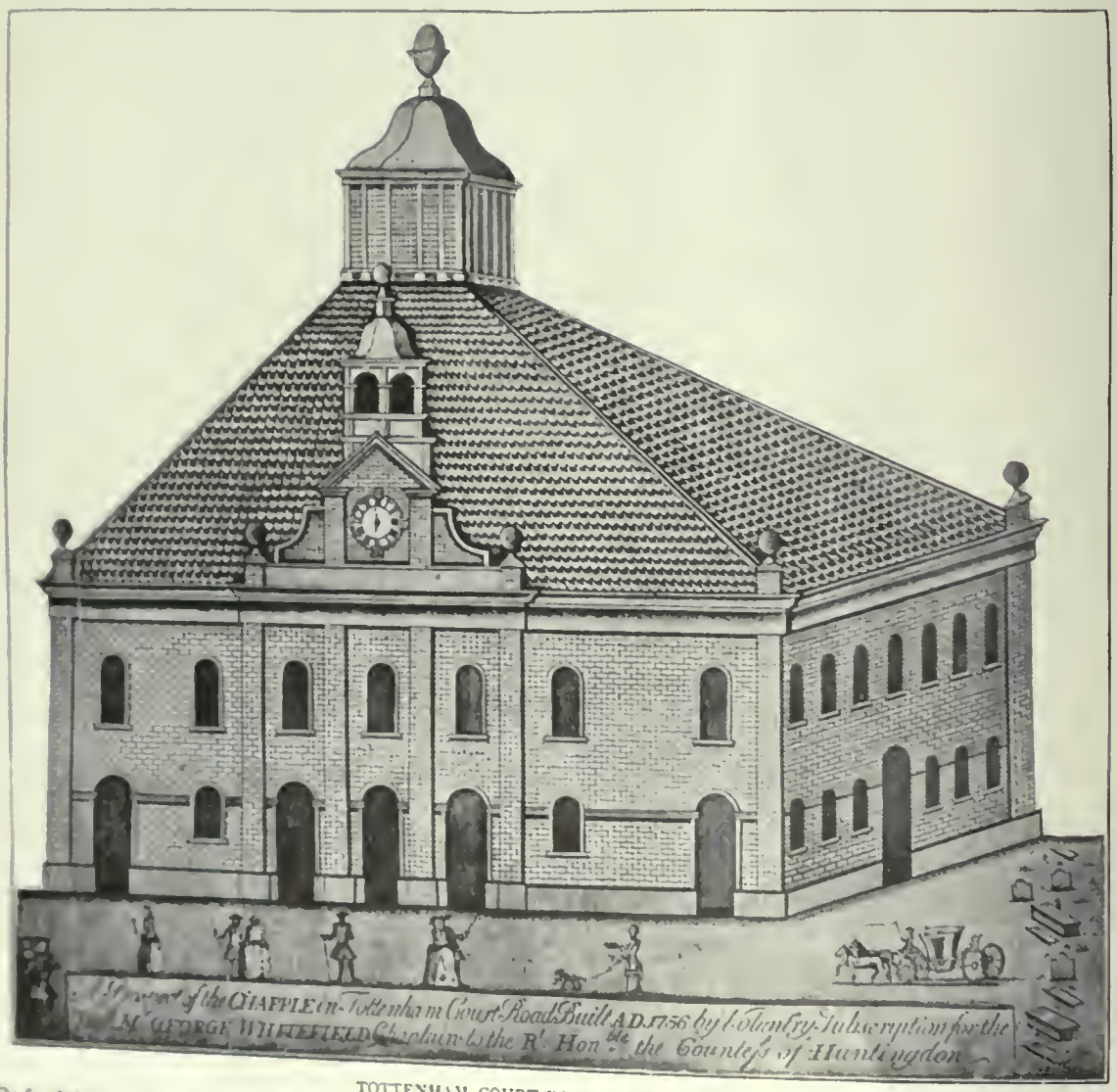
Whitefield's ministry was remarkable for its attractive and spiritual influence upon all classes of people. His congregations frequently included peers and peeresses, and it was not an uncommon sight to see the Duke of Cumberland, the "hero of Culloden," Frederick, Prince of Wales, Lord Chesterfield, and many others of high rank, listening attentively to his impassioned words. This was largely due to Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, who, having come under deep spiritual conviction, sought to influence others in her own station of life. It was to a brilliant company assembled in Lady Huntingdon's drawing-room that Whitefield often made known the way of salvation.

whose mother showed him much kindness. Mrs. Moorsom was a saint, made such by nothing but reading the Bible and prayer. Her doctrines, the old biographers are careful to say, were Calvinistic. Her first taste of Christian fellowship was when a poor woman who lived some miles distant, and who brought calves to sell, dropped a word concerning God. They were discovered to each other, and on one occasion, when the house was empty of every one but young Joss, who affected to be asleep, they poured out their full hearts. Like Bunyan when he heard the old women of Bedford talking of Christian things, it was all very strange to him, and his nature rebelled against the truth.

"Field-preaching is my plan."—Whitefield

On one of his voyages he bought at King's Lynn several of Bunyan's books and "The Whole Duty of Man"; the last he kept for himself, the others he gave to Mrs. Moorsom, much to her joy. Next, by strange ways, the Gospel was brought to the Bay, and men were saved; then came Wesley, and formed a society, and also encouraged Joss to go on exhorting and praying. The young Calvinist was always welcome to the Arminian pulpits. Joss carried the Gospel with him to sea, won his master's favour, and preached in the harbours at which they called, his first public sermon being at Boston. On the day his apprenticeship ceased he was appointed first mate of the ship. But this zealous youth was preparing for a service that neither he nor any one else had any idea of; God was training him for Tottenham Court pulpit and for many other pulpits which were centres of spiritual power.

On Christmas Day, 1755, he was married to Miss Moorsom, a good and true woman. His religious labours at the ports of call created hostility and persecution, and at Shields he was "impressed," and



TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD CHAPEL, NO. 1

The foundation stone of this, the first chapel, was laid by Whitefield on May 19, 1756, the building being opened for worship on November 7 of the same year. "It became the mother of many chapels, and the birthplace of many souls." A neighbouring physician called the building "Whitefield's soul-trap," and by that name it was commonly known among the populace. It is a curious fact that Whitefield, as owner both of Moorfields Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Road Chapel, registered them in the registry of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, as "meeting places of certain congregations of Protestant Dissenters from the Church of England, calling themselves Independents."

sent on board a tender, where he was kept in close confinement for seven weeks, "amid filth and horrid blasphemies," and allowed only twenty minutes in forty-eight hours on deck. He was denied the use of paper, or the visits of friends; so strange were our fathers' ways of making patriotic seamen! No wonder that he had his dark hours of temptation, when he had thoughts of throwing away his Bible. But the old volume had help for him; as he read Jeremiah xv. 19-21, his soul revived, and he sang songs of praises. God had not forgotten him; for, strange to say, he was the only man left behind out of nearly 300 who were sent to the Nore to be distributed in the ships-of-war, and soon afterwards he was released. In a short time he was appointed to the command of a ship, and as captain he established regular worship and preached to his crew. Before he gave up seafaring he had five men out of eighteen who could publicly pray and exhort. His devout habits made one man leave. Some years after losing him Joss saw him playing tricks for the amusement of children in the streets of a seaport, and when the sailor recognised him, he ran up to him, and said: "God bless you, sir; you were the best master I ever had, and I could have sailed with you round the world, but you prayed me to death." Jack evidently did not see that it was the praying which made his master the best.

REV. C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.A.

The thirteenth minister in the succession, under whose care Tottenham Court Road Chapel will, it is confidently hoped, receive a new lease of life.

Mr. Joss now became a joint-owner of a ship; but whereas he had always succeeded for others, he failed for himself. In his fourth voyage the vessel was lost at the Nore, and he and his crew were saved with difficulty. He then went to Berwick to superintend the building of one much larger; and, as was his wont, preached—preached, too, with such acceptance, that when he was ready to sail, the crowds told him they would pray God to change the wind. Next morning it was against him, and he had to stay for five weeks more! "After he had sailed, a gentleman of Berwick, unknown to Mr. Joss, wrote to an acquaintance of Mr. Whitefield in London, saying what a wonderful preacher they had been favoured with for nine months. He mentioned when he supposed the vessel would be in the river; her name was *The Hartley Trader*, but the other coasting crews called her *The Pulpit*." This was just a man after Whitefield's own heart, a preacher impelled by love to preach at the ports of call, his ship nicknamed *The Pulpit*, holding on to his preaching for nine months in the same place; manifestly a brave, consistent, devoted follower of Jesus Christ. Having seen the letter from Berwick, and heard that the vessel had come to her moorings, Whitefield, without the knowledge of the Captain, announced that the Captain would preach on Saturday evening. To the messenger who informed him of this on board his ship he declared he would not comply; but the messenger would take no denial, and "Captain Joss" preached with so much acceptance to Whitefield, both on

Photographed specially for The British Monthly

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD CHAPEL AS IT IS TO-DAY, No. 4.

the Saturday and Sunday nights, that the latter urged him "to leave the sea and labour in the Tabernacle connexion." He refused, went to sea, and lost his main anchor. He returned, preached again at the Tabernacle to large audiences, was urged by Whitefield to become only a fisher of men, and again declined. The congregations that met him on his third visit crowded the place, and Whitefield once more pressed his request, with this measure of success, that Joss would allow a younger brother, then his mate, to whom he was greatly attached, to take charge of the vessel during the next voyage, while he himself remained to preach. On going down the river, the young man fell over the side of the ship, and was drowned. Whitefield then said to him, "Sir, all these disasters are the fruits of your disobedience; and let me tell you, if you refuse to hearken to the call of God, both you and your ship will soon go to the bottom." He yielded; he was "impressed" this time into the full service of King Jesus, and at the end of the fourth voyage, which he seems to have been compelled to make in the place of his brother, he turned from the deck to the pulpit.

And a mighty preacher he was from 1766, when he became linked to Whitefield, to April 17, 1797, when he died. Great congregations came to hear him, and many souls were converted. He usually spent four or five months every year in itinerating, and regularly visited South Wales, Bristol, Gloucestershire; in Pembrokeshire he was remarkably popular, and on Sundays persons would come as many as twenty miles to hear him at Haverfordwest. That free-tongued man, Berridge, used to call him the "Archdeacon of Tottenham." He shared the pastorate with Whitefield, and had his fullest confidence. I may quote from a letter sent to him on May 17, 1768, by Whitefield: "My dear man, 'Go forward! go forward!' is the watchword of the present day. Never mind the envious cry of elder brethren. Had they been hearkened to, the Prodigal must never have come home, nor Goliath's head have been struck off. All temple-builders, especially when called to work in the field, must endure, not only the contradiction of sinners, but the contradiction of saints. Happy are they who are so deeply engaged in building as not to have time to hearken to either. I long to come and lend a helping, though feeble, hand."

REV. JOEL ABRAHAM KNIGHT

Assistant preacher at the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel at Spa Fields, and afterwards co-pastor with Matthew Wilks.

When Torial Joss died, he was buried at Tottenham Court, and Captain Scott, one of the "assistant-preachers," delivered what was called "the funeral oration."

VI

In the *Evangelical Magazine* of March, 1829, there is a "memoir of the Rev. Matthew Wilks, for more than half a century one of the Pastors of Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Chapel." Judging of him by the many portraits of him that remain and by the character of his work, he must have come quite up to Dr. Chalmers's idea of "a man of wecht": power, massiveness, self-control, are upon every line of him. He was the son of an officer in the army, and was born at Gibraltar, 1746, on St. Matthew's Day, hence his Christian name. The father retired on half-pay to Birmingham, where Matthew was apprenticed to a trade. When he was twenty-five years of age he went to live at West Bromwich, and there he one day overheard the Rev. W. Piercy, curate of the parish, preaching in a house; curiosity made him listen, but the word came to him with power and made him cry earnestly, "What must I do to be saved?" Young Wilks became a sincere Christian. And so did Miss Shenstone, of Halesowen (a cousin of the poet Shenstone), through the labours of Mr. Piercy. Mr. Wilks found in her later on an excellent wife. At Mr. Piercy's suggestion Matthew, with some misgiving and hesitation, went to Trevecca College, to study for the ministry, and at the end of his course, Mr. Robert Keen, a manager of "the Tabernacle Connexion," having heard him preach, he was invited to London, with the result that in 1775 he was standing in Whitefield's place, and preaching to large congregations.

REV. MATTHEW WILKS

For more than half a century one of the pastors of the Chapel. Wilks was one of the founders of the London Missionary Society.

Joss and Wilks were now associated as joint ministers of the two chapels. The distinction between the two was that Joss was more of an

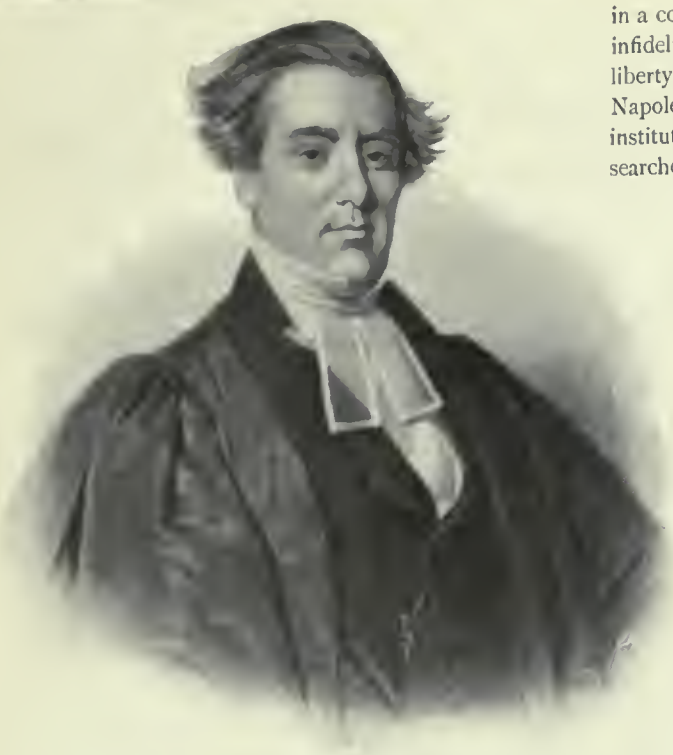
evangelist, and Wilks more of a pastor; indeed, Wilks was quite typical of the modern minister, who works hard for his own pulpit, visits his people, is often called away from home to preach on special occasions, and does an amount of business in connection with public societies that gives him a fair title to be called a business man. He was an early riser, and thus obtained time for study and devotion. He was abstemious in eating and drinking—and *talking*. His taciturnity sometimes gave him an appearance of gloom; but it saved him from mistakes, and gave him a reputation, not undeserved, for prudence. When Dr. Campbell was first introduced to him, he was struck with the old man's reticence and the way in which he turned things over in his mind before he spoke. He did his thinking before his speaking, as some persons do their speaking before their thinking. He was a true pastor, caring for all his people alike. To his clerk, who apologised for asking him to bury a very poor person on a cold winter's day, he said, "Did you ever know me ask whether a person was poor or rich, when my duty was to be performed, or good was to be done?" He got twelve almshouses built for poor and deserving widows, and also a charity school for clothing and educating a hundred poor children. These were still the days when charity was the best the Churches could offer to the poor; now they can support their demand for justice.

REV. JOHN HYATT, PASTOR OF THE CHAPEL 1802—1826

Wilks wrote thus of his colleague: "He was a highly favoured servant of Christ in our Connexion. . . . His ministry was more instrumental in the conversion of sinners than that of all the other preachers who have statedly or occasionally occupied our pulpits."

The Great Revival had obtained numbers, means, and influence enough in Mr. Wilks's time to undertake those great missions which have proved of such unspeakable service to our own country and to every land under heaven. The ministers and evangelists, often men of humble origin, who knew the disadvantages of ignorance, and who had honourably supplied their educational deficiencies by diligent study, set themselves in every way at their command to diffuse knowledge through the country. The cause of Education, in a truly national sense, has always had its warmest friends in the Independent Churches. There was a "Book Society" among the institutions in which Wilks was interested, which excited much attention, and was the means of spreading knowledge and vital godliness among the poor. And no one who knows the poor but knows that, when they are moved by true religion, they will make any sacrifice to secure the learning that is to be the means of nourishing their spiritual life. This is true of every land and of every age. In harmony with his efforts for the poor were Wilks's exertions for Highbury College in its earliest days. He also conceived the right plan for working the *Evangelical Magazine*, which is now 110 years old. For twenty-five years he acted as Honorary Secretary to the Village Itinerancy, a name which describes a work of great usefulness. He was among the first at the formation of the Irish Evangelical Society, of the Religious Tract Society, and of the British and Foreign Bible Society; and also, as the result of some articles of his in the *Evangelical Magazine*, the Female Penitentiary was formed. Allied to all this was an ardent love of political and religious liberty, the true and universal result of the acceptation of the Gospel as the message of God. Hardly could Mr. Wilks have been exonerated from the charge of being a "political Dissenter," although religious spite had not, I believe, at that time invented the name.

But it is as one of the founders of the London Missionary Society that Matthew Wilks has an assured immortal name among the greatest benefactors of humanity. Noble ideals, simple methods, daring enterprises, world-embracing schemes are ever the fruit of the Christian faith. Humble, obscure men, with no money, will calmly give themselves to the promotion of far-reaching plans beside which the dreams of military conquerors are the fancies of children. And it was not strange that the men who succeeded Whitefield, and were reaping the fruits of his faith and courage, should believe that greater things were possible to them, because all things are possible to the living God in whom they trusted. The wonders and



REV. J. W. RICHARDSON

Went to Tottenham Court Road in 1842, and laboured in conjunction with Dr. Campbell until 1862. He was the last of the co-pastors, and the first of the sole pastors.

romance of the Kingdom of God are the results of faith and obedience, and no one does anything wonderful unless he is constrained by the love of Christ. Not a touch of fanaticism, not a freak of hysteria, not a motion of ambition, is to be seen in Eyre, Haweis, Wilks, Bogue, or any of the men who addressed themselves to the divine work of evangelising the world. The story of the formation of the L.M.S. is long, and involves many names, to each of which I would give all honour; but I can only say that Wilks was present at every meeting, and took a responsible part in every important movement. He was one of the first Directors, and formed one of a deputation which was sent to France in 1802 to see what could be done to spread the Gospel in a country where the Papacy had been overthrown, where infidelity was rampant, and where there appeared to be liberty for Christian work. It was the year in which Napoleon was chosen Consul for life, and in which he instituted the Legion of Honour. The Englishmen searched the booksellers' shops in Paris for some days before a single copy of the Scriptures could be found! A good work was begun in the way of distributing the Scriptures and religious books in France and Italy, but it was hindered by the movements of Napoleon. At the same time there was more work done than ever for the poor and for children at home; the French prisoners-of-war were remembered, and so were the Jews. The soil of the Churches seemed to spring with enterprises for the good of all classes and nations that could be reached; and one of the happiest features of the times was the co-operation between Churchmen and Nonconformists.

It would not be fair to attach all the remarkable things of Mr. Wilks's ministry to "the Chapel"; more of them belong to the Tabernacle, where he lived, and where the mother-Church assembled. One event, however, belonged to neither of the places, but to the minister who belonged to both; it was his remarkable missionary sermon, preached in Surrey Chapel in May, 1812, from the text, "The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke Me to anger" (Jer. vii. 18). After speaking of the idolatrous worship of the queen of heaven, the ardour of the worshippers, and the persons employed in it, he then said, "I will *contrast* your objects; *compare* your ardour; and *muster* your agents." We are told that "from the hearing and perusal of that part of it which referred to the agents—viz. *the men, women, and children*—arose that system of auxiliary institutions which now (1829) pervades the whole country, and combines in its support young and old, rich and poor." I fancy that now (1903) we could do with the

REV. JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D.

Tottenham Court Road was the scene of Dr. Campbell's labours for thirty-five years, although from 1833 till his resignation of the pastorate in 1865 he preached only occasionally. Dr. Parker wrote gratefully of Dr. Campbell's kindly encouragement in the early days. "Behind that huge nose (quite as Roman as Wellington's) were battles and storms and manifold omens of power. . . . For my own part it would be unpardonable to forget that he directed my opening ministry, and comforted me in my first struggles by many a generous benediction."

preaching of that sermon over again; but where is the Matthew Wilks to preach it?

It is fitting that Matthew Wilks should have Mr. Horne, who has so well told the Story of the L.M.S., as his successor; it retains the connection with the Society.

Mr. Wilks's last appearances in the Tabernacle and in "the Chapel" were full of pathos. The Rev. John Campbell, of Kilmarnock, had been invited to supply for some time at them both, and came to London in October, 1828, to fulfil his engagements. The first Sunday he was not engaged to preach until the evening at Tottenham Court Chapel. In the morning he went to worship at the Tabernacle, but Mr. Wilks, feeling very ill after reading the lessons and prayer, asked him to preach for him. In the vestry, where they met, the patriarch, now 83 years of age, put his gown upon the younger man. The old man never appeared in that pulpit again.

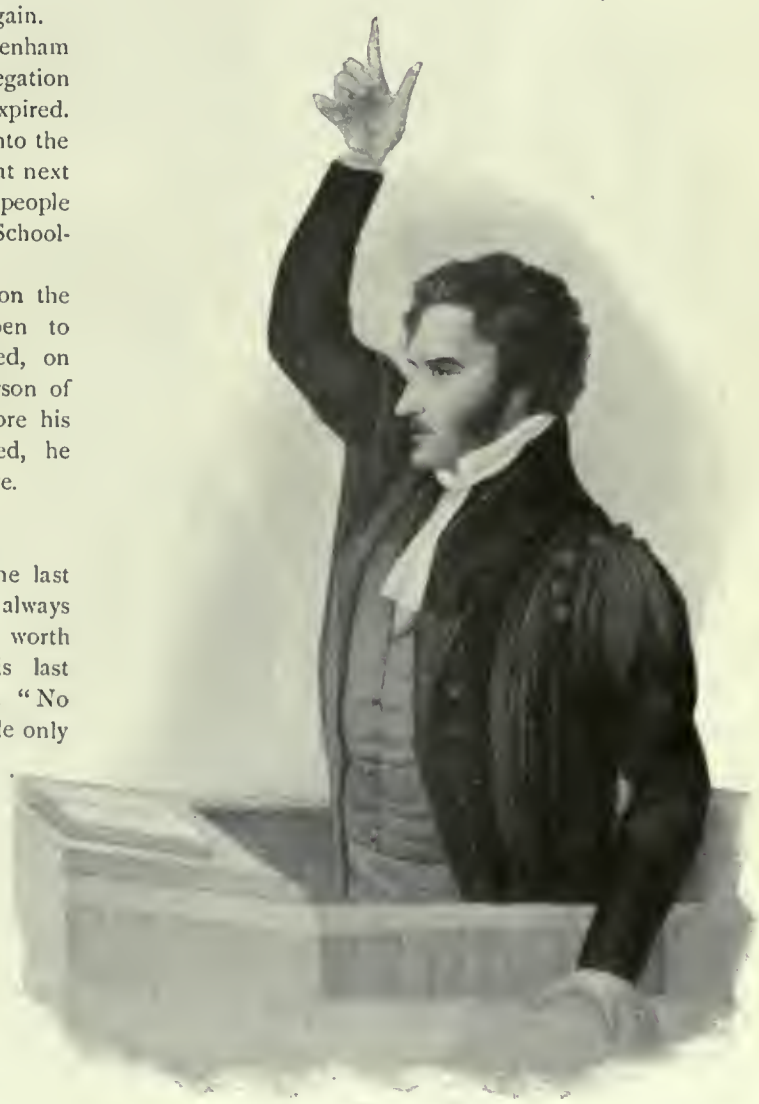
AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF THE LATE DR. PARKER
As he appeared at the time of his assistantship to Dr. Campbell

In the evening he went with Campbell to Tottenham Court, where "the Chapel" was packed with a congregation anxious to be at the last service, for the lease had expired. When the sermon was over, the aged minister went into the pulpit, "with his face bathed in tears, to intimate that next Lord's Day the chapel would be closed, and the people would meet, as many as could, in the Fitzroy Schoolrooms."

Thus ended his public labours in both places on the same day, October 5, 1828. What might happen to "the Chapel" was unknown, but before he died, on January 29, 1829, he knew his successor in the person of the young Scotsman. When he was told, just before his departure, that Campbell's appointment was settled, he said, "Thank God! thank God!" and spoke no more.

VII

Our fathers used to attach much importance to the last sayings of good men, and *their* character sketches always set these out in detail. One of Mr. Wilks's is worth repeating, as it has a present-day value. On his last Christmas Eve he said, on the subject of revivals, "No one desires revivals more than myself; but a miracle only can produce them in England. Professors are so thoroughly mixed up with the world, in their habits, manners, and tone of conversation. There is so little of the simplicity of godliness. They are so frivolous, as well as carnal. God only knows how I agonise over some of them." "When first I came to the Tabernacle the really pious people were always *at it*. Our week-night services were as well attended as those on Sundays; and on Christmas Days the place was crowded. Now, to-morrow there will be but few people, because they will be making their puddings, and preparing for feasting." An apology was made for them, that if they had family meetings they required some preparation. "Well," said he, "let them meet their families, and be happy with them; that is quite right: but let them not forsake God for their families, or they and their families will rue such love." Of his "praying brethren" he said, "Yes, indeed, they are my glory and joy. So humble, and yet so sensible; no stuff; no flattery; no speaking of me as the dear venerable saint until I am almost sent into hysterics. Saint, indeed!—a poor worm! I can scarcely refrain from speaking aloud when such language from the pulpit sometimes frets my ear." Honest old man! it was the ministers that fretted him with flattery when they were praying, not the sensible people at the prayer meeting. And if he chooses to call himself "a worm," he may; but I call him "a man, and no worm!"



REV. EDWARD IRVING
A chronicler says: "In 1824 the Rev Edward Irving here" (*i.e.* Tottenham Court Chapel) "delivered his celebrated missionary oration of three hours and a half, which by itself would have won for him an immortal fame."

Photo by Barraud

REV. J. JACKSON WRAY
Pastor of Tottenham Court Chapel 1880—1891

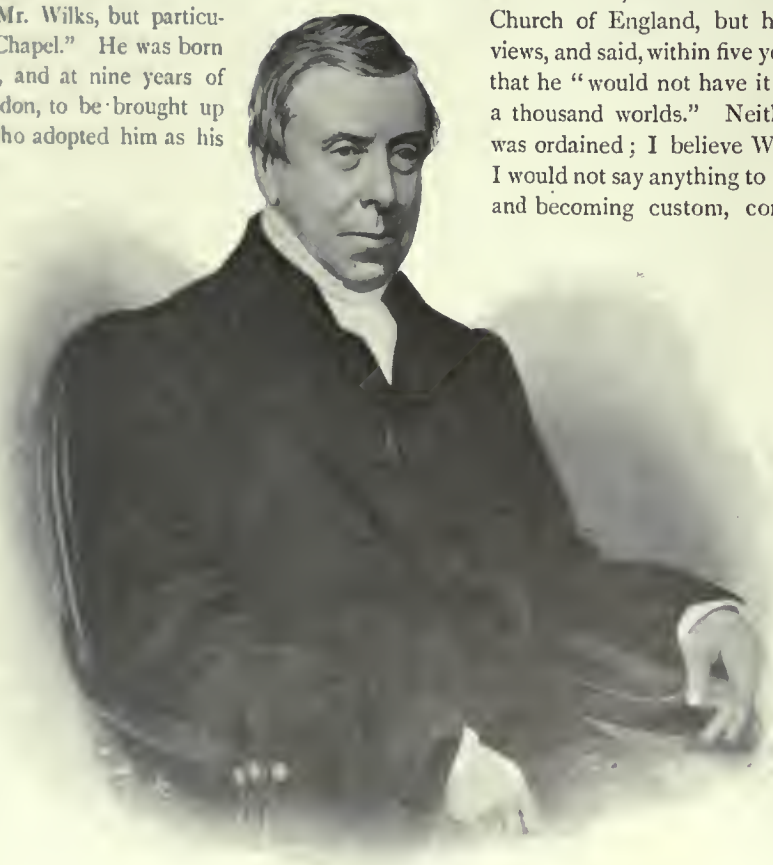
VIII

After the death of Captain Joss, "a Mr. Brooksbanks was appointed assistant preacher," so we read in a memorial volume, but not another word can I find about him. Let us, therefore, believe that he was able, devoted, consistent, and useful.

Joel Abraham Knight was the next to be appointed co-pastor to Mr. Wilks, but particularly to labour at "the Chapel." He was born at Hull, April 23, 1754, and at nine years of age was brought to London, to be brought up by a childless relation, who adopted him as his son. His worldly prospects were good enough, but both his intellectual and religious training were utterly neglected; at fourteen he could scarcely read or write. Then he took a liking to reading, but spent much of his time in pleasure-seeking. When he was about nineteen the great change, brought about by a series of remarkable providences, passed over him. Romaine's ministry was useful to him, so were John Newton's sermons, but most of all was he taught, strengthened, and inspired by the preaching of Toplady at Orange Street Chapel on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. A friend also took him to an experience meeting, and to Tottenham Court Chapel, where he met his future wife, who was as ardent a Christian as himself. By a succession of strange events he became a preacher of the Gospel, and laboured along with Mr. Wills at the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel at Spa Fields. He was master of the Charity School and assistant preacher at the Chapel. Some rupture between the Countess and Mr. Wills led to Mr. Knight's removal from Spa Fields. He next had an invitation to Pentonville Chapel in September, 1788; but "the offence which the Gospel gave" made his position untenable, and his friends Messrs. West and Keen, the managers of Whitefield's Chapels, invited him at midsummer, 1789, to join "the Tabernacle Connexion," as it was called, his chief duty being at "the Chapel." He went with joy and gratitude to his place of honourable service.

As far as I have observed, good feeling seems to have existed between all the early ministers in "the Tabernacle Connexion." Is human nature changed, or the grace of God less effectual now than formerly, that men say they cannot work with others in the same office; or is it that the "Connexion" had an amount of elasticity which gave room for individual action, and prevented friction? However that may have been, the happy fact remains, that Whitefield and Joss, Joss and Wilks, Wilks and Knight, Wilks and Hyatt agreed well together, and I fail to find traces of disagreement among the people. They were human, no doubt, but the Spirit of Christ evidently ruled in them and among them.

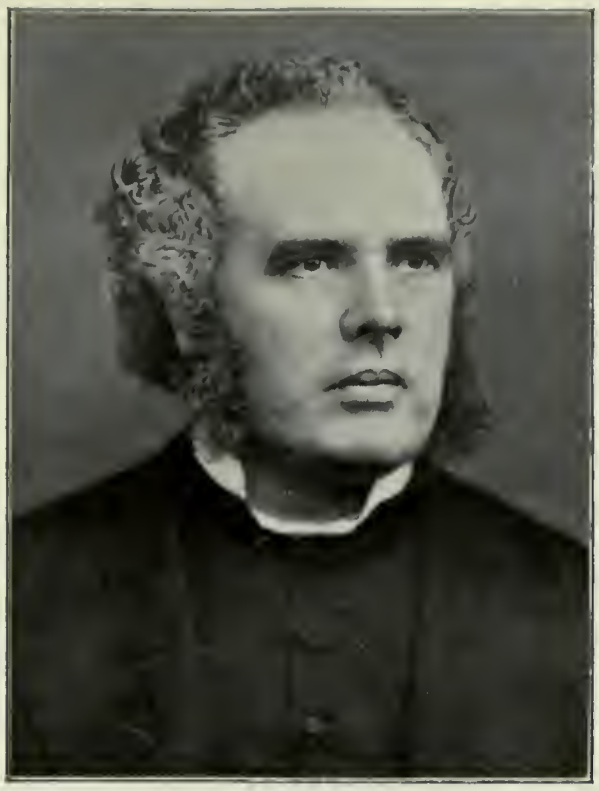
Then, again, I notice how small a part ordination played in the lives of these men. Whitefield, of course, was ordained, because he was a minister of the Church of England, but he soon changed his views, and said, within five years of his ordination, that he "would not have it again in that way, for a thousand worlds." Neither Joss nor Knight was ordained; I believe Wilks and Hyatt were. I would not say anything to disparage the solemn and becoming custom, commonly observed in Nonconformist Churches, of setting a young minister apart for the work of preaching the Gospel by holding an ordination service, but would only point out how simple were the ways of the men who roused England from her spiritual slumber. Great stress was laid upon fitness, talent, and grace, but more upon actual usefulness. Whitefield sought the co-operation of men who were soul-winners.



REV. JAMES PARSONS
For many years one of the most popular of the "assistant preachers" at "the Chapel"

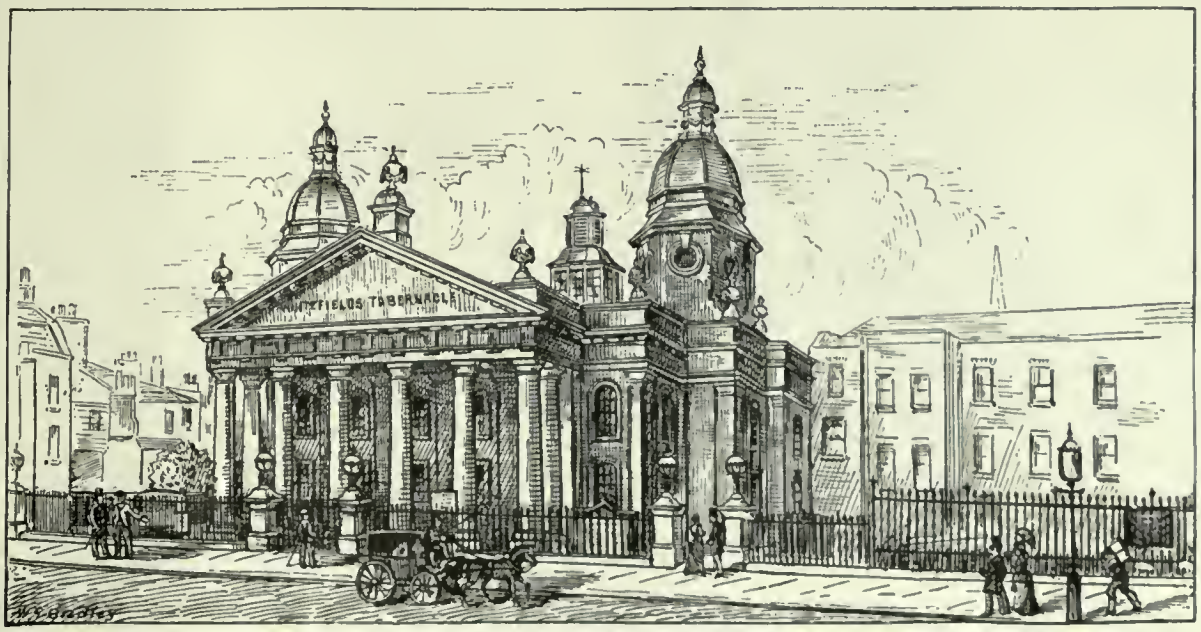
IX

The Rev. John Hyatt was born in a small public-house in Sherborne, Dorset, on January 21, 1767. (Whitefield was born in the Bell Inn, Gloucester, and used to serve the customers.) He entered a different business, and prospered, but gave way to irreligion, and became a ringleader of godless young fellows. Through his attachment to Miss Westcomb, niece of Mr. Vardy, formerly the Dissenting minister of Sherborne, he was won to the service of Christ; and in a neighbouring village began unexpectedly his work as a preacher. Without any preparation for ministerial work, he accepted in 1798 a call to a Church at Mere, Wilts, while still retaining his business at Sherborne. At the end of two years he went to Zion Chapel, Frome, Somerset, where he laboured zealously and well. His visits to the Tabernacles at Bristol and Haverfordwest having been very much blessed, and Mr. Wilks having heard him at Bristol, he was invited as an annual preacher (*i.e.* for an annual visit of six weeks) to the London chapels, where he so won the congregations that he was asked to fill Mr. Knight's place as one of the regular pastors. Thus in four years a country tradesman passed through two small country Churches to two of the largest metropolitan Churches. And he was not unworthy. Mr. Wilks said he was more instrumental in winning souls than any one else. His last sermon was preached on January 8, 1826. To young ministers he used to say, "Be sure you take care of your pulpit; if you do not, nothing will preserve you from merited oblivion." He was a memoriter preacher, and topical rather than expository or historical. This is the way in which he could search the conscience—he was preaching on "The certain disclosure of sin": "An aged and venerable minister of Jesus Christ, who was some years a fellow-labourer with your preacher in the same town, related to him the following circumstance. One morning in the early part of the week he called upon one of the members of his Church, and after the usual salutation the person began to speak of his remarkably happy experience, and observed that he had been thinking much upon a text from which he should greatly like to hear his minister preach—it was this, 'And Enoch walked with God'—and then said he thought his own experience corresponded with that of Enoch. Earnestly requesting his pastor to preach upon that text on the following Lord's Day, he received a promise to that effect. The godly minister felt peculiar pleasure in finding one of his flock so happy, and left him, praying that his happiness might continue and increase. Soon after he had quitted the house of his supposed happy friend his mind was powerfully impressed with this passage of Scripture, 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' He had not the slightest suspicion of anything being wrong in the character of him whom he had just visited, and could not account for the extraordinary impression which that text of Scripture had made upon his mind. It was almost constantly in his thoughts. Having studied a discourse from 'Enoch walked with God,' he was constrained to fix upon 'Be sure your sin will find you out' as a text for a discourse to follow the other. The Sabbath arrived. The good man preached in the morning from the text which his friend had suggested to him, and his friend appeared to enjoy the discourse. In the afternoon he preached from the text which he concluded God, for some important purpose, had fixed upon his mind. During the delivery of this



REV. L. D. BEVAN, LL.D.

The ministry of Dr. Bevan at Tottenham Court Chapel extended from 1869 to 1876. He is now labouring in Australia.



The Chapel (No. 3) as restored after the fire of 1857, with the exception of the mistaken and misleading name across the front, which was added about the year 1880. Being unsafe, the building was demolished in 1889; it had stood 133 years.

subject, the individual who appeared to be so delighted in the morning was observed to sit with his head drooping, and seemed to be very uneasy. Still the minister had no suspicion that the discourse particularly applied to that person. A few weeks only passed away before the awful text was verified in the exposure of his sin. It was proved that he had been several years living in adultery with the sister of his own wife. Is there an adulterer or an adulteress in this congregation? 'Be sure your sin will find you out.' You may as well expect to blind Omniscience as to prevent an exposure of your secret wickedness." The story might have been condensed, but there is no evading its application. It comes home with the directness of Nathan's words, "Thou art the man."

X

With the man from the north a period of storm set in, perhaps it was inevitable, because in Wilks's later years he was without the vigour necessary for grappling with abuses, and "the Chapel" was without a full pastor between the death of Hyatt in 1826 and the settlement of Campbell early in 1829. The Whitefield tradition had become an incubus; nothing might be done save as Whitefield had done it. The managers and Campbell got into strained relations in a few years. Trustees—a new thing—were appointed, who attempted to rule with absolute power. Campbell resisted; he was locked out of both pulpits for six months. The congregations met in other buildings, and the word was preached as usual. It was a time of transition from Whitefield's Anglican autocracy to the democratic form of Congregationalism. The Trustees instituted a lawsuit to decide who should have the power of management, and judgment was given against them.

In 1840 Dr. Campbell attacked the Bible monoply, and along with others secured free trade in the Scriptures. He threw himself into work for the Press, and delighted in editing, first, the *Christian Witness* and the *Christian Penny Magazine*, and, subsequently, the *British Banner* and the *British Standard*. Loss of voice compelled him in 1853 to give up preaching, save occasionally. He still retained the pastoral office, but in 1865 this was also resigned. He died in 1867, aged 72. Dr. Parker says that his exposition of Scripture was "terse, suggestive, and luminous. It was marked by a close knowledge of the Scriptures, by a most commanding common sense, and by a fine Christian sensibility. After the exposition came the appeal. Such an appeal!"

Photo by Russell & Fry

REV. J. P. GLEDSTONE

The most recent biographer of Whitefield, and writer of this article

REV. THOMAS NICHOLSON

Pastor from 1877 to 1879

When Dr. Campbell's voice failed in 1849 he had one co-pastor, the Rev. J. W. Richardson, who had joined him in 1842, and who had the sole burden of Tottenham Court Road for some time before the Doctor's partial breakdown. In 1853 Dr. Campbell sought the aid of a second co-pastor for the work at the Tabernacle, and secured the Rev. John Corbin, of Derby, one of the most gracious men, one of the most loving pastors, that ever served in the Gospel. His stay, however, was short, and he became the first minister of the new Church at Crouch End. Dr. Parker came as a kind of assistant to Dr. Campbell in 1852, and continued with him until 1853.

It will be remembered that Mr. Wilks was anxious at the time of his death about the future of Tottenham Court, because its lease had expired at Michaelmas, 1827, but a year more had been granted. In October, 1828, the services were transferred to Fitzroy Schoolroom, 12, Grafton Street, and were continued there for nearly three years (another authority says three years and a half), while negotiations were proceeding for the purchase of "the Chapel" and burying-ground, and, when that was done, while "the Chapel" was being thoroughly repaired. The trustees paid £14,000 for the freehold, and spent £6,000 more on alterations and repairs, the alterations including the removal of the reading and clerk's desks, relics of the Anglican days; and an arrangement was also made by which the voice of the preacher might be distinctly heard in every part of the building. These things being done, the building was re-opened on Thursday, October 27, 1831. The Rev. W. Jay, of Bath, preached in the morning from Revelation xxi. 22, and the Rev. James Parsons, of York, preached in the evening from Jeremiah ix. 3.

XI

The Centenary of "the Chapel," November, 1856, was celebrated by a series of solemn and stimulating services in which Drs. Campbell, Leifchild, Tidman, Massie, and Fletcher took part, also Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, J. W. Richardson, James Sherman, W. Roberts, D. Davis, J. Davies, and John Graham; the Chairman of the public meeting was Sir Culling Eardley. The note of the sermons and speeches was a longing for such a revival of religion as had been enjoyed a century before, and had called "the

Chapel" into being. Spurgeon's sermon on Tuesday morning, November 11, was on the text: "O Lord, revive Thy work" (Habakkuk iii. 2), and was one of rousing earnestness and tremendous power. If the services on that Centenary were an index to the prevailing feeling of the time, I am not surprised that a mighty revival did come in 1859. Would God a similar season might soon come again.

It should be noted that Tottenham Court aided the founding of other Churches: the Churches at Shepherd's Market, Kentish Town, Paddington, Tonbridge Chapel, Robert Street, Crown Street, and Craven Chapel owed much of their strength to it.

REV. JAMES HOLMES
Who will be Mr. Horne's assistant in the work of the Whitefield Mission

Within three months of the Centenary services, on February 23, 1857, "the Chapel" was damaged by fire, which commenced in the boys' schoolrooms, which were on the eastern side of the Chapel, and level with the galleries; the roof was burnt off, and the rest of the building greatly damaged by fire and water. Shortly after this fire the London Chapel Building Society bought the building.

It has had for its ministers since Mr. Richardson, the Revs. J. W. Boulding (1864-68), Dr. Bevan (1869-76), Thomas Nicholson (1877-79), J. Jackson Wray (deceased), (1880-91), G. A. Suttle, whose honour it is to have built the fourth and last chapel (1892-1902), C. Silvester Horne, M.A., and James Holmes (1903).

XII

Some notice must be taken of the vaults and of the dead who slept there. Mrs. Whitefield was buried there, and a monument placed over her with this inscription: "In memory of Mrs. Elizabeth Whitefield, aged 62; who, after upwards of thirty years' strong and frequent manifestations of a Saviour's love, and as strong and frequent struggling with the buffetings of Satan, bodily sickness, and the indwellings of sin, finished her course with joy, August 9, Anno Domini, 1768." Beneath this inscription is a long one to Whitefield's memory. This monument was destroyed by the fire in 1857. The Rev. John Green, a schoolmaster and an occasional assistant to Whitefield, was laid there, and so were Mr. Matthew Pearce, the architect of "the Chapel," the Rev. Richard Elliot, and John Bacon, R.A., the sculptor.

Before the present building was begun, the bones of all who had been interred in the vaults (with the exception of those of Mrs. Whitefield and Toplady) were carefully removed to Chingford Cemetery, and deposited there in the same grave. The remains of Mrs. Whitefield were placed in a separate grave at Chingford. The remains of Toplady are underneath the hall, called after him, which forms part of the Sunday school below the present chapel; the exact spot in the floor is marked with a brass cross, and on the wall hard by is a tablet with this inscription: "Within these hallowed walls and near this spot are interred the mortal remains of the Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, Vicar of Broad Hembury, Devon. Born 4th Nov. 1740. Died 11th August, 1778. Aged 38 years. He wrote:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

In the burial registers, which have been kept with great care, and are a pattern of order and neatness, may be seen the names of families still well known in the neighbourhood that had their burying-places in the vaults or in the grounds adjacent to the Chapel. The grounds are now known as "Whitefield's Gardens," and are the property of the London County Council.

XIII

Time and space fail me to tell of the kind of congregations that used to gather in "the Chapel," with groups of distinguished persons in them, brought by the Countess of Huntingdon; also statesmen and actors like Shuter and Garrick; also eager young men and mere youths, who, like George Burder, the founder of many a noble institution, were destined to become good and useful members of the

Photo by Hellis & Sons
REV. G. A. SUTTLE
During Mr. Suttle's pastorate (1892—1902) the present chapel was built, Dr. Parker performing the opening ceremony.

Church and distinguished citizens; also weary, sinful men and women, "the devil's castaways," as Whitefield called them, who came wanting something, but not knowing what; also representatives of all that was most devout and most devoted both in the Church of England and in Nonconformity, who sought fresh oil for their lamps of love and zeal, and went away rejoicing. What scenes there were on great occasions! London, even busy, manifold, changing London, has witnessed nothing more impressive. There was much excitement; sometimes, as when the cry of fire was raised whilst John Hyatt was preaching a sermon at the Missionary Society's anniversary, almost tragedy. There was much joy in Heaven over sinners converted there, and converted so strangely; as, *e.g.*, when a burglar who had mistaken a pre-arranged time with his confederates for perpetrating a burglary on a Sunday night pushed his way up the aisle through the crowd to look at the clock, and then, as he turned to go out, caught the eye of the preacher, a Welshman named Rees, who cried at that moment, "Stop, sinner—stop!" Thinking the preacher meant him, he did stop, and was saved.

The preachers were, for a long time, chosen only from places more than five miles from London. They were among the best ministers in the land, Churchmen and Nonconformists, and came for six or eight weeks at a time. How they must have prepared for these solemn times, and how fervently were they committed to the Master's care by their flocks while they were away. They came from every part of the country; twenty of them I can count—men like Kinsman of Plymouth, Medley of Liverpool, Howel Harris of Wales, Thomas Adams of Rodborough, and the Parsons family (the father, the Rev. Edward Parsons, of Leeds, and his sons, Edward of Halifax, and James of York).

"James Parsons of York"—how thrilling are the simple words to those who heard him, as I used to do, in his own chapel! In the wrapt, silent, breathless congregation I have been subdued, overwhelmed by his statements of truth and appeals to the conscience and heart; and afterwards, in the quietness of the vestry, he taught me the way of God more perfectly, with infinite gentleness and patience. He would take me, mere youth as I was, as his companion when he went to preach in a country village on a week-night to a handful of people, and tell me stories of good and great men. How he prayed with me in his vestry before I left for college is a sacred memory. He had, both from his father and mother, the blood of saints and preachers in him. His grandfather James Hamilton, after whom he was named, was a Dunbar physician, a friend of Wesley, the only layman who ever preached the sermon of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. His mother, Dr. Hamilton's daughter Margaret, was a woman of ability and piety. It was at her graveside that James decided for Christ and His ministry. He was already winning fame as a student for the bar, when her death changed his purpose. Like most popular ministers, he was popular from the first: at Idle College, Yorkshire; at Lendal Chapel, York, then a small, ill-attended place, to which he went in October, 1822; and then quickly throughout the land. He was a memoriter preacher, his style climactic. "Parsons's climaxes" were known to every sermon lover. To him they were natural, giving opportunity to his feeble voice to rise and swell and gather power as he swept onwards to the next highest point; but he chose them for impression, for the forcing of souls to decision for their Lord. Judges and barristers used at the York Assizes to go and hear him for oratory's sake, but he was always bent on something higher than display. His style could be imitated—Punshon acknowledged publicly in York that he owed everything to Parsons—but none ever equalled this master of it. The effects of his ministry were far-reaching and abiding. The tradition still lingers in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Chapel that those persons who wished to hear him preach there at night used to bring their dinners with them in the morning, and wait all day. His words were greatly blessed by the Holy Spirit; *e.g.*, two men from the country were in "the Chapel," and moving to go away, when the strange voice was heard, calling "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" One at least turned and lived.

As a widow lady sat listening to him one Sunday in "the Chapel," she decided to ask him, after the service, to join her *that night* in praying for her son, a prodigal. He consented. Some time after she came again, accompanied by her son, now a Christian. On the first Sunday he had decided to destroy himself at some seaside place in France, as he had had to leave Paris in disgrace and danger. With this intention he went to the quay, waited till it was dark, and then made a run at high tide to leap into the sea. But his foot caught in a hook, and he fell just on the edge of the sea wall. He was stunned for a moment, then his sins came to his remembrance, and his mother's prayers too, and the promises of God's mercy. In a day or two he wrote to his mother, and then quickly followed his letter. Now mother and son had come to ask Mr. Parsons what steps the son should take to prepare himself for the ministry. He entered that sacred calling, was very useful in it, and soon called to his reward.

Now the eloquent voices of the "assistant-preachers" are all silent, and we have no more the pastor-evangelists, who left the great capital for weeks together simply to go preaching in every place, not to take anniversary services. These men, like the Apostles, preached and prayed, prayed and preached, and the word of God grew mightily. Shall we see some return of this reciprocity between town and country? Perhaps not; changing times bring change of method. And now, as "the Chapel" enters on a new phase of life, old friends and new thank God for its wonderful history, and pray for a renewal of its most useful days.

OUR readers will be interested to learn that an effort is now being made to purchase, for the Central Mission at Tottenham Court Road, the original oil painting of the famous picture showing Whitefield, then in his twenty-fifth year, preaching in Islington churchyard. Painted in 1870 by the late Gustave E. Sintzenich, a regular exhibitor in the Royal Academy and the Society of British Artists in the forties and fifties, the picture, measuring 6 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in., has been exhibited in various galleries in England, and is now for sale. The artist's friend and fellow-student the late Sir John Millais, P.R.A., valued the work at a thousand guineas. It is proposed to try and secure the painting for the main room of the new institute being erected in connection with the mission of the London Congregational Union at Tottenham Court Road Chapel, as this seems to many to be its most appropriate resting-place. Highly finished reproductions are being prepared, and every subscriber of one guinea and upwards will be supplied with a copy. Remittances may be made to Mr. Charles Stancliff, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

DURING the one hundred and forty-seven years of its existence Tottenham Court Road Chapel has had fourteen pastors, including Mr. Horne and Mr. Holmes. We give a list, together with the dates of the respective pastorates: George Whitefield, 1756-1770; Torial Joss, 1766-1797; Matthew Wilks, 1775-1829; Joel Abraham Knight, 1789—; John Hyatt, 1802-1826; John Campbell, D.D., 1829-1865; J. W. Richardson, 1842-1862; J. W. Boulding, 1864-1868; L. D. Bevan, LL.D., 1869-1876; Thomas Nicholson, 1877-1879; J. Jackson Wray, 1880-1891; G. A. Suttle, 1892-1902; Charles Silvester Horne, M.A., 1903—; James Holmes, 1903—.

A Jewel of Gold

BY EGLANTON THORNE

IT was the festival of Santo Luigi, and as lovely a day as ever dawned beneath the sky of Italy. Even in Rome the heat was not intense, for a light, cool breeze was blowing from the sea. Flowers were abundant everywhere—fragrant masses piled in the florists' shops, passing along the streets in carriages, or carried in the hands of those who were hastening to present bouquets to friends named after the saint.

Louise Perivale, an American girl, who, completely subject to the spell of the fascinating city, was lingering there till the heat became unendurable, rejoiced that her name was what it was when she saw the choice flowers and charming presents that had been sent for her festival.

"It is a lovely idea to have a name-day as well as a birthday," she said. "A birthday is really a rather depressing affair. It makes you realise how old you are getting, and that is never a comfortable reflection; but a "festa" of this kind, coming in the summer, and bringing such flowers, is quite too delightful. Do look at those roses, and the heliotrope, and the carnations! Are they not exquisite?"

"Beautiful indeed," said Giuliana, in her soft, low voice; her eyes were not on the flowers, but on a small, square, sealed packet, addressed to Miss Perivale, which had as yet escaped her notice, though the flowers which accompanied it were filling her heart with joy.

"You have not seen everything yet," suggested Giuliana.

"No, of course not," said Louise. "What is this?"

She unfastened the silver paper and brought to light a dainty, richly decorated box filled with chocolates, lying in layer upon layer. Two other similar packets contained bonbons. She lingered to gloat over them playfully, and still the smaller package, which Giuliana was watching so anxiously, remained unopened.

When at last Louise caught sight of it, half-hidden by the fronds of maidenhair fern, she uttered a low cry. The colour rose in her face as she recognised the handwriting in which it was addressed. Giuliana had observed the writing long before. Her heart beat with painful rapidity, and her breath came quickly through her parted lips, while she watched the fingers of the other girl as, trembling with eagerness, they unfastened the little parcel.

Giuliana was a girl of twenty, of slight, lissome figure, with rich, black hair, dark complexion, and a face which just missed being pretty by the fact of her eyes being small and set too closely together. She was half-French, half-Spanish, by birth, and a niece of the Signora Bertini, in whose *pension* Louise was residing.

The appearance of the American girl contrasted vividly with that of Giuliana. Louise was delicately fair, with hair of baby-like blondeness and eyes of soft blue. She was simple and unaffected in her bearing, and as frank and trustful as a child, though by no means lacking in good sense. Like most American girls, she dressed charmingly, and she was generally regarded as an attractive young woman.

"Oh! how lovely!" she exclaimed as, opening the little leathern case, she brought to light the exquisite ornament which lay within. It was a gold pendant artistically engraved with a design of rare beauty, representing a tiny Cupid driving a car filled with flowers, and drawn by a pair of doves. The whole thing was hardly larger than a shilling; but the design was perfectly clear and wrought by a master-hand. A slender, thread-like chain was attached to it.

"Lovely indeed!" murmured Giuliana; but there was a strange light in her eyes as they rested on the beautiful gift.

Meanwhile Louise was reading the words written on a slip of paper which lay folded within the case. They gave her even more delight than the gift.

"Is it not absolutely perfect?" she said, as she bent over it admiring the grace of every line.

"Truly," said Giuliana, "it is worthy of the taste of a great artist like Sangiovanni."

"Ah! you have guessed!" said Louise, flushing deeply. "Yes, it is like him. He asks me to wear it to-morrow evening, when we shall meet at the American minister's."

Giuliana's brows contracted sharply; there was a passionate gleam in her eyes, and the hand she held behind her was suddenly clenched; but Louise had eyes only for her precious gift. She was not conscious of the length of the pause ere Giuliana said, in her soft, smooth tones: "It will go beautifully with your white evening gown."

"It is almost too beautiful to wear," said Louise. "Really, it seems a shame to hang such a work of art on one's person. It ought to be put under a glass case."

"There I do not agree with you," said Giuliana, with a harsh laugh. "I'd be proud to wear such a gem, if I got the chance, and so will you be, if you tell the truth."

"I am proud to possess it, anyway," said Louise; and to herself she added that she was prouder still of the love of which it was the token.

"It does seem greedy of me to have all these things, when you have nothing," she said, as she closed the little case; "but then it is not your name-day. See, I will give you this box of chocolates; I know you love chocolates."

"No, indeed, Louise; I am not going to take your dainties," said Giuliana, drawing back quickly.

"How unkind of you to say that, Giuliana! What am I to do with all these bonbons? I shall make myself ill if I eat so many candies. And I thought you were my friend!"

"So I am," said Giuliana. "Well, if you will have it so."

And reluctantly she took the dainty box; but when she passed into her own room, she threw it upon the bed with a look of disgust. Poor Giuliana! her heart was full of bitterness. She had been a student in the studio of Carlo Sangiovanni, and had fancied herself a special favourite with the famous master. It was she who had brought thither the American girl, little foreseeing the result. Giuliana had no right to deem herself wronged; but the thought that this girl had won the love for which she would have given her very soul stirred within her the fiercest resentment.

Louise meanwhile was as happy as the other was miserable. She had long had cause to believe that Sangiovanni loved her; but clouds of misunderstanding had arisen between them, and doubts had chilled her heart. She had written him a letter, in reply to one from him, which he had never received; he had made an appointment with her and failed to keep it. Fate seemed against their coming together; but now the meaning of this gift was unmistakable, even if he had not written those lines, which showed so plainly that he would regard her wearing the ornament at the reception of the American Ambassadress as a token that she accepted his love.

Louise locked her treasure within one of the drawers in her room; but many times did she look at it ere the hour at which it would be necessary to dress for the evening entertainment, to which she was looking forward so eagerly. On the afternoon of the eventful day she was alone in her room, and had drawn forth the little leathern case when Giuliana entered. The girls' rooms adjoined, and their windows opened on to a little balcony and were generally wide open, so that it was an easy matter to step from one room into the other.

Louse blushed at being found admiring her gift; but Giuliana only said, with a smile, "What! worshipping your idol again!" Giuliana wore her hat. She had come, she said, to ask if she could do anything for her friend at the shops. Louise said that she wanted nothing, and Giuliana quitted the room by the door on her way apparently to the exit from the house. Not two minutes later a servant entered to say that Colonel and Mrs. Dacre were in the *salotta*, and would be glad to speak to Miss Perivale for a moment. They were the friends with whom she was to appear at the reception that night. Louise thrust her precious gift back into the drawer, closed it, but left her bunch of keys depending from the lock, while she ran to see her friends. They had merely come to arrange the exact time at which they would call in their carriage for her. The business was quickly settled; but they lingered for a few moments' chat.

Louise had perhaps been absent from her room for eight minutes when she returned to it. As she entered, her eye

took cognisance of the bunch of keys depending from the drawer.

"Giuliana would say it was very careless of me to leave them there," she reflected; "but I am not afraid. There are none but honest people in this house."

Nevertheless, she went at once to take them. She put the bunch in her pocket, and sat down; but immediately some instinct urged her to reopen the drawer and ascertain that her treasure was safe. She resisted it for several minutes; but at last, smiling at her own absurdity, she sprang up, opened the drawer, and then the case.

It was empty!

She stared at it in blank amazement, unable to believe her eyes. Then her face grew white, as she realised all that the loss meant. After a vain and frantic search through her drawers, Louise rang her bell, and soon all in the house knew what had occurred. Every possible and impossible place was searched, but the ornament was not found. Some one had stolen it, but the thief was not to be traced.

"I thought that perhaps Giuliana might be able to throw some light on it," said her aunt; "but I have just had word that she has been called to Genoa on account of her mother's illness, and has gone straight from the studio to the station."

"Oh, Giuliana would know nothing," said Louise sadly; "for I had it in my hand when she left the house. I am sorry she has had bad news."

When Colonel and Mrs. Dacre arrived to accompany Miss Perivale to the reception, they learned that she was unable to go. A splitting headache was sufficient excuse. They sincerely regretted the girl's disappointment, but they could little guess how bitter and crushing it was.

She lay prostrate on her bed till she passed into dream-troubled sleep, in which she still pursued the hopeless search. At last she dreamed that an old woman brought her back the trinket. She seemed to be clasping the gossamer chain about her neck, when some sound roused her, and she knew that it was a dream.

Yet the happy influence of the dream lingered. Her heart felt lighter; her head no longer ached so sorely. Her window stood open, and the grey light of dawn dimly revealed the flowering plants upon the balcony. From the distance came the roll of carriages. People were returning from the American minister's reception.

Louise rose and, throwing her dressing-gown about her, advanced to the balcony. The next moment she started back with a cry of amazement as a dark form appeared at the window.

"Do not be afraid, Louise; it is I," said the voice of Giuliana in low, tremulous tones.

"You, Giuliana! How is it possible?" cried her friend. "I thought you were at Genoa."

"I did not go. It was a lie about my mother," said Giuliana. "See, I have come to bring you this."

A cry of joy broke from Louise as Giuliana placed in her hand the gold pendant with the slender chain attached to it.

"Oh! Giuliana, where did you find it?"

"Nowhere," returned the other grimly; "I stole it, Louise."

"Stole it? You? What can you mean?"

"It is true," said Giuliana. "Listen, and understand what a mean and hateful creature I am. The thing itself did not tempt me; but I was jealous and envious of you, Louise. I hated you because you had won the love of Carlo Sangiovanni. I did not want you to go to the reception—I wished to keep you apart; so I stole back into your room, when you thought I had gone out, and took the ornament, meaning to throw it where you could never find it. For a similar motive I once destroyed a letter you gave me to post, and on another occasion delivered a false message to the signor."

"Oh! Giuliana, how could you?" cried the other girl.

"I don't know. I did it. Now you know all, and can hate and despise me as he does."

"As he does?" faltered Louise.

"Yes, for I could not do as I intended. My heart turned traitor. As I waited at the railway-station, I remembered how good you had always been to me, and how you gave up your visit to Naples in order to nurse me when I fell ill last winter. So I went back to the studio, and lingered in the darkness by the signor's door till he returned from the Ambassador's. Then I made my confession to him."

"Giuliana! What did he say?" cried Louise breathlessly.

"He said he was sorry for the woman who could do such a thing; but it made no difference, for if you loved him as he loved you, no power on earth could long hold you apart."

"Oh! did he say that?" cried Louise, her face aglow.

"I have done you no harm, after all," said Giuliana, as she watched her; "I have only hurt myself. So good-bye, Louise. I don't suppose we shall meet again. I am off to Genoa now. Don't tell my aunt I have been here."

"But you must not go thus," said Louise, holding her tight. "Do you think I cannot forgive you for yielding to a sudden temptation when you have made such a splendid atonement? It takes courage to act as you have done. Only a noble nature, let me tell you, can so freely confess a fault."

"Noble!" said Giuliana sadly. "That is a word which can never apply to me. Let me go, Louise. Indeed, I am not worthy to be your friend."

But their friendship did not come to an end. For some months they saw no more of each other; but after Louise was happily married, she persuaded Giuliana to return to Rome. Her strong and loving nature helped the weaker one to make the mistakes of the past stepping-stones to a higher and better life. Giuliana became a clever artist, and was ever a welcome visitor at the pretty villa outside the Porta Pia, where Carlo Sangiovanni and his American bride made their home.

The Gift of Eternal Life

BY THE LATE DR. DALE

THE life which God gave us is—eternal life. How the heart should leap at the word! For the life which we have of our own is complicated and involved in all the chances and changes of this unstable world. Powers the most splendid become feeble with the decay of the brain which is their instrument. The scholar forgets his learning; the glory of genius is quenched; the artist's hand loses its cunning; the eye which saw wonders on land and sea is dimmed. Even the moral qualities of men are wasted and desolated by the waste and desolation of their mere physical vigour. The magnanimous, and patient, and generous man sometimes becomes in advanced age, mean, irritable, petulant. Conscience can no longer command and subdue the baser forces which are in open insurrection against its authority; sometimes ceases to recognise them as in revolt against righteousness, and mistakes them for comrades and allies. The ruin of a noble character through physical decay is the saddest, most pathetic of ruins on which the eye of man can look. In that melancholy breaking up of the whole order of human life it may be that even the power of the eternal life may seem to be destroyed, and its light may cease to shine. But the eternal life is there—unenfeebled, unimpoverished—for its roots and fountains are not in the things that decay and perish, but in the eternal life of God. It ceases to use the inferior forces which were once its instruments, for they have become ineffective, but the life, the eternal life is there. You can see hardly a trace of it—perhaps no trace at all. The tree is stripped bare by the cruel frosts and by the angry winds; storm upon storm has beaten upon it; the abounding grace and beauty of its leaves have perished; the fruit has all fallen away; it stands under the wintry skies gaunt and grim. But dead? No. Its life cannot be touched by the decay of mere material things. It is rooted in the invisible, the eternal, and the divine. A fairer spring is coming than it ever knew in the days of its early glory and joy. Beneath other skies than these, under the splendours of a diviner sun, caressed by gentler and softer breezes, that eternal life, which even here clothed itself with such power and beauty, will reveal the fulness of its gracious strength, and will achieve a perfection which was impossible under the limitations of our mortal years.

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

The Hills about Jerusalem

"THE hills stand about Jerusalem; even so standeth the Lord round about His people, from this time forth for evermore." There are no Scripture words which rise so readily to the mind as these when one gazes upon the city of Jerusalem. Standing herself upon the four hills of Zion, Moriah, Ophel, and Bezetha, without her walls circle the rounded hills, girding her about and stretching back, range behind range, each bearing the most curious resemblance to the other, so that the eye seems rather to behold the same mountains again than to rest upon a fresh range.

The line of mountains is continuous, and in the hot weather their sun-dried appearance under a cloudless sky of deep blue is a little monotonous; but in spring nothing could be more lovely than these gentle slopes covered with the soft green of the young crops, while the few olive trees scattered about stand out in welcome relief with their silver-backed leaves.

Out of the many hills standing round about Jerusalem, let us take our way up to the summits of four—those four which are rendered most prominent by the events of Scripture or of later days. These four are: Mount Scopus on the north, the Hill of Evil Counsel on the south, the Mount of Olives on the east, and Nebi Samweel (Mizpah) on the north-west.

There are two ascents to the Mount of Olives—one a steep and rocky path, the other a modern carriage road made in honour of the German Emperor's visit in 1898. To go by the former we must first descend a steep hill, having the city walls upon our right; and then, turning our backs upon the city with its eastern gates called St. Stephen's and the Golden Gate, we ascend a road, steep, narrow, and uneven, passing the Garden of Gethsemane on the right and the tomb of the Virgin on the left. This is indeed a weary road; large smooth rocks to climb over, sharp stones set loosely in the thick white dust, bounded on either hand by a characteristic Arab wall—just a long pile of stones heaped loosely one upon the other, having this great advantage, that in the winter you can pull them down and provide yourself with stepping-stones through the mud, "no man forbidding." A weary road; but the end crowns all. What a glorious view from the summit! Turn your back upon the little village lying at the foot of the unsightly Russian tower, behold the city, and drink deep of its loveliness.

The irregular, battlemented walls (built by Sultan Sulieman in the sixteenth century) embrace a mass of greystone, domed roofs, in bold relief from which stand out the Temple Area (the chief attraction of Jerusalem); the two domes of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; the angular, ungraceful tower of the German Church of the Redeemer, built upon the site of the old Hospital of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; and the clock-tower of the Franciscan Church of San Salvador. To the right are the domes of two Jewish synagogues, and upon Mount Zion the square Tower of David or Hippicus, now the Citadel. Two lonely palm trees raise their heads to the deep blue heaven.

The city is built upon hills; but the Tyropœan Valley sharply severs the northern part from the southern, and Mount Zion stands so perceptibly higher that one can appreciate the quaint conceit of an old writer, who said that the lower city lay like a child at the foot of Zion, and hence the Scripture words, "Tell ye the daughter of Zion." Outside circle the Valleys of Jehoshaphat, or Kedron, and Hinnom; those few mean houses clustering on the hillside south of the city comprise the village of Siloam.

Just under the Golden Gate, and looking due east, is a Mahommedan cemetery, a sacred place of burial, and opposite, upon the slope of Olivet, are many uncared-for Jewish graves. They face each other, these last resting-places of Moslem and of Jew, separated by the Valley of Judgment.* The Christians sleep upon Mount Zion. It is a city of graves, this little Eastern town, for which Jew and heathen, Moslem and Christian, have fought and died since One suffered there for all mankind.

Lift up your eyes and see the hills around Jerusalem. To the south lies the hill country of Judæa; to the north Mizpah, Gibeon, Ramah; and that flat-topped, conical mountain in the west is the Frank Mountain. It is said to be an extinct volcano, but this is very doubtful; and there are, moreover, the ruins of Herod's palace to this day.

Hard indeed is it to look away from the city; but where we stand, upon the Mount of Olives, there lie many claims to our attention. Here are located a number of sites (more

* There is a Moslem legend (believed, however, by only the very ignorant) that in the Day of Judgment a single hair will be stretched across the Valley of Jehoshaphat from the Golden Gate to the Mount of Olives, over which the good people will cross safely, but the wicked will fall off into the everlasting fires burning below in the Valley.

or less traditionary) besides that of the Ascension. The south side is called the Mount of Offence, for here Solomon set up the worship of Chemosh, Molech, and Ashtoreth. Guides point out a chapel upon the place where the Apostles' Creed was composed, and a most curious modern building erected in honour of the Lord's Prayer, which is written out in thirty-three languages upon long tiles in a cloistered court. Here, too, is the tomb of the builder, a French lady, the Princess de Latour d'Auvergne, who sleeps in marble effigy upon it—a beautiful and gracious figure.

Over the shoulder of Olivet, but hidden from view, is the village of Bethany, the tomb of Lazarus, and the house of Martha and Mary. Behind us, due east, is a marvellous view of the arid Plain of Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan. The whole mountain is rich in historical interest. Here Christ ascended; here Titus stationed the invincible Tenth Legion. From here Tancred beheld Jerusalem on that hot June day in 1099—the first of the heroes of the first Crusade to behold the City of Peace.

Mount Scopus—in reality the northern continuation of the Mount of Olives—also commands a magnificent view of the city. By this road generally came the devout pilgrims of old, kneeling in tearful prayer as the first sight of the Holy City broke upon them. Here were stationed the Twelfth and Fifteenth Legions, before Titus drew his lines closer around the doomed city. Over Scopus ran the old Roman road leading northwards through the land, parts of which road are still surviving, though in 1898 much of it was covered up by the new road up the Mount of Olives. To this day the French pilgrims often come by Scopus, on foot, singing sweet and solemn chants. Before us lies the city; behind us stony paths lead across wide, bare plains to Bethel. To the north-east are Ramallah (Ramah), Beereh (Beeroth)—with its lovely ruins of an old Crusading church and an inn which bears a striking resemblance to the refectory at Battle Abbey—and Gibeah. It is over Scopus that the modern traveller rides on his way through the country, the first night being spent among the grey rocks at Bethel, in tents.

Jerusalem is guarded upon the north-west by Mizpah, the Mont Joie of the Crusaders, and to-day called Nebi Samweel (Prophet Samuel). There is a vague tradition that Samuel was born here; and the Moslems, who have adopted the Prophet of Israel as a saint of their own, also show his grave in the mosque which was once a Crusading church. Crusading memories crowd in upon us as we stand here. They called it Mount Joy because from here they so often first saw Jerusalem after the toilsome march from Cæsarea and Jaffa. They built here the Church of St. Samuel in 1157; and the Order of Grey Monks, or Premonstrants, who lived under the rule of St. Basil, are said to have their origin here.

ACELDAMA, THE FIELD OF BLOOD

From here, too, Richard of England saw Jerusalem—a fact which contradicts the old story that he would not look upon the city because he might not deliver her. Richard had defeated the Saracens in one of the hundred skirmishes which stained with blood the mountains and plains between Jaffa and Jerusalem. "The rest of the Saracens he pursued over the mountains, routing and slaying them, until he came to a valley, where, after piercing one of the enemy, and casting him, dying, from his horse, he looked up and beheld in the distance the city of Jerusalem.*

Very beautiful is that view—Jerusalem, the Mount of Olives lie to the south-east; to the south, Bethlehem and the Frank Mountain, and the Mountains of Moab, the long, level line of their summits fading into the blue horizon beyond; to the west, behind us, Lydda, Jaffa, the country of the Philistines, Ashdod, Ekron, the Plain of Sharon. From the minaret adjoining the mosque the Mediterranean Sea is visible upon a clear day. Well might the pilgrims of old call this place Mount Joy, and the Mountain of Delight!

* Geoffrey de Vinsauf's "Itinerary of Richard I.," Book V., chap. xlix. "Valley" is surely a mistake of the chronicler, as from no "valley" could Jerusalem be seen so far distant.

"To the south-east of the city stands the Field of Aceldama with a very high mount above it called by the same name, which reaches almost all the way over against the south side of the city." Such is the description of this southern boundary of Jerusalem by a thirteenth-century monk, Burchard of Mount Zion, before the myth sprang up which gave it its present name of the Hill of Evil Counsel. This story, the invention of some fifteenth-century monks, is that here Caiaphas, the High Priest, had a villa where there "assembled together the chief priests, and the elders of the people, and consulted that they might take Jesus by subtilty, and kill Him." Some not very ancient ruins are pointed out as those of the house of Caiaphas.

The Hill (which, it has been said, is that Hill of Gihon where Solomon was anointed King) stands to the south of Zion, beyond the Valley of Hinnom; cut out in its rocky sides are various tombs, some with carven entrances and even inscriptions. Its greatest height equals that of Zion. In these tombs the hermits of old often dwelt; and the story runs that to one the disciples fled for refuge when they all forsook their Master. It is called "The Cave of the Apostles." Near it stands a desolate tree whereon Judas is said to have hanged himself. There is a legend that Isaiah was buried on this hill, the scene of his martyrdom being the village of Siloam.

The Field (if it is, indeed, the Strangers' Field purchased with the reward of iniquity, of which there is no historical evidence) was used for burial purposes in later years. Many of the old pilgrims and writers mention the common grave into which were thrust the bodies of strangers; and all believed that the soil here possessed the power of destroying a body twenty-four hours after it was thrown in. Soil was even taken from here to Europe (notably to Pisa); and if this belief has died out, it has done so only of late years.

From the summit of this hill we see the city, seeming almost within touch in the wonderfully clear atmosphere—the village of Siloam, the mountains of Moab; while behind us winds the dusty, unshaded road to Bethlehem. There is something bleak and desolate about this Hill of Evil Counsel, despite the glories of its view. Brown, treeless, wind-swept, and rocky, it is the least lovely of all the hills around Jerusalem.

We have now ascended each of the four mountains which stand like sentinels at the four points of the compass around Jerusalem. We have gazed upon the country which lies before us; and we know that though the old Jerusalem lies buried beneath the *débris* of (it is stated) twenty-six sieges, that though sites may be obscure, and often false, the country is the same; that these mountains were trodden by the feet of Him who preached the Gospel of peace, and who, beholding the city in her pride, wept over her.

Jerusalem to-day, no longer the mighty city, yet draws the world to her by the memories of her past. Venerated and beloved alike by Christian, Moslem, and Jew even in her abasement, hither year by year all the tribes of the world come up to worship within the gates of her, round about whom stand the everlasting hills, keeping their faithful watch.

Estelle Blyth.

The Knowledge of Christ

BY REV. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, LL.D.

GRACE is the New Testament word for force; and there are hours in every Christian life when the power of the Risen Christ is manifestly victorious over suffering and weakness. His love is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. Against the most terrible antagonists faith makes her triumph good. When the fiery pillar of hope followed through eager years turns its dark side, a strange buoyancy fills the spirit; we rejoice in hope of the glory of God. We stand by the fresh grave, and look up to see a deeper rift in heaven. When it seems as if the earthly life with its strength and courage were slipping away from us, we look into the air, not empty of light, and see the descending city of God. Or we may be able to trace with no bare complacency the advance of the Divine life in our souls, the gradual eradication and subdual of evil. But with many it is not so. We cannot feel that we are gaining ground. A deeper knowledge of the Commandments, and a more earnest effort to keep them, reveals the distance still between us and perfect conformity to the will of God. Temptations after years of resistance still possess their spell, and sometimes overpower us. Life that should be so warm is often cold and weary, and Christ seems far away. We are so proud, so wilful, so ready to confuse personal ambition and passion with zeal for God, that often our spirit flags and droops, and we almost doubt whether we have an interest in Christ at all.

In such hours it is wise to take a retrospect of our soul's life, and see how we have been led. After all these years we still yearn for the smile of Christ: we have not parted company with the faithful and their Saviour; we are still trying to do the will of God. What is this but the power of Christ's resurrection? So terrible was the evil within us, the stone that remained unbroken in the heart of flesh, so constant and overwhelming the assaults from without, that only grace could have kept us from eternal destruction. How many we have seen swept away, the victims of pride and lust; and we, as weak and as tempted as any of them all, have been kept. We look back and see how all the while One was with us, loving, guiding, saving. Something turned us at the very threshold of transgression; something baulked us after conscience ceased to struggle; a sudden thought came into our hearts and quenched the flame that would have laid life in ruins. The longer we think, memory records more and more of such things, and we begin to understand. Our heart swells, our love rises up as we think of the mighty and gentle Friend who has been delivering us day by day from ourselves and from the world. As one thought crowds on another, the picture shapes itself into unity, and we know Christ at last.

As one comes on the diary of his dead mother, and reads how she loved him, bore with him, prayed for him, suffered for him, the past is interpreted; she rises out of her grave in a new and deathless beauty. What was seen only in gleams and flickerings is known for a great fire of love that never ceased to burn. The heart discerned only through narrow chinks and apertures is revealed in its completeness; the sacred and pure image passes among the treasures of the soul.

To mark the track of Christ on the lonely road of sorrow and loss is often to feel Him at our side, and all the sadness goes. Baptised into Jesus Christ, Paul was baptised into His death. He was crucified with Christ. He filled up in his own flesh that which was lacking of the afflictions of Christ. He bore about in his body the putting to death of the Lord Jesus. The awful language of the Passion is familiar on his lips. True, he never claimed part in the all-sufficient sacrifice of propitiation. As his ablest living scholar testifies, Paul never confuses thoughts, never ceases to think exactly, even when his expressions are most difficult. But the great heaviness and continual sorrow with which he brooded over lost man was the spirit of the Mediator, and as it grew deeper and more passionate with every hour of life, he knew Christ had entered into his very heart.

The Home Department

Result of Nursery Verses Competition

This has been an amusing competition. Many competitors expended their efforts on Nursery Rhymes or Jingles; a few sent in more serious verse. Nearly all sent in three or four papers, which made it harder to decide, and increased the work considerably; but that was not altogether their fault, as the usual rule, "Each competitor may send in one paper only," was unfortunately omitted. May I ask here that competitors will always remember that "one paper only" is a rule of these competitions?

The first prize has been awarded to—

Mr. W. J. FAWCETT,
Kensington Villa,
Sydenham, Belfast,

for the following:

NURSERY-TOWN.

Baby is king, and wears the crown,
We are his subjects in Nursery-town.
Up the stairs and through the door,
Right in the middle of the floor;
Put on your slippers and take off your gown,
And we'll march right into Nursery-town.

Baby is king! What he lays down,
We must obey in Nursery-town.
Wooden soldiers all in a row,
He waves his hand, and down they go.
Should His Majesty chance to frown,
Then there is terror in Nursery-town.

Baby is king! His voice can drown
Every sound in Nursery-town;
Men of every rank and state,
He rules them all, both small and great.
So, here's long life and great renown
To the king who reigns in Nursery-town.

The second prize is awarded to—

Mr. P. C. FITZGERALD,
127, Fitzroy Street,
Cambridge,

for the following:

WHERE IS WONDERLAND?

I ask big folks who understand
To tell me where is Wonderland;
And every one of them will say
That Wonderland is far away.

But there's a birdie on a tree
Who sits and sings away to me,
And when I'm still he seems so clear
To tell me, "Wonderland is near."

And all the flowers that sweetly smell
They seem the self-same tale to tell,
So bright and beautiful and gay—
Of Wonderland not far away.

When night has gone and day begun,
I love to feel the bright, warm sun:
And there's the sky—I think, don't you?
The roof of Wonderland is blue.

Suppose we went to bed one night
And were to wake when it was light
And find—oh! wouldn't it be queer?—
That Wonderland is really here!

Had there been a third prize, it would have gone to Miss F. Heatson, whose verses I should like to print, but have not space. Next in order of merit come Mr. J. W. Jefferson, Miss L. Daniels, Mrs. Mitchell, Miss Penfold, Miss J. Park, and Miss M. Dring. Many others sent some very amusing verses and excellent selections.

New Competition

The two prizes offered this month will be for lines the most beautiful and descriptive of "Sleep." They may be original or taken from the published poems of any British poet, and must not exceed one hundred and fifty words in length. The names of the poet and the poem from which they are taken must be given on the competition paper.

Each competitor may only send in one quotation. Name and address, and whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, must also be on the paper, or it will be disqualified. Please write on one side of the paper only.

The first prize offered will be a copy of "The Historical Geography of the Holy Land," by Prof. G. A. Smith, D.D. The second prize will consist of those two remarkably popular and charming stories by Alice Hegan Rice, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary."

All papers must reach me on or before October 1. Address to "Anstice," THE BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Notice

THE BRITISH MONTHLY is published on the 20th of the month preceding that it is dated. The November number will be ready on October 20. Competitors will therefore have plenty of time to prepare their papers by the 1st.

Calling and Card-leaving

If one may judge by letters received from puzzled correspondents, the etiquette of calls and card-leaving is one very difficult to grasp. In many cases, though the young girl or the young man has never a chance of grasping it, he or she is expected to possess an instinctive knowledge of it in all its intricacies, without hint or instruction. Those who do not know exactly how to act in given circumstances labour under a great disadvantage. Etiquette is often laughed at by the ignorant, but a want of understanding of it has lost many a man and woman chances in business, society, and friendship.

The Cards

But to return to our subject. In ordering cards do not go in for fanciful shapes or vagaries in printing. Choose good plain cards with pointed corners, and have them printed in the flowing Italian hand which has been so general for many years now. Round corners to the cards are not ugly; but the fashion is a fleeting one, and when past is apt to leave the ignorant person in the lurch. The same with fanciful printing of the name, etc. No one denies that Roman or Old English lettering is prettier than the Italian; but Fashion has decreed that the latter is always correct, while the other may be correct or hopelessly *demodée*.

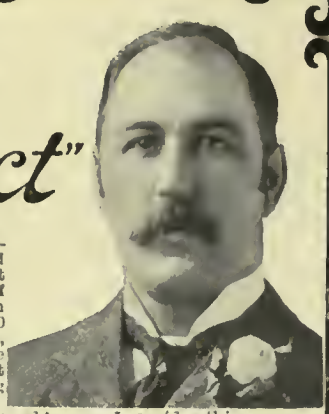
The address should be printed in the left-hand lower corner, but in smaller type. If you have an "At Home" day, have the dates printed in the top left-hand corner.

When a young lady has been out some time, she may have her own cards, but for the time she should have her name printed on her mother's cards.

First Calls

The person who has been residing longest in the neighbourhood should be the first to call on a stranger. A call may be paid at any time between the hours of three and six. The strictly correct time a call should last is fifteen minutes. For a ceremonious call this is long enough; also for a first call, unless made under somewhat exceptional circumstances. But do not appear anxious as to how the time is going: it is unpardonable to be looking about for a clock, or to consult your

"Cause and Effect"



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watch. You must try to divine the time, and console yourself by thinking that a hostess is apt to feel more cordial towards you if you overstep it by five minutes than if you hurry away at the end of ten. A little practice will enable you to guess fairly correctly how long you have stayed. When you think it is time to leave, rise when there is a pause in the conversation or the end of a topic is approaching. Avoid making any such remark as "I must be going," or, "Well, I think I have paid you quite a visitation."

Arriving

But I have reached the end of the call without having made a beginning—a position many a novice would like to be in.

When you arrive at the door on a first call bent, ask the maid who answers your knock, "Is Mrs. —— at home?" If she answers in the affirmative, step inside and follow her to the drawing-room. Do not say, "I would like to see her." No remark at all is necessary. Never hand a card to be taken to the lady, unless you are paying a purely business call. The place and time to leave your cards is in the hall when taking your departure.

Leave your umbrella or sunshade in the hall, and any outer wrap you wish to remove.

When she reaches the drawing-room door, the maid should ask you your name. Be sure and give it to her very distinctly; it saves the girl much confusion, and yourself perhaps the embarrassment of entering under a name which bears only a resemblance to your own.

The lady on whom you are calling should at once rise and come forward to greet you on your entrance. Shake hands with her, and sit down and enter into conversation at once with as much ease and naturalness as you can assume.

If she be absent when you enter, take a chair and wait her arrival. When she appears, rise and step forward to shake hands with her. If tea is brought in while you are there, stay, if possible, and take a cup; it is apt to look ungracious in a visitor to run away at once. But if there is a real reason why you cannot do so, say so, and explain.

How Many Cards to Leave

A single lady should leave one card only on the hall table as she passes out, or if the lady on whom she is calling be not at home, cards should, of course, be handed to the maid at the door. If living with a mother or sister who would have called but was unable to, leave two—one for the absent one. A married lady must leave two of her husband's and one of her own—that is to say, if the lady on whom she has called has a husband, or a sister, or other relative living in the house with her. If she be quite alone, one of the husband's cards will be sufficient to leave. A lady does not leave cards on a gentleman.

In future calls a lady should leave her husband's cards, if he has not accompanied her, but not her own. Cards need not be left at every call, but if anxious to make sure that your hostess should know you have called, it is wise to do so, as maids are very apt to forget to tell their mistress who has called, or to forget the name, even if they remember the circumstance.

Other Callers

Some untrained maids have an idea they should never show in a second visitor while a first is in the drawing-room, so leave the unfortunate new-comer in the dining-room, or other convenient place, or frankly tell them the mistress is engaged. The right thing to do should be previously explained to the maid. She must show callers to the drawing-room, however many arrive.

A hostess need not introduce her visitors to each other, but when there are only two or three present it is much more gracious and pleasant to do so. If introduced in this way to a stranger, it is only necessary to bow when taking leave.

Calls of Condolence

These should never be paid until after the family has sent out cards of thanks for kind enquiries. When paying such a call, it is only in good taste to go dressed quietly and unobtrusively.

After a dinner or a big evening party it is necessary to call on the hostess within a week or ten days.

Answers to Correspondents

NANCY.—Will any correspondent help "Nancy" by telling her how the poem continues which begins:—

> The lopped tree in time may grow again,
> Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower,
> The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
> The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
> Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
> From foul to fair, from better hap to worse—

or where she can find it, and by whom it was written?

J. H. P. would be glad to know if any one can help him to find the rest of the following poem and the author's name. He can only remember the imperfect lines here quoted:

> And they would have perished for you,
> As they knelt and kissed your hand—
> For they saw no stain upon it,
> It was such a snowy hand.

THERESE.—Ginger cakes made according to the receipt I am giving you here are free from your complant of hardness. They are delicious too, and immense favourites wherever they appear. You must beat half a pound of butter to a cream, and add to it a pint of treacle which has been warmed sufficiently to make it mix easily; to this add enough flour to make the mixture a batter. Next add a small teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonsful of ginger, and half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Dissolve two large teaspoonsful of bicarbonate of soda in half a pint of water, and add to the mixture, to make a soft dough; if too soft, add more flour until of a good consistency. Turn out on a floured board, and roll out to half an inch in thickness, cut into small rounds with a pastry cutter, and place on oiled paper on a baking-tin. Before putting them in a moderate oven, brush the tops over with white of egg.

TESSA.—In the face of such a summer as we have just gone through, how can one advise you what to have for your new gown? I saw, though, that a deep warm red is to be fashionable, and when I read the news in August it seemed the most sensible and consistent thing the makers of fashions had devised for a long time. Red should suit you with your dark hair and eyes. Trimmed with black, it looks well and distinguished. I hope you are not suffering as much as you were from neuralgia. Menthol rubbed on the spot will often give relief when all other things fail, but be careful not to get it in your eyes.

VEAL MOULD.—I have given from time to time dishes suitable for supper in a small house where no servant is kept. I appreciate your difficulties thoroughly; it is a great help to have something ready to put down on the table without any fuss and bother of cooking at such times. The dish you tasted must have been made much as follows. There are various ways of preparing veal mould; this is, I think, as good as any. Get a pound and a half of fillet of veal and cut into small, thin pieces; add to it about half a pound of cold bacon or ham cut in small strips. Have ready two hard-boiled eggs, an ounce of butter, some black pepper, a little salt, and a dusting of cayenne; mix all together on a plate, adding too half a teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, some finely chopped parsley, three shalots also chopped fine, and two large pinches of powered thyme. The eggs must be reduced to a fine mash with the other articles. Place in a pot a layer of meat, then of seasoning, and continue the alternate layers until all is used up; fill the pot with cold water, cover down, and bake in a moderate oven for two hours. Let it remain in the pot till cold, then turn out and serve cold, garnished with parsley.

P. A. BROMLEY.—Thank you much for the verses and the interesting note from the daughter of the author, explaining that they were written by Mr. G. Linnæus Banks. I forwarded both to "M. R. J.," who has sent a message of thanks to all who have so kindly helped him in his search.

M. M. C.—Very pleased to welcome you as a correspondent and competitor, and shall hope soon to have other papers from you.

MRS. M.—Thank you so much for the little breath of the moors and hills which came with your paper, and the kind thought it brought.

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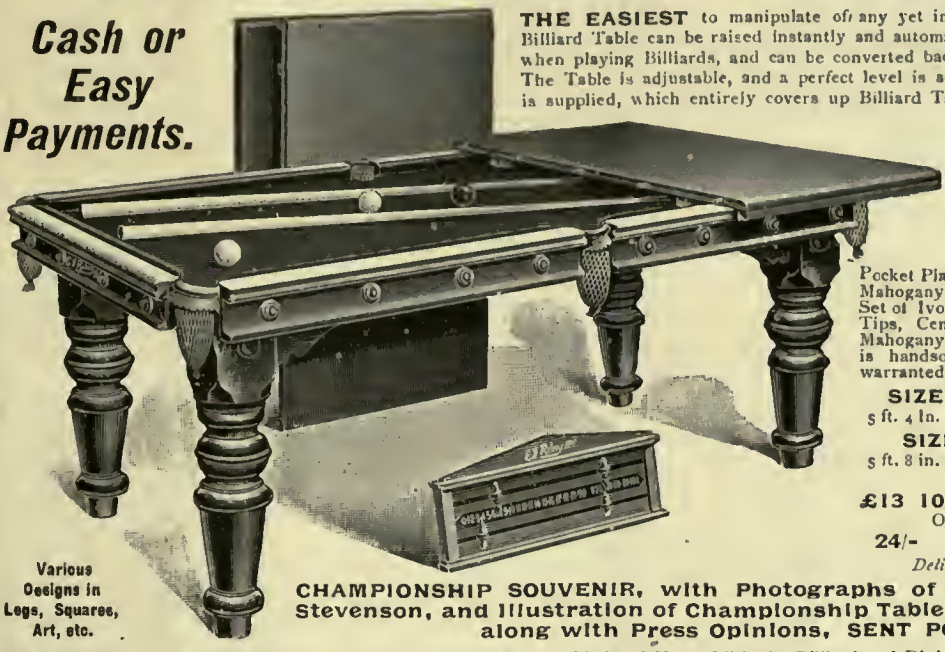

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L. D.—Yes, the only way to succeed is to keep on sending your stories to the editors. You may be quite sure that when a story is good, and happens to suit the magazine to which you send it, that it will be accepted. One great point to observe is the suitability of the story to the magazine. Any number of rejections are due to the fact that aspiring writers *will not* observe this, and send any kind of story to any kind of magazine, thus causing serious trouble and extra work in the editorial office, and disappointment to themselves. Believe me, "a friend at court" is a hindrance rather than a help to beginners. I know this is hard to believe, but it is a fact, I assure you.

ANSTICE.

Anstice will be pleased to hear from correspondents, and answer any questions in "The Home Department."

The Children's Corner

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

The solutions of the Hymn Competition are as follows:

(1) Hosanna we sing, like the *children* dear.
(2) Pleasant are Thy *courts* above.
(3) New *mercies* each returning day.
(4) *Golden* harps are sounding.
(5) At *even*, ere the sun was set.
(6) When I pass the *gloomy* vale.

The first prize is awarded to—

ALICE CONSTANCE HENMAN (aged 13),
Stagsden,
Sutton, Surrey;

the second prize is awarded to—

LESLIE WEATHERHEAD (aged 9),
61, Laurel Road,
Leicester;

a special prize goes to—

WILFRED W. BROWN (aged 7),
The Manse,
Acle, Norfolk,

for his beautiful writing.

SPECIAL MENTION

Jane McLauchlan, Dyce Taylor, William Hooper, Gladys Makepeace, Dorothy C. MacGregor, Dorothy Deacon, Margaret E. MacGregor, Harold Richard Howard, Alfred Pewtress, Gordon Brown, Elsie Bull, James V. Lorimer, M. Thorburn, Dorothy B. Smith, Dora Cheshire, Norman Cheshire, Maria C. Bell.

James V. Lorimer came near winning. I liked the way in which he had added the authors of the hymns. "When I pass the gloomy vale" occurs in the last verse of a hymn beginning "Jesus, Saviour, hear my call" (No. 406 in the Church Hymnary), written by Frances J. Van Alstyne.—Dorothy B. Smith's work was particularly good.—I have nothing but praise for M. Thorburn, indeed for all those who are named in Special Mention.—I am very sorry Frank H. Curtis's name was accidentally left out of the list of Special Mentions last month. His clock was very well done.

HONOURABLE MENTION

Hugh Moore, Janet Park, Ella Lofts, Jack ——, Emma Duthie, Gwendoline Hutchen, Gladys Laycock, Jessie Gait, Rhoda Whyte, Willie Wilson, Annie Cass, Stanley G. Corke, Hilda Currie Martin, Mary Kinnings, Catherine Melville.

Elsie Bull's paper was so good it nearly won a prize.—I thank Jessie Gait for her letter, in which I was much interested. As she asked me not to print it, I do not give it here.—When I write this I am still on holiday, Mrs. Wiehen, and it is very stormy. I am sorry you had such bad weather in the Isle of Wight.—Your paper was very good, as usual, Harold Howard. Do you play Handel's "Largo" on the violin

I wonder?—Thank you for writing to me, Willie Hooper; I should like to see your kitten.—Alfred Devlin sends me a letter about a kitten of his:

DEAR AUNT,

I am sorry to tell you I have just come in from a funeral. We have just buried our dear little cat in the garden. I have put up a little piece of slate for a tombstone. The poor little thing was only a month old. I shall put flowers on its grave. Its name was Jim. I am afraid I cannot write any more now as it is tea-time.

Your loving
ALFRED DEVLIN (aged 9).

Stanley Hoatson was just going away for his holidays to St. Annes when he wrote to me, and he was taking a boat with him. I hope you are having a good time, Stanley.

Nellie Hesketh says: "The beautiful book 'Ellen Manners' arrived before I saw the joyful news in THE BRITISH MONTHLY. I had my doubts as to whether one girl could carry off two prizes, so I was extra pleased to find it was possible. Sister Marie is in better hopes over the present competition, as she thinks she can beat me in writing."

James B. Warnock guesses "Hastings" as the answer to George Cunningham's riddlemeree in last number. He is correct.

I am very glad to have Dorothy Deacon for a niece. She tells me she goes to a boarding-school at Cheltenham, and likes it very much. Perhaps we shall have a story about a girls' boarding-school in the Children's Corner soon, Dorothy.

Amabel Morrison is in despair of ever winning a prize. "I'm afraid it's no use going on trying," she says; "but I will try, and not give up hope." That is right, Amabel. Many competitors try regularly every month, and are not quite successful. I admire their persistency, and they often succeed at last.

Precious stones would make a beautiful collection, Maude Mackenzie, but I'm afraid you would have to be very wealthy to be able to collect them. I think sixpence a week is ample pocket-money for a girl of your age.

Please remember that Aunt Matty is always glad to hear from any of you, and to print the letters, if sufficiently interesting.

AUNT MATTY.

New Competition

Aunt Matty wants you to colour a text for her this month. Two lovely books will be given as prizes. You may use paints, chalks, or coloured ink. The text is—

THY KINGDOM COME.

Send in your text before October 1 to "Aunt Matty," 27, Paternoster Row, London. Texts may be done entirely in black and white, if you prefer it.

The Wet Day

"IT'S too bad," said Bertie Fraser, rapping disconsolately on the window-pane, and looking at the sheets of rain outside.

"It's *too* bad," said Pamela.

"It's *too* bad," echoed little Henry.

"And no prospect of clearing," added Pamela.

"In August, too, when you have a right to expect fine days," said Bertie, throwing a cushion which was lying on the window-seat at Henry's head.

"*Don't!* Nasty thing!" said Henry, who was thoroughly tired out with doing nothing for some hours.

I do not know what would have happened to the cross little trio if mother had not happened to come into the room at that moment. Instantly everything became brighter. The pout vanished from Pamela's lips, Bertie made room for mother on the window-seat, and Henry forgot to throw back the cushion.

"I want you to come and help me make my scrap-books for the hospital," said mother, laying a hand on Bertie's shoulder.

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(10) NO ELECTION; NO WAITING LIST; No Money Promise; No Barriers on account of Age, Sex, Creed, Nationality, or Physical Health. Destitution is the only and essential qualification.

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"Oh, bother! I thought you'd have a much better plan than that. Pasting in pictures isn't boys' work," said Bertie disdainfully and ungraciously. Then he added, "Besides, there are no magazines *here*"; for "*here*" was in lodgings at the seaside, and everybody knows that there is never enough to read in such houses.

"Come into the other room," said mother, rising.

She led the way into the dining-room. Somebody had lit a fire, which sparkled cheerily. On the table lay a pile of magazines and illustrated papers. Beside them were two pairs of scissors, and a little way off stood a big pot of paste. Then there were two lovely scrap-books with bright covers.

"I thought we should have a wet day, you know," said mother briskly; "so I have brought all these."

"Mother, may I have one of the scrap-books when they are finished?" asked Pamela, who loved looking at pictures.

"And send one instead of two to the hospital?" said mother, cheerfully allowing Henry to toss a magazine up to the ceiling.

"Oh no," said Pamela, abashed, as she thought of the poor sick children who lay in bed all day and had nothing to amuse them through the long hours.

"Come," said mother, "we must work hard. Already it is three o'clock. Tea is at half-past four. By that time we must have a lot done. Bertie, you are appointed chief cutter-out. I will help you, and Pamela may stick in the pictures."

Bertie sat down on the hearthrug, the listless expression gone as he quickly cut out a picture of Kitchener's Horse from the *Sphere*.

"Mother, we ought to have some scraps," said Pamela, after a little while, surveying a page which had some empty corners in it.

"That reminds me. I have none. I forgot to buy them," said mother, in a disappointed way.

"Mother, couldn't Henry—look, he has nothing to do—could he not run to the little shop at the corner, if he was wrapped up *very* carefully and had an umbrella?" said Pamela, pasting in a portrait of the Prince of Wales with energy.

"I know they keep them there," said Henry; "I seed them the other day—bunches of roses and Japanese girls and things."

"I think yours is a good plan, Pamela," said mother. "Here is fourpence, Henry. Ask nurse to dress you."

In a few minutes Henry, fresh and glowing, was back, with a paper parcel in his hand.

"See," he said——"Yes, mummy, I have changed my boots"——I've got one sheet of flowers, one sheet of farmyard views, one sheet of flags of different nations, and one sheet of clowns at a circus. I thought that would make the little children laugh, mummy—the poor sick little children. Do you think so?"

"I'm sure it will," said mother, kissing his rosy cheek.

When the bell rang for tea, every one was astonished.

"The time's simply flown," said Bertie, rising. "I vote we do some more after tea."

"No; look, it is fair now," said mother. "We shall go for a long walk presently.

"I have enjoyed the wet afternoon, mother," said Pamela, as she went into the schoolroom hanging on her mother's arm. "I think the sick children will be pleased, don't you?"

"It always make us happy to work for others, dear Pamela," said mother.

"I see scones for tea," said little Henry. "Hurrah!"

LET us burn our theories, inventions, preconceptions, prejudices, and our forecasts about God, Providence, Inspiration, Redemption, and human destiny, and throw ourselves into the great arms, asking only to be and to do what God would have us be and do. Let us live the true, sweet child's life, and not be the victim of our own prejudices, nor the dupe of our own cleverness. May our prayer be, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do? I am ready, by Thy Spirit, to go, and stand, and fight, and wait, to suffer, to enjoy, to be rich, to be poor, to be known, to be unknown; 'not my will, but Thine, be done.'" And at the last we shall say, "Thou hast done all things well."
—*The late Dr. Parker.*

Things Worth Noting

CLARK'S SYPHON STOVES.—Most people speak badly of the gas or oil stove for heating purposes. They are under the impression that unless a fire is roaring and crackling away in the grate that the room cannot be comfortably heated. There is, of course, a certain amount of fascination in an open fire, and during the cold, wet winter evenings it is pleasant to sit by one. This, however, is by no means the most effective, healthy, or economical means of heating the room. As a rule the ordinary coal fire must be kept burning during the whole of the day, even though the room be used only a few hours. A good stove will heat a room in a very short time, and if the room is not likely to be used for some time, the fire can be easily turned off. The heat from a stove can always be regulated, while the open fire varies considerably. Some people condemn both gas and oil stoves under the plea that they frequently give off unpleasant odour and smoke; but this should not be so, for there are many good makes of stoves upon the market, both for use with gas and oil, which neither smell nor smoke. Clark's Hygienic "Syphon" Stoves, for instance, will cause neither of these objections. The heat generated by them is absolutely pure, all products of combustion being rendered innocuous by automatic action within the stove, pure heated air only being emitted. They require no flue, and can be connected to any gas supply, no disturbance or damage to the walls of the room being necessary. The stove is thus quite portable, and can be placed in any room or position. They consume very little gas, every particle of heat being retained. They produce the heat of a coal fire at a cost of about one penny for about three hours' burning. Clark's Patent "Syphon" Stoves, whether heated by gas or oil, are perfectly safe for use in the bedroom or conservatory, and special patterns can be had for that purpose. Another objection which is raised to portable stoves is that they are unsightly. Clark's "Syphon" Stoves are anything but this. They can be had in all sizes and designs, some of which form distinctly handsome pieces of furniture. Readers of THE BRITISH MONTHLY who would like to learn more of these stoves should send a postcard to S. CLARK & Co., COMPTON WORKS, HIGHBURY, LONDON, N., asking for a copy of this firm's illustrated list, when the same will be sent gratis.

SOME DELIGHTFUL PERFUMES.—Philosophers, who, judged by their best known sayings, must be a somewhat idle class, never tire of telling us that success does not satisfy. It is a good thing for the world that it does not. The successful man of business settling down serenely to the life of the lotus-eater is not a pleasing picture. Genius has its duties, and the spur of ambition is ever in the flanks of those gifted with it. It is not many years since the brand of Eau de Cologne known as "4711" created a mild sensation in fashionable circles. The proprietor, Mr. Mülhens, so far from resting on his laurels, braced himself for fresh conquests, and each season witnessed a new triumph. Rhine Violets, Rhine Gold, Maréchal Niel, new soaps and toilet powders, all bearing in themselves the virtue of the parent stock, followed in sober succession, and the fair consumers marvelled at the persistence of the inventor. Would he never tire? Seemingly not yet, for this season sees the arrival of perhaps the most delightful of all. The perfume of 1903 is named "Violetta Graziella," beautifully done up in boxes of one, two, or three bottles at 7s. 6d., 14s. 6d., and 21s. respectively. There is powder, too, at 3s. 6d. and 10s.; sachets also at 2s. 3d. (midgets at 6d.); and a dream in soaps at 3s. 6d. a tablet, or boxes of three tablets for 10s. A distinct novelty is "Violetta Graziella," whether perfume, powder, sachet, or soap. It is *not* expensive, for the quality is really superb, and in use will be found economical, owing to its exceptional strength and lasting fragrance. A breath of the woodlands in the electric-lit palaces of the cities—is not that something to be grateful for? Truly said the Roman sage, "Expel nature with a fork if you like—she will return."

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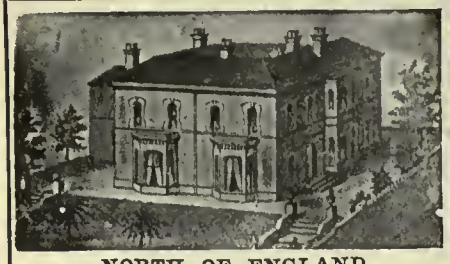

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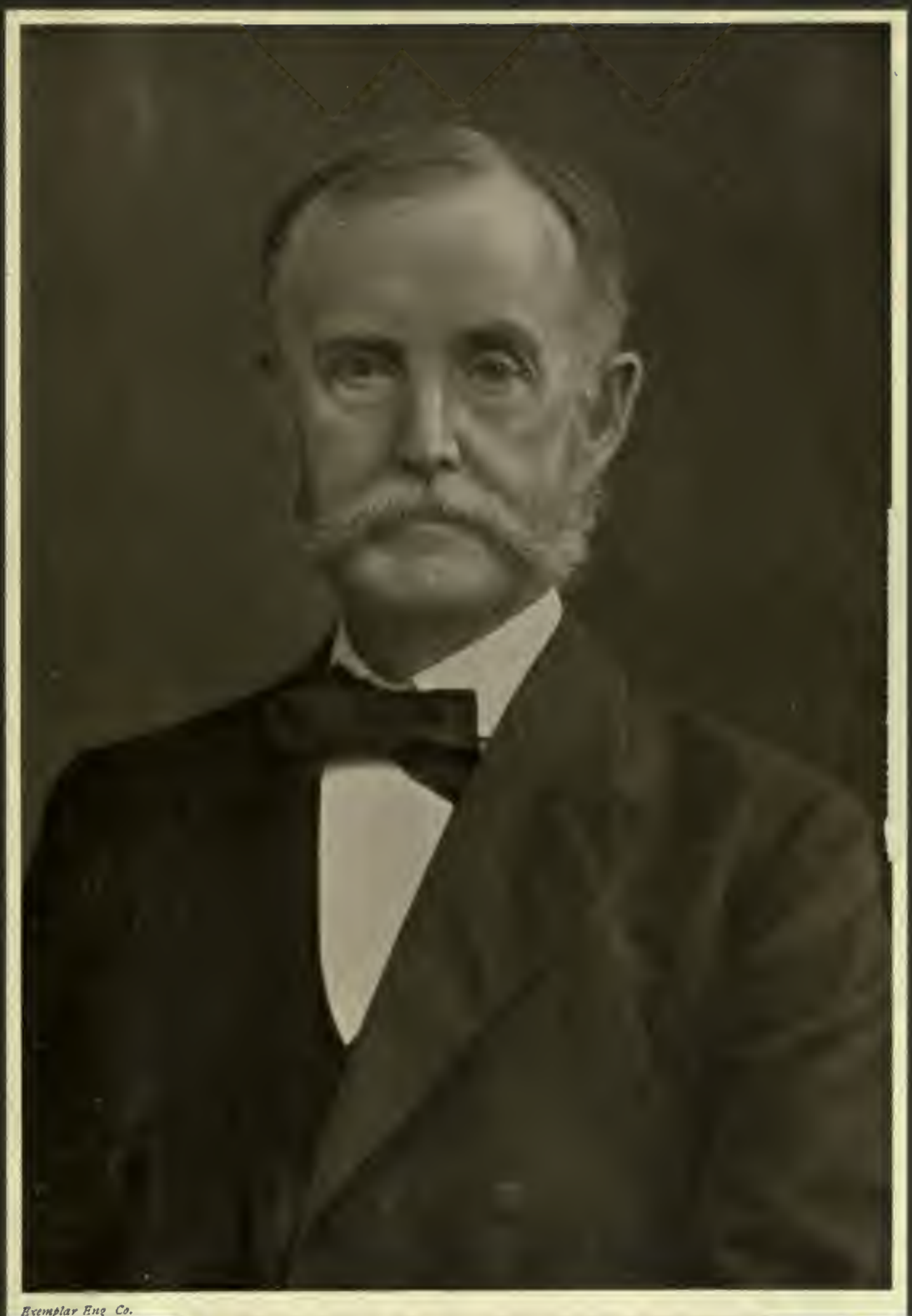

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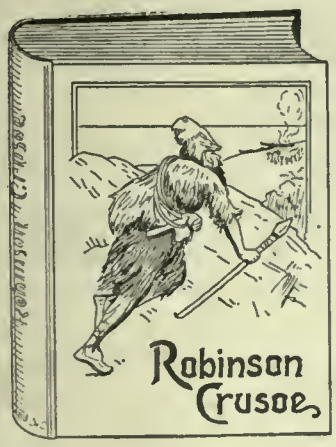

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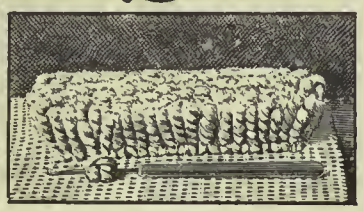

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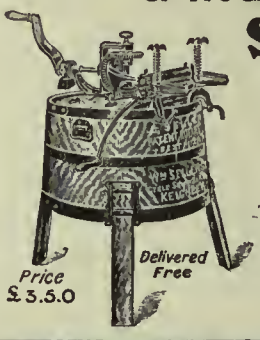

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NOTICES

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, 27, *Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

The Editor will be glad to receive interesting photographs, with short accompanying paragrophs, from the readers of the magazine. Every effort will be made to return unused contributions when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed; but the Editor cannot be responsible for the return of manuscripts or photographs which are sent to him. Contributions for the next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY, *to be published on* NOVEMBER 20, *should reach the Editor by* OCTOBER 31 *at latest.*

Illustrated Notes

The next number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be published on* NOVEMBER 20, *and should be on sale at all Newsagents' and Booksellers' on that date. The Publishers will be greatly obliged if readers who have any difficulty in securing copies of* THE BRITISH MONTHLY *will be good enough to communicate with them.*

THE Christmas double number of THE BRITISH MONTHLY will appear on November 20, and will, we have no hesitation in saying, be one of the finest yet produced, both as regards literary matter and illustrations. We have decided to issue a supplement with the number, to be devoted exclusively to John Bunyan. This feature will be produced in a manner which, we venture to say, will satisfy the most fastidious of our many readers. No effort is being spared to have the work well done, as we wish our readers to become possessed of a real work of art to which they will attach a permanent value. With this object in view we have entrusted Dr. John Brown, late of Bedford, with the writing of the letterpress. Dr. Brown, we need hardly say, is the greatest living authority on Bunyan, and from the stores of his unrivalled knowledge he will bring forth much that is interesting and little known about the immortal Dreamer and his books. The letterpress will be splendidly illustrated. In addition to the Bunyan supplement and our usual features, there will be several very attractive contributions. Among these we may mention a finely illustrated article dealing with Mr. Morley's great Life of Gladstone, and an entertaining sketch of "Ralph Connor," who has spoken to thousands with such sweetness and power as novelist, evangelist, and missionary.

Photo by Russell & Sons

THE LORD BISHOP OF BRISTOL

Who presided over the Church Congress

DR. FORREST BROWNE, who presided over the Church Congress this year, was Bishop-Suffragan of Stepney from 1895 until 1897, when, on the separation of the diocese of Bristol from Gloucester, he was translated to the new See. He was born at York in 1833. The Bishop of Bristol is a genial prelate, and can tell a good story and enjoy a good joke. In the *Church Monthly* Mr. Frederick Sherlock gives an amusing account of how, years ago, he invited Dr. Browne to write a paper on King Alfred. He ventured to suggest that simple language should be employed, "as so many of the Bishops use words of many syllables." The MS. arrived with a courteous note, in which Dr. Browne expressed the hope that it would be suitable. It was written in words of one syllable! The Bishop takes a deep interest in antiquarian research, and the island of Iona is one of his favourite holiday haunts. His collection of rubbings of monumental brasses is extremely curious.

THE REV. J. R. FLEMING, B.D., the new minister of Arthur's Hill Presbyterian Church, Newcastle, has earned a wide reputation as a Christian Endeavourer. Thoroughly convinced of the need for the movement and of the

REV. J. R. FLEMING, B.D.

soundness of its principles, he has thrown his whole heart and soul into the work; and unquestionably the Christian Endeavour organisation possesses in Mr. Fleming a strenuous advocate, a wise counsellor, and a worker who is never weary of serving the cause. The pioneer and leader of the movement in Scotland, he last year discharged the duties of President for Great Britain and Ireland. How indefatigable his labours were in that capacity may be gauged from the fact that he travelled over sixteen thousand miles and addressed nearly two hundred meetings. The Christian Endeavour Reading Circles is a work to which Mr. Fleming is specially devoted, and at the present time he is conducting no less than three circles through a weekly column in the *Christian Endeavour Times*.

But with all his devotion to Christian Endeavour, Mr. Fleming never forgets that his pastoral duties are his chief concern. He has been equally successful as a Presbyterian minister. After a brilliant University career he was settled at Bellshill, Glasgow, in 1884, which has been his sphere until now. At Bellshill he has built up a strong and flourishing congregation, the members of which have parted very reluctantly with their able, energetic, and highly esteemed minister. Three months ago Mr. Fleming received two pressing invitations in one week to other spheres of labour—Dalmeny Street United Free Church, Leith, and Arthur's Hill Presbyterian Church, Newcastle. He chose the latter as presenting the most promising sphere, and perhaps, we might add, the most difficult, as Mr. Fleming and his people are confronted with the task of erecting a new church.

THE REV. ROBERT ROSS, minister of Cruden, Aberdeenshire, has just completed sixty years' service in the ministry, an event which has been fittingly celebrated by his congregation. In a handsomely illuminated address with which he was presented, Mr. Ross was described as the "father" of the Established Church of Scotland, but this is not strictly accurate, as the honour really belongs to a minister who, although not holding a charge, is still acting as a military chaplain in England. Mr. Ross may, however, almost claim to be a pre-Disruption minister. That historic event took place in May, 1843, and in September following he became minister of the quiet country parish of Cruden, which has been his home throughout his long life. Though he has travelled the vale of years in comparative tranquillity, Mr. Ross has many pleasant memories of persons and times now to a large extent forgotten. Born in 1819, he attended Aberdeen Grammar School under the eminent Latinist Dr. Melvin, and afterwards Aberdeen University, where he graduated in 1836. Being in indifferent health, Mr. Ross about this time spent a year in Australia, landing at Adelaide, which was then in its infancy. There he met many of the leading men, including Mr. David McLaren, manager of the South Australia Company, father of the Rev. Dr. McLaren of Manchester. Mr. McLaren was in the habit of conducting the services in the Baptist Chapel at Adelaide, and Mr. Ross on several occasions listened to his ministrations and derived much profit from them. On returning home, Mr. Ross studied for the ministry at Edinburgh under Dr. Chalmers, and was a worshipper in St. George's Church, of which Dr. Candlish was then minister. In 1842 he was licensed by the Ellon Presbytery, and in the following year he became parish minister of Cruden. Mr. Ross has always kept close to Gospel preaching, and it is the boast of his old age that he has never forsaken the Evangelical truths he learned in his youth.

THE REV. J. F. T. HALLOWES, of Cambridge, who concluded a visit to India last April, commences a return voyage to the East on October 14. He is going back to India for the purpose of taking charge of the Union Church at Mussoorie, a health resort in the Himalayan Mountains. Mr. Hallowes, who is a Congregationalist, took up his residence at Cambridge about two years ago, and though since that time he has not held a ministerial post in the locality, he has been intimately associated with

Photo by James Ewing, Aberdeen
REV. ROBERT ROSS, OF CRUDEN

Photo by Habgood, Boscombe
REV. J. F. HALLOWES, LATE OF CAMBRIDGE

the Nonconformists of the town and neighbourhood. Mr. Hallowes has won much popularity as a missionary preacher in many parts of England, and his call to India may be taken as further proof of the appreciation of his work. His decision to accept ministerial work at Mussoorie was given in response to a unanimous invitation by the members of the Union Church, to whom Mr. Hallowes preached on two Sundays during his tour. The invitation, however, did not completely determine his removal from England, as both he and his wife had previously made up their minds to settle in some part of India. The Union Church represents three denominations—Congregationalists, Baptists, and Presbyterians — and is attended by a large number of missionaries, as well as by about 120 young English people who are under tuition at the schools and colleges with which Mussoorie abounds. It was largely the prospect of having to minister, not only to the Church, but to so large a number of missionaries and young people, that influenced Mr. Hallowes to accept the pastorate. He intends to go down to the plains for several weeks each year in order to give lectures on Christian subjects to educated Hindoos. Mr. Hallowes's departure from Cambridge, which took place at the end of September, occasioned great regret among the Nonconformists of Cambridge. He commences his new ministerial duties on November 8.

THE REV. C. SILVESTER HORNE has been constantly in demand as a speaker during October. Early in the month he visited Bristol, and was enthusiastically received at a public meeting in connection with the London Missionary Society. The great work he has undertaken at Whitefield's is arousing sympathy and admiration in all parts of the country, and in view of the heavy debt upon the building, it is greatly to be desired that this sympathy should take a practical form. Mr. Horne has been visiting the poorest streets and slums of Central London by day and by night, and has even gone with the police to inspect some of those overcrowded tenements and cellar homes of which Mr. Ensor Walters gave so terrible a description on the opening night at Whitefield's. It is gratifying to note that the Claremont Mission in Pentonville is making quiet but steady progress under the Rev. F. W. Newland. The friends of the mission rallied round it on Tuesday, October 6, and here again the buoyant hopefulness of Mr. Horne was an inspiration to his hearers.

A BEAUTIFUL stained-glass window to the memory of Dr. Parker has been erected in the City Temple. It represents St. Paul's farewell to the elders of Ephesus. At the foot there is an admirable portrait of Dr. Parker. The interest felt in this window may be gathered from the fact that every Thursday since Mr. Campbell resumed his ministry crowds of people have gathered at the end of the service in order to examine it. Hardly less admiration has been expressed for the white marble tablet which has been placed near the door of the deacons' vestry, and which is adorned with a long and touchingly worded inscription. At the end some of Dr. Parker's words are quoted: "To live in Christ and for Christ is to defy all time and change, and even death itself."

PARKER MEMORIAL WINDOW AT THE CITY TEMPLE

ALEXANDRE RODOLPHE VINET

WE have pleasure in reproducing an exceptionally striking likeness of Alexandre Rodolphe Vinet, the famous Swiss divine and critic, who by his eloquent enunciation of evangelical Christianity, his rare insight into the deeper problems of theology, and his unflinching opposition to State interference in every form, exercised an influence which penetrated far beyond the valleys of his native land. Nowhere, perhaps, did Vinet's life and work make itself more strongly felt than in this country. Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, that acute, original Scottish theologian, was strongly attracted by Vinet's teaching. When on one of his numerous Continental tours he made the acquaintance of the famous Swiss preacher, and a friendship stimulating to both was begun, which only ceased with the latter's death in 1847. Vinet was exactly fifty when he died, but during his comparatively brief life he managed to stamp the religious life of Switzerland with his strong and exhilarating personality, and his teaching there, as elsewhere, is still a potent force. A member of the Free Church of Vaud, Vinet was one of the most zealous of Swiss preachers. His influence was thrown entirely on the side of evangelical truth, and his books, most of which have been translated in English, are a powerful and eloquent plea for spiritual religion.

To be an active temperance worker at ninety with seventy-five years' service is a record which is surely unique. This is claimed for Mr. William Brown, farmer, Petty, Inverness, whose portrait, taken in his ninetieth year, we have pleasure in reproducing. Mr. Brown, although he has lived more than half a century in Scotland and nearly half that time in the Highlands, is a typical Englishman. He was born at Biddlestone, Alwinton, about twenty miles from Alnwick, on September 13, 1813—two years before Waterloo. Coming of a farming stock, Mr. Brown possesses a splendid physique. A strenuous worker all his days, he still takes, at ninety, an active interest in his farm. He attributes his excellent health to his open-air life, his abstemious habits—he is a non-smoker too—his early rising, and his regulation breakfast of porridge and milk! Mr. Brown was "an abstainer before the days of pledges," as he puts it. When a lad of fifteen an incident he witnessed led him to become a total abstainer. He often tells the story how, at the close of a Thanksgiving Service held in a church near Otterburn, "four or five men, who were *thanking* the Lord, adjourned to the public-house, and drank and quarrelled and fought until they were bleeding." This disgusting episode so impressed the lad that there and then he resolved on having nothing to do with strong drink. And that boyish resolution, made seventy-five years ago, he has nobly kept.

THE serious illness of Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon, from which she is now gradually recovering, reminds us that for the past thirty-five years the wife of the greatest preacher of our age has been an invalid. She has done more Christian work from her sick-room than many who have enjoyed perfect health. The important scheme of the Book Fund, which has benefited so many poor ministers, owes its origin to her. It was founded far back in the seventies. Mrs. Spurgeon has herself told how she met her future husband for the first time when he occupied the pulpit of New Park Street Chapel, on December 18, 1853. She was then staying with "Father" Olney and his wife, and had been accustomed to attend the church in the time of Pastor James Smith. Although

Photo by Whyte, Inverness
MR. WILLIAM BROWN
A Temperance Worker at Ninety

there had been much excitement about "the lad from Waterbeach" who was coming to preach in an almost empty chapel, the attendance in the morning was rather poor, and the Olney family returned much disappointed. "What can be done?" said Deacon Olney. "We must get him a better congregation to-night, or we shall lose him." All that Sabbath friends and acquaintances were being routed out, and the good deacon and his wife requested their visitor, Miss Susie Thompson, to come and sit in their pew. Looking back to that distant Sunday, Mrs. Spurgeon admits that she was not fascinated by the orator's eloquence, while his countrified manner and speech excited more regret than reverence.

LONG journeys have to be taken in India by missionaries to reach the outlying villages where congregations have been gathered into the Christian fold. In our picture, taken by the Rev. W. J. Hatch, we have a scene on the road in the Coïmbatore district, where the London Missionary Society baptised 392 converts last year. The Roman Catholics in this district are branching out in all directions. There are about twenty European priests to three of the L.M.S. In addition to three male missionaries the L.M.S. has one lady missionary worker, Miss A. A. Grierson, who visits, with her zenana worker, hundreds of homes in the town and neighbourhood, besides occasionally taking long tours of a hundred miles in the district.

A SCENE IN THE COÏMBATORE DISTRICT, INDIA

A POWERFUL agitation on behalf of the suffering Christians of Macedonia has united all the Churches during recent weeks. From the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral the Bishop of Stepney has denounced the Sultan, while the Bishops of Durham, Worcester, and Hereford have been in the front of the fight. Amongst the Nonconformists powerful speeches have been delivered by Dr. Clifford, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Meyer, and Mr. Kelly. On the first Sunday of October a resolution calling for the immediate application of reform was carried in countless Free Churches. The Rev. Henry W. Perkins, who on that Sunday opened his ministry at New Court, read the resolution to a crowded congregation, and mentioned that he did so with the full support of his deacons. By an upstanding vote the great gathering expressed its sympathy. In all the Macedonian meetings it was agreed that Mr. Balfour's "irreducible minimum" of reforms did not go far enough to be effective, and that Macedonia ought to have a Christian government, responsible, not to the Sultan, but to the Powers, and removable only by their will.

DR. CAMPBELL MORGAN was in London on October 15 for the opening of the great Wesleyan Hall at Deptford. The Rev. J. Gregory Mantle, the superintendent of this work, is known to Dr. Morgan as "the man with the pencil." Long years ago, when Dr. Campbell Morgan, as a young student, desired to enter the Wesleyan ministry, Mr. Mantle was one of the ministers deputed to hear his trial sermon. On entering the vestry, Dr. Morgan found a formidable-looking minister, who was sharpening a long pencil. "There," he said grimly, "now I am ready for you." The young preacher was not a little terrified by the ordeal of speaking before some seventy people in a large chapel, while his judges were following every sentence attentively. He did not become a Methodist minister, but between himself and Mr. Gregory Mantle a warm friendship grew up, and kindly reminiscences were exchanged on the Victoria Hall platform at Deptford.

Prize Award to Amateur Photographers

The **First Prize of One Guinea** is this month awarded to—

REV. W. J. HATCH,
Coïmbatore, India,

for "Scene in Coïmbatore District."

The **Second Prize of Half a Guinea** is awarded to—

REV. DONALD CAMPBELL,
Petty, Gollanfield, N.B.,

for portrait of Mr. William Brown.

With reference to the bust of Alexandre Vinet, the famous Swiss preacher, reproduced on another page, we may mention for the benefit of readers who may be interested that it formed one of the exhibits at the Royal Academy in 1902. The bust was executed by Madame Byse, Valentin 23, Lausanne, who will supply copies in ivoried plaster for two guineas, carriage paid to any part of Great Britain.

Helps for Sunday-School Teachers and Christian Endeavourers

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS

By Rev. J. Ossian Davies

Nov. 1.—*David and Absalom* (2 Sam. xv. 1-12)

Absalom was bright, clever, and winsome, and yet the blackest of rebels, for he thirsted for his old father's blood. This came of murdering Uriah the Hittite, and David knew it. His son's rebellion was a bitter sheaf from that harvest of wickedness which the king himself had sown. He winked at his children's sins, and allowed them to be their own masters, and Nemesis overtook him. A fatal easiness of temper has destroyed thousands of homes. Absalom raised the flag of revolt against his own father. Civil war is an awful calamity, but it becomes terrible when the rebels are led by the king's own son! How many times has Christ, our noble David, been wounded in the house of His friends?

Nov. 8.—*David's Grief over Absalom* (2 Sam. xviii. 24-33)

"Sinners do not live out half their days." Character draws destiny after it as by an almighty magnetism. Absalom was caught by his flowing hair in the woods of Ephraim, and Joab and his men soon buried three darts in his heart. They killed him three times over, and cast him into a pit in the wood, and buried him with the burial of an ass. What a tragic end for a prince of the blood royal!

David rejoiced that the rebel was dead? No, his grief almost broke his heart. He who lamented over Saul could not be silent when his own boy was dead. If he had lived a nobler life, Absalom might have died a nobler death.

Nov. 15. *David's Trust in God* (Psalm xxiii.)

This sweet lyric has been styled "the nightingale of the Psalms," and "the Emerald Isle of the Bible." "The Lord is my Shepherd." He who shepherds the shining stars shepherding *me*, the tiny unit! He is our Shepherd, not in the cold Western sense, but in the loving and tender Eastern sense. "I shall not want." How can a man want anything when he has the All-rich as his reservoir? "I perish with hunger"—that is the sinner's cry. "I shall not want"—that is the saint's cry. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." Human theologies are often dry and rancid as the African veldt, but the Bible is a green pasture, ever fresh, ever dewy, ever nutritious. "He restoreth my soul." He brings a man back to himself by first bringing him back to God. "He leadeth me in straight paths." God-led, who can fail? God-supported, who can fall? "Yea, though I walk through the gorge of gloom, I will fear no evil." The valley of doubt, and sorrow, and sickness, and death. And why was the Psalmist so grandly fearless? "Thou art with me," to lead me *through* the valley as well as *into* it. The saint is not lost in the labyrinth—he walks right *through* to the other side.

Nov. 22.—*The Curse of Strong Drink* (Prov. xx. 1; xxiii. 29-35)

"Wine is a mocker"—it sneers at holiness, laughs at heaven, and spits its blasphemy into the pure face of God. "Strong drink is raging"—it makes the peaceful brawling, and fierce, and quarrelsome. "Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise"—in other words, he is a fool. Wine-bibbers and gluttons belong to the same class, and they are doomed to poverty and misery, both in time and eternity. What is our safe course? "Look not upon the wine" (31). And if it be wrong to *look* at it, it is trebly wrong to *drink* it. We have a standing army of 500,000 drunkards in this Chistian land. Is it not time to awake? Drink is eating up the vitals of our nation.

Nov. 29.—*David's Charge to Solomon* (1 Chron. xxviii. 1-10)

Solomon received his private charge in chap. xxii., and now his public charge is given (9). David could not build the temple himself, but he was man enough to direct Solomon in his work. He summoned a great national convention, and filled them all with his own enthusiasm. The house was to be built not for the glory of any builder or monarch, but for the glory of Jehovah. The service of God must have two characteristics: (1) a perfect and undivided heart, and (2) a willing mind. God must have the whole man, and not a mere fragment of him.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR TOPICS

By Rev. H. Elvet Lewis

Nov. 1.—*Lessons from David* (Psalm lxxxix. 19-29)

The shepherd-boy became a king; but he did not forget God. The king became an adulterer and murderer; but he did not forget God. His gratitude in the brightness of his day is as profound as his penitence in the uttermost darkness. He sang divinely; he wept divinely. He erred, he failed; but his cry "Thou art my father, my God, and the rock of my salvation," saved him, at his worst and at his best.

"God, who anointed him from childhood," remarks Edward Irving, "had given him store of the best natural and inspired gifts, which preserved him from sinking under the long delay of his promised crown, and kept him from contracting any of the craft or cruelty of a hunted, persecuted man. And adversity did but bring out the splendour of his character, which might have slumbered like the fire in the flint, or the precious metal in the dull and earthy ore."

Nov. 8.—*Lessons from Elijah* (1 Kings xix. 1-18)

The reaction after triumph—how universally true! And the more glowing the moment of triumph, the more cloudy and dull the moment that follows. A tree is never more liable to be torn up from the roots than when its branches are full-leaved. And is not this in part the reason of the despondency: that every triumph helps to reveal how much yet, and how much more, remains to be done?

What the still, small voice said, we are not told. But it evidently brought the fiery reformer nearer the mind of Christ.

The voice
Was still the voice of God, but low and changed,
And tuned to touch a chord untouched before
By God or man, in this sad soul of mine.
In that still voice of God a Man drew near,
And sweetly spake to me, a Brother born
For consolation and for peace.

Nov. 15.—*The Doom of the Drink Traffic* (Dan. v. 1-6; 24-30) (Temperance)

Everywhere the effect of intemperance is the same: it leads to arrogance, to blasphemy veiled or open. To those who are engrossed in the drink traffic, a nation exists to secure their prosperity. Social movements and national policies are viewed and judged from the standpoint of the trade. It leads to Belshazzar's blasphemous arrogance, and his doom.

"Found wanting": it diminishes the joys of childhood and desolates the home; it impairs the intellect and infects the conscience; it violates the hearth and robs the Church; it enfeebles the body and destroys the soul. Who will help to bring about its doom, for Christ's love?

Nov. 22.—*The Secret of National Prosperity* (Deut. x. 12-22)

God claims to be the Supreme Law-giver. Only as laws are inspired and revised by Him do they make a nation strong. "It is a higher wisdom," remarks Professor Robertson Smith, "than that of patriotism which insists that Divine truth and civil righteousness are more than all the counsels of statecraft."

"He is thy praise." The nearer to being a hymn of praise to God a nation's life grows, the more abiding it will be, and the deeper its influence. When a people bravely and patiently strives to make God its end, it can no more be thwarted than the mist of the valleys can arrest the course of the morning star.

Nov. 29—*Evening with Indian Missions* (Isa. ii. 7-22)

Chunder Sen, the great Brahmo Somaj leader, bore this testimony years ago to the influence of Christianity in India: "We breathe, think, feel, move in a Christian atmosphere. . . . Our hearts have been touched, conquered, subjugated by a superior power, and that power is Christ. Christ rules British India, and not the British Government. . . . None but Jesus ever deserved this bright, this precious diadem—India—and Christ shall have it."

Have we, as British people, come even near to realising that if India is our possession, we hold it in tenancy under the Saviour?

My Infirmity *

BY THE LATE DR. PARKER

This is my infirmity.—PSALM lxxvii. 10.

THIS is my wound, my sore place in the middle of the heart, my despair, my limitation; this is the point at which I stop like a stunned man. There is no way out of this despair but the remembrance or celebration of the years that are at God's right hand. So the psalmist makes a festival of God's eternity; he spreads a supper, and calls his soul to the feast; he would even enlarge the number of guests, and call in all the ages to drink the wine of this reviving remembrance. The psalmist could not get away from the past. The present was too small an island to live in. He must deal largely in imports; time has no exports—a poor little place where the climate is too cold to grow anything really sweet and sufficiently nutritious. The psalmist therefore annexes the little island of time to the infinite continent of eternity, and says, in effect, "Now I shall have an abundance; the island is part of a greater space, and that years that I tick off so swiftly and so impoverishingly will be part of the years that are at God's right hand. I will celebrate, I will be festive in the name of God, I will be drunk with the pure wine of heaven." This was not a wrong way of getting out of the difficulty; in fact, it is the way at our disposal: there is no other way equally sufficient and grand. We have to call in the doctor of eternity to heal the miseries of time. We have to be cured by enlargement. The little thing is good enough so far as it goes, but it goes no distance worth naming; therefore let us get away from detail and fraction and phase into the infinite, the sublime, the divine. That you must do whether you believe in the Bible or not, and that you must do whether you live in Japan or among the Red Indians, or in the islands of the sea where the name of the Maker of the heavens is never heard. There are many things before the Bible and before formal Christianity: this is one of them, that the little must be healed by the large, that time must be healed by eternity, that the present must be interpreted and sealed by the future. It is worth going to church to hear that; it brings the remedy so closely to us, it creates for the wounded soul so large an opportunity.

Suppose we accommodate the text and read it in the ordinary English way. "This is my infirmity"—this is my weakness, this is my specialty of sin, this is my own peculiar wound. That would bring the text closely to us, and would cause it to pass right through us, and would give us the sobriety which is the basis of prayer. Suppose we try it in this way and get edification at an unsuspected place. It may be worth doing—worth doing to remember "my" infirmity, and not another man's. We have done so much in the other kind of remembrance that we would feel lonely without it. Conscious as we are of each other's infirmities, as the learned judge remarked on a memorable occasion, it may be profitable to become conscious of our own infirmities. Such consciousness might put an end to conversation. Conversation is the thing that had better be ended; there is infinitely too much of it. Man labours under the delusion that he must talk. "This is my infirmity." The man is talking to himself about himself. That is right; he does not bring in any other man; he paints his own portrait or studies his psychology or diagnoses his own disease. That is quite a new idea. We have been so much accustomed to know exactly where other people fail that we have become living fools and pious frauds. There is not a man here who does not know how many shortcomings the other man has: he never mentions his own; he has no time; his attention is fully engrossed with the infirmities of other men. There is not a hearer in any audience that does not know how far short of his subject the preacher has been. How wondrously different would he have preached! I have no doubt of that.

Let us take it as the starting-point of a monologue. "This is my infirmity—this importunate ambition; it will kill me, it will overstrain me; I shall die of stricture." What about the other man? "I have no time to attend to him now; I am thinking of my own personal infirmity. I want that other house, that higher office, that more commanding position." But you have a very good position now. "I know it, but I want the position that is next higher to that; and that overstraining ambition spoils my digestion and turns the goodliest dinner into poison." How happy you might be, how restful, if you could only acknowledge the goodness and bounty of God up to this point, and graciously and lovingly accept the same! "I have two horses; I want ten." They would only be troubles to you. Every man knows that a horse is a trouble to his owner—what would ten more horses be? "I should like to try them." You would rue it. No man can be happy who has ten horses; it is so written in the books. This is the writing of the mystic shadows; this is the decree of God. Your legs are better than any horse that was made. Walk out in the sunny morning air; you have never tried that.

Here is another soliloquist who says, "This is my infirmity—this love of money. I do not know that I love money for its own sake, but I love the making of it." Never play the fool with yourself; always be frank with your own soul. You know you like the money, and you had better say so; you know you like to talk in astronomical units, as thousands, ten of thousands, millions, billions, and on to nonillions. It is curious how very ingenious a man is when he has to account for things that appear to be exceedingly *outré*, eccentric. He says, "You see, I did not really care for this money, but I do like the chase after it. Who cares for the fox? Throw the brush into the river; we have had the enjoyment in the hunt." So it may be, so I believe it often is; do not, however, carry your analogy too far. There can be no amusement possible to the devil equal to that which he enjoys when he sees how easily men gull themselves. "I would like another ten thousand." Ay, would you like it? "It would round and sphere off things that are at present fractional and almost incoherent." What do you say to fifty thousand more? "That I should really like, because that would put me considerably in advance of the man who lives next door, and what is life worth, if it does not put you right ahead of the man who can look over your garden wall?" Oh the sadness, the folly, the insanity! There is a point at which a man cannot enjoy what he has because of his ambition and determination to have something which he has not. What a pity it is to wreck our own fortunes and our own spiritual peace in this most sophistical and disappointing manner! Whom are you laying up this money for? He will spend

* Sermon preached at the City Temple, Sunday morning, February 10, 1901.

it in hundreds and thousands, and say, "What a fool the old man was! How he grubbed and slaved and did everything ridiculous! No matter, I have the gold, and here goes; devil, come and help me to throw this gold away!" And yet, how you slaved after it, and ate crusts lest you should impoverish yourself by eating the soft bread! Poor, poor life!

Hear another man's soliloquy. "This is my infirmity—I can shout well with others; I cannot shout against them." What exactly do you mean by that? "I mean I have a great fear of unpopularity. I like to be with the crowd that seems to be triumphant; I would not for the world raise one little halting protest against anything. I have a list of things that I do not like, but I never show that list to any one; when others are crying up these idols and saying 'Hosanna!' I say 'Hosanna!' and then go home and hate myself. It is the fear of being unpopular, so when I am in any company I listen, and when I get the tone of the company I repeat it with emphasis, and the people think what a wise and leading mind mine is. I study them, and having a louder voice than they, I repeat their opinions in their ears, and they say, 'This is the leader!' Oh the sadness of it! I care nothing for money, I have no ambitions; I have only this—that I do not want to be unpopular. You may have all the ambitions, and the other man may have all the money, but do let me be popular." So each man has his infirmity, his particular wound; and the worst of it is that he is not always conscious of it. He does not know how his neighbours talk about him; where he thinks himself a most spotless and guiltless saint, they see where the devil's shot has riddled him.

If we could get this thoroughly into our minds, several very practical and helpful results would accrue. Thus: "This is my infirmity"—I must be forbearing about another man's infirmity. My infirmity is not his; but I have an infirmity of my own, and I must be gentle with the other man's weakness. Why, I could, having some little gift of logic, reduce his infirmity to an absurdity; I could make game of him; I could be sarcastic at his expense; I could entertain a whole company for a whole evening over the infirmities of my fellow-creatures; but I could only do so at the cost of forgetting my own infirmity. That is what I must not forget; if I would be well instructed, if I would be rooted and grounded in wisdom and in virtue, one of the first things I must know, understand, and utilise is the fact and its suggestions of my own infirmity. I repeat this would put an end to conversation. It would, and conversation is one of the things that ought to be got rid of. "But it would put an end to much printing." That thought comes upon me with sudden amazement and terror, because what should we do if there were less printing? It is of no consequence in the estimation of some whether the thing is true or not; what they want to do is the reading, and to say to the next man they meet, "We saw it!" And yet many of these people object to credulity in others; they may even object to rational, intelligent, and ennobling faith. How curious is man, how instructive to his brother-man; what an object-lesson he is to his own family! How delightful it would be if we could be more forbearing as concerns other people's infirmity! if we could account for it or modify it, or in some way show that it is not the vicious thing that it is sometimes supposed to be! and if we could vanquish all criticism upon the infirmity by piling up the virtues of the man, even if we be permitted to say that such and such may be an infirmity, a weakness, but see what he did under such and such circumstances—how noble, how sympathetic! Tenderer than a woman's touch is the feeling of his hand when he grasps the palm of misery. Then conversation need not be cut off, it may only be exalted, amended, sanctified. Into that we are called by the whole ministry of the Holy Ghost.

Then again: "This is my infirmity"; another man may see it more clearly than I see it myself. That is a fact. The question is whether any man can really see himself as he is. It is a question whether any man can really see himself as a whole. He knows parts of himself quite well; as viewed in sections he is one thing, but what is he when he is viewed in the totality of the sections? What should we do without one another? What is isolation—real, literal, absolute isolation? Surely we should make company for ourselves by splitting ourselves up into companies; we might pluralise our own souls. This is often done: it is called self-communion. "Then I said to myself; then I replied to my own suggestion; then I added that such and such would be the case if such and such circumstances should combine and constitute an appeal to me." The soul makes company for itself; solitude is impossible—I mean absolute, unrelieved, literal solitude. What is that pattering noise I hear as of some soft-going in the next room? It is a pattering of the tongue; the inhabitant in the next room is talking to himself. Is not that foolish? It may be foolish, but it is sometimes necessary. Nature has many outlets and many alternatives; she is a thrifty mother, and she pities the lone one and tells him to speak to himself if he would hear a wise man speak, and to listen to himself if he would hear a wise man's eloquence. She is not vicious—this is no naughtiness on the part of nature; it is her kind, old-fashioned, motherly way. Is it possible that one man can see another's infirmity more clearly than he can see his own? Perhaps it would be right for you to consult your enemy before you come to a final judgment upon your own virtues. This has, in the spirit of it, long been a habit of my own. I have written out a statement, and I have handed it to some peculiar mind, knowing that if there was a leak in the barrel that man would find it, knowing that he was absolutely destitute of generosity and that it would be impossible for him to put a large and generous construction upon anything, I have said to him, "Will you kindly read this, and tell me what you think it means?" Sometimes he has hit upon a good point, but I never tell him that he has done so; I simply go back to my table and amend what he has indicated as needing amendment. It is lawful to learn from an enemy, the old proverb tells us so; and it is equally wise in the Latin and in the English. Do get your enemy to pass a remark upon you; if possible, be absent when he passes it, be within hailing distance and hearing distance, but do hear what he has got to say about you. It is good, though bitter; there is in some bitterness a great deal of real sweetness. Everything depends upon the way in which you take the remark. But really and truly we are not such good people in the sight of our enemies as we are in our own sight.

Then again, and finally: "This is my infirmity—that though I am deaf, I despise the blind." That is human nature. No man ever thinks that he is deaf, though he may go so far as to say that he is rather deaf. But who would not despise a man who has another kind of infirmity? That is where the spiritual mischief comes in. A blind man sits, and muses, and wonders, and says, "How very great a nuisance the deaf man is!" When will we be wise, really tolerant, magnanimously forbearing, studying, and considering one another and bearing each other's burdens? That is the great Christian lesson: Consider one another. Here comes the very spirit and power of the Gospel of

Jesus Christ our Lord. Jesus Christ drives us in upon ourselves. Once He said something that would revolutionise the whole world. He said, "Judge not, if only for the reason that ye be not judged." That is a most original and penetrative remark; we have gabbled it over so often in reading the New Testament that we have not sufficiently thought about its import and its emphasis. Coming to think of the sentence, it is one of the most revolutionary ever uttered by human lips. Why seest thou the mote in thy brother's eye, forgetful of the beam that is in thine own eye? This Man's preaching is personal; He seems to be speaking to every individual man in the crowd: it is "thou," "thy," "thee." Jesus Christ always seems to have but one auditor; it was congregation enough for Him, because He was a truly great preacher; wherever He saw a man He saw humanity, and He preached accordingly. And the Apostle Paul says, "Bear ye one another's burdens." If this man is blind, I must be eyes to him, for I can see quickly and clearly; if I am lame, he must help me along my journey, for he is young and agile—let him be generous and helpful. If you have no means of getting bread, I will come and give you a day's baking; you shall have a loaf at least. That would be Christianity reduced to practice; that is the very spirit of the Gospel; that is not legalism, it is Evangelicalism when you penetrate to its spirit, its motive. If I cannot read because my sight is dim, then some reader must come and sit beside me and say, "Let me read the small print for you," and I will feel warmly and lovingly towards him because he is considering mine infirmity.

Then there is a great common infirmity. "There is none righteous, no not one." When there was no eye to pity, and no arm to save, the Lord's eye pitied, and His own arm and His mighty hand brought salvation. He considered us all and built the Cross. We must not repair our infirmities; we must get rid of them. "Ye must be born again." This is a question of regeneration, and not of mere reconstruction, making the best of some painful dilapidation. So, walk where we may, we are always, if wise, within one stride of the Cross. Our life lingers on Calvary. Would God it would reply to its eloquent blood!

Only a Butterfly

BY HANNAH B. MACKENZIE

"HAVE you told Olive, John?"

"Nay, why should I tell her, mother? Let the child keep her happiness as long as she may. She's a beautiful butterfly creature, dependent on the sun of happiness for her very life: let her live in the sunshine as long as possible. Time enough to tell her the worst when the blow falls."

"I think you are wrong, John," said the wise mother gently; "and, moreover, I think you misjudge Olive. She is gay and bright, a creature of the sunshine, as you say; but do you think there's no strength and bravery, no power of meeting misfortune nobly and well, behind that joyousness of hers? John, be advised by me: tell her all; go to your wife for sympathy and help. To whom else should you go? I am proud that my son—my good, wise son—comes to me in his trouble; and you know—I do not need to tell you—that I would help you to the uttermost farthing, if I could. But God has put that out of my power. I can only thank Him that this which has befallen you is no degradation, because it has come through no fault of yours; it is the will of God."

John lifted up his head with a certain grave pride characteristic of the man.

"Yes; it is the will of God, mother. But what grieves me most is the selling of Carhilton. I think that hurts me more than anything in the world could—except the loss of yourself, mother."

"John, John, my son, you must not say that! I love you, and I thank God you love me; but surely your wife is more to you than your mother can be!"

"My wife!" Seaforth repeated slowly.

He rose, and stood by the fireplace, his tall figure and dark, grave face thrown into strong relief by the sunlight which fell through the window. For a moment he was silent; then he said slowly:

"I made Olive Fenwick my wife when she was left alone and penniless, poor Justin's widow in heart, though she was never his wife. Mother, it was a great mistake. I had no right to do it. Only one thing justifies marriage, and that is love."

"John!" came the gentle mother's reproachful accents.

But the unseen listener heard no more. She had been standing by the open French window, her presence concealed from the two in the drawing-room by a chestnut tree whose huge branches reached almost to the window. She was very fair and very sweet, and clad all in white, with a big, flapping white hat on her golden head. Her hands were full of white and crimson roses—she had been gathering them for the table. But as the first words were uttered by Mrs. Seaforth she stood as if turned into stone, unable to move a step until she heard all.

As she listened, drop by drop of blood forsook her face, leaving her at last pale and cold as the white roses she held in her hand. As Mrs. Seaforth uttered that reproachful "John!" the girl started and gave a convulsive shiver; then, turning away with a noiseless footstep, she sped round the house to the main door, and entering by it, went straight up to her own room.

Once within it, she closed the door, and, going forward to the dressing-table, laid the roses on it; then, with her hand pressed heavily on the table, she stood as if staring into vacancy.

Suddenly a sharp sound, almost like a cry, escaped her. Her lips quivered; she covered her face with her hands.

"For pity—it was all for pity! And now I am only a butterfly *thing* to him—a butterfly!"

It was morning. Mrs. Seaforth had come over from Redthorpe, the nearest town, to "see John on business," she had said to Olive. Olive had concluded it was business of her mother-in-law's own, and no feeling of curiosity had stirred her. But now she knew the business to be John's own, and he had not even told it to her, his wife!

They had been married a year. Olive, left an orphan at fifteen, had been the ward of Mrs. Seaforth and her son, then a grave man of thirty. Then Justin Cavendish, John's cousin, had come on the scene; in a few months Olive and he were engaged. Justin had to go abroad to the front; he was captain in a regiment of yeomanry. He had taken enteric fever, and word was sent home of his death. Olive had felt it deeply; but she was only eighteen. When, a year and a half later, John had asked her to marry him, Olive had consented.

John Seaforth was a manufacturer in Cottonshire, but he seldom went to business now, and spent most of his time on his small estate of Carhilton. Olive could only guess what had happened. John was ruined; even Carhilton, which he loved better than anything—except his mother!—he would have to give up.

Olive sank on her knees by the bedside. How long she knelt there she never knew. Only one thing she knew—John, her husband, did not love her! O God! how cruel the words had been!—"*Only one thing justifies marriage, and that is love.*"

Suddenly she rose to her feet—was it hours after? The morning sunshine still streamed into the room. Outside, the birds were twittering gaily; a branch of honeysuckle tapped at her window. What a fearful mockery it all seemed!

Something had come into Olive's mind. Her face was white and set; there was strange resolution in it. She went straight to an old-fashioned bureau in the corner of the room. It was locked. Olive opened it. Inside stood a small safe. Olive held the key of it.

She opened it, and pulled out an iron drawer. In it lay a small casket; within that, when it was opened, a crimson velvet case. Inside the case there lay a magnificent diamond star, composed of jewels whose beauty was almost dazzling.

It was Olive's only dowry; but it was one whose value she knew to be very great. It had been given her on her marriage day by her uncle George Gordon, her only living relative, who had lived all his life abroad in wild and adventurous ways, and had only come home for a few months at the time when Olive was married.

"This is my marriage present to you, my girl," he said. "It is your dowry. It's of priceless value. A man whose life I once saved at Kimberley gave it to me. He said it was worth thirty thousand pounds. Anyhow, if fortune should ever run against you, you will have that to stand between you and poverty."

Thirty thousand pounds! That might save Carhilton.

With trembling hands Olive put the diamonds back again in their case, and locked the bureau. There were three keys necessary to get at the diamonds. She wrapped them in paper, and, sitting down, wrote a few lines hastily, her cheeks burning, but her hands cold as death.

"DEAR JOHN,—I accidentally overheard your conversation with mother to-day. I am going away, and I hope you will forget all about me. I wish you to take the diamonds; they will help you to keep Carhilton, perhaps. If you have any thought of me at all, use them for that, for my sake.—OLIVE.

"Why did you marry me when you did not love me?"

Then she turned to her wardrobe, and mechanically took down a dark travelling-jacket.

* * * * *

It was a year later.

John Seaforth, looking ten years older than he had done a year ago, sat one morning in his study at Carhilton. He was still there. A sudden, strange turn of the wheel of Fortune had warded off the catastrophe that was upon him, and John was established in Carhilton as surely as he had ever been.

But he was alone now. For a year he had searched for his wife, but without avail. Olive had disappeared as wholly as if the earth had opened her great mouth and swallowed her up.

Suddenly there came a tap at the door, and a maid entered.

"Some one to see you, sir."

John rose. As he did so, a man, tall, well-made, bronzed, with a scar across his cheek, entered, and John's eyes fixed themselves on his face. Then, with an exclamation that was almost a cry, he started forward.

"*Justin!* Are you Justin, risen from the dead?"

"I am Justin," said the other man. He did not extend his hand, but stood regarding the other with dark, drawn brows. "John, this is not the time or place to tell you how that mistake was made. It was a common enough one. I was taken by the Boers, and only released when peace was proclaimed. I came straight home. . . . Do you know who the first person I saw in London was? Your wife Olive—Olive, whom you married, and flung aside like a worn-out glove. Olive, whom I——"

He got no further, for John, with a face like death, stepped forward and seized his arm.

"You saw *Olive*? Where, Justin? Tell me at once. I have sought her without success for a year."

"Sought her, when it was you who drove her away!" cried Justin passionately. "Yes, I saw her; we met by accident. It is strange how these accidents do happen sometimes. She is earning ten shillings a week as a typist, John Seaforth; and I hardly knew her, she is so altered." He faced the other, with clenched hands and flushed face. "Why did you steal her from me? I loved her, as man never loved before; yet I would have willingly given her up if I had seen her happy. But you—it chokes me to utter the words—you flung back her priceless love in her face with your own callous coldness, and drove her from you. And she loves you still! If it were not for that, Seaforth, sin as it is, I believe I would have gone on my bended knees and begged to be allowed to make up for your callousness and cruelty."

John Seaforth almost staggered against the wall.

"*Loves me?* Olive? She never cared—she could not care! I always knew she married me only for a home——"

"It's a lie!" Justin burst out. "She loves you, as a woman only loves once in a lifetime; she is eating her heart out for you——"

John almost threw himself on the other, his colourless face flushed dark as tan.

"Where is she, Justin? Take me to her at once, for Heaven's sake! I seem to have been in a world of darkness and of despair since she left me."

* * * * *

Olive sat shivering over her small fire, kept well "deadened" by a thrifty Scotch landlady. The door opened, and Olive, thinking it was Mrs. Leslie, said, without turning, "Just put the tea-tray on the little table, Mrs. Leslie, please."

The door closed. Some one crossed the room with hasty steps. The next moment Olive stood up, pale and trembling from head to foot. John, her husband, was kneeling at her feet.

"Olive, Olive, won't you speak to me? Say you forgive me. My darling, if you knew what I have suffered all this long year!"

"John!" she cried tremulously. She laid her hand on his dark head, in which there was a thick intermingling of grey; and John, springing to his feet, clasped her in his arms.

So they stood for a long, long moment, in such a deep, unutterable happiness as can find no words—such a happiness as comes only once in a lifetime. And it is well that it is so; for life would soon end if such a strain of emotion were long sustained.

Then Olive whispered, "You said—you didn't love me John! Oh, how could I bear that? Was it true?"

"No, my dearest—no," he said, holding her closer. "I said that nothing but love could justify marriage; but it was because I thought you did not love me, Olive. I was so reticent and reserved, I could never show my love; and I imagined it would have annoyed you. I thought your heart was with Justin."

"If you had only told me that!" she said, clinging closer. "You were so cold, I never—liked to let you know. But it is all right now, dearest, is it not? and it is not too late to begin all over again. This is our true marriage surely, John—the marriage that is only justified by love."

SPURIOUS CHRISTIANS.—One of the commonest snares which retard approach to Christ is the perception that the members of Christ's Church are not always exceptionally good men. Many so-called Christians are found to be greedy of gain, full of spite, envy, and all uncharitableness. They act as a kind of deterrent on those who would, but for them, seek to live as Christians. Many who have had the misfortune in their early years to become acquainted with this spurious kind of Christian, and have never been brought into close contact with genuine Christians, have their minds so prejudiced against the Christian religion that they never can free themselves of these prepossessions. This is unreasonable, but it does notwithstanding delay many who, if they were day by day in contact with incontestably good results of Christian faith, might themselves be Christians. Few men independently enquire into things for themselves; they allow unreasoned impressions to be made upon them by what they meet in life. But as soon as a man does look at the matter with an unprejudiced intelligence, he perceives that, in order to judge of the efficacy of Christ's salvation, he must examine those who use it, not those who merely say they do. Many who bear the name of Christ have as little resemblance to Him as the men who parade the streets with boards resemble the picture they advertise. The mere name of Christian or profession of faith in Christ works no charm. We can measure His influence only by observing the lives of those who faithfully put themselves under it. It is senseless to judge the religion of Christ by the conduct of men who have nothing Christian about them but the name.

PROFESSOR MARCUS DODS, D.D.

Ten Years of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon's Ministry

WHEN the old Metropolitan Tabernacle was opened in 1861, two little boys of five years old came with their mother to the morning service, and visitors learned to look out for them in the seat behind the deacons' row. C. H. Spurgeon did not wish his children to be wearied out by too much church-going, and it was not till his twin sons were well grown that he allowed them to attend in the evening. They had a little meeting at home with their mother, when the Bible was read and favourite hymns were sung. To the influence of these Sabbath evenings Pastor Thomas Spurgeon traces his conversion. His early hopes did not turn towards the ministry. His taste for drawing and sketching was early developed, and he spent some years as an art student at South Kensington and as a wood engraver in Fetter Lane. He used to give addresses at a little mission near Wandsworth, and some report of his success must have reached his illustrious father, for when, in 1877, "Son Tom" was sent to the Antipodes in search of health, Mr. Spurgeon wrote to the Rev. Mr. Wade, an old Baptist minister of Melbourne: "My son Tom is going out; he can preach a bit." These words changed the current of the young man's life. Such an introduction brought him numerous invitations to preach in the largest Baptist chapels in the Colonies.

It is interesting to look over the files of Australian newspapers for 1877 and 1878, which supplied full reports of the early efforts of C. H. Spurgeon's son. Thus the *Geelong Advertiser* of September 3 says: "Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, son of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, preached to a large congregation last evening in the Baptist Church, Aberdeen Street. The young gentleman, who is about twenty-one years of age, arrived in this colony the other day by the *Lady Jocelyn*, and is visiting Australia for the benefit of his health. . . . Mr. Spurgeon possesses a remarkably clear and melodious voice, every syllable he pronounced being so distinctly articulated as to be heard in every part of the building." That musical and finely trained voice became the invaluable servant of the young preacher in after-years, and in every London church it is heard with pleasure. The *Advertiser* goes on: "His style is lucid and his illustrations forcible and homely, his whole demeanour giving the impression of intense convictions and glowing earnestness. We believe there is the making and promise of a preacher of no ordinary power in this young man." Two evenings later we find the visitor standing side by side with Bishop Moorhouse on a Y.M.C.A. platform. There was a general agreement in Australia that, although "young Spurgeon" did not possess his father's extraordinary genius, he had much originality, humour, and force, while all appreciated his intense earnestness. On his twenty-first birthday a gold watch was presented to him by the Baptists of Geelong, and again a friendly journal remarked that his address would have done credit to a man of twice his age.

Mr. Spurgeon has made four voyages to the Antipodes, and it is evident, even from the testimony of the secular Press, that intense interest was aroused in his evangelistic tours, and that many lives were changed. After the first twelve months in the Colonies he was cabled home on account of his mother's illness, but found her better and his father laid aside. He had, therefore, an opportunity for the first time of taking duty at the Tabernacle. A few months later he returned to Australia, and went on to Tasmania and New Zealand, finally accepting the pastorate of the Auckland Baptist Church. This Church, curiously enough, was founded in 1856, the year of his birth, and celebrated its anniversary on September 20, his natal day. Under Mr. Spurgeon's guidance it prospered so greatly that it became necessary to build a new Tabernacle, which is not unlike the original at Newington, at a cost of £15,000. In order to raise funds for the building, Mr. Spurgeon came to England and

Photo by E. Nancolas

THE METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE

collected over £2,000. He retained the pastorate at Auckland for eight years, and then became evangelist to the New Zealand Baptist Union, maintaining this position till his father's death in 1892.

C. H. Spurgeon's strenuous career came to an end in middle life, and the question of a possible successor had scarcely been canvassed at all by the Christian public. He had suffered so often from illness that, even after the crisis in the summer of 1891, his countless admirers clung to the hope that he might again be fully restored to health. His death fell upon the Tabernacle as a heavy and all but crushing blow, and the thoughts of the members turned affectionately to the young son who was gathering crowds to his preaching at the world's far end, and for whose services so many at home were longing. Unknown to any of his office-bearers, C. H. Spurgeon had written to his son a little while before, "Make haste and get strong, that when

MR. S. R. PEARCE
Superintendent, Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School

Photo by Herbert Tear, 12, Clapham Road
MR. C. WAGSTAFF
Assistant Superintendent, Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School

I am old and infirm you may take my place." Not until he formally accepted the invitation of the Church in 1894 did Mr. Spurgeon make known the contents of this letter. The following table is interesting as showing how gradually he has been led to accept the heavy burden of the Tabernacle ministry, with all its outside offices:

Death of C. H. Spurgeon	January 1892.
Pastor T. Spurgeon:—	
"Supplied" for three months	1892.
Began twelve months' probation	1893.
Accepted Pastorate	1894.
Became President of Pastors' College Evangelical Association	1894.
Accepted Presidency of College	1896.
Elected to Presidency of Colportage Association	1896.
Became President of Spurgeon's Orphanage	1896.
Accepted Editorship of *Sword and Trowel*	1902.

Mr. Spurgeon often says that if he had been asked in 1893 to fill his father's position, with all that it implied, he would have been overwhelmed, and must certainly have declined. The offer of a twelve months' probation, which might have offended some people, was exactly in accord with his own wishes.

Election to the Pastorate of the Metropolitan Tabernacle

The meeting at which he was elected to the pastorate was held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Wednesday, March 21, 1894. Nearly three thousand members were present, and the proceedings, over which Mr. T. H. Olney presided, lasted nearly two hours. Mr. Frank Thompson and Mr. Stephen Wigney moved and seconded a resolution to the effect that "the time has now arrived when it is advisable to proceed to vote on the question of the pastorate of the Church." Mr. William Olney, nephew of the chairman, on reading the resolution, "That Mr. Thomas Spurgeon, having supplied the pulpit, with a view to the pastorate, for eight months, be now elected pastor," was loudly cheered. "Some twelve years ago," he said, "when Mr. Thomas Spurgeon left England, it was not within the hopes of his dearest friends that he would ever be able to live in our climate again. But when he came to visit us after his father's death, we saw that a very marvellous, and to many of us providential, change had occurred in his constitution. He has come through our frosts and fogs uninjured." And it is no secret at all, continued Mr. Olney, that it was this remarkable change in his health which first gave birth to the hope which would be fulfilled, he trusted, that evening. A consideration which influenced both mover and seconder was the fact that Thomas Spurgeon bore the honoured name of his father. Although he freely admitted the name by itself

Photo by Rees & Pitcher, 238, Clapham Road
MR. H. W. HARVEY
Secretary, Metropolitan Tabernacle Sunday School

could do no wonders, he was persuaded that every one would agree with him that they would rather see a Spurgeon on the platform of the Metropolitan Tabernacle than any other man, all other things being equal. In this case were all things equal? He ventured to say that no one in this company could indicate a Baptist minister who was so likely to conduct the pastorate of this Church both with capability and worthiness.

BRONZE ASSYRIAN LION FROM PASTOR SPURGEON'S STUDY TABLE

Mr. Olney gave five reasons which he considered sufficient argument why Mr. Thomas Spurgeon should unanimously be elected. First, he preached Christ crucified as the one hope of perishing sinners and the salvation of His believing people; second, his preaching was throughout illustrative to a degree, and it was peculiarly fitted to the needs of the masses of South London; third, it had already been used in the conversion of souls; fourth, Mr. Spurgeon worked harmoniously with his uncle, Dr. James Spurgeon, who was at the head of the institutions connected with the Tabernacle; fifth, the ordinary work of the Church had progressed most satisfactorily under his leadership.

Mr. S. R. Pearce, the Superintendent of the Sunday school, who had been connected with the Tabernacle for forty years, seconded the resolution. He said he was sure the election of Mr. Thomas Spurgeon would be hailed with satisfaction in the Churches of Christendom, and particularly throughout the Baptist denomination. Mr. Spurgeon was eventually elected by a majority of 2,027 to 649.

Photo by Herbert Tear, 12, Clapham Road

MR. S. WIGNEY
Secretary, Colportage Association

Notable Statistics

It cannot be denied that there were difficulties in the young minister's way. The Tabernacle Church had grown up with C. H. Spurgeon, and to put a new pastor in the pulpit in such conditions was like putting a new father into a family. It must also be remembered that the neighbourhood surrounding the Tabernacle had for years been declining, so that few of the congregation were able to live close by. Increased travelling facilities had induced many to remove to the suburbs. This was the case even before C. H. Spurgeon died. Many of his members travelled long distances, but when he was removed it was natural and perhaps right that they should go to support their local causes. It is therefore all the more gratifying to record that the attendance at the Tabernacle has kept up so wonderfully during the past decade. All prejudice against Mr. Thomas Spurgeon has long ago disappeared. He has gained the love and confidence of his people and of the outside Christian public. The total income raised annually by the Tabernacle congregation is not less than £5,000, a remarkable sum in view of the fact that there are few rich members. Mr. Spurgeon has most wisely kept to the old lines of his great Church's history. He has avoided new methods and new doctrines, and has refrained from the fashion of modernising old truths The total membership, including the branch Church of Haddon Hall, under the direction of Deacon William Olney, is 3,365. The Tabernacle supports 21 missions and 22 Sunday schools, with 581 teachers and 8,566 scholars. The congregation has five missionaries in China, three in North Africa, one in South America, and two in France.

MR. FRANK THOMPSON
Treasurer of the Pastors' College

Zeal for the cause of foreign missions has never burned more brightly among Mr. Spurgeon's people than in these early years of the new century. In connection with the Sunday schools alone £700 is raised yearly for mission work.

The Story of the Fire

Mr. Spurgeon's ministry has been divided into two sections by the great fire which broke out on Wednesday, April 20, 1898, and totally destroyed the old Metropolitan Tabernacle. The Conference of the Pastors' College was meeting at the time, and one of the ministers, who afterwards described his experiences in the *Sword and Trowel*, had just arrived at the College and was preparing to join his brethren, when a young woman ran in crying, "The Tabernacle is on fire!" Hastening out he saw flames proceeding from two of the top windows at the north-east corner of the building. In little more than half an hour the whole interior, including the roof, was ablaze. The vast amount of pitch pine, of which the seats were constructed, and the inside casing of the walls with deal, furnished ample fuel for the flames, and the firemen soon saw that to attempt to save the interior of the building would be useless. Their efforts were accordingly directed to preserve the walls and to prevent the fire from spreading to the neighbouring shops and warehouses. By two o'clock the flames were extinguished. The news of the calamity was received with sorrow by English-speaking communities in every part of the world, and Mr. Spurgeon and his people received innumerable messages of sympathy. I visited the old Tabernacle on the Monday after the fire, and under the guidance of Mr. Sawday made an exploration of the ruins. Mr. Sawday told of the calm dignity with which Mr. Spurgeon had received the news, which came while the Rev. James Stephens, of Highgate-Road Chapel, was giving an address to a large company of ministers in the Lecture Hall of the College. The President simply rose and said, "I am told, friends, that the Tabernacle is on fire. We can do no good by rushing out; I daresay we should only be in the way of the firemen. Let us go on quietly with our meeting." When the news came that the fire was spreading rapidly, Mr. Spurgeon quietly closed the proceedings. It may well be imagined how terrible was the blow to himself and to his devoted office-bearers. New anxieties opened before them, but the first thought was how to provide for their homeless people. Exeter Hall was taken for a few months, and there, on the last Sunday of April, Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, whose appearance showed signs of the terrible trial through which he had passed, addressed a crowded congregation from the text, "Our holy and beautiful house, where our fathers praised Thee, is burned up with fire: and all our pleasant things are laid waste." "We have lost a good many things as well as the structure," he said. "We are sorry that the table on the platform is no more, and that the Bible into which my dear father so often looked is now in blackened pieces. We are sorry that your hymn-books and Bibles, which you had stored in so many places, have ceased to be. It is a pity that we have lost the little child's chair in which my father used to sit as a boy and where my own little children were so pleased to seat themselves. But it is a comfort to know that the books, the accounts, the trust deeds, and some of the pictures have been saved. The Orphanage is left for us to carry on; and the working societies, though they have lost their goods, will still continue their kind offices. If we have lost our hymn-books, we have not lost our songs; though our Bibles are burnt, the Word remains. Our pleasant things are those which nothing can destroy — the Church of God, the Holy Spirit, the fellowship of saints, the ordinances of the sanctuary. I am glad to tell you that the old copy of the Declaration of Faith, which hung in the pastor's vestry, has been saved; but even if it had been lost, our faith would have remained." Mr. Spurgeon told how already gifts were coming in. "Yesterday for the first time," he said, "I was able to glance at the papers of the day following the fire, and I find a striking story about the pastor's prostration. It was kindly put; but I am glad to say that

MR. J. E. PASSMORE
Treasurer, Tabernacle Church

MR. S. JOHNSON
Secretary to the Elders' Court

REV. C. B. SAWDAY
Assistant Pastor

MR. FRANK H. FORD
Secretary, Deacons' Court

I have not been prostrated at all. One paper stated that the pastor had been led home, which simply means that two of the deacons escorted me along Temple Street to a cab, and as showers of hot ashes were falling, they advised me to shut my eyes. At that time I had done all that I could do, and I thought I had better hurry home, as other duties were pressing."

A propos of these Exeter Hall meetings it should be said that Mr. Spurgeon's congregation never admired him so much as during these trying days. He was equal to every emergency and ready for every call. He wrote to the papers a letter of thanks to sympathisers, who were far too numerous for individual replies. Here it should be said that ever since he came to the Tabernacle Mr. Spurgeon's post-bag has been a large one. Some of his well-wishers send him curiously opposite suggestions. During the Education crisis it has been no uncommon thing for him to read in one letter, "If your beloved and honoured father had been alive, his voice would have rung out with clarion call on every platform in the country on behalf of the Passive Resistance movement," and then to find some such statement as this in the next letter: "Had that great servant of God, C. H. Spurgeon, been spared to us, he would never have approved of disobedience of the law. He, at least, would have been no passive resister."

Photo by Russell & Sons
LATEST PORTRAIT OF REV. THOMAS SPURGEON

In many respects the Tabernacle fire proved a blessing in disguise. For one thing, it reawakened interest in the Tabernacle amongst English people everywhere. It was recognised that the trial was very severe, and called for immediate and practical sympathy. In a leading article the *Times* pointed out how dear the place had become to hundreds of thousands all over the Christian world as the place where for so many years Charles Haddon Spurgeon taught and prayed. Generous gifts poured in. The *British Weekly* opened a subscription list, and the work of rebuilding began.

Reopening of the Tabernacle

In September, 1900, the beautiful new Tabernacle was reopened free of debt. The total cost had been £45,000. Journalists who were shown over the building on the eve of the opening agreed that the general effect was magnificent. For over a year the congregation had been meeting in the lower hall, which is now divided into class-rooms. The new Tabernacle, which is beautifully decorated in green, gold, and cream-colour, is one of the safest and most convenient churches in the world. It is lighted by 427 electric lamps, and is ventilated on the most modern system. There is ample accommodation for 2,705 persons. Much of the furniture in the side rooms was the gift of private friends. Mr. Spurgeon's vestry contains an arm-chair presented by Baptist missionaries on the Congo. Mr. Sankey gave his services for the opening week; but the culminating event was the sermon by Dr. Maclaren on Thursday evening, October 18. Before the rebuilding was complete, the congregation suffered a heavy loss in the death of Mr. T. H. Olney, Hon. Treasurer of the Fund.

The Pastors' College

The agencies of the Tabernacle have been successfully maintained during the past ten years. Over a thousand ministers have been educated at the Pastors' College since its foundation, and the full number of fifty students is still kept up. The Orphanage is flourishing, and its subscribers include members of all the Churches. The Orphanage reports have never been more cheering or more satisfactory than in the past few years, and Mr. Charlesworth and his assistants have every cause for encouragement. The Orphanage provides a home and school for five hundred fatherless children, who are received irrespective of their Church connection. At least £10,000 a year are required for its support. Its founder once said: "As long as our brain can think, and our pen can write, and our heart can love, neither sickness nor weariness shall tempt us to flag in this sacred enterprise." The Colportage work keeps up well, but the difficulties are considerable, and liberal support is required. The Loan Tract Society carries the sermons of Pastor Spurgeon and his father to three thousand homes of the poor every week. Only one society has been discontinued since C. H. Spurgeon died, and that was owing to the fact that the founder mainly supported it out of his private purse.

No minister has ever worked more happily with his staff than Pastor Spurgeon. "What could I do," he often says, "without the loyal support of my Church officers?" He never loses an opportunity of letting his fellow-workers in church, school, and institution know how heartily he prizes their aid. Pastor Sawday has been at the Tabernacle for

seven years as assistant minister, and between him and Mr. Spurgeon there exists a cordial and loyal friendship. Mr. Sawday's services are warmly appreciated by the members, as well as by the many strangers who visit the Tabernacle from time to time.

Mr. Spurgeon's Personal Work

Mr. Thomas Spurgeon's reputation as a preacher is growing steadily from year to year. Like his father, he is an Anglo-Saxon in all his modes of thought and speech. His simple, straightforward language goes right to the heart of the people, and there is no London minister who has a richer variety of striking illustrations. His week-day addresses have the pleasant healthy flavour of John Ploughman's talk. Mr. Spurgeon is a Nonconformist by conviction, and has taken a prominent part in the Passive Resistance agitation. Some of the most inspiring letters in the great fight have come from his pen. He has had the fullest sympathy of his own congregation in the attitude he has taken. He would gladly have done more platform work in the country in response to the numerous invitations he has received, but his duties at the Tabernacle absorb all his time and strength. He has, indeed, scarcely any time for exercise and recreation, and even his favourite amusement of cycling has lately been almost abandoned. His doctor wishes him to take to golf, like so many others of his brethren, but golf occupies more time than a very busy Londoner can well afford. Every fortnight he has to attend the Board of Managers of the Stockwell Orphanage, which meets at eight in the morning. The details are managed by a House Committee. The children are, as a rule, the orphan children of respectable parents. When the bread-winner is removed, the distress in families of this class is often quite as great, though more hidden, than that of the very poorest inhabitants of the slums.

Photo by Webster Bros. The Pavement, Clapham
MR. SPURGEON'S ONLY SON

Other important engagements of Mr. Spurgeon are his Friday address to the students of the Pastors' College, and his attendance at the meetings of the Selection Committee. These are held monthly. Applications are gone over and tutors' reports are handed in. Besides his Friday lecture, Mr. Spurgeon has four services in the week—two on Sunday, the Monday prayer meeting, and the Thursday address. He never writes his sermons. All his notes are taken to the pulpit on half a sheet of note-paper. The earlier days of the week are so crowded that he is satisfied if he can get his texts on Friday night. He prepares his sermons on Saturday. Every Wednesday evening he goes to the Tabernacle and converses with individuals. Many a touching history has been poured out to him in these private interviews, and his help and counsel are at the service of every applicant. After his recent severe illness Mr. Spurgeon's doctor advised him to keep one day of the week entirely free from work. He has honestly tried to reserve Tuesday, but engagements are constantly breaking in upon it. His father's chief pleasure consisted in long country drives, and his own most refreshing holiday is a few hours spent on board one of the river steamers which go as far as Walton-on-the-Naze. He delights in ocean voyages, and in the spring of this year went to the Canary Isles

Photo by Russell & Sons
MRS. THOMAS SPURGEON

GROUP OF STOCKWELL ORPHANAGE OFFICIALS

and back. His favourite seaside resort is Lowestoft. He thoroughly enjoys its quietness, its bracing air, and the endless opportunity for pleasure on the Broads. He sometimes says that he got his taste for yachting when, as a boy, he sailed with his father along the west coast of Scotland on Mr. James Duncan's yacht.

Mr. Spurgeon at Home

Mr. Spurgeon's London home is No. 14, Macaulay Road, not far from Clapham Common. This is a pleasant home in a quiet thoroughfare, with a lawn stretching out behind. On the mantel border of his study is embroidered the motto of his ministry: "Preach the Word." Friends who remember his father's study at Westwood, with its exquisite order, will like to know that his own room has the same characteristics. Books and papers are all neatly in place, and on a side table stands the new typewriter which was lately given to Mr. Spurgeon by the Pastors' College men, and which, with his manual dexterity, he quickly learned to operate. Even now he sometimes returns to his old work of wood engraving and sketching. An ornament on his writing-table is the bronze Assyrian lion which used to stand on the top of C. H. Spurgeon's vestry clock in the Tabernacle. The clock was destroyed in the great fire, but the lion was found uninjured among the débris. In all his work Pastor Spurgeon has a perfect helpmeet in his wife. The marriage of Miss Lila McLeod Rutherford took place in Dunedin in 1888, and one of the guests at the wedding was George Müller. Mrs. Spurgeon is greatly beloved at the Tabernacle, and has done much to smooth her husband's path. They have two children, Harold and Vera, who are aged respectively twelve and ten. There is no happier home in London than that of the pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Gems from the Writings of Dr. J. R. Miller

IN view of the article appearing elsewhere on the Rev. Dr. J. R. Miller, there is peculiar appropriateness in giving a few brief sentences culled at random from three or four of his books. In the following sentences will be seen Dr. Miller's directness of thought, his deep spirituality, his longings to inspire in others a proper appreciation of the vast possibilities of life, and the importance of making the most of God-given opportunities. They will serve as a mirror through which one may see reflected something of the spiritual treasures contained in his writings :—

"We owe love to every one, and love always serves."

"Our least part is important; God needs our faithfulness."

"Diligent heart-keeping yields a life unspotted from the world."

"He is a coward who shrinks from the discovery of his own faults."

"The building of character is the most important business of life."

"If Christ is our friend, all life is made rich and beautiful to us."

"Much of the most beautiful life in this world comes out of sorrow."

"Prayers that cost the most bring down the richest blessings."

"Love without serving is but an empty sentiment, a poor mockery."

"No immortality is so sure or so bright as that which love makes for us."

"Great wisdom is required in those who would point out faults in others."

"The love of God finds us ruined sinners, and leaves us glorified saints."

"We should add something every day to the stock of the world's happiness."

"Every home should have its sacred friendship between parents and children."

"God's purpose always is to make something of us, to bring out the best that is in us."

REV. J. R. MILLER, D.D.

The Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.

If of all men whom I have ever known
'Twere in my power to make one known to all,
As an example to believing youth,
As an incentive to ambitious strength,
As a sweet comfort to declining age,
Which takes delight in thinking of the good—
This is the one whom I would offer them,
For he is one who lives his best for man.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

IT is pleasant to write of Dr. Miller—the wise leader, the generous helper, the safe counsellor, and the resourceful friend. The above lines, although written of some one else, admirably illustrate his character and set forth the high esteem in which he is held by many who know him personally and through his writings. His name is known and honoured not only throughout the English-speaking world, but also among many other nations.

He fills successfully many positions, each one of which would tax the energies of an ordinary man. But Dr. Miller is not an ordinary man; indeed, he is far from being such. His life well illustrates what he himself has written: "The difference in men is not in the opportunities that come to them, but in their use of their opportunities." All along the years he has been tireless in his devotion to duty, and in the development of his talents, and this is why as preacher, pastor, editor, author, and all-round worker, he is now able, in connection with his methodical habits, to perform a vast amount of literary and other labour.

Photo by Hansbury, Philadelphia

REV. J. R. MILLER, D.D.

He is always on time; he never breaks a promise; he is faithful, even to the smallest details. Whether near or far, he keeps his engagements. In 1896, when travelling in Southern Europe with his family, he wrote from Naples: "I shall be in Philadelphia on August 26." Promptly on time, almost splitting the day in half, his train rolled into Broad Street station at 12.30 p.m., and in less than an hour and a half he was busily engaged at his office desk, giving no indication that he had just returned from one of the most delightful outings of his life.

As an illustration of his thoughtfulness in seemingly small matters, it may be mentioned that while on the journey alluded to above, he promptly forwarded from Geneva his contribution for the consecration meeting of the Christian Endeavour Society, with which he was then connected, showing his fidelity to that portion of the Endeavour vow which so many neglect: "If obliged to be absent from the monthly consecration meeting, I will, if possible, send at least a verse of Scripture to be read in response to my name at the roll-call." Dr. Miller's contribution was characteristic, and we may be pardoned for repeating it here: "No matter where we go—away from home, away from work—we can never get away from ourselves, and we can never get away from God. We must be careful to live so that we shall never want to get away from ourselves; and we must also live so that we shall never want to get away from God."

During this visit to Europe Dr. Miller passed a pleasant Sunday in London. We have always been glad to know that he did not spend it in sight-seeing. He thus wrote of it: "For myself, I chose three preachers whom I wished to hear, and sat through the full service in each place. In the morning I visited the City Temple, and listened with real interest and profit to Dr. Joseph Parker. The great building, which is said to seat 2,700 people, was filled from pulpit to door. The prayer was reverent, inclusive tender, and full of sympathy; the sermon was full of excellent thoughts and suggestions. In the afternoon I went to Westminster Abbey to hear Canon Gore. There is not much comfort in attending services in the Abbey, as it is almost impossible to hear unless one gets a seat well to the front; there is so much confusion caused by people coming and going. To-day the throng was great. In the evening I went to hear the Rev. F. B. Meyer. He is a preacher of rare power, scriptural and spiritual. Few other men in the world are reaching out so widely in beneficent influence as Dr. Meyer. He is a prodigious worker, never resting, yet never seeming weary."

Although a Presbyterian by right of birth (being of sturdy Scotch-Irish ancestry), and also by training and inclination, yet Dr. Miller is in no sense of the word sectarian. His

DR. MILLER'S HOME

catholicity of spirit is well set forth in the following extract from a recent sermon of his on John Wesley: "On the great central truths of Christianity all Evangelical Churches are agreed. Let us not waste a moment's time or a breath of energy in strife with other believers; let us rather unite all our energies in doing good, in honouring Christ by telling the story of His love to all men, and by carrying the joy and cheer of the Gospel everywhere. The Church that shows the world the most of love, and that lives the most helpfully, is the Church that comes the nearest to the Master's thought. That is the sort of a Church every Christian should strive to make his to be."

Dr. Miller has an attractive personality. He is genial, sympathetic, and generous. The sorrows of others have not made him morose or gloomy. Although his office is almost a "confessional," to which all sorts and conditions of people go for advice and comfort, yet his kindly face and heart are as quickly responsive to human gladness as to human sorrow. The shadow side of life, in itself, has no charm for him. He believes in a gladsome, whole-souled enjoyment of God's goodness. For all who come to him he has a kindly smile, the friendly welcome, and the helpful word.

A prominent elder of the Hollond Church thus writes: "In the practical dealings of life, when the hard pushed needed sympathy and encouragement, Dr. Miller's work was strong in splendid results; and when the final roll is called, it will be found that this type of man has lived the biggest and best because he has grasped the Christ idea of service." Not only does Dr. Miller reach many by direct personal touch, but he finds a wider field of usefulness through his correspondence. Every mail brings to him letters from home and abroad, filled with words of appreciation for help received; or, as is more frequently the case, with the story of some deep grief. To all such, whether from friends or strangers, Dr. Miller gives the needful "word in season"; indeed, in no other way, perhaps, does he more successfully use his rare ability and tactfulness. The postal service is to him an important ally. Into how many homes these kindly letters of his find their way! It may be the home of the newly-wed, where love reigns supreme; the home where a tender infant lies clasped to its mother's breast; the home where a little one, early tired of its journey, lies still and white, or where one grown old has put aside life's burdens for the joys of heaven,—it matters not; the house of joy and the home of mourning alike offer inviting fields for the Master's service at a time when the inmates are most receptive to human kindness, and realising this, Dr. Miller rarely fails to send words of cheer or of sympathy, as the case may demand.

As an Editor

As the Editorial Superintendent of the Board of Publication and Sabbath-school Work of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, a position he has filled since 1880 with rare ability and with ever-increasing usefulness, Dr. Miller practically has the editorial oversight of all the books and periodicals published by this important Board. He is specially interested in the *Westminster Teacher*, a monthly of large circulation directly devoted to the explanation of, and practical suggestions on, the current Sunday-school lessons. In these notes and illustrations Dr. Miller is at his best, and through him thousands of teachers are enabled to impress upon the hearts and minds of their scholars the truths of the Bible in simple and direct way. It may readily be seen how far-reaching must be his influence for good in this direction. He is also the editor of *Forward*, an illustrated weekly paper specially adapted to the interests of young people. To this periodical Dr. Miller contributes weekly a page of editorial matter devoted to the right culture and spiritual development of the young.

As a Preacher

Dr. Miller's sermons, though void of the sensational, are never commonplace. He never loses sight of the fact that they are to supply spiritual food and instruction to immortal souls. In them there is neither theorising nor temporising; no man can mistake their meaning—all is direct, earnest, forceful. Men listen attentively, reverently, prayerfully; they instinctively feel that the preacher is expressing great truths, that he is setting forth the spiritual

Photo by Hansbury, Philadelphia

DR. MILLER IN 1887

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF MRS. J. R. MILLER

needs of their higher nature, that he is translating into words the nobler longings of their lives.

Dr. Miller treats humanity as he knows it, and he knows it as it is. With Longfellow, he believes that "every human heart is human"; that most men have their yearnings after better things; that in each heart there is the suppressed longing after the truer life. To all such he never forgets to make his earnest appeal. His one ambition is to arouse men to a sense of their lost condition; to make them conscious of their sin; to make them feel their need of Divine help. And because he has a message for human hearts, and because he delivers it with all the intensity of his nature, men listen to him; and, better still, many through him are turned to righteousness. After all, this is the true test of the value of a preacher's sermon. If it makes men pray, if it turns their thoughts in upon themselves, if it awakens in them an abiding or even a fleeting purpose to follow Christ, it is worth while; if it does not, then the preacher has need to humble himself before his Maker, and from the depths of his being pray for fulness of spiritual power and strength.

As a Pastor

As a pastor Dr. Miller will always be known and loved by the people to whom he has ministered. In spite of the many activities which have claimed his attention, yet he has been a pastor throughout almost his entire ministerial career. After being graduated in 1862 by Westminster College, Pa., he spent two and a half years in connection with the Christian Commission, which rendered noble service to the soldiers engaged in the war of the Rebellion. Completing his theological course in 1867, he spent two years in pastoral work in New Wilmington, Pa. He then accepted a call to the now widely known Bethany Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia; and soon after, in 1870, married Miss Louise E. King. Three children have been born to them —a daughter and two sons. The daughter is married. The older son is accounted one of the leading organists of America, and has charge of perhaps the finest church organ in Philadelphia. The younger son is engaged in literary work.

It is due to the indefatigable efforts of Dr. Miller, heartily seconded by his close friend the Hon. John Wanamaker, that the Bethany work was greatly developed during the nine years of his connection with it, and given that impetus which has since made it one of the world's chief centres of Christian influence, with its Church membership of 3,100 and Sabbath-school membership of 5,400.

In 1878 Dr. Miller accepted a call to Rock Island, Illinois, where he remained for two years. On his return to Philadelphia in 1880, to engage in editorial work, he also assumed pastoral oversight of the Hollond Memorial Mission. Soon after it was organised into a Church, and he became the pastor. For seventeen years (fourteen of which which were spent in co-pastoral labour with the Rev. William M. Paden, D.D., a brilliant young minister who had first been attracted to the Hollond work through Dr. Miller's writings) he gave to this field invaluable service. He found it a mission-station; he left it one of the foremost Church organisations of the city, with a membership of 1,200. He found a chapel; he left a church costing above $150,000. He resigned this charge in 1897 to devote himself exclusively to his editorial and literary labours. His love for pastoral work, however, was too strong to be resisted, and soon

DR. J. R. MILLER IN HIS OFFICE IN THE WITHERSPOON BUILDING
Taken in 1899

DR. MILLER'S LIBRARY

after he became interested in a struggling mission-field in West Philadelphia. With his accustomed energy he entered upon the work, and now bids fair to repeat the splendid success he achieved in the Hollond Church. The mission has been organised into the St. Paul's Church; a handsome stone chapel has been built, and already plans are being considered for the erection of a noble church edifice. The membership has steadily increased to nearly 500, the neighbourhood is rapidly growing in popularity, and there is every indication that this plant will develop into one of our foremost city churches.

Although engaged during the day with official duties connected with his position as editorial superintendent, yet Dr. Miller does far more pastoral visiting than many ministers who can give their entire time to it. All of his evenings are devoted to his people. Though necessarily brief, his visits are none the less helpful. Into countless homes he has taken something of the love and tenderness of the Master.

His impress upon young life has always been helpful. That he himself is a remarkably young man at the age of sixty-three is largely due to the fact that he has never permitted himself to get far away from close touch with the younger members of his flock. He has always striven to inspire them with noble ambitions. Years ago he was the first Philadelphia pastor to introduce into his Church the order of King's Daughters, and through its agency hundreds of young women and others have been helped. Long before the introduction of Christian Endeavour, he had an association for his young people which was accomplishing much the same results. Seeing the growing importance of the new movement, and realising the need of his young people being in touch with all helpful agencies, he advocated the adoption of the Endeavour pledge.

His influence over his large class of young ladies in the Hollond Memorial Sunday School was remarkable. The members were in their places with a regularity that was astonishing. Should one be away, she was sure to receive a call or a note from her teacher to learn the reason of her absence.

Dr. Miller has been signally successful in his efforts to get young people to exercise their talents, especially in devotional meetings. There are many to-day who owe much of their spiritual development and their usefulness in Church work to his kindly handshake and to his encouraging word. What an army of helpers might be added to the working forces of our Churches if all of our pastors and officers would learn this lesson of the need of sensitive souls to be helped and encouraged at the beginning of their Christian experiences!

Allusion has already been made to Dr. Miller's visit to

A CORNER IN DR. MILLER'S HOME STUDY

Europe. A Communion Service being held during his absence in Italy, a friend wrote to him, enclosing the names and addresses of those uniting with the Church. He at once wrote to them encouraging letters, and gave instructions to have a certain helpful booklet sent to each. Nor did he forget the "shut-ins" while he was away. Many white-winged messages of love and tenderness found their way across the broad waters to cheer mourning hearts and to let them know that they were not forgotten.

Annually, at the beginning of the autumn work, Dr. Miller sends to all the members of his Church an earnest pastoral letter, urging upon them the importance of united and faithful work along all lines of Christian effort. After touching somewhat fully, in the letter recently issued, on the importance of the work of the Church, the school, the mid-week meetings, and the societies, he closes as follows:

"Shall we not now join hands for a year of love, prayer, holy living, and untiring service? Let no one hold back from a full and joyous consecration of himself to Christ. Let us be patient, forbearing, and forgiving, the one toward the other. Let us stand together as members of one family, each cherishing the other's good name, and striving to give encouragement and help. No evidence of Christianity means so much to the world as that of a company of Christians living together as one family in true affection. Let us help one another, and never be hinderers of any one. Let us encourage one another, and never be discouragers. Let us be interpreters of the love of Christ to the world, so that those who know us shall be led to love the Master more.

"I give myself to Christ for you for another year; another year's serving, if God will. I have only one purpose in life these swiftly passing days: it is to help others in their lives—to give people cheer, comfort, hope, inspiration, and joy. I may not have long to stay here, or to work, but I thank God for the privilege of being your pastor. No other pastor ever had a kinder or more affectionate people. I long to be of much help to you this year. May God bless you every one!"

As an Author

In one of his strong poems, "An Incident in a Railroad Car," James Russell Lowell tells of how, when some one on a train "spoke of Burns," the passengers—

> Pressed round to hear the praise of one
> Whose heart was made of manly, simple stuff,
> As homespun as their own.
> And when he read, they forward leaned,
> Drinking with thirsty hearts and ears
> His brook-like songs whom glory never weaned
> From humble smiles and tears.

Burns, as a poet, was great because, in getting close to the heart of nature, he touched the heart of humanity. He expressed in words the vague and undefined longings of the masses, and made for all time "a clearer faith and manhood shine" in the humble hearts of the people.

Dr. Miller owes much of his popularity and signal success as a writer to the same distinguishing characteristic. He leaves a lasting impression upon the hearts and minds of his readers because he writes of life as he finds it—in the homes of happiness and affluence, and in the homes of the lowly, the discouraged, and the tempted. Here he gives a glimpse of joy, there a bit of heart-break; but never for an instant does he lose sight of the all-absorbing purpose of his writings—to encourage the hopeless, to uplift the fallen, and to inspire in all a desire for truer and nobler living.

His writings have met with remarkable success, and this is the more surprising when we consider the class of literature that is popular. A Western paper says tersely and truly: "Dr. Miller's writings are read because he has

Photo by Hansbury, Philadelphia

DR. MILLER
Taken in September last

something to say, and says it." Above a million copies of his works have been issued, and some of these have been translated into German, French, Japanese, and Hungarian.

On what missions of usefulness have these books gone! What incidents might be told of their helpful influence! How stimulating they are to the development of all that is good! Each book in itself is a library of wholesome, uplifting thoughts. Bishop William Bacon Stevens says of one of his earliest books: "The treatment of the subject is fresh, vivid, full of deep experience, and written in a style attractive to the mind, and just fitted to the needs and affections of the heart. I have already commended the book to many Christian friends, and I am sure that it cannot fail to be helpful in the deepening of spiritual life

Photo by R. Newell & Son

PULPIT AND ORGAN OF THE HOLLOND MEMORIAL CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA

This Church was dedicated in October, 1893, Dr. Miller preaching the opening sermon from Heb. xiii. 8

and in the clearer understanding of many of God's dealings with his children." A dear old lady, who is waiting in the deepening twilight for the glory of the eternal dawn, and to whom one of Dr. Miller's books was recently sent, writes: "Your cup of cold water has proved itself a well brimming over with sweet benediction. How much I have enjoyed the book!" An aged minister in the West thus expresses himself: "I have been reading one of Dr. Miller's books, and I have been helped far more than I can tell you. Every line has given me a wonderful uplift. When I finished reading the work a few months ago, I involuntarily said, 'Thank the Lord for Dr. Miller!' Like everything else he has written, the book will do inestimable good."

Endeavourers, the world over, have been helped by Dr. Miller's writings; indeed, his ability to express great truths in a simple and direct style makes him specially attractive to the young. "What can I say that will help people, that will make the truth plainer to them, that will inspire them to live more beautifully, that will give them comfort and strength?" is his one dominating thought. Last month the Christian Endeavour Society of the Congregational Church in Branchal, Elsternwick, Victoria, Australia, had as the subject of one of its meetings, "An Evening with the Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D." The leader of that meeting, a young man who has just reached his majority, writes: "I have been reading Dr. Miller's books, and have received much help and inspiration from them."

When in San Francisco in 1893 Dr. Miller visited the Chinese quarter. Going into one of the houses, he was met at the door by a Christian Chinaman, who evinced the greatest delight on meeting him, and exclaimed, "Why, I know you well; I have your books!" and going to a table near by, he held up several of them. An English traveller, lately returned from Russia, and who had the privilege while there of visiting the Czar and Czarina, found a number of Dr. Miller's books on one of the tables, and he was told that they were highly prized by the Czarina. In this connection it may be interesting to state that in an English colony in Russia, composed of the family of a British official and several others, Dr. Miller's books are regularly read aloud every Sunday at a little devotional service. These are only a few illustrations of how the books are received; of course, they might be multiplied indefinitely.

Dr. Miller makes use of incident and anecdote to illustrate his teachings, but he does so with the skill of a master; one's attention is never drawn away from the truths he would impress. He uses the simplest words, and his thoughts are as unassuming as the language in which they are expressed; yet they sound and stir the depths of the human soul. In all of his writings there is fulness of strength and helpfulness; and those who follow his teachings cannot fail to have

> Something of a finer reverence
> For beauty, truth, and love.

H. P. FORD.

A STAR does not talk, but its calm, steady beam shines down continually out of the sky, and is a benediction to many. A flower cannot sing bird-songs, but its sweet beauty and gentle fragrance make it a blessing wherever seen. Be like a star in your graceful shining, and many will thank God for your life; be like the flower in your pure beauty of character and in the influence of your unselfish spirit, and you may do more to bless the world than many who talk incessantly.—DR. J. R. MILLER.

Tiger Sue

BY INA LEON CASSILIS

THEY were almost at the poles of the social system—the well-bred, well-dressed lady, and the ragamuffin girl who sat crouched on a doorstep, with her unkempt head on her knees. It was very cold, the east wind swept up the musty street, and it was late, nearly eleven o'clock; yet this child—she was no more—had apparently no intention of going home; probably she had not even the apology for that institution which is called home among the outcast classes to which she belonged. The lady, returning homewards from a mission-room where she ministered to some of the poorest and most wretched, had paused, looking pityingly down on this unfortunate little creature, who was guiltless of shoes and stockings, and had seemingly no garment but a ragged old black frock. Whether she knew any one was near or not, the girl did not move, until she felt a gentle touch on her shoulder; then she looked up, with a growl like an angry animal, showing a face which would have been handsome, but that it was dirty, pale, pinched, and prematurely old.

"Git aht!" she said half fiercely. "Le' me 'lone!—y' ain't a bloomin' slop!"

"No," said the other kindly. "I was sorry to see you in this cold place so late. Have you no home?"

"Course I ain't; don't want none—nor your jaw neither. Jes' you le' me 'lone, will yer?"

This was not conciliatory. The young savage emphasised her ungracious speech by moving farther along the step, as if to get away from her well-meaning tormenter.

But Agnes Marling was not easily daunted. She said, in the same kind manner as before:

"I don't want to harm you, my poor child! Won't you come and see me to-morrow evening—at the red house in the next street?"

The girl grunted.

"It's a bloomin' mishun-'ouse, ain't it?" she said.

"It is a mission-house."

"Shawn't go! Don't want no preachin'."

"No one will preach to you. You could come and see what goes on."

"Shawn't! *Git aht!*"

This part she said quite violently. She was clearly in no mood for farther parley to-night; and Miss Marling knew the type too well—though this was an extreme specimen—to press matters to a climax. She did not, however, relinquish her intention of getting hold of this unfortunate child, whose unrestrained fierceness was in itself a point of additional interest.

She walked on without another word, and the outcast settled herself to a slumber, which was presently disturbed by a policeman, who curtly, though not roughly, bade her get up and move on. She obeyed, with an oath, and shuffled off into the darkness—a gaunt, unchildlike figure of poverty, misery, and perhaps crime.

The homeless poor are very local. Miss Marling knew this, and that it was not likely the girl she had spoken to that cold winter night would wander far afield. Before long her potential friend would come across the ragamuffin child again—and she did.

A babel of shouting and laughter down a noisome alley caused Miss Marling to turn down it, and in the midst of an excited ring of onlookers she beheld the young lady of the doorstep engaged in a fight with a boy bigger and stronger than herself. She fought with the ferocity and the agility of a young tigress, and thus gained the advantage over her slower and more burly opponent, raining a dozen well-planted blows upon him while he aimed, and missed, one at her. It was obvious that fighting was no new experience to her; she went at it with a certain science which might not be according to rule, but was effective in its way, and certainly put the enemy to rout.

Before Miss Marling had pushed her way through the throng of boys and girls who formed the audience, the hulking youth fled howling, holding his hands over his bleeding nose, and his female antagonist stood triumphant, with blazing eyes, quivering nostrils, and clenched hands—not an edifying spectacle, especially as her face, too, was bleeding; but she took no heed of this—probably in her present fierce mood was not conscious of any hurt.

"What does all this mean?" demanded Miss Marling. "Girls fighting in the streets!"

A dozen voices answered her at once—all the spectators were eager to impart information, the conqueror herself alone standing aloof; but in the confusion of tongues all that Agnes Marling could make out was something about a kitten, "Tiger Sue," and "Bill Jymes" (James).

Miss Marling addressed herself direct to the young lady who had earned the uncomplimentary sobriquet of "Tiger."

"What is the matter?" the lady said. "Why did you fight?"

"'Tain't none o' your bisness," returned Sue, with a glance of recognition. She roughly wiped the blood away from her face with the back of her hand.

An officious onlooker shrilly intervened:

"Bill Jymes, 'e was a-settin' of 'is dorg on Mis' Smiff's kitten, 'e was, and Tiger Sue, she wouldn't let 'im; an' then—an' then, Sue, she 'it Bill, an' they fought. Sue's a rare one for fightin'," added the informant, with a mixture of admiration and the wholesome fear inspired by the reputation of a fire-eater.

But Miss Marling perceived in this relation another illustration of the principle upon which she worked, and which bore her up amid many grievous disappointments, many apparent failures—she insisted that no human creature is entirely hopeless, that in every soul lies somewhere the Divine spark which may be kindled into the fire that brightens and warms. This wretched child of the streets, more savage and degraded in many ways than savages technically so called, so fierce and intractable that even among people coarse and violent she was distinguished as "Tiger"—this creature had interposed to prevent cruelty to a defenceless animal: something there must be in such a nature which could be laid hold of and developed. Miss Marling followed Sue, who had turned away.

"Come with me," she said kindly, "and let me wash the blood from your face."

A look of surprise flashed over the girl's features. She expected to be "preached at" for fighting.

"Oh! that's nuff'n," she said carelessly; "it don't 'urt."

There was an undercurrent of defiance in her tone. She was evidently in mortal terror of being "got 'old of," and quick to detect and resent any attempts in that direction.

Once more Agnes Marling was baffled, for after these last words Tiger Sue ran off swiftly, and vanished down a court. But, if baffled, Agnes was not disheartened. She presently made enquiries about Sue, doing this cautiously, so that it should not reach the girl that "the mishun lydy was a-pryin'." Sue's fate, it seemed, had been one not uncommon in her world. A drunken father, who had practically killed his first wife, married again, and the stepmother promptly turned Sue out of doors, since which time the child had lived how she could—a veritable Ishmael. But no one human being can reach thousands; and is there not a promise to him or to her who shall give only a cup of cold water to *one* of these little ones?

A few days later Miss Marling saw Tiger Sue running after an omnibus. She nodded pleasantly to the outcast, but took no further notice. The conductor came down from the roof and gruffly ordered Sue off. Sue responded by a string of bad language and "taking a sight," after which she ran away. That evening she was staring at a bill outside the mission-house, and asking a girl poor enough, but who wore shoes and stockings, "what that 'ere said"—for, needless to say, Sue could not read. The girl looked rather haughtily at the tatterdemalion who presumed to address her, and walked on.

"Oh! my eye!" cried Sue, with a shrill peal of laughter, "think yerself a *lydy*, do yer? an' yer faver's doin' toime, an' yer muvver sells happles" (these assertions were simply efforts of street rhetoric). Then followed still more offensive remarks, further embellished by oaths. Miss Marling, hearing the noise came out.

"Sue!" she exclaimed sternly, "I won't allow such language outside this place!"

Sue was cowed for a moment by the tone and manner of authority; the next she rallied to defiance. "That there gal wouldn't tell me what that said," pointing at the bill; "and she ain't no bett'rn me, though she's got shoes on."

"She may be very unkind, but you needn't swear and scream. I will read the bill to you."

Sue opened her black eyes; here was an object-lesson which—as Agnes knew—would impress her. The girl, very little above her, scorned her; the lady, miles above her, was kind to her, and told her what she wanted to know. The bill announced a lecture upon the Holy Land, with lantern pictures of the holy places, and it was free to every one.

"There will be many there like you," said Miss Marling, seeing the girl's sidelong glance downwards at her bare feet, "and the only rule is that you must behave quietly. You come when you like, and go when you like." But she did not urge the matter, or seem to care whether Sue came or stayed away. Sue knew nothing about holy places, nor about Him whose sojourn in them made them holy; but the idea of "picturs" caught her fancy. She nodded what was meant for thanks to her informant, and strolled off.

But on the lecture night she came. Miss Marling discerned her at the back of the hall, among a crowd of—it must be owned—sufficiently dirty girls. The entertainment was designed for just such people, and the clergyman who gave the lecture never got beyond the level of his audience. Sue listened and gazed in rapt delight. The pictures specially interested her, the explanations and descriptions puzzled and amazed her, for the sacred story was a closed book to her, nor was she, at present, particularly curious to hear more about the chief actor in these sublime scenes; but "she'd come again to see the picturs," she said to a girl near her, who told her "there'd be more on 'em next Toosdy." And she came. This time—at the end of the lecture—some buns and oranges were distributed among the children. Miss Marling was the distributor, and when she came to Tiger Sue, that young lady ventured a question as to "'oo that were the chap up there [indicating the lecturer] had talked about."

"I'll tell you," Agnes said, "if you will wait for me just outside."

Sue nodded. This was a long step gained. She had evidently lost her terror of the "mishun blokes tryin' ter 'git' yer"—whatever appalling fate "gittin' yer" might involve. She went out into the lobby, and waited with a patience which was in itself a new thing, until Miss Marling appeared, and meekly followed the "mishun lydy" into a warm little room, where Agnes, sitting down by the fire, told her in simplest language the story of the Cross. Strange and often shrewd and intelligent were Sue's questions and comments, and the same disposition which had made her champion the kitten appeared in the remark that "she'd like to smash them blokes for what they did, she would!"—meaning the Jews who crucified the Redeemer. Not yet was the time to preach the gospel of meekness to this child of the gutter; so Agnes Marling passed over this speech, and presently dismissed her auditor, saying it was late, but promising to tell her more to-morrow, if she would come.

Not all at once was Tiger Sue reclaimed. It was a long process, the taming of this wild creature, the outcome of a civilisation which has its own and terrible forms of savagery. Sometimes Agnes Marling's heart fainted within her when, after weeks of decent conduct, Sue would "break out"—fight, swear, and behave like her old self. "But by God's help," Agnes said, "I shall win that child." And she did. Sue, passionately attached to her indefatigable friend, grew more and more tractable. From cleaning the steps of the mission-house she was promoted to go errands and trusted with money. There were relapses, as when she threatened to punch the head of a boy who tried to cheat her out of a halfpenny, and very nearly did it; but they were few and far between; and Sue, in white apron, and waiting upon the once-dreaded "mishun lydy," bore little resemblance to Tiger Sue who was such a "rare 'un to fight." Agnes Marling's faith in the Divine element latent in every human creature was justified.

The Jubilee of Dr. Drummond, Belhaven Church, Glasgow

THE Rev. Robert S. Drummond, D.D., minister of Belhaven Church, Glasgow, who has just celebrated his jubilee, belongs to a Levitical stock. One of his grandfathers was a lay-preacher, and his father was minister of the Relief Church in Irvine. Dr. Drummond's wife was a daughter of the manse, her father being the distinguished Dr. John French, of College Street Church, Edinburgh, while Dr. Drummond's son is minister of Lothian Road Church, Edinburgh. The succession is therefore being kept up. What Dr. Drummond's grandchildren will be, time will show.

REV. R. J. DRUMMOND, D.D.

Dr. Drummond was born in Leven, Fifeshire, when his father was still a schoolmaster there. Ere long his father removed to Edinburgh to pursue his studies for the ministry, and it was there that Dr. Drummond received his schooling. For two years he had some experience of office work in Cupar, Fife, and then, his heart turning to the ministry, he went to Glasgow University, and studied under the elder Ramsay ("Logic Bob") and Lord Kelvin, then in the very beginning of his remarkable career.

In 1847, along with his lifelong friend Dr. Thomas Kennedy (who succeeded Principal Rainy as Moderator of the United Free Church General Assembly), he entered the first session of the newly formed United Presbyterian Divinity Hall. When he received license several Churches were anxious to secure him, but his choice was Fisher Street Church, Carlisle. Since then Dr. Drummond has ministered in St. James's Place, Edinburgh; Erskine Church, Glasgow; St. John's Wood Church, London; and Belhaven Church, Glasgow. From all of these, as well as from his son's congregation in Edinburgh, addresses were presented to him at his jubilee.

It is not often that it is given to a father to have a son of twenty years' standing in the ministry, and for both father and son to be Doctors of Divinity of the same

university. But this is the case with Dr. Drummond. His gifts as a preacher very early drew attention to him. His preaching is of the very finest of its type, replete with thought, couched in felicitous language, set forth in rounded periods, and delivered with graceful action and in most mellifluous voice. Dr. Drummond has none of that silly contempt for the graces of delivery which some affect. He feels that he has a message to deliver from God, and that it is his duty to his Master to present it in the most apt words and persuasive tones which he can command. One is not therefore surprised that the University of Glasgow, under the principalship of that master in oratory the late John Caird, should not have been slow to recognise the gifts of its alumnus, and confer on him its Doctor's degree. His son received his degree from the same university, of which he also was a graduate, in recognition of his work on "The Relation of the Apostolic Teaching to the Teaching of Christ"—the Kerr Lecture for 1900.

Dr. Drummond's call to London occurred at a somewhat critical stage in the negotiations that issued in the severance of the English section of the United Presbyterian Church from the body in Scotland, and its union with the Presbyterian Church in England. Mutual eligibility had just been agreed upon, and Dr. Drummond's was the first call under the arrangement. His acceptance of it and his happy settlement in London did much to bring the negotiating Churches closer together, and pave the way for the complete junction in 1877. The work in London was a great change from what Dr. Drummond had to undertake in Edinburgh and Glasgow. The congregations in Scotland numbered over twelve hundred in each case; in London there were scarcely two hundred. But under Dr. Drummond's seven years' ministry the congregation at St. John's Wood rose rapidly to that strength and position which it has now long held under his successor, Dr. Monro Gibson.

REV. R. S. DRUMMOND, D.D.

Dr. Drummond came to his present charge, Belhaven Church, in 1879. Under him the congregation rose to a leading place among Glasgow churches, and many of its citizens most prominent in philanthropic and civic affairs have worshipped there—Sir James Bell (late Lord Provost), Dr. Gourlay, Bailie Mitchell, while the present Lord Provost, Sir John Ure Primrose, was one of his boys in Erskine Church days. Mr. Thomas Shaw, K.C., M.P., is an elder in St. James's Place Church, Edinburgh, and was one of the many prominent men who were present at the jubilee celebrations to do him honour.

It was an interesting feature in Dr. Drummond's ministry that after he went to Belhaven he commenced a type of preaching which was quite a novelty to him—sermons to children. And it was a surprise to himself and a constant pleasure to his people to find this master of a finished pulpit style presenting the Gospel with equal felicity in the simplest phrases suited to the understanding and imagination of a little child. As a sample take this on Peter's fall and repentance. The division was: (1) Peter bad; (2) Peter sad; (3) Peter glad. What child could fail to understand that or could soon forget it?

Dr. Drummond has served the Church at large in many ways, both in Presbytery, Committees and Supreme Court. He has held the office of Moderator, and represented his Church at the Presbyterian Alliance, his visit to which, along with Dr. Black, of Wellington Church, Glasgow, drew closer the bonds of what has been a very happy and close friendship of his later days.

Some years ago Dr. Drummond obtained the valued assistance of a colleague in the Rev. J. M. Witherow, M.A., who shares with him the work of the congregation. At present Dr. Drummond is one of the oldest ministers in harness in the Presbytery of Glasgow, hale of body, sonorous of utterance, fresh in mind, and diligent as ever in the preparation of work for the pulpit. Sometimes an old favourite like "The Fall of Jericho" or "Paul before Felix" refreshes the memories of his people, but oftener far it is new work, the rich fruitage of ripe Christian meditation and experience.

It is the cordial wish of Dr. Drummond's many admirers that he may long be spared to the Christian ministry which he so richly adorns, and that he may still be enabled to exercise his great pulpit gifts in the building up of Christ's cause and kingdom in our midst.

There are griefs that hang no crape on the door-bell, that wear no black garments, that close no shutters, that drop no tears which men can see, that can get no sympathy save that of the blessed Christ and perhaps of a closest human brother, and must wear smiles before men and go on with life's work as if all were gladness within the heart. If we knew the inner life of many of the people we meet, we would be very gentle with them, and would excuse the things in them that seem strange or eccentric to us. They are carrying burdens of secret grief. We do not begin to know the sorrows of our brothers.

Dr. J. R. Miller.

The Widowhood of Gabrielle Grant

BY EGLANTON THORNE

CHAPTER I

FREE!

THE afternoon train was drawing up at the station of San Remo. A young lady leaned from the window of a first-class carriage and enquired in French the name of the station. As a porter answered her, she turned quickly to some one within the carriage.

"Here we are, Marcella; this is San Remo. I'll get down, and you can give our things to this man."

The next moment a small, slight form, attired in a neat travelling-suit of pale grey, descended lightly from the high vehicle, revealing in her descent a pair of small, shapely feet, daintily shod. A knot of pale violets adorned the front of her coat.

She directed the porter to enter the carriage and waited till he reappeared laden with various *impedimenta.* Then she advanced with outstretched hand to the assistance of a big, portly woman, some forty years of age, whose pale complexion had a certain duskiness of hue suggestive of mulatto origin.

"Be careful, Marcella; give me that dressing-case. It is a very deep step, and if you missed it——"

"The fall would be great," said Marcella good-naturedly; "but I won't fall, though this strikes me as the most barbarous way of fixing a railway-carriage that ever I saw. There, I'm down."

As she spoke her broad mouth widened into a smile which showed a perfect row of large, white teeth. She was evidently relieved to find herself safe upon the platform. With her ample form and homely countenance she presented the most absolute foil to the young lady's graceful person and *mignonne* features. It was clear that a perfect understanding existed between them. They were mistress and maid; but they were more: they were friends.

Gabrielle Grant named the hotel to which she was going, and followed the porter as he led the way out of the station. At the door a man in livery approached them, tried in vain to take possession of the dressing-case, to which Marcella desperately clung, and conducted them to the hotel omnibus.

"It looks a charming place," said Gabrielle, as they drove along a promenade, bordered by tall palms. "How lovely that blue sea is! I believe I shall be happy here."

"I hope so, madam—with all my heart I hope it," responded the maid, with a fervency which the occasion hardly seemed to demand.

"Good old Marcella," said Gabrielle, laying her hand affectionately on the large, black-gloved hand, which still grasped the dressing-case; "if you had your way, I should have nothing to desire. Well, at any rate, I may hope for a little rest and peace here."

She sighed as she spoke, and there was a look in her dark grey eyes which seemed to show that this elegant little lady, with the air of a princess, was familiar with sorrow. She was not beautiful; but the small, piquant face beneath the close-fitting travelling-cap of grey velvet, with a scarlet quill for its sole adornment, did not lack charm. It was the face of one who had suffered; but only a keen eye could have discerned the evidence of pain. She was a fortunate woman as the world regards good fortune. She had left a large circle of acquaintance in Boston; but the best friend she had in the world was this big, clumsy-looking, dusky-visaged maid, not excepting the husband, to whom, young as she looked, Gabrielle had been married for nearly ten years.

"I am going to be happy here," Gabrielle said to herself half an hour later, after she had taken possession of a pleasant, spacious room, with a smaller one adjoining it for Marcella's use, and was refreshed by a cup of tea; "happy at least for six weeks or so. Afterwards——" Her little mouth closed firmly with a taut, strenuous refusal to consider the afterwards. Gabrielle was not yet thirty; but she had learned the wisdom of taking short views of life.

Surely the place to which she had come seemed a place to be happy in, if anywhere upon this earth fleeting, elusive happiness can be grasped and held. She had stepped on to the balcony outside her window and was looking down on a garden full of tall, graceful palms, magnolias, pepper trees, and eucalyptus. Below the rich foliage were flowers in abundance. She could discern roses, carnations, pansies, geraniums. The air was balmy with the perfume of trees and flowers. To the right stretched other gardens surrounding fine villas or palatial hotels. Beyond houses and gardens lay the broad sea, so clearly, deeply blue, with a cloudless sky above, from which already shone the first faint beam of the evening star.

Half-leaning, half-sitting on the balustrade of the balcony, she absorbed the soul-satisfying view while Marcella was busy unstrapping trunks and arranging her mistress's belongings.

"He said he might be able to join me before Christmas," Gabrielle said to herself with a little shiver; "but Christmas is a long way off yet. It is still October. I will not think of it."

Yet try as she would to evade it, the thought of her husband returned to her again and again.

"I am glad that I decided to come at once to the Riviera," she reflected; "it would not suit him. He cares nothing for the beauty of Nature, for nought indeed save the 'almighty' dollar. If he were here now he would see only that big hotel, and would amuse himself by calculating how much it costs to run it and what returns it makes. Well, I love money too, I suppose, or I should never—but God knows, it was not for my own sake."

Stung by this thought, she sprang to her feet, and began to move to and fro on the balcony. The expression of her face and the little horizontal lines between her delicate brows told of painful reflections. She was thinking of the first time she had come to Europe. How she had longed to visit Italy! How she had dreamed of seeing Rome, Florence, Venice! How different the reality from her dreams, when she had visited them in the company of one whose hard, coarse mind and mocking, cynical tongue had rendered every place alike unendurable to her!

"Oh, I am thankful he does not want to see Italy again!" she said to herself. "I hardly dared to speak lest he should detect my joy when he told me that he meant simply to go across to London and I must join him there."

Altogether, it had seemed the most unlooked-for good fortune to Gabrielle Grant when her husband discovered that he had business which called him to the Far West just at the time that the lease of their house in Boston expired. But for the fact that it suited his convenience so well he would hardly have allowed her to start alone for Europe.

"I must make the most of it," she thought; "I may never have such a holiday again."

When she stepped into her room, Marcella was shaking out a tea-gown of pale silk shot with pink.

"Will you wear this, madam?" she asked; "the season has not begun, it seems, and there is hardly any one in the hotel."

"So much the better," said Gabrielle; "I did not come here to see people. Yes, that will do nicely, Marcella; it slips on so easily."

When she went down to dinner, it was evident that there were few persons in the hotel. Hardly a dozen sat down at the large dining-table. Gabrielle was seated next to a consumptive-looking clergyman who talked incessantly, to her utter weariness. He had once spent a few weeks in America, and it pleased him to compare things British and American. She let him talk, assenting now and then for courtesy's sake, while her mind pursued its own train of thought.

"You do everything on a grand scale in America," he remarked after a while, "even your railway accidents; for instance, that awful one the other day."

"What other day?" she asked. "I have not heard of one recently."

"You cannot mean that you do not know to what I refer," he said in surprise. "Why, it was only a day or two ago; in Tuesday's paper we saw it, you know."

"But I have not seen Tuesday's paper," she replied. "I only landed in Genoa from a Boston steamship this morning, and I have not seen a newspaper since I left home."

"Then you know nothing about it," he said, with an air of satisfaction. "It was an awful disaster; happened somewhere among the Rockies. The train was crossing a deep gully, through which runs a river—the Zanzari, I think they call it—and the bridge gave way. The whole train was precipitated into the gorge. Some of the carriages stuck on a bank midway; the rest went right into the river, and all within them perished in the water."

Gabrielle shuddered.

"It is supposed that nearly two hundred persons were killed," said the clergyman. "You would like to read about it, I daresay. I will find the paper for you."

Gabrielle's face, never high in its colouring, had grown very pale. She raised her hand as if in imagination she pushed the paper from her.

"No, no, thank you," she said, "I cannot bear to read of such things. It makes me miserable. I cannot get them out of my mind. And it is not as if one could do the poor sufferers any good."

"Most of them are beyond any help now," he said.

"But God could have helped," she said, with a thrill of pain in her voice; "oh! how can He suffer such things to be?"

"The ways of Providence are inscrutable to the human understanding," said the clergyman. "Doubless He ordained it for some wise purpose that is beyond our comprehension."

Gabrielle heard the glib utterance with a sickening sensation.

"I would rather believe that He could not help it," she said. "I cannot understand a God of love ordaining that awful anguish of sudden death, and the consequent desolation of loving hearts and happy homes, for the sake of some remote good, however great."

"Ah! but God's ways are not as our ways," he replied; "we must trust where we cannot trace."

But Gabrielle had risen and was moving from the table.

She was up in good time the next morning. Her temperament was active, and she had the delight of a child in awakening to a new day in a fresh place. She bade her maid set a little table on the balcony and put her breakfast there. The air was fresh enough to make her enjoy the warm sunshine which fell on her as she sat eating crisp rolls and delicious butter with the zest of perfect health. She was a good sailor, and while poor Marcella had struggled desperately to do her duty, only to succumb at last and endure the mortification of being waited upon by the mistress whom it was her one desire to serve, Gabrielle had hardly missed a meal, while her nerves had recovered tone, and both mind and body strength, under the influence of the bracing ocean breezes. She was prepared to enjoy to the utmost her rare spell of freedom.

"Make haste, Marcella," she cried, as, her breakfast over, she leaned upon the balustrade drinking in the beauty of the glorious blue sea, the garden with its rich foliage and heavy scented blossoms, and the olive-clad hills beyond. "Make haste, for I am impatient to be out. I want to walk by the sea; I want to explore the town; I want to climb that hill. It is so lovely to feel that I can do just as I like."

Her maid did not reply. There was a grave, almost an anxious, look on her face as she came towards her mistress, bearing a missive which had just been delivered into her hand.

SOBBED WITH UTTER PHYSICAL ABANDONMENT

"A cablegram, madam," she said—"a cablegram from Boston. It has been forwarded by the agent from Genoa."

The colour faded from Gabrielle's face as she turned to take the envelope. She supposed that the telegram was sent by her husband, and the thought of a message from him could only inspire her with dread.

Slowly opening the envelope, she began to read the lines enclosed. What was it made them so hard to understand? The lines danced before her eyes. She sat down, shading her eyes from the sun, her heart throbbing wildly, her limbs trembling, while she strove to grasp the meaning of the strange words.

The sender was not her husband; but Mr. Meredith, an old friend and her solicitor.

"Ere this reaches you, the newspapers will have informed you of the Zanzari River accident," he said. "Unhappily the news respecting Mr. Abel Grant is true. There is no doubt that he is one of those who have perished."

The paper fluttered from Gabrielle's fingers to the ground. As she looked up and met her maid's anxious eyes, a deep flush rose in her face and mounted even to the roots of her hair; then faded as quickly, leaving her face colourless.

"Oh, madam, you have bad news! Tell me," cried Marcella.

Gabrielle made no reply. She rose and walked to and fro on the balcony, her hands clasped tightly before her. In her heart a voice cried to her that she was free—free! But she could not believe that the thing was true.

Suddenly she became aware of Marcella's anxious suspense. She began to speak, but her words seemed broken and strange, even to her own ears.

"News! such news, Marcella," she said; "there has been an accident. You can read the telegram; but first go downstairs and ask for the latest newspapers and bring them to me."

Her maid disappeared and quickly returned with a bundle of papers. Gabrielle turned them over with trembling hands, and at last found what she sought. Her eye hurriedly scanned the column. She could not read the sickening details. Ah! here was the name for which she looked!

"Mr. Abel Grant, of Boston, is known to have travelled by this train, and there is little doubt that he is amongst the dead, though his body has not yet been discovered."

Gabrielle let fall the paper and sat gazing blankly before her. Her face was stony in its lack of expression. Meanwhile Marcella had rapidly made herself acquainted with what had happened. She threw herself on her knees beside her mistress and clasped and kissed her cold little hands.

"Oh, my dear, dear missy," she said, unconsciously addressing her as she had been wont to do in her childhood, for she had been maid to Gabrielle's mother before she became her own, "don't look like that. You must not indeed. It's a terrible shock, but it is the Lord's will."

Her maid's words broke the spell which held Gabrielle. She broke into a wild laugh, instantly followed by a burst of passionate tears. She threw her arms about the neck of this faithful friend, leaned against her sturdy frame, and sobbed with utter physical abandonment. But when Marcella would have murmured words of comfort, Gabrielle laid her hand upon her lips.

"Don't speak, Marcella," she said, "don't let my tears deceive *you*. I am a wicked woman—a wicked, heartless woman."

"No, no, my dear child, you shall not say it," responded Marcella tenderly. "You have too much heart. That's where the trouble is."

"I am a wicked woman," repeated Gabrielle; "you shall not contradict me, Marcella. What other woman would be *glad* to learn that her husband was dead? It is true. The news startled me; but I was not sorry. I *looked into my inmost heart and I knew that I was glad*. Is not that enough to make me weep—to know that I am such a wretch as that?"

"Hush, hush, my dear," said her guardian tenderly, "you cannot help it. It is not *your* fault. The Lord knows how you have suffered."

"He knows I would be sorry if I could," said Gabrielle.

CHAPTER II

A HOUSE TO LET

GABRIELLE spent the whole of that day in seclusion. She sat on the balcony through most of its hours gazing across the blue sea with eyes that saw little of the outward, so keen was the inward vision before which rose continually the past scenes of her life. She said little, and after the one wild, passionate storm had spent itself, she shed no tears. Marcella, watching her anxiously, saw a pathetic beauty in the pose of the small, well-set head, with its wealth of raven-black hair coiled high above her forehead, as it was outlined against the clear sky. Vehement words burned upon the servant's lips; but the quiet, restained air of her mistress checked their utterance.

Gabrielle was still reproaching herself with her insensibility. She tried to fix her mind on the sudden and terrible fate which had befallen her husband, that the horror of it might move her to pity, if not to grief. "If I were a Romanist, Marcella," she said suddenly, "I could spend money on Masses for his soul; but as it is, there seems absolutely nothing that I can do."

Marcella shook her head. She was no believer in priests or priestcraft; but had she been, she would not have been eager to invoke their aid on behalf of Abel Grant. When she remembered the exquisite skill he had displayed in devising tortures for his wife's sensitive spirit during the years they had spent together, it seemed to her that no one, knowing all, could expect his wife to mourn for him, terrible as his fate had been. But Marcella alone knew all. There were people at Boston who had pitied Abel Grant because he had so unsympathetic a wife.

Once Marcella said a word to her mistress about mourning. Gabrielle shuddered at the thought of herself in conventional widow's garb. Her soul revolted from the hypocrisy that would be involved for her in such symbols of desolation.

"There is surely no need to trouble about clothes, for the present," she said. "No one here knows me. Why need I proclaim that I have become a widow? You can keep silence, I know, Marcella."

A smile flitted across Marcella's countenance. Her mistress had sufficiently tested her discretion during the years they had spent together. Had Abel Grant been able to find a pretext for insisting upon the dismissal of the maid, who was his wife's chief friend and confidante, he would certainly have done so; but Marcella's wisdom and reticence had left him without excuse.

"When we go to England will be soon enough, if I must put it on," said Gabrielle, after a moment's reflection; "but, meanwhile, I wear no colours, Marcella. Look out all that I have which is black, white, or grey, and put the other things aside."

So Marcella busied herself in rearranging her mistress's wardrobe. Gabrielle relapsed into silence; but her mind now pursued a fresh train of thought. The idea of the future suddenly took a new form. Why should she go to England? The plan had been her husband's; she was to have joined him here. She could do as she liked now. There was something almost alarming in the absolute freedom of which she had become possessed. The world was all before her where to choose her place."

Slowly the day wore on. The hours were tedious in their passage; but when it was over the day appeared like a dream. Once Gabrielle roused herself and wrote a response to the cablegram, which Marcella despatched.

Utterly worn out, Gabrielle at last retired to rest, and soon sank into slumber; but Marcella had hardly lain down in the adjoining room when she was roused by wild cries, and hurried back to her mistress. Gabrielle was sitting up in bed, her face pallid and bedewed with perspiration, her eyes dilated with fear. She was still trembling under the influence of her terrifying dream.

"Oh! Marcella, I saw him—I saw him fall—I heard the thud of his body on the stones—and yet I thought that he was here; that he had hold of me, and was reproaching me! Oh, there is no one here, is there?"

"No one but your own Marcella, my darling," said her faithful servant, "and no one shall come near to harm you while I am here. It was nothing but a horrid dream. Let me shake up your pillow and set your bed straight. Then I'll light the spirit-lamp and heat some milk for you, and when you've taken that you'll be able to sleep."

But Gabrielle shuddered at the very thought of going back into the world of dreams. Marcella soothed her as if she were a child. Then, drawing an easy-chair beside the bed, Marcella sat down, and, taking up Gabrielle's Bible, began to read psalm after psalm in a low monotone, till, in spite of herself, Gabrielle's eyelids drooped and she fell into a profound sleep. Yet Marcella remained beside her till the break of day.

The morning dawned gloriously fair. The sea sparkled in the sunshine beneath a sky of cloudless blue. Gabrielle rose about her usual time, and breakfasted upon the balcony. When, a little later, Marcella suggested that they should go out, Gabrielle willingly agreed. She shrank from observation as she went down the broad staircase and across the hall of the hotel. At the door she encountered the proprietor, who

smilingly bade her "good morning." Gabrielle wondered at his smile. She had a curious feeling that every one who saw her must know that she was a newly made widow, bereft of her husband by a sudden and terrible calamity, yet too heartless to mourn for him. But in the fresh air and sunshine she presently forgot herself. It was so lovely to walk along the shore and listen to the soft ripple of the waves. Her spirits rose like those of a child.

"I like this place, Marcella," she said. "Are not those palms glorious, and did you ever see such flowers so late in the year? Oh! there is a man with violets; I must have some."

"There are flower-shops in the town," said Marcella. So to the town they went, and Gabrielle bought a profusion of flowers.

"I am glad the people understand French," she said, as they came out of the shop with their hands full; "but I wish I could speak Italian. Well, I can learn. Why should I not have lessons while I am here? Is not that a good idea?"

Marcella thought it a very good idea. They were passing through the gateway of the hotel when Gabrielle observed a little villa which adjoined it, standing in a garden full of flowers. By the gate was a board intimating that this "most desirable residence" was to let.

"Here is a house to let," said Gabrielle playfully. "The gate stands invitingly open. Let us go in and see if it would suit me."

They entered, and Gabrielle found the garden charming. On one side grew a magnificent palm, a nespoli full of blossom, which perfumed the air, and some prickly pear trees showing specimens of their curious red fruit. A fine fig tree grew by the front door. There were roses in abundance. On the side of the garden which overhung the road a little bower had been constructed, and was covered by a climbing rose tree. Beneath were chairs and a little table.

"Now I call this delightful!" said Gabrielle, as she seated herself. "Here one can sit and see all that passes along the road and be oneself unseen. How nice to take one's afternoon tea here!"

"In summer," said Marcella. "It is almost winter now, though you can hardly believe it, to feel how warm the sun is."

"Don't talk about winter," said Gabrielle. "I don't believe there is any winter here. Marcella, what is there to hinder me from staying here just as long as I like?"

"Nothing, I suppose," said Marcella, after pondering the question for a moment, "unless Mr. Meredith should object. There may be business matters which may demand your presence. He may want to hasten your return."

"I don't see why he should," said Gabrielle. "He can settle all the business without me, surely. I will not have my holiday cut short. I do not want to return to Boston, and no one can make me live there now."

She coloured deeply when she had spoken, conscious to her shame of the almost exultant spirit in which she had uttered the words. She rose and walked towards the house.

"I should like to see the rooms," she said. "I wonder if we can get inside."

Her wish was easily gratified. There was a man working in the garden, who now came forward and offered to show them the house.

The interior of the house proved as inviting as the exterior. The rooms were neither too large nor too small, and they were furnished in a simple, tasteful style which pleased Gabrielle. She admired the tessellated floors, the ample windows, the curiously carved furniture, and the well-chosen pictures and photographs which adorned the walls. Here was a copy of her favourite Botticelli, framed in an exquisitely carved frame, and here the sweet, serene face of one of Raphael's Madonnas looked down on her.

"What a delightful little house!" cried Gabrielle. "This is a lovely sitting-room. See, it faces due south, and gets all the sun there is. One could have the windows open, and step into the garden whenever one pleased. What do you say, Marcella? The floor looks cold? But there are rugs, of course. I will ask him."

The man, who wore a blue blouse, seemed a rough but honest fellow, with plenty of shrewdness. He was quick to catch the lady's meaning, and answered her in a funny mixture of French and Italian. He assured her that there were beautiful rugs and curtains, and that the house could be speedily rendered a most comfortable dwelling for any one who should take it. It was the house of an Italian lady who had gone to Germany for the winter. Any one inclined to take it must apply for information to the English artist in the Via Umberto.

"The English artist?" repeated Gabrielle.

The man bethought himself, and opened the drawer of a table and produced a card, which he handed to her. She looked at it and read:

Basil Theyn,
Via Umberto 18, *Piano* 4°.

"Ah!" said Gabrielle, "I am glad he is an Englishman; it will be easier for us to come to an understanding. After luncheon, I will call upon him, Marcella."

Her maid looked at her with grave, enquiring eyes, but said nothing. The next moment Gabrielle's eyes fell on a picture which hung above a low bookcase on a line with the door. It represented a group of women washing clothes on the bank of a clear stream. A girl, with beautiful, lithesome figure kneels in the foreground, a little apart from the rest. With one hand she dabbles in search of the soaked linen; the other has just placed a red flower in her hair, and she bends towards the mirror proffered by a still pool on her right, gazing with delight at the reflection of her beauty. Gabrielle was no artist, but she could see that the colour and composition of this picture were admirable. The face and form of the girl fascinated her.

"Oh, what an exquisite picture!" she cried. "Do you not like it, Marcella?"

Marcella uttered an assent with the air of one whose mind is otherwise occupied; but the man caught the sense of the lady's words, although they were English.

"Ah! the picture pleases the signora," he said eagerly. "It is good, like everything the Signor Inglese paints," with a wave of the hand towards the card she held.

"Ah! is it Mr. Theyn's?" said Gabrielle. "Well, perhaps I shall see his studio, as I intend calling on him this afternoon. If his work is all as good as this, I shall want to see it."

"There is no one like him," was the man's response to the words he but half comprehended.

Mr. Gladstone on Preaching

THERE are some connected with science who seem to think that it is a part of its mission to put an end to preaching. My belief is that as long as mankind subsists, preaching and science will both have their place in the field of life; and if I had to wager, I would just as readily wager in favour of the longevity of preaching as I would on the longevity of science. . . I quite comprehend that it is no part of the ordinary ousiness of preaching needlessly to puzzle and disturb men's minds by wandering into questions which are for them, to a great extent, and in the majority of cases, abstract and speculative questions lying outside their path of life, and outside their path of duty in life. But when I ask myself, how is it that the tone of so many professors of science is so harsh, so unkindly, and so domineering towards the precious gem and jewel, the religion which is the hope of human-kind, I cannot but admit to myself that it is in part a reaction from a former state of things, and that those who have believed in religion, and professed religion, and even taught religion, have in various ways been not sufficiently careful at all times to avoid placing stumbling-blocks in the way of their brethren by factitious modes of representing Divine truth, by those accretions of opinion adhering to the body of the Gospel, which do not belong exclusively to the Roman Catholic Church, or to any Church in particular, but which by a process of nature are ever in necessary growth, but which there is a tendency in us too much to treat, perhaps, as portions of the Gospel, or necessary forms of the Gospel, which perhaps they only tend to obscure, and for which they bar the way in many enlightened minds.

The Holiness of the Father

BY THE REV. J. H. JOWETT, M.A.

"IF ye call on Him as Father who . . . judgeth!" That is an extraordinary conjunction of terms. It is a daring and surprising companionship to associate in immediate union the function of the judge with the personality of the Father. I had anticipated that the term "Father" would have suggested quite other relationships, and would have emphasised functions of quite a different type. I did not anticipate the intimate wedlock of "Father" and "judge." I had thought that the glad succession would have proceeded somewhat on this wise: "If ye call on Him as Father who *loveth*!" "If ye call on Him as Father who *pitieth*!" "If ye call on Him who *forgiveth*!" I had interpreted the word "Father" as being suggestive of the free and kindly intimacies of the fireside; but here it stands indicative of the august prerogatives of a throne. "If ye call on Him as Father who *judgeth*." The element which I had forgotten is made conspicuous and primary, and determines the shape and colour of man's relationship to God.

"If ye call on Him as Father who judgeth." Then the element of holy sovereignty must be a cardinal content in our conception of the Fatherhood of God. What does the term "Father" immediately suggest to me? Good-nature or holiness; laxity or righteousness; a hearth-stone or a great white throne? The primary element in my conception will determine the quality of my religious life. If the holiness of Fatherhood be minimised or obscured, every other attribute will be impoverished. Denude your conception of holiness, and it is like withdrawing the ozone from the invigorating air, or detracting the freshening salt from the healthy sea. Suppress or ignore the element of holiness, and think of the Father as affectionate, and the love you attribute to Him will be only as a close and enervating air. Love without holiness is deoxygenated, and its ministry is that of an opiate or narcotic. Pity without holiness is a bloodless sentiment, destitute of all healing efficiency. Forgiveness without holiness is the granting of a cheap and superficial excuse, in which there is nothing of the saving strength of sacrifice. Begin with pity or forgiveness or forbearance or gentleness, and you have dispositions without dynamics, poor, limp things which afford no resource for the uplifting and salvation of the race. But begin with holiness, and you put a dynamic into every disposition which makes it an engine of spiritual health. Forgiveness, with holiness behind it, is a medicated sentiment, fraught with healing and bracing ministry. Gentleness, with holiness behind it, touches the aches and sores of the world with the firm and delicate hand of a discerning and experienced nurse. Exalt the element of holiness, and you enrich your entire conception of the Fatherhood of God. The "river of water of life" flows "out of the throne." "The Father who judgeth." "Our Father, *hallowed* be Thy Name."

And now the Apostle proceeds to tell us how his conception of the holiness of God is fostered and enriched. Wherever he turns, it is God's holiness and not God's pity which smites and arrests his attention. He is never permitted to become irreverent, for he is never out of sight of "the great white throne." He moves in fruitful wonder, ever contemplating the glory of the burning holiness of God. If he meditates upon the character of the Father's judgments, it is their holiness by which he is possessed. If he moves with breathless steps amid the mysteries of redemption, even beneath the blackness of the Cross he discovers the whiteness of the throne. If he dwells upon the purpose of the Divine yearning, it is the holiness of the Father's ambition for His children which holds him entranced. The holiness of the Father emerges everywhere. It is expressed and placarded in all His doings. Everywhere could the Apostle take upon his lips the words of another wondering spirit, who gazed and worshipped in a far-off day, "I saw the Lord, high and lifted up! Holy, holy, holy is the Lord."

"*The Father, who without respect of persons judgeth according to each man's work.*" The Apostle finds the holiness of the Father expressed in the character of His judgments. The elements which so commonly shape the judgments of men do not count in the judgments of God. He judgeth "without respect of persons." Fine feathers do not count as refinement. Faces may be masks. The *persona* may be an actor. The Father pays no respect to the mere shows of things. All masks become transparent. All veils become translucent. The material show, with all ephemeral titles and nobilities and dignities and degrees, are not accepted as evidence but are put down; and only spiritual characteristics and moral essentials are permitted as testimony of personal worth. "The Father without respect of persons judgeth according to each man's work." And what is the bulk and quality of my *work?* If the Father judge me by my out-put in the shape of finished and realised achievement, then I shrink from the wretched unveiling! I have laboured for the salvation of men; how will He judge my "work"? Will He tabulate the results? Will He count my converts? Is that how James Gilmour will be judged, who after long years of labour in Mongolia could not record a single regenerated soul? If "work" means finished results, how few of us will be crowned! "*This is the work, that ye believe.*" That is the basis of judgment. How much of holy energy is expressed in our relationship to God? What is the strength of our fellowship with the Divine? That is the primal energy in character, and that is the criterion of the Divine judgment. What is a man's strength of confidence in God? Get that, and you have got the man's strength. Out of that energy of belief there is born the magnificent force which expresses itself in prolonged labours in Mongolia, in fearless pioneering in New Guinea, in unromantic educational ministry in India, in plucky, unyielding struggle with great evils in England, in tiring, unapplauded toil among the poor, in dry and heart-breaking service among the rich, in steady, persistent battle with "the world, the flesh, and the devil." All these toils are the offspring of belief. In the energy of belief they find their life and the secret of their dauntless perseverance And so James Gilmour will not be judged by his "results," but by his "bloody sweat." He will be judged, and so shall we all, by the supplicating wrestle of the heart, by the quality of our aspiration, by the depth and fervour of our belief. In this type and character of judgment the Apostle sees the mark of the holiness of God. "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God," and the Father judged them "according to each man's work." "I remember thy *work of faith*."

The Apostle now turns to another expression of the holiness of the Father, and he finds it in the character

The Cure of Consumption*

DR. ALABONE'S TREATMENT

THE action of those responsible for withholding Dr. Alabone's treatment for Consumption from the suffering poor cannot be received with equanimity by those who have the extermination of this scourge at heart.

In view of the fact that Dr. Alabone's treatment has been proved beyond all doubt to be curative, it seems almost criminal to object to its adoption in our hospitals, simply because it would not be in conformity with so-called "medical etiquette." Surely the treatment ought at least to be accorded a fair trial.

Letters from patients expressing heartfelt gratitude for their recovery—many after having been given up to die—are continually being received, and we have pleasure in appending the following, which have been taken from recent issues of *The Christian World.*

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Christian World*

"SIR,—I feel it a duty and a pleasure to bear testimony to the beneficial results of Dr. Alabone's treatment in the case of a young Scotchman, a patient of mine, aged twenty-one years.

"He had previously had Pneumonia, cough very troublesome, nasty sputa, hectic, occasional hæmorrhages, great dyspnœa prostration, loss of flesh, etc. The condition of the patient was as follows when Dr. Alabone undertook to treat the case: Left lung dull on percussion from apex to fifth rib, with harsh breath sound and loud moist râles; the right apex was dull on percussion. His sister died of Phthisis.

"A physician saw the patient with me, and urged his residence at the Cape; he, however, consulted Dr. Alabone, with the result that, although in this sad plight, the patient is now in full enjoyment of health, and is clerk in a large office, and a fine volunteer.

"If merit had its reward, Dr. Alabone would be knighted.

"I am, your obedient servant,

HENRY A——, M.D."

"Broad Street Corner, Birmingham.

"DEAR SIR,—When I consulted Dr. Alabone in October, 1900, I was very ill indeed. For years I had suffered with weak lungs, and, up to that time, very much with my throat. I consulted an eminent Birmingham throat specialist, but got worse instead of better. As a last resource I determined to go to Dr. Alabone.

"I did so, and after a thorough examination, such as I had never had from any other medical man, Dr. Alabone said I was suffering from Consumption of the lungs and throat.

"During the first week's treatment I was very ill, and requested my ordinary medical adviser to come and see me; my wife told him I had seen Dr. Alabone, and, such is prejudice, he refused to come; he, however, said, '*Tell him to go on with the Alabone treatment; it is undoubtedly the right thing.*'

"The one thing that vexes me is that the Medical Council go groping about for a cure for Consumption, and in their despair kill off thousands by their foolish extremes, such as open-air sanatoriums, when the cure is at their very doors, and and is being demonstrated before *their* eyes.

"I shall always recommend sufferers to go direct to Dr. Alabone for treatment.

"I may say that after three months of his treatment I gained fifteen pounds in weight.

"My chest is four inches larger than when I first consulted Dr. Alabone.—Yours truly,

"ARCHIBALD WILSON."

"SIR,—It was with very great pleasure I saw that Dr. Alabone's treatment had received recognition in your paper. *I can assure you it has done nothing less than a miracle in my case.* Twenty months ago I was literally within a few weeks of my grave. I had the best advice that was possible, and all shook their heads over me and said *I could not possibly recover*, and I felt what they said was true, and; but for my father urgently persuading me to try Dr. Alabone's treatment, I should have been dead, I feel sure, long ago. But for the wretched jealousy which, I am sorry to say, is so rampant among the medical profession, Dr. Alabone's name would before now have rung through the land quite as strongly as 'Pasteur,' or 'Jenner on Vaccination.' When I look around and see the terrible scourge Consumption is throughout the world, I feel one cannot do enough in making his treatment known. I had previously lost two brothers and a sister from the same disease.—Yours truly,

"T. Y——, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., Ed. L.F.P., and L.F.S. Glas., L.M."

"DEAR SIR,—The following case of my son may interest your readers. In the early part of 1897 lassitude, loss of appetite, cough, and expectoration were noticed. A doctor's examination revealed some lung trouble, and he went to Ilfracombe for a month. On his return a further examination showed no change in the lung trouble.

"Hearing from a friend of Dr Alabone's skill, he was taken to him in September, 1897. He continued under Dr. Alabone's treatment—taking the inhalations—till February, 1898. He gained in weight, in appearance, and in strength.

"Dr. Alabone found deposition in the upper portion of the right lung, and a little on the left, also the lower portion of the lungs did not inflate properly. Steady progress was, however, made, till he regained *perfect health.* An independent examination proved that the lungs were quite sound.

"He can now ride twenty-five miles on his bicycle, walk long distances, play cricket all day, etc., without feeling fatigue.

"Yours obediently,

"C. WOOD."

The late DR. JOSEPH PARKER wrote as follows:—

"Some time ago a very sweet-looking girl, suffering from Consumption, was pointed out to us as 'given up' by the doctors. The medical men said it was impossible she could live through the summer. Under such conditions people may be willing to try remedies of a novel or even heterodox character, and doctors themselves are not unwilling that their incurable patients should follow the inclination of their own fancy. A ministerial friend of ours had so often drawn our attention to the remedy for Consumption administered by Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, of Highbury, that we determined to ask permission to put that remedy to the test. It was certainly rather too bad to ask any medical man to take up a case which had been abandoned by his professional brethren; but, under the circumstances, we resolved upon the policy of despair, which is simply to fight death with any weapons which may be available. Dr. Alabone was far from certain about the result. He thoroughly endorsed the opinion of his brethren that the usual methods of treating Consumption were useless in such a case; but he was willing to do what he could for the suffering child. To make the story short, the child is now living, active, and happy. Her hands and arms are no longer emaciated and all but transparent, and her father and mother are rejoicing over her as one who has been brought back from the brink of the grave.

"We know nothing about Dr. Alabone's remedy, but *there is the fact open to the observation of the whole world that a child, given up as incurable, is now the wonder of all who knew her in her abandoned condition.*

"Congratulating Dr. Alabone on his success, he said, 'Send me twenty such cases, and let medical men examine the average results.'

"As we took the case to Dr. Alabone, and secretly doubted the very remedy which we invoked, we should consider ourselves wanting in common gratitude and justice if we did not distinctly acknowledge in this case the efficacy of his treatment."

We understand that Dr. Alabone has kindly consented to send particulars of his treatment to any of our readers who may be suffering from Consumption.

*"*The Cure of Consumption, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh,*" illustrated by numerous cases *pronounced incurable* by the most eminent physicians; 36th edition, 154th thousand, price 2*s.* 6*d.*, post free of Author, Edwin W. Alabone, M.D.Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S.Eng., **Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N.** By the same Author: "Testimonies of Patients, with Comments on the Open-Air Treatment," price 1*s.*; "Infamous Conduct," price 6*d.*; and "How the Cure of Consumption is Suppressed," price 1*s.*

of our redemption. "Knowing that," reflecting that "*ye were redeemed, not with corruptible things, . . . but with precious blood, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot, even the blood of Christ.*" Now link to this a previous word, which forms a vital part of the Apostle's reasoning. "I am holy." He immediately unites the conception of holiness with the ministry of redemption. To keep that holiness in mind I am to reflect upon the character of redemption. I am to gaze into the mysterious depths of redemption, and I shall behold the holiness of my Father. Now, that is not our common inclination. We look into redemption for mercy, forgiveness, condescension, love. We, look for the genial flame of affection; have we been blind to the dazzling blaze of holiness? We have felt the warm, yearning intimacy of love, inclining towards the sinner; we have felt the fierce, burning heat where holiness touches sin. Redemption is more than the search of Father for child; it is a tremendous wrestle of holiness with sin. Have we felt only the tenderness of the search, and partially overlooked the terribleness of the conflict? The fear is that we may feel the geniality of the one without experiencing the consuming heat of the other. I proclaim it as a modern peril. We do not open our eyes to the holiness that battles in our redemption, and so we gain only an enervated conception of redemptive love. Is not this a characteristic of many of the popular hymns which gather round about the facts of redemption. They are sweet, sentimental, almost gushing, the light, lilting songs of a thoughtless courtship; deep in their depths I discern no sense of bloody conflict, nor do I taste any tang of the bitter cup which made our Saviour shrink. And so because we do not discern the majestic crusade of holiness we do not realise the enormity of sin. If we look into the mystery of redemption, and do not see the august holiness of God, we can never see the blackness of the sovereignty of sin. Dim your sense of holiness, and you lighten the colour of sin. Now see what follows. Obscure the holiness, and you relieve the blackness of sin. Relieve the blackness of sin, and you impoverish the glory of redemption. The more we lighten sin, the more we uncrown our Redeemer. If sin be a light thing, the Redeemer was superfluous. And so with holiness hidden, and sin relieved, we come to hold a cheap redemption, and it is against the conception of a cheap redemption that the Apostle raises an eager and urgent warning: "There was nothing cheap about your redemption. It was not a light ministry which cost a mere trifle. Ye were redeemed, not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with precious blood, even the blood of Christ." Reason from the cost of redemption to the nature of the conflict; reason from the nature of the conflict to the black enormity of sin; reason from the enormity of sin to the glory of holiness! A lax God could have given us licence, and so redeemed us cheaply! A cheap redemption might have made us feel easy; it would never have made us good! A cheap forgiveness would only have confirmed the sin it forgave. If we are to see sin, we must behold holiness, unveiled for us as in a "lamb without blemish and without spot." And so in the sacrifice of Christ, the Apostle discerns something of the holiness of the Father, and thus apprehends the unspeakable antagonism of holiness and sin. To him redemption is more than a search; it is a conflict. It is more than a tender yearning; it is the mighty bearing of an appalling load. Between the Incarnation, when Christ "was manifested," and the Resurrection, when God "raised Him from the dead," the powers of holiness and sin met face to face in mighty combat, and in the appalling darkness of Gethsemane and Calvary sin was overthrown and holiness was glorified.

And so when I move amid the mysteries of redemption I never want to become deaf to my Saviour's cry, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me"; I never want His cry to go out of my life, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" So long as that cry sounds through the rooms of my life I can never have a cheap Redeemer, and I shall be kept from the enervating influence of a cheap redemption. In redemption the Apostle beholds an unspeakable conflict, which keeps him ever in mind of the holiness of the Fatherhood of God. In my conception of redemption there shall be "no curse," nothing withering and destructive, for "the throne of God and the Lamb shall be in it." In the sacrifice of love I shall behold the holiness of God.

Out of this large conception of a holy Fatherhood there will arise a worthy conception of sonship. If God be holy, expressing His holiness in all His dealings, and "if ye call on Him as Father," what manner of children ought ye to be? If I call the holy God "my Father," the assumption of kinship implies obligation to likeness. If I say "Father," I may not ignore holiness. "If God were your Father," ye would bear His likeness. "Ye shall be holy, for I am holy." "If then ye call on Him as Father," put yourselves in the way of appropriating His glory, and of becoming radiant with the beauty of His holiness; "*pass the time of your sojourning in fear.*" There is no suggestion in the counsel of any enslaving timidity. We are not to cringe like slaves, or to move as though we expected that at any moment an abyss might open beneath our feet. The Christian's walk is a fine, swinging step, born of hope and happy confidence. To "pass the time in fear" is not to move in paralysing dread. Nor is it to be the victim of a paralysing particularity which converts every trifle into a thorn, and makes the way of life a *via doloroso* of countless irritations. The Christian is neither a faddist nor a slave. To "pass the time in fear" is just to be fearful of sleep, to watch against indifference, to be alert against an insidious thoughtlessness, to be spiritually awake, and to miss no chance of heightening the purity of our souls by all the ministries of holy fellowship and by a ready obedience to the Master's will. "If ye call on Him as Father," let the majestic claim inspire you to a spacious ambition; "pass your time" in a fervent aspiration after His likeness, "perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

DISTRUST AND SUSPICION.—It is impossible to calculate the effects which may be produced by distrust and suspicion. They make the heart collapse, and wither the character. I believe that universal distrust would ruin any character. If anything like insincerity or aiming at effect be hinted, it is but natural to endeavour to remove such impressions; but this can only be done by making every word and act look as probable and as natural as is possible. True feelings and true words are suppressed, if they do not seem likely, even supposing that untrue ones are not simulated instead, because they seem likely. All this produces a secret sense of acting a part: true it is that the part is only this, to seem what we are; but that itself is acting, and it is the commencement of a habit of insincerity. Not really insincerity in itself, it is yet in feeling so like to the feeling of insincerity that the transition from one to the other is fearfully facilitated. When the feeling of real duplicity or insincerity actually presents itself, the mind is already half familiar with it, having been familiar with the semblance, and does not recoil with that vehemence which marks a heart that has never suspected itself, nor been suspected.—F. W. ROBERTSON.

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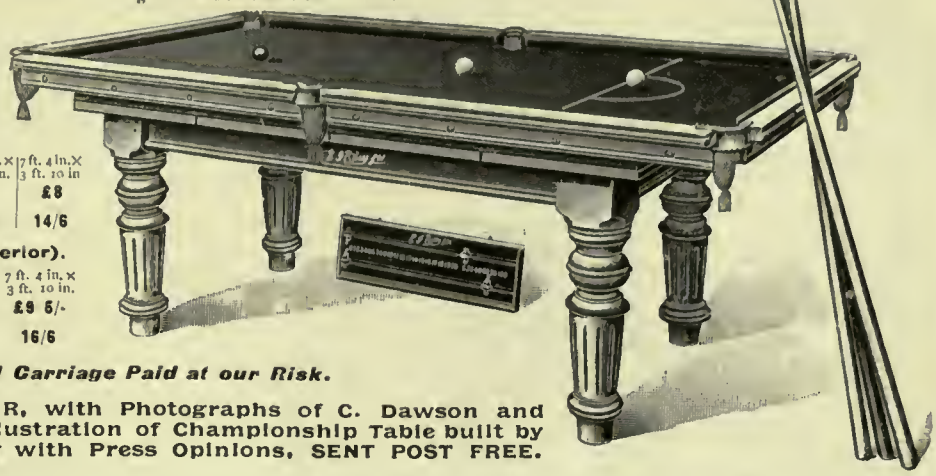

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Nelly's Secret

"NOT even a penny! Well, you are a selfish little thing," said Winnie Page. "It is mean, isn't it?" she continued, turning to the group of girls standing in the playground.

"Whatever's the matter?" cried tall, black-eyed Cynthia gaily. "How cross you do look, Winnie."

"Well," said Winnie, "I got a missionary card at Sunday school last month with forty spaces to fill in with pennies, and as I have still six empty spaces, I thought I'd bring it to school with me, and some of you would be nice and fill them up. And there—just think!—Nelly Scott, the very first girl I've asked, has refused. It is such a bad beginning—won't even spare a penny for the poor heathen." And Winnie turned virtuously away.

"Dear me!" said Alice Pack scornfully, "I thought that would have been quite in Nelly's line. She always thinks herself so much better than the rest of us."

"Oh, Alice, don't say that," cried Nelly entreatingly. "You know I love you all dearly, and you are all ever so much cleverer and better than I am."

"Well, don't let's quarrel," said Cynthia kindly. "Here is one penny for you."

"And here!"—"And here!" said one after another of the girls, till at last only one space remained.

"Only one penny more," said Winnie. "Won't you please give me one, Nelly? You're always pretending you want to help others, and now here is a chance."

Poor Nelly! All eyes were now fixed upon her crimson cheeks.

"I'm sorry," she stammered, "but I haven't got any money."

"No money!" exclaimed the girls, while Winnie said reproachfully:

"Why, Nelly, you had your month's pocket-money only last week."

"Yes; but it's all gone," said Nelly.

"Well! I never!" said May.

"Good morning, girls," said a pleasant voice behind them. "How solemn you all look. Is anything wrong?"

Turning round, the girls saw their governess, Miss Wingate, regarding them smilingly. Instantly the story was poured out to her, for she was her pupils' friend as well as teacher, and enjoyed their full confidence. When Miss Wingate heard Winnie's story, she looked rather sad, and, turning to Nelly, said softly:

"This is surely not like you, Nelly. Wasn't it very foolish of you to spend all your pocket-money at once, and not have even a penny to spare for God's poor? But come," she said, "it is time we were in school. And, Winnie, I think I have a penny here that will just fill up your card."

There was only a week of the session to run at Westmere School, and all the girls were working their hardest. There were a number of prizes to be gained, and one in particular excited much interest.

Some years ago Mr. McKenzie, a rich old Scotchman resident in Westmere, had come to Miss Wingate with a rather curious proposal. It was that he should give a special prize every year, but that the girls, and even Miss Wingate, should not know till the end of the session for what subject it would be given. His idea was that if the girls knew a special prize was to be given for a certain subject, it would make them work at that subject to the detriment of others. But by his plan *any* subject might be *the* subject, and, consequently, all would receive their best attention.

The eventful day had come at last. The schoolroom, prettily decorated with plants and flowers, was filled with a crowd of white-robed girls chattering gaily. A little apart from the rest sat Nelly, rather paler and quieter than usual, for the last week had not been altogether a pleasant one for her. She had been favoured with a number of sarcastic remarks, such as only schoolgirls know how to make, about "people that thought themselves better than other people, and yet spent all their money on themselves," and so on. But poor Nelly had taken them all so patiently, and never answered back, that they had soon ceased their tormenting.

Suddenly silence falls on the room, as the door opens, and the managers, with Mr. McKenzie in their midst, enter and take their places on the little platform, on which is already placed a large table laden with prizes.

Of course there are the usual songs and recitations by the girls, the usual speeches by the minister and head manager, who concludes in the usual way by calling upon Mr. McKenzie to distribute the prizes.

Name after name is called. Cynthia leads the way proudly to receive the first prize for English, and returns again for one in Algebra. Slowly the pile of books grows less, even little Nelly being called upon to receive a prize for French.

But now the table is cleared, and Mr. McKenzie steps forward to say a few words.

"Now, I know you are all longing for this ceremony to end, in order that your holidays may begin, but before presenting the last prize, I want to tell you a story.

"Last week," said Mr. McKenzie, "I took my chair into the park and sat down in the shade of some bushes to enjoy my morning paper. Lifting my eyes presently, I saw a little girl also hidden among the bushes, earnestly watching something. Wondering what could be exciting so much interest on her part, I peered through the trees, and on a bench close at hand I saw a poor woman seated with a child in her arms. Her face was white and pinched, and on it was a look of absolute despair. She was feeling in a little shabby purse, carefully running her finger along each seam. No, it was quite empty—not even her desperate search could discover the smallest coin. With a sob she pressed the infant closer to her breast, and cried in a tone of anguish, 'My child! my child! what shall I do? God has forgotten us! There is nothing now but death!'

"Before I could move or speak, a little figure dashed past me and thrust something bright into the woman's hand, then, without waiting for a word of thanks, darted away again and was lost among the trees.

"I spoke to the woman, sobbing over a new half-crown, and learned her story. She was a widow, had been ill and lost her work, and that very morning her landlord had threatened to turn her out unless her rent were paid before night. Penniless and friendless, her thoughts had turned towards the river. But now, she said, she would take courage again, since God had sent one of His own little angels to help her."

The girls had listened with great interest to Mr. McKenzie's story, but had seen no connection with it to their special prize. Imagine their astonishment, then, when he continued:

"Now, I had just been wondering for what subject I should give my prize, and it suddenly struck me that I would give it to the little girl who had performed the kindest deed I had seen for many a day. Therefore"—here he drew from his pocket a small box wrapped in white paper—"I have much pleasure in awarding the prize"—now the box was open, and he lifted out a lovely little gold watch—"to Nelly Scott, and I am sure you will all join with me heartily in three cheers for the prize winner."

How the girls clapped and cheered! It seemed as though they would never leave off. This was the "mean," "selfish" little girl.

Nelly was trembling so much that she could hardly walk up the room. As Mr. McKenzie put the watch into her hands, he laid his hand on her head and said gently, "Whoso giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

The last words were soon spoken, and the girls were at liberty to cluster round Nelly and admire her lovely prize.

"I have been a horrid wretch," cried the penitent Winnie. "But why didn't you tell us what you had done with your money?"

"Yes," chimed in May, "I am sure if I had given away all my money that way, you would never have heard the end of it."

"Oh no!" said Nelly shyly. "Don't you remember what teacher was telling us about not letting your left hand know what your right was doing? I wanted it to be a secret between Jesus and me."

"You're a little darling," said tall Cynthia, giving her a great hug and a kiss. And amid a perfect shower of kisses Nelly ran happily home to her mother.

I. M. G.

£1,000,000

My Total Annual Turnover amounts in round figures to **One Million Sterling**; it has taken me seventeen years of constant steady progress to build up this business, and I have built it on principles which are calculated to ensure success. Every order is executed subject to **seven days approval.** If not entirely satisfied you return the goods and the transaction is closed.

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"Write till your ink be dry."—SHAKESPEARE

Then detach the ingenious cap from the ink reservoir and fill up again.

CAW'S NEW "SAFETY" FOUNTAIN PEN has an easy regulated flow. Is quite ink-tight, cannot leak, and may be carried in any position in the pocket. Easily cleaned, easily filled. Every Pen Guaranteed. Prices, 12/6, 16/6, 21/6, 26/- each. Catalogue of all Stationers or Sole Wholesale Agents, EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, Great New Street, E.C.

The Home Department

Result of "Sleep" Competition

A VERY large number of excellent papers have been sent in for this competition, and the task of selecting has been most difficult. The original work of a few competitors was in every case really good, and deserving of reward; but the rules awarded the prizes to the most beautiful and descriptive lines, so they must go to those who merely quoted.

The first prize has been won by one of Wordsworth's exquisite sonnets, "To Sleep." But as the same lines were quoted by six competitors, the first prize must be divided, and to each of the six will be sent a copy of "The Life of Henry Drummond," by Dr. George Adam Smith.

The successful competitors are—

MISS ELSIE RAYSON,
The Manse, Milford-on-Sea,
Lymington, Hants;

MISS M. MACQUEEN,
Dunelm, Ellerdale Road,
Hampstead, N.W;

MISS K. MAHONEY,
Ruedesheim,
Knock, Belfast;

MR. D. MCNICOL,
5, Carnarvon Street,
Hawick;

MR. A. A. HODGKISON,
Nythsdale,
Herne Bay;

REV. G. W. TURNER,
34, Gladstone Terrace,
Grantham;

for the following:

TO SLEEP

Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names;
The very sweetest words that fancy frames
When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep!
Dear bosom child we call thee, that dost steep
In rich reward all suffering; balm that tames
All anguish; saint that evil thoughts and aims
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone—
I, surely not a man ungently made—
Call thee worst tyrant by which flesh is crost?
Perverse, self-will'd to own and to disown,
Mere slave of them who never for thee prayed,
Still last to come where thou art wanted most!

The second prize has also to be divided, and a copy of "Companions of the Sorrowful Way," by the Rev. John Watson, will be sent to each of the following—

MISS J. N. EDWARDS,
Roseisle,
Perth;

MRS. CHAPLIN,
13, Soudan Road,
Battersea, S.W;

MISS D. N. JONES,
High Street,
Bracknell, Berks;

MR. E. W. PAPE,
The Manse, Castle Gresley,
Burton-on-Trent;

for the following beautiful lines from Keats:

O magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hushed and smooth! O unconfined
Restraint! imprisoned liberty! great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottoes, full of tumbling waves
And moonlight; ay, to all the mazy world
Of silvery enchantment! who, unfurled
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
But renovates and lives?

("Endymion," Book I.)

Almost equally deserving are Gordon Brown (aged 10) and Miss D. Simpson, for lines by Sir Philip Sidney; and next in order of merit come Miss A. Blaxley, Miss A. D. Collier, Miss E. L. Morice, Mrs. Clark, Miss M. Keyte, Mrs. H. E. Vyle, Rev. W. H. Evans, Miss E. Marshall, Mr. G. Rothnie, Mrs. F. Knight, Mr. Hubert W. Ball, and Miss Barbara Brown.

Mr. J. P. Wynne, Miss M. Dring, Rev. F. Balch, and Mr. P. FitzGerald sent excellent original verse, that of the two first-named being particularly good.

New Competition

An acrostic on the words "The Home Department" is what I want from each of my readers for the next competition.

Each competitor must not send more than one attempt, written on one side of the paper only. Name and address of the sender must be on each paper, and whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

The first prize offered will be a copy of "The Historical Geography of the Holy Land," by Prof. G. A. Smith, D.D.; the second prize will consist of Alice Hegan Rice's two delightful books "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary."

All papers must reach me on or before October 31. Address "Anstice," THE BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Notice

THE BRITISH MONTHLY is published on the 20th of the month preceding that it is dated. The December number will be ready on November 20. Competitors will therefore have plenty of time to prepare their papers by October 31.

The Treatment of the Teeth

For the first fifteen years or so of a child's life the responsibility of the care of its teeth rests with its parents or guardians, and these are the years which decide more or less whether the future is to be one of disfigurement and constant suffering, or not.

As soon as children have teeth they should be looked after and kept in proper order. If a dentist be consulted when the first teeth are being changed, and care is taken that the second ones come down straight, not too closely, do not overlap, etc., the poor mites will be saved years of acute pain and misery, not to speak of enormous expense later on.

A rule should be made, and strictly adhered to, of going to a dentist every six months, whether we are conscious of any necessity or not. Very often there are tiny specks of decay which cannot be seen by the owner of the teeth, nor by any one but a dentist, which if left unattended to will soon increase and increase until pain begins, and the filling is an operation attended with much anguish, or cannot be done at all, and the tooth has to be extracted. By taking children frequently from the beginning, and when there is little or nothing to be done, the awful dread of a dentist, which amounts to a pain as acute as the actual operation itself, would be avoided.

Care at Home

But even more important than the dentist's care of our teeth is our own. Our care should never fail or flag, and mothers should be most strict in seeing that their children do not neglect their teeth. Begin as soon as possible to teach them to clean their teeth with a moderately hard brush night and morning, and after every meal. They should be shown how to brush them up and down, and inside and out, as well as backwards and forwards; the tops should be well brushed too, for much food lodges in the tops of teeth, and decaying, naturally produces germs. If well brushed in all directions

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ABSOLUTELY PURE — therefore BEST.

Dr Andrew Wilson says: Cocoa is in itself an excellent and nutritious food and it should be consumed in a perfectly pure state.
The Lancet says: Cadbury's is the standard of highest purity.

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No, Madam, what you want is a Christmas Card that is Novel, Artistic and Stylish, without being high-priced. THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT WE CAN SUPPLY.

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Are renowned for Excellence, Beauty and Novelty, and as they are entirely manufactured at our own works, the prices are shorn of all intermediate profits.

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Highest Award, Adelaide, 1887.

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The Deaf Hear

A Man of Science originates a simple little device that instantly restores the hearing. Fits perfectly, comfortably, and does not show.

It will relieve deafness in any person, no matter how acquired, whether from catarrh, scarlet fever, typhoid, or brain fever, measles, whooping cough, gatherings in the ear, shocks from artillery, or through accidents. It not only relieves, but stays the progress of all roaring and buzzing noises. It does this in a simple, sure, and scientific way. The effect is immediate.

DEAF 24 YEARS. *"I had been deaf for 24 years; since I inserted your Ear Drums I have been able to hear any conversation. You may refer any person interested to me, as I will do all I can to help them."—Mr. R. G. Smith, 143, St. Ann's Road, S. Tottenham, N.*

CURED AT 90. *"The little Ear Drums are a perfect wonder in causing me in seventeen days to hear so comfortably. I shall be in my ninetieth year in a few months."—Mrs. F. O. Telford-Smith, 11, East Parade, Harrogate.*

FREE In order that no one may be in ignorance of this wonderful discovery, an authoritative book has been prepared which fully describes the nature of this invention, and contains the most convincing testimonials from those who have proved its value. By sending your name and address to **THE MURRAY COMPANY, 1, CENTURY HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.**, you will receive this book free. Write to-day, and it will not be long before you are again hearing.

with a good tooth powder, germs could make no headway, or but very little, and dentists would lose half their employment.

The Powder

There are numberless dentifrices made, each and all claiming to be the best, but as a reliable cleanser there are few, if any, better than a good carbolic powder—say Calvert's. Another very cheap and excellent cleanser is precipitated chalk; this is particularly useful after eating acids. Speaking of acids, a point to be observed when cleaning the teeth after eating any such thing as fruit, pickles, vinegar, etc., is to pass the tooth brush over the cake of soap before dipping it into the chalk or other powder; it helps to counteract the bad effect of acids on the teeth.

Borax is another invaluable preparation. A good mouth wash is made by mixing a tablespoonful of borax with half a pint of water. Rinse the mouth well with some of this, but never swallow a mouth wash, as in all probability you would swallow germs with it. Milk of magnesia is also excellent for the same purpose.

The Brush

It is a very common mistake to think a brush should be used until it is worn out. Six weeks is quite long enough for a tooth brush to be in use; at the end of that time it should be discarded, whether its bristles are coming out or not. When choosing a brush, let it be a moderately hard one. If very hard, it injures the teeth and the gums, and a soft one is of no use at all. When new, let it stand in cold water for an hour or two before using.

The Water

The water used should be tepid, not quite cold. After having cleaned the teeth, well rinse the mouth, that no powder or soap may be left on the gums.

Answers to Correspondents

BERTHA.—Can any of my readers inform Bertha who is the author of the following lines, where they can be found, and if they are part of a hymn?—

> One of His,
> Too gentle for the strife,
> Called early,
> To a holier life.

MARCIA.—Please do not think it was any trouble to me; it was a pleasure. I am only sorry I could not do more. Perhaps you will have heard by this time. I agree with you on the question you write about, up to a certain point. I greatly dislike those—shall I call them "personalities"? But it is unsafe, and often unfair to an author, to blame them for the sins or the opinions of the characters in their stories. They only make a man say what a man of a certain type of mind would say. It is quite unlikely that they themselves think with him or her. Very often they do it, feeling all the time a contempt for the character equal to that you feel in the present instance. They do it often for the very purpose of making him seem contemptible. I have not read the book you refer to, but I cannot help feeling as great an injustice was done to one side as the other in putting such expressions into the man's mouth. What do you think? I cannot help feeling, too, that there is as much blame to be meted out to one side as to the other. For one such attack on the side you are defending, I have read two or more made on the other. Remember the remorselessness of Jane Austen in the case of Mr. Collins, to mention only one of her victims. George Eliot, too, is unsparing. So are numerous living writers of to-day, whose names I will not mention. Some constantly make a curate, or a clergyman of the Church of England, the villains of their plots, or, perhaps more frequently, the hopelessly weak-minded, wrong-headed, characterless muddlers at whom gibes and sneers are thrown persistently. I should say there is no personal venom in the case you mention.

W. OUIN.—The beautiful lines you quote were written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Several competitors sent in the same, but, beautiful as they are, they are not as descriptive of sleep as some quoted.

F. M. F.—The quotation you sent was not from Keats, but from Sir Philip Sidney. Two other competitors submitted the same.

PEGGY.—Any apples may be used for apple jelly, as long as they are of good flavour, but bright red ones are best, because of the colour. To make apple jelly, cut the apples up and put them in a stewpan and cover with cold water. Cook until the fruit is soft, but not mashy. Pour off the juice through muslin into a basin, measure it into a stewpan, and to every pint allow three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar. Add some thinly cut lemon rind, and two cloves tied up in muslin. Boil the juice and sugar until they become thick and turn to jelly when dropped on to a cold plate. Skim carefully while boiling. Pour up into pots, and when cold cover carefully.

MRS. J.—Yes, I can give you a recipe for making greengage mould Skin and stone a pound and a half of very ripe greengages, and place them in a stewpan with ten ounces of loaf sugar and a few of the kernels blanched and chopped. Boil until reduced to pulp. Have ready a quarter of an ounce of isinglass dissolved in water, stir well into the fruit, and pour into a wet mould. Let it stand in a cold place till quite set, turn out, and serve with cream.

M. D.—I was very glad to hear from you again, and to get such a good contribution to the competition. In the original verse yours came second. I hope you will try in the new competition. I am afraid you are mistaken in the clever-looking young lady. I am not often in the spot you name, though I did happen to be there several times last week. Your favourite preacher was right. To thirst to achieve good work is noble, but to thirst for fame alone is not. Fame won by good work is the only fame that can bring real happiness and pleasure.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—Your question is not an easy one to answer, but I was very interested in your letter. You are certainly making a good start for the goal you are aiming for. Proficiency in shorthand and typewriting are invaluable to the journalist—I might say absolutely necessary. As to setting about getting a position, you could begin by sending to various papers short, bright accounts of meetings, or incidents likely to prove of interest to the general public, or to the particular public reached by the paper you send to. One of the great points to observe is to study well the various papers and magazines, and only to send to each the kind of work you see they use. Sometimes it is good to specialise, and devote yourself entirely to writing on music, art, or fashions, home decoration, or the care of the hair and complexion, etc., but the good all-round journalist is the one most in demand. Another plan is to get a situation as typist and secretary to a publisher or editor, and carefully learn your work, and do all you know to increase your knowledge, making yourself useful to your employer, and so by degrees work up to becoming a contributor. Certainly it is better to be regularly employed on one paper, but you could do other work as well. A journalist must be quick of eye and intelligence, very observant, always on the alert to find copy, and make the most of it. Your best plan will be to study the papers and practise how to write crisply and brightly. Try to use fresh expressions, and avoid the humdrum commonplace style, the over-worked phrases so terribly hackneyed. You must cultivate a good memory too, keep yourself posted up as to who is who, and in all about persons of importance, political men and women, clergymen, artists, authors, actors, etc. A good knowledge of French is necessary, and other languages as far as possible.

J. P. WYNNE.—I hope this answer will reach you in time. You will find a short biographical notice in "Sonnets of This Century," published in the Canterbury Series (Walter Scott, publisher). "Who's Who" would be of help to you, too.

PUZZLED.—Yes, even though your stay is only to be for one night, you should tip the maid-servant who brings you hot water, sees to your room, etc. In this case a shilling or

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This Mission—which has been the parent and model of many modern missions, had the honour, in its early days, of the personal help of many noble preachers and leaders of philanthropy. Fragrant are the memories of the visits of C. H. Spurgeon, Drs. Guthrie, Brock, and Spence, of Sir Arthur Blackwood, T. B. Smithies, George Cruikshank, Judge Payne, Jonathan Grubb, the Hon. Cowper-Temple, Reginald Radcliffe, and others whose names are as familiar as household words.

LORD SHAFTESBURY considered that the successes gained in Golden Lane were "stronger and more unanswerable proofs to the gainsayer of the reality of the Bible than the most splendid orations that ever have been, or that ever will be, delivered from pulpit or platform." And C. H. SPURGEON wrote in 1873: "I know of no Evangelistic work in London so wisely conducted and permanently useful as that which was inaugurated by Mr. Orsman, and has been carried on by him for so many years. Our beloved friend has always rejoiced in being connected with the Tabernacle, though he has not been dependent in any degree upon us for funds. Our heart rejoices at every remembrance of him. He is one of that honourable body of men who are not chargeable unto the Churches, but abide in their callings and preach the Gospel freely. Only by labourers of this class can our back slums be reached."

Mr. CHAS. BOOTH, in his recent monumental work, "Life and Labour in London," says:—***"The COSTERS' MISSION relies before all on the power of the Gospel of Salvation. Mr. Orsman, working for more than forty years on Gospel lines, aided now by the young generation that his teaching has formed, plays a very considerable part in the lives of the people. . . . For the poor a great deal is done in many helpful ways, and a very real Christianity is both preached and practised at Mr. Orsman's Mission."***

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15 BUNS A 1D

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This famous remedy has guided many a young man to sobriety and into the high road to fortune, and has saved the father, the brother, and the son.

Mrs. GEO. FULLER, *who saved her husband.*

If you send name and address to the Ward Chemical Company, 38, Century House, Regent Street, London, W., they will post enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee, or food.

Mrs. George Fuller says: *"I am only too thankful my husband never now wishes for intoxicating liquor. I gave him Antidipso in his tea and coffee, and it has quite cured him."* With the

FREE TRIAL

Packet will be sent books, and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to save those near and dear to you.

DON'T NEGLECT TO WRITE TO-DAY.

eighteenpence would be quite sufficient. As you say, the plague of tipping is a great tax on persons of little means. I have known many a case where visits have had to be given up because of it, though it meant a loss in many ways to the invited guest—loss of valuable social opportunities, of influential friends, and much enjoyment. In other cases much needed change of air and scene has been barred to delicate women to whom the ease and comfort would have been invaluable. In a few cases host or hostess has put down the tipping habit; but in the majority of families, where only two or three servants are kept, masters and mistresses cannot do it—they dare not run the risk of losing their servants. If the coachman drives you alone to the station, you should tip him too, but if any member of the family accompanies you, it is not necessary. Ladies are not as a rule expected to tip the men-servants.

THANET.—Do not use any soap at all when washing your hair; it is almost impossible to get it out again, and the hair remains sticky and dull for days. Beat up the yolk of an egg, and wash the hair with this, pouring a little into the palms of your hands and rubbing it well over the hair and head. Wash well, and stream in three separate waters, each a little cooler than the last. Dry by rubbing with dry towels. Do not sit close to the fire at once.

ANSTICE.

Anstice will be very pleased to hear from correspondents, and answer any questions in "The Home Department."

The Children's Corner

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS,

The first prize for the Text Competition is awarded to—

ELLA LOFTS,
East View, Grove Hill,
Middlesbrough;

the second prize goes to—

LILIAN WILLIAMS,
13, Fore Street,
Redruth;

a special prize is awarded to—

FRANK H. CURTIS,
48, Rosendale Road,
West Dulwich.

HONOURABLE MENTION

William R. Maries, James V. Lorimer, Norman Cheshire, Walter Nunn, Elsie Hickox, Ethel Stripp, George Halliwell, E. F. Welham, S. M. Brown, Lilian Welham, W. Harrison.

VERY HIGHLY COMMENDED

Constance Warren, Ella Annie Floyd, Maggie Locke, Meg Webster, J. Lloyd, Nellie Hesketh.

I am sure you will like to hear about the prize texts. Ella's was painted in Old English letters on a green background, the letters were filled in with blue, and the capitals done in red on a background of yellow. Lilian has made graceful letters of red and green, and beside them she has painted a pretty group of blue and yellow flowers. Frank's text was beautifully drawn and coloured in red and green on a black and gold background.

Among the other texts which were specially good I may mention one done in bright purple by William Robert Maries, who has evidently taken great pains. I think his text very clearly and well done.—So was yours, James Lorimer. I liked the black and red lettering.—Yours nearly gained the prize, Elsie Hickox. It was extremely good; the green border was very effective.—You had formed your letters beautifully, Norman Cheshire.—Walter Nunn sent in his text drawn in pencil, very nicely done.

You see you have been successful at last, Lilian Williams and I am very glad.—Thank you so much, D. L. Seller, for your nice letter and the little photograph, which I am very glad to have. I am glad to print some of your letter. Here it is:

"I have been ill, or I should have written to you sooner. I have two pussies, Tot and Fluff. Tot has been ill, but is better now; Fluff is my favourite. I have three dolls, named Elsie Winnie, and Maggie. Maggie is my best doll. We have four horses. I have a dolls' house all fitted up just like a real house. I have been away for the good of my health to a large farmhouse, and it was just lovely; there were so many things to do and to see—the hens, the chickens, sheep, doves, cows, dogs, cats, and birds. I took the cows to the field in the morning, and fetched them home to be milked at night; then I fetched the pails. At last I had to go home, for we all know that these country joys will not last for ever."

I hope you are better now, Dorothy. I guess your name is Dorothy, though you only put D.

I hope Ella Floyd will try again, also Constance Warren.—Your text was very nice, Ethel Stripp; I liked the spray of clematis. Do you learn drawing? I am so glad you are going to try and get some of your friends to join the competition. I think you are the only niece I have in your town.

Your text was very good, Maggie Locke, but not quite good enough for the prize. I should like to see your rabbit and your cat called Midget. Is Midget very little?

Here is a letter from a niece only seven years old:

DEAR AUNT MATTY,

My brother and I had both a dear little black-and-white rabbit. The other morning, when I went to feed them, I found mine dead, so I buried it. I have a canary called Charlie.

Your loving niece,
MEG WEBSTER.

OAKDENE, BARNSLEY.

I hope Charlie will not die too, Meg. Please write to me again soon.

I should suggest pink silk for your big doll's dress, Ethelreda Roberts. Trim the dress with white lace. You could easily get the lace and silk for the money you mention. I think white shoes and stockings would be prettiest.

Yes, I have heard of people collecting postmarks, Dennis Mack, but I think they are not so interesting as postcards, though they are certainly more original.

If Wilhelmina Long sends me some of her verses, I shall be glad to print them, if they are good enough.

Yes, I am afraid you are too old now to compete, Ellen Welham. Eighteen is our age limit. I am very sorry that you should stop, for you have been so regular and such a good worker. I shall always be pleased to hear from you. Could you not do some of the competitions in the Home Department now?

Eliza Spriggs is welcomed as a niece.

AUNT MATTY.

Tower Competition

Find, without the help of a concordance, as many texts as you can with the word *tower* mentioned. Write them out with references, and send them to "Aunt Matty," BRITISH MONTHLY Office, 27, Paternoster Row, London, before October 31. Aunt Matty would like you to mention any old towers or castles you have seen, at the bottom of your papers.

Two books will be given as prizes for the most texts found and the neatest papers. Put name, address, and age clearly, and write on one side of the paper only.

Grannie's Photo

"BE ready, won't you, girls?" said Tom Caddy, rushing upstairs.

"When?" said his sister Amelia, appearing at the nursery door.

National Waifs' Association

(DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES).

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(2) Has a Branch or Branches in almost every County.

(3) Has to-day **OVER 7,000** BOYS AND GIRLS under its care.

(4) Freely ADMITTED 3,501 fresh CASES in 1902, and maintained during the year 9,785 Children.

(5) NEVER DECLINES a Destitute Child, even if Sick, Afflicted, Incurable, or a Helpless Infant. Admits Waifs and Strays who have been rejected by every other Society.

(6) IS FREELY ADMITTING 70 new cases every week from all over the Kingdom.

(7) SEARCHES FOR AND SEEKS OUT Necessitous Children in the Slums of all our Great Towns.

(8) EARNEST EFFORTS are unceasingly being made to bring all the Young Inmates to a personal knowledge of Christ.

(9) Secures to the offspring of NONCONFORMISTS Evangelical Free Church Teaching.

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(13) An Organised System of EMIGRATION to our Colonies is in active operation, about 1,000 Boys and Girls being emigrated annually.

(14) Has already RESCUED, TRAINED, and PLACED OUT IN LIFE 50,453 Orphan Waifs.

(15) AT LEAST £200 PER DAY is required for Food alone.

(16) £10 will cover all cost of Emigrating one child.

Will not kind hearts everywhere pity and help Little Children who are in dire need from Hunger and Destitution?

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"I am a painter by trade, and am known by my mates as the Vi Cocoa man, so I have recommended several to take it, and they say they find it does them more good than anything they have ever taken. I use a large tin weekly, and hope never to be without it while I have the means to buy it.

"You can make what use you like of this, as my mates often say if it has done me so much good why not send an unsolicited testimonial."

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HODDER & STOUGHTON, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

"Now. In a minute. I'm coming."

"Oh! Tom, I do hope it will be good," said Muriel, preparing to descend.

You see, Tom had taken a snapshot of Grandma that morning in the garden, and he was now going into the dark-room to develop it. "Dark-room" sounds very grand indeed; it was in reality only a big kitchen cupboard. There was just room for three people, and Amelia and Muriel were most anxious to see the mysterious process. Tom, in a fit of great good-humour, had promised them that they might.

It was a new camera, had only cost ten shillings, and this was the first photograph.

"Plates cost a lot," Tom had said after returning from the shop. "I've got twelve, and they'll have to last me for months. I shan't waste any on you girls, so don't think it."

"But you will take Grannie," Amelia had said. They all loved Grannie, and when she came to stay with them, as she did for a fortnight every summer, there were great rejoicings.

"I shall snapshot her," Tom had remarked. "You always get people more natural that way; I've read it in a book."

So Grannie had been snapshotted standing in the garden in her white shawl picking roses.

"Make yourselves *thin*, girls," implored Tom, as the three entered the cupboard.

Amelia obediently crushed into a corner; Muriel watched eagerly, while the red lamp flickered. The plate was put into a little dish.

"What do you put over it?" said Muriel.

"Hush!—be quiet!" was the reply, as Tom searched among the various bottles.

"Bother! I believe I've left what I want upstairs. A little white bottle——" Tom searched vigorously.

"I know—I know," said Amelia, bursting out of her corner. "I saw it on your dressing-table, and I wondered—— I'll get it."

She had opened the door before Tom had time to think. In flooded the sunny light.

"*Oh*, you stupid!" said Tom. "The plate's exposed now! It's no good, of course. Well, I must say——"

"Why?" gasped Amelia, standing with her hand on the open door. "Why, Tom?"

"You've spoilt the whole thing, that's all," said Tom, in a gruff voice, brushing past her. And the two girls, hearing him bang the kitchen door, looked at each other in despair.

"Oh! Amelia, you didn't think," said Muriel.

"No," said Amelia miserably. She sat down in her former place and wept. Muriel wandered away. The golden time had gone. It was only two o'clock, and they had meant to spend the whole afternoon so happily.

"I shall go and find Tom," said Amelia presently, emerging from the cupboard with red eyes.

She went upstairs step by step wearily and slowly.

Tom was in the dining-room, sitting on a sofa, reading an old magazine with a look of sadness and dignity.

"Oh! Tom, I *am* an idiot," said Amelia, coming up to him. "I *am* sorry."

Tom, a little mollified in spite of himself, turned a page but did not speak.

"Grannie is in the garden now. Look, Tom. *Dear* Tom, *couldn't* you take another *now*?"

"Of course not. Go away. You've done harm enough for one afternoon."

Amelia went to the other side of the room, sat down in an armchair, and gazed moodily into the fireplace. She was only eight, and it all seemed very dreadful.

Tom, after some time, still angry, rose to go out of the room. As he passed the chair he heard a quick sob. He did not mean to say it, he told himself, at the time; but he *did* say:

"Don't be so foolish, Amy. Come on! I'll take another. Only please find the developer bottle and put it in the dark-room *at once*."

Amelia, coming downstairs with the precious bottle clasped in her arms, looked out of the landing window and saw Tom with his camera in the garden.

"You *are* a darling!" said she aloud, and trotted down singing.

Things Worth Noting

THE "OCEANIC" BOOT.—It would be impossible to find more conclusive proof of the popularity and reliability of the "Oceanic" half-guinea boot than the wonderful and rapid growth of the St. James's Works, Northampton, the factory at which these boots are made. In 1899 Mr. A. E. Marlow, the head of this firm, started business in small premises in Overstone Road, Northampton. In the meantime a factory was being erected in the St. James's End district, which was completed in 1900, and was capable of producing 1,500 pairs of footwear a week. This was considered a wonderful feat for a beginner, as, indeed, it was; but two years after a large extension had been completed, which enabled Mr. Marlow to put on the market some 7,500 pairs of his high-class goods per week. These extensions, however, did not prove adequate to meet the increasing demand for "Oceanic" and other footwear, and a further addition has now been opened which will enable the factory to produce no less than 10,000 pairs of boots weekly. From 100 pairs a week to 10,000 is a wonderful leap, and one which speaks volumes for the quality of the goods. We referred to these boots in a recent issue, and have no hesitation in again recommending the "Oceanic" half-guinea boot. It is a smart, serviceable boot, and being made with raised blocked toe will look well to the last.

"MATCHLESS" METAL POLISH.—The dull, dark days of winter are fast approaching, and every one who has the care of brass or any kind of bright metal will be considering the best way to keep it brilliant. There are many excellent polishes on the market, prominent among them being Matchless Metal Polish. This preparation, although obtainable at such a trifling cost, is a capital polish, which requires very little labour and gives a lasting brilliance to all articles to which it is applied. It is free from injurious acids, so cannot harm the hands, and is very clean to use, being supplied in flat tins, and being itself in a hard paste, which needs to be applied with a cloth or waste, and then rubbed over with a soft dry duster. Those who wish to test this polish are invited to smear a little upon a penny and leave it for a night, when it will be found that the coin has not become green, which is a very sure sign that the preparation is quite free from the poisonous acids commonly called verdigris. The Matchless Metal Polish Co. are the manufacturers of the celebrated "Komo" specialities the majority of which will be found of daily service in every home. "Komo" Black Enamel, for instance, is an excellent enamel for grates or tin and wood ware. It is easily applied and dries quickly. The "Komo" preparations include furniture cream, lavender ammonia, domestic ammonia, dry window cleaner, brown boot polish, and plate powder.

WINTER COMFORTS.—There are very many sufferers from rheumatism who are just now dreading the approaching winter, and they will be looking around them for warm underclothing and other comforts. They will gladly welcome the latest novelty of the Knitted Corset Company in the form of undergarments in real Pine Wool, which wool is derived from the pine tree. Undergarments made of this material are specially adapted for those who are subject to rheumatism; and those who are fortunate to have never yet suffered the excruciating pains of this dreaded complaint may be reminded that prevention is better than cure, and that the adoption of Pine Wool Underclothing may possibly, in after years, mean to them comfort and happiness instead of a period of suffering and helplessness. The Knitted Corset Company also supply the Pine Extract and Pine Oil for outward application, and delightfully soft, fragrant wadding for wrapping round affected joints. It is not necessary for us to comment upon the beneficial and soothing properties of Pine Tree Oil, for the Knitted Corset Company will send a descriptive circular gratis and post free to any who care to write to 118, Mansfield Road, Nottingham. They will also include a copy of their illustrated price list, giving particulars of a selection of the very acceptable knitted articles, such as corsets, capes, belts, knee-caps, gloves, etc., which they maaufacture.

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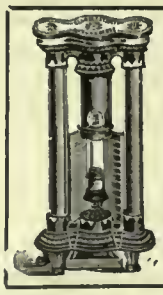

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